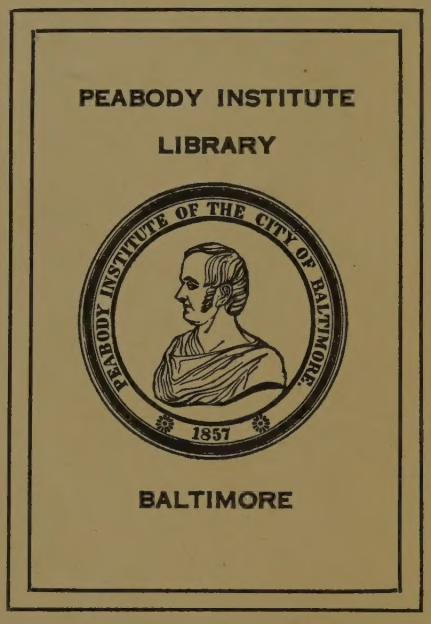
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COMPANION

AND

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQUIRE.

"A SAFE CONDUCTOR AND AN EASY TEACHER."

Vol. I.—1804—5.

THE

COMPANION

AND

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQUIRE.

"A SAFE *COMPANION* AND AN *EASY* FRIEND."

Vol. I.—1804—5.

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

COMPANION & WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

As this work in all probability will fall into the hands of many who have not before seen the Prospectus, and as future events may render reference thereto necessary, we have thought proper to prefix it to the first number.

THE author of the Pursuits of Literature, has remarked, that "Literature, well or ill conducted, is the great engine, by which, all civilized states must ultimately be supported or overthrown:" and it is to be regretted, that an observation of such importance, founded in solid reason, and supported by experience, should not have been more attended to in this extensive and prosperous country, which agriculture and commerce have already made so opulent. European and Asiatic luxuries, when within our reach, have been seized with avidity, have taken deep root, and spread their branches far and wide; yet Literature, not only seems to be a plant of tardy growth, but its culture has been sadly neglected; and, from the few wild blossoms of promise which it bore, but little fruit has ripened, while the tree still remains sickly, and more than ever requires assistance and protection.

The Port-folio, indeed, is a work that would do honor to any country; its intrinsic excellence, and judicious management, entitle its Editor to the highest praise; already has it excited a laudable spirit of emulation among the most respectable youth within the sphere of its immediate influence; and if ever the people of this country should be as ambitious to rival others in learning as they are in commerce, to the Port-folio must be given the credit of exciting the first spark, and leading the van of whatever polite and elegant writings the American presses may produce. Excepting this, and one or two magazines, if we search through the United States, our expectations must end in disappointment, for surely, no adequate gratification can be found in those angry political discussions, and scurrilous invectives, with which the news-papers so abundantly teem; in which it should seem that little else is intended, as certainly little else is effected, than keeping alive and diffusing the seeds of party violence, so destructive to friendly confidence and social intercourse.

In the public prints of other countries, some portion has generally been allotted to employ the studious and divert the gay; and many, whose name and literary honors fame has delivered to posterity, began their career anonymously in a magazine or news-paper. Though our news-papers cannot spare one of their columns for such compositions with conetant regularity, yet other modes of publication are in our power, and surely, it cannot be thought too soon to make the trial: that it has not been made before, must be rather from a want of resolution than abilities; yet what real ground of apprehension exists, is difficult to tell, for where there are few authors there can be little to fear from the enmity of rivalship, or to dread from criticism; the worst that can happen, is to slide quietly into oblivion; while on the other hand, it is possible that a moderate portion of encouragement may produce more vigorous efforts, induce others to follow the example, and call into action many latent sparks of genius which now lie dormant.

Influenced by these considerations, and encouraged by the assurance of assistance from a few friends, Mr. Edward Easy has at last determined to venture forth as the Editor of a periodical paper in this city. His leisure, his turn of mind, and habits of reading, induce him to believe himself in some measure qualified for the task. His object is not pecuniary recompence; nor does he expect to be distinguished as a writer: in this attempt, he presumes not to set his talents in competition with his illustrious predecessors, but humbly to tread in their footsteps, to em-

ploy his time in innocent amusement and endeavours to be useful, cheered by the hope of catching a gleam of their radiance to light him on his way.

The subjects proposed to be treated of in this paper, will, in imitation of other periodical works, be frequently varied, and often turn

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

He will sometimes send imagination forth to try if she can find what may amuse the serious and relax the busy with harmless merriment, and sometimes he will endeavour to detain the volatile and thoughtless, by exciting and describing those finer sensibilities and feelings of the soul, which, when properly directed, are the pride, the boast of human nature, and the purest sources of genuine virtue and happiness: But, while he gives the tear and the sigh, in sympathy with those whose spirit is bowed down by affliction, he will ever avoid the hacknied cant, and ridiculous whining which characterizes the sickly sensibility of modern novels; and, when he indulges the sallies of sportive humour, he will never transgress the bounds of decency, or offend the chastest ear by indelicate allusions.

That vice should be scourged with the rod of satire, and folly painted in appropriate colours of ridicule, is sanctioned by the practice of the wise and good in all ages: their example he will be justified in following to its utmost extent, and this, not only as it respects the crimes and follies which are common to our general nature, but also those which are occasional and local; for vice has its incidental and peculiar modifications, as well as virtue; and folly often prides herself in the fantastic trappings of eccentricity: but nothing shall ever be suffered to appear, which tends to gratify personal malignity; or point the finger of scorn to injure the peace of families, or the feelings of an individual.

Religious and political controversy, will never make any part of his lucubrations; and the great fundamental principles of Christian morality, which furnish the only just rules to direct our conduct through life, though they ought never to be neglected, yet he thinks they are better entrusted to those whose lives are devoted to sacred studies and ecclesiastical functions; while he cannot do better than point out the purest sources of religious knowledge, and recommend the perusal of those works, whose author's talents and learning actuated by the worthiest motives, have been most successfully exerted. But the smaller duties, the decencies, the gentle courtecies of life, which form the outworks, and in which a breach cannot be made without endangering the greater virtues, it shall be his province to guard as a faithful centinel, and never fail to sound the alarm when either an open or insidious foe approaches.

In enumerating the various subjects which still afford such ample materials for a work of this nature, the editor wishes to be understood as rather having stated what such means might accomplish in abler hands, than what he dares to promise for himself; he can exert all the abilities he possesses in the attempt, but he relies much on the assistance of his friends, and those who are friendly to the undertaking; he earnestly solicits the aid of all who have leisure and inclination to engage in the same cause, and will pay respectful attention to every communication he may receive, reserving to himself the absolute right of accepting or rejecting as he shall think proper, but at the same time he pledges himself, to act in all such cases, according to the best of his judgment, and to decide with candor and impartiality.

CONDITIONS.

The Companion & Weekly Miscellany will be printed on a good Demy Paper, and neat Type (of which this number is a specimen)—Each number to contain eight Quarto pages..... It will be published every Saturday....And at the end of every year, a handsome Title Page and Table of Contents for the volume will be given.

City Subscribers will be served regularly on the days of publication—those at a distance will have their papers forwarded by Post, or otherwise, as directed:—always at their own expense.

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☞ Proposals are left at the Coffee-House and different Book-Stores, &c. for the reception of *Signatures*, also at the Office of Cole & Hewes, Publishers, 192 Market-street—where communications (*post paid*) to the Editor will be thankfully received.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1804. N°. 1.

Some works come forth at morn, but die at night,
In blazing fringes round a tallow light.
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like STEELE *(when unassisted by a friend):*
But thou shalt live a year in spite of fate;
And where's your Author boasts a longer date? GAY.

THERE is a laudable curiosity which generally prevails among those who feel interested in what they read, to know something of the history and habits of life of the author; and prudent men are still more anxious to know the character and qnalifications of the person who offers himself as a Companion: that my readers may be enabled to decide on the propriety of admitting me as one of their associates, I shall, by way of introduction to my intended essays, give a short history of my past life; which they will find sufficiently varied to afford at least an opportunity to acquire that knowledge and experience which would best qualify me for the character I have assumed.

I am a native of Pennsylvania; my grand-father, Ephraim Easy, was one of the society of Friends, he possessed a valuable farm within a few miles of Philadelphia, on which he resided; having a numerous family, my father, Thomas Easy, who was his second son, was early placed in the counting-house of his maternal uncle, a respectable merchant in Philadelphia. Being of a lively disposition and a favourite of his uncle, who had no children of his own, he was indulged in many gaieties of dress and amusements not very consistent with the plainness and strict morality generally practised by Quakers; his associates were of the most fashionable youths in the city, and often led him into irregularities, which indeed were winked at by his uncle, as they were more than balanced by his gentle and obliging manners, his attention to business, and thirst after useful knowledge, in the attainment of which the greater part of his leisure time was employed.—At the age of twenty he became attached to Maria Benham, the daughter of an English gentleman, second son of a baronet of considerable fortune, who in consequence of having offended his family by his marriage, had been obliged to engage in business as a merchant for the support of his family; and in hopes of bettering his situation had emigrated with his family, consisting of his wife, a son and daughter, to Philadelphia; they had letters from several correspondents of my father's uncle which recommended them so warmly to his particular care, that he invited them to reside in his own house; where Mr. Benham was seized with a severe illness, of which he died a few weeks after his arrival; having on his death-bed in the most earnest and affecting manner recommended his wife and children to the protection of my father and his uncle. "I leave them," said he, "strangers, in a strange land, with no friends but you and their God; be kind to them, protect them, and that God will assist and bless you." The solemn assurances of my father and his uncle that they would to the utmost of their power comply with his request, greatly relieved the agonized mind of Mr. Benham, and assisted in procuring him that calm composure with which he submitted to the fate of mortals.

The task of consoling the afflicted is a grateful one to all benevolent minds; with additional motives to influence my father's exertions, he very cordially joined his uncle in endeavouring to restore tranquility to the sad hearts of Benham's distressed family; and as their endeavors were constant and sincere, they were at last successful. My father for some time forbore to speak on the subject nearest his heart; he knew there was a time for grief, nor could he violate the sacred season of affliction: but the delicate attention which he paid to every circumstance that could alleviate their sorrows, the respectful assiduity with which he anticipated their wishes, and the affectionate manner in which he exerted himself, when a good understanding told him it was proper to administer consolation, more endeared him to Maria, than had he posseessed the eloquence of Cicero. In short their hearts knew each other, and when a proper time arrived, there required no long courtship; his uncle

took him into co-partnership, and they were married. If I cannot boast of ancestors whose illustrious names adorn the page of history, and dignify the poet's theme; yet I reflect with a pride in which not every one can participate, that I am the offspring of an union of honest hearts, who loved each other with ardent, pure, and disinterested affection. I was born in the month of May, in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-three, and in compliment to my mother's brother who stood sponsor for me, was named Edward. He was of a very quiet and sedentary disposition, and acted as clerk to my father: as soon as I was able to talk I became his chief favorite; having much leisure he undertook to teach me to read and write, joined with me in my little infantine amusements, and by his kind attention so much attached me to him, that I preferred his company to all other society; and as I thought him the best of men I endeavored to become like him in manners and gentleness of disposition.

When I was about ten years old, he received a letter from England informing him of the death of his aunt and couzin and that his uncle was then lying very ill, and anxiously wished him to return to England; the prospect of succeeding to a splendid fortune induced him to prepare immediately for his departure, and he prevailed on my parents to consent that I should accompany him and remain under his care until I should complete my education.

We arrived in England about a week after the death of the old baronet, and my uncle was immediately put in possession of the title and estate.—His aversion to the bustle and parade of high life induced him to fix his residence at the family mansion which was at a distance from London, where tutors were provided to attend to my education at home; at the age of seventeen I was entered at the university of Cambridge where I had continued three years, when the general peace which took place in eighty-three gave my uncle an opportunity which he had long wished, of sending me to visit some parts of the continent of Europe, a tour that he would not consent I should make during the continuance of the war.

The liberal allowance for expenses which his kindness afforded, would have been sufficient to enable me to travel in the magnificent stile of a young nobleman, with tutor and equipage; but as I had read with delight the description of those places thro' which I intended to pass, and was well acquainted with the history of the memorable events which had taken place in each of them; I was desirous of viewing uninterrupted and unnoticed those scenes which had been often the themes of my favorite authors: I set out therefore accompanied by a single servant, passed over to France, and instead of wasting weeks and months in the voluptuous circles of Paris, I travelled leisurely, through the different provinces, not merely visiting the great cities and post towns, but traversing in every direction that beautiful and fertile country, among a people of the most lively disposition, who received me with the generous openness of an old acquaintance, and took pleasure in giving me what information they possessed on every subject to which my enquiries were directed.

The observations which I made on the places through which I passed, and the manners of the people, to which my uncle requested me particularly to direct my attention, were regularly communicated to him by letter; these letters since his death have come to my possession, and will hereafter be used in illustrating the subjects of some of my essays: my intention at present is to give only a general outline of my travels—From France I proceeded to Italy where I visited with enthusiastic reverence those places immortalized in history and poetry; while viewing these and retracing in memory the hardy deeds of valor performed in and near them in past ages, I have often contrasted in imagination, those veteran heroes inured to fatigue and fearless of danger who raised to such a pitch of glory the Roman name, with the present effeminate race of musicians, who now act their frivolous part on that theatre, where almost every object reminds us that it was the ancient seat of universal empire.

While I remained at Naples I was surprized by a letter from my uncle informing me of his marriage, assuring me at the same time that it had caused no alteration in his affection for me, and requesting that I would continue my travels, and gratify him by my correspondence with which he expressed himself to be much pleased; this letter was accompanied by a remmittance and was delivered to me by Mr. Fenton, a young English gentleman who had also a letter of introduction from my uncle: as the son of one of his particular friends, I of course received him cordially and found him to be an interesting and agreeable companion. We continued to travel together for several months through different parts of Italy until the beginning of winter, when we proceeded to Rome, where we intended to stay until the next spring.—It was here my uncle had forwarded to me a long letter of my father's, the first he had received from him for many years; this letter gave a short account of the material events that had occurred in his family for the last ten years, and explained very satisfactorily the cause of his long silence: his uncle had died shortly after the commencement of the revolutionary war and had bequeathed

to him the greater part of his property. As my father's marriage had necessarily excluded him from the society of friends, and he could not again be admitted without professing a sorrow which he did not feel, being more inclined to accompany my mother to the church in the principles of which she was educated;—his religion offered no scruples to prevent his taking an active part in the war in defence of American liberty; in this cause he was indeed an enthusiast—His property was amply sufficient to secure his family against the probability of want, in case of any accident happening to him. Having procured a captain's commission in the beginning of the year seventy-six, and his activity being soon noticed by general Washington, for whom he felt a respect approaching to adoration, he was advanced before the end of the following year to the rank of colonel. The incidents of his military career are of a very interesting nature, snd may be occasionally introduced in some future papers.—Fenton and myself were now about sailing for England when a letter from my uncle, informed me of the birth of his son, and that my safe return was all that he wished to complete his happiness. Congenial spirits will always cleave to each other when they meet, but when they meet far from home, when their object is the same, their age and education similar, and they traverse together over ground, almost every inch of which is celebrated in the classick page, and in reading which their bosoms have glowed with admiration; when in mutual esteem and unsuspecting frankness, every notice of the mind and every feeling of the soul is interchanged without reserve; then it is that the noblest, most honorable and lasting friendships are formed; and such was the friendship with which I was honored by Fenton. When we arrived at the house of his father in London, I found my uncle had come there to meet me, he received me with the fond affection of a parent, and I felt as much delight in meeting him as if he had been really so—I was introduced to Sir Thomas Fenton his wife and danghter: Sir Thomas Fenton possessed a considerable estate near my uncle's, and was a member of parliament. In the country and in the circle of his acquaintances he was social and agreeable, but at the same time proud and ambitious; his wife was a woman of most amiable character, much attached to the pleasures of domestic life and averse to mixing in the follies of the fashionable world: I shall not now attempt to describe either the person or character of Louisa Fenton; the first short hour that I passed in her company she appeared all that I had ever conceived was lovely and estimable in woman, and each succeeding interview increased my first prepossession. After a short stay in London, which with all its gaiety and splendor, appeared dull and uninteresting I gladly went with my uncle to his estate; the idea of Louisa never forsook my imagination, I felt an anxiety I had never before experienced, was pensive, silent, and abstracted.

"Why does the youth delight to rove
"Through the dark mazes of the grove?
"Why in the throng where all are gay,
"His wand'ring eye with meaning fraught
"Silent he sits in secret thought?
"Silent he sits, for far away
"His passion'd soul delights to stray;
"Recluse he roves, and seeks to shun
"All human kind, because he *loves* but one."

My uncle's endeavors to amuse and enliven me, had no effect until we received information that Sir Thomas Fenton and his family had arrived at his seat, and my uncle proposed to visit them, to this I consented with alacrity, we were received with great cordiality by all the family, my wonted spirits were soon restored, and my uncle soon suspected the true cause of my former melancholy—Two months, two happy months of uninterrupted intercourse with my beloved Louisa gave me an opportunity of ascertaining that my passion was returned; when a trifling but fatal incident caused our mutual attachment to be suspected by her father, and the ingenuous Louisa on being questioned by him did not attempt to conceal it.—The ambitious Baronet who was looking out to match his daughter in the highest rank of life, was highly offended at the discovery; he peremtorily told me that I must relinquish my suit; and requested that I would discontinue my visits. The affliction which this proud dismissal occasioned, made it impossible for me to conceal it from my uncle; he felt sincerely for my distress, but as he knew of no method of entirely removing it, he advised me to visit my native land, as a change of scene might tend to divert my grief: this not only prudence dictated but duty demanded, as my mother was in a declining state of health. I was anxious to see my Louisa once more before my departure, but as that was impossible, I wrote to her a solemn assurance, that whatever might be her fate, I would never love any other woman.

My dear and excellent parent did not long survive after my arrival in Philadelphia; and my father's grief for her loss was excessive. As every object round their usual residence tended strongly to remind him of his loss, he resolved to try the effect of travelling to divert his melancholy, and at the same time to give me an opportunity of viewing attentively every part of my own country.

I had already seen most of the European states, and had

viewed the various scenes through which I past, and the different kinds of people with no inattentive eye: and tho' I acknowledged their superiority in agriculture, in manufactures, in arts, in literature, in refinement and in grandeur; yet as my heart was not rendered callous by false philosophy, the genuine feelings of nature reigned uncontrouled and unadulterated in my bosom, and the land that gave me birth was the land of my affection. Beside these feelings which are purely natural, and which no one can lose without degradation, I had stronger bonds of attachment. When in the course of our travels my father pointed out the various spots, and described the actions in which he had fought, my spirit swelled with proud exultation; I regretted that I had not come into the world twenty years sooner, and vowed sole allegiance to that country whose soil had been moistened with blood from the source which gave me being. Our travels were performed leisurely through every part of the United States; my father as well as myself was so much amused and interested, that we continued this itinerant plan of life until the fall of the year seventeen hundred and ninety, when we returned to Philadelphia after having visited almost every city and town of any note in the U. States, and passed many pleasant days in company with those veteran chiefs who had been my father's companions during the war, for by each of these we were received with the greatest kindness and hospitality.—Early in ninety-two I received information of the death of Sir Thomas Fenton, and departed immediately for England. My loved Louisa still remained faithful, but her constant refusal to marry agreeably to her father's wishes had so exasperated him that he had not made any provision for her in his will, and a small legacy left her by a maiden aunt constituted the whole of her fortune—this circumstance made no alteration in my affection; I loved her for herself, and only waited until the usual time of mourning had elapsed, to claim her as my own, when an afflicting incident caused a new delay in the celebration of our nuptials: this was the sudden death of my uncle, the best of men, and who had been to me the kindest friend and fond as a parent. It appeared on examination that he had not made a will, and I soon found from his widow that my residence there was rather permitted than wished. I had now no inducement to remain in England, and soon after our marriage my Louisa consented to accompany me to America. On our arrival there I was alarmed by the accounts daily received of the great mortality in Philadelphia, caused by the yellow fever, which was then desolating that city. I wrote immediately to my father, and received an answer from my sister, confirming all I dreaded to hear; my father had been one of the many victims to that dreadful disease; he caught the fever by attending on her—she recovered, and he is gone to receive the reward of a well spent life, where sin, and pain, and sorrow, are no more. My income was now more than equal to the moderate wishes of Louisa and myself; but we took no pleasure in exhibiting the glittering appendages of life; we felt, and knew that we were happy, and needed not those gaudy substitutes with which the weary votaries of pleasure endeavour to impose upon themselves and others. For four years I enjoyed felicity as perfect and as great as ever was fabled in romance, or the glowing pencil of poetical fancy ever painted.

But those days are past—the sun of my life has set for ever—the delight of my eyes, and the joy of my heart, rests in the silent tomb. The lenient hand of time has dried up the tears of unavailing sorrow, and Louisa still lives in the person of a lovely daughter, whose birth cost the life of her mother. To rear this tender shoot, is the sole object of my hope and solicitude.

> "To pour the fresh instruction on the mind,
> "To breath the enlivening spirit, and to fix
> "The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast,"

is the delightful task divided between my maiden sister and myself; and this, with moderate exercise and moderate study, the social intercourse of a few chosen friends, and the amusement I find in putting my thoughts and opinions on paper, makes the residue of life glide away in tranquility and ease.

Having drawn out the history of myself and family to a greater length than I intended, it is time to give my readers a portion of that rest which I enjoy, and which he that has rambled as much as myself will be desirous to prolong. My curiosity has been satisfied, novelty has lost her most alluring charms, and it might by some be thought excusable if I felt the tedium vitæ, and repined at the small portion of bliss that was allotted me; but I have ever had a contemptible opinion of that mortal, who, possessed of rational faculties, suffers his mind to rust in idleness and his temper to sour with discontent, when Providence has put so many resources within his reach: and pride would never suffer me to place unnecessary dependence on the ability or inclination of others to restore me to that tranquility, which with the assistance of heaven I could acquire myself. I shall now indulge in my easy chair, claim the priviledges of a traveller, and anticipate some portion of that garrulity which is allowed to men more advanced in years. Whether I shall be able to amuse others, is yet to be tried—but he that can support and enjoy a solitary hour him-

self, is not unprovided with materials. Having seen so much of mankind, so many different modifications of human life, and such variety of manners and customs, I may reasonably hope that some will esteem me as an *intelligent Companion*.

Since I have ceased to travel, my life has been sedentary and my bodily habits rather indolent; I love to keep my seat, cross my legs, and have my talk out. I can laugh at a merry story, and now and then tell one in my turn; I can enjoy a little inoffensive raillery as much when I am myself the subject of it as when others are; and when the cheerful glass goes round, I am not only *Easy*, but have sometimes been called a *pleasant Companion*.

But as I believe there may be conversation without scandal—a free exercise of opinion without an insolent disregard for the sentiments and feelings of others—that there may be gallantry and a polite attention to the Fair, without insulting their understandings with gross flattery, without indulging every idle caprice, and without stooping to mean artifices of insinuation to gain affections only to trifle with or betray—that there may be wit without obscenity, and spirit without swearing, or blaspheming what the best men hold to be sacred—that a man may find diversion without going to the gaming-table, and acquire knowledge of the world without an intimate acquaintance with the frail inhabitants of brothels:—As I wish to retain these and a few other antiquated notions, it will be no great disappointment if the Bucks and the Bloods refuse to acknowledge me as a *jolly Companion*.

By those who are immersed in business, whose souls are exclusively devoted to the pursuit of riches, who suffer no ideas to intrude upon their speculations, or to disturb their calculations on exchange, insurance and bank stock, I never expect to be regarded as an *interesting Companion*.

To the pert and flippant Gad-a-bouts, whose chief employment is to parade the streets, to tumble over the goods of the too patient store-keeper, and to make themselves cheap in the eyes of every idle gazer; or to the vacant, smirking Beau who dangles after them, I shall be but a dull Companion.

From those who rank high in literary honours, whose lives are devoted to severe and serious studies, who have made

Captive Science yield her last retreat,

I should be glad to learn; they would find me docile and attentive, happy to be thought worthy of their notice, and proud to be occasionally admitted as a humble Companion.

To every class of society I would wish to render myself acceptable, while it can be done on the *easy* terms of plainly and candidly unfolding my sentiments and communicating the result of my observations, without flattering folly, or fearing to reprehend vice.—But should the attempt to please be unsuccessful, I can, at a proper time, withdraw from the publick attention, and save myself from the epithet of a *tiresome* Companion.

SELECTED POETRY.

The idea of the following tale is derived from a relation, which the writer met with in a miscellaneous volume entitled THE GLEANER. *The relation itself is professed to have been extracted from a work called,* Jackson's State of the Defunct. P. 97.

"*An acquaintance of mine, an Oxford scholar, hath to my certain knowledge and belief, cured many disorders, and laid the ghosts of many disturbed people, when no other person could do them. In a village where I lived, I do know that there was a great house, a mansion-house, haunted by a spirit that turned itself into a thousand shapes and forms, but generally came in the figure of a boiled scrag of mutton, and had baffled and defied the learned men of both Universities; but this being told to my friend, who was a descendant and relation of the learned Friar Bacon, he undertook to lay it, and that even without his books; and it was done in this manner: he ordered some water to be put into a clean skillet, that was new, and had never been on the fire. When the water boiled, he himself pulled off his hat and shoes, and then took seven turnips, which he had pared with a small penknife that had been rubbed and whetted on a loadstone, and put them into the water. When they were boiled, he ordered some butter to be melted in a new glazed earthen pipkin, and then mashed the turnips in it. Just as this was finished, I myself saw the ghost in the form of a Boiled Scrag of Mutton, peep in at the window, which I gave him notice of and he stuck his fork into him, and soused both him and the turnips into a pewter dish, and eat both up. And the house was ever after quiet and still. Now this I should not have believed, or thought true, but I stood by, and saw the whole ceremony performed!!!.*"

THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOLAR;

OR, THE GHOST OF A SCRAG OF MUTTON.

IN the days that are past, by the banks of a stream
Whose waters but softly were flowing,
With ivy o'ergrown, an old mansion-house stood,
That was built on the skirts of a chilling damp wood,
Where the yew-tree and cypress were growing.

The villagers shook as they pass'd by the doors,
When they rested at eve from their labours;
And the traveller many a furlong went round,
If his ears once admitted the terrific sound
Of the tale that was told by the neighbours.

They said, that the house on the skirts of the wood
By a saucer-eye'd GHOST was infested,
Which fill'd ev'ry heart with confusion and fright,
By assuming strange shapes in the dead of the night,
Shapes monstrous, and foul and detested.

And *truly* they said—and the Master well knew
That the Ghost was the greatest of evils;
For no sooner the bell of the mansion toll'd one,
Than the frolicksome imp in a fury began
To caper like ten thousand devils.

He appear'd in all forms the most strange and uncouth—
Sure never was gobling so daring!
He utter'd loud shrieks and most horrible cries,
Curs'd his body and bones, and his *sweet little eyes*,
Till his impudence grew beyond bearing.

Just at this nick o'time, as the Master's sad heart
With anguish and sorrow was swelling,
He heard that a Scholar, with science replete,
Full of mystical lore as an egg is with meat,
Had taken at CAMBRIDGE a dwelling.

The Scholar was vers'd in all magical arts,
Most famous was he throughout College:
To the Red Sea full many an unquiet ghost,
To repose with King Pharoah and his mighty host,
He had sent, through his powerful knowledge.

To this Scholar so learned, the Master he went,
And, as lowly he bent with submission,
Told the freaks of the Ghost, and the horrible frights,
That prevented his household from resting o'nights,
And offer'd his humble petition:

"That he, the said Scholar, in wisdom so *wise*,
Would the mischievous fiend lay in fetters;
And send him, in torments forever to dwell,
To the nethermost pit of the nethermost hell,
For destroying the sleep of his betters."

The Scholar so vers'd in all mystical lore,
Told the Master his pray'r should be granted;—
Then order'd his horse to be saddled with speed,
And perch'd on the back of the cream-colour'd steed,
Trotted off to the house that was haunted.

He enter'd the doors at the fall o'the night—
The trees of the forrest 'gan shiver;
The hoarse raven croak'd, and blue burnt the light,
The owl loudly shriek'd, and, pale with affright,
The servants like aspins did quiver.

"Bring some turnips and milk!" the Scholar he cry'd,
In a voice like the echoing thunder:—
They brought him some turnips, and suet beside,
Some milk and a spoon, and his motions they ey'd,
Quite lost in conjecture and wonder.

He took up the turnips and peel'd off the skin,
Put them into a pot that was boiling;
Spread a table and cloth, and made ready to sup,
Then call'd for a fork, and the turnips fish'd up,
In a hurry, for they were a-spoiling.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk;—
The hail at the casement 'gan clatter;
Yet the Scholar ne'er heeded the tempest without,
But, raising his eyes, and turning about,
Ask'd the maid for a small wooden platter.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk,—
The storm came on thicker and faster:
The lightnings blue flash'd, and with terrific din
The wind at each crevice and cranny came in,
Tearing up by the roots lath and plaster.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk—
The mess would have ravish'd a glutton;
When, lo! his sharp bones hardly cover'd with skin,
The Ghost, from a nook o'er the window peep'd in,
In the form of a BOIL'D SCRAG OF MUTTON.

"Ho! ho!" said the Ghost, "what art doing below?"
The Scolar look'd up in a twinkling—
"The times are too bad to afford any meat,
So, to render my turnips more pleasant to eat,
A few grains of pepper I'm sprinkling."

Then he caught up a fork and the Mutton he seiz'd,
And sous'd it at once in the platter;
Threw o'er it some salt, and a spoonfull of fat,
And before the poor Ghost could tell what he was at,
He was gone!—like a mouse down the throat of a cat,
And this is the whole of the matter.

TO CONTENTMENT.

O'er the wild heath, at early dawn,
I trace thy footseps gentle pow'r!
At noon, retiring from the lawn,
I seek thee in the shadowy bow'r.

When chilling blasts and nightly dews
Warn me to quit the drooping grove,
I woo thee to inspire my Muse,
Or bless the hours of social love.

And, while our offspring, void of guile,
Around in sportive frolicks join,
I watch the fond maternal smile
Of *her* whose every joy is mine.

Ah! sweet Contentment! heavenly maid,
Wilt thou not hear thy vot'ry's prayer?
Nor the gay sports, nor silent shade,
Nor soft domestic pleasures share?

Vain were the hope: true Love disdains
The joys that reach itself alone:
It saddens at another's pains,
It glows with raptures not its own.

As the pale orb of Cynthia throws,
It's borrow'd lustre o'er the night,
My soul no native transport knows,
It shines but with reflected light.

Come, then, dear goddess! fix thy reign
In my lov'd Celia's gentle breast;
Chase anxious care, quell murm'ring pain,
And, blessing her, preserve me blest.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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"Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are."

THOUGH I have a great propensity to talk and write, yet I would not depend entirely upon my own ability or industry to furnish sufficient matter for a regular paper: having before observed, that, the promise of assistance from my friends emboldened me to undertake so arduous a task; and as their effusions will occasionally appear before the publick, I shall previously give some account of those few, with whom I enjoy the most pleasing hours of social intercourse.

As we frequently meet together without any formality, I shall begin with the first that comes in my head, without any partiality, or attention to order and precedence.—Mr. STEADY, is a man of plain manners, quiet habits, and correct conduct: he has a mind strong enough to render him conspicuous in a profession which requires great comprehension and depth of thought, as well as the most patient and laborious investigation: yet when disengaged from business, he exhibits the most playful humour, and has an imagination so full of strange shapes, which he puts together so fantastically, and describes with so much pleasantry as to shake the sides of the gravest among us. Though he sees the odd side of things with as quick an eye as any one, and can describe them as oddly and strongly as they appear to him; yet his propensity to laugh at ludicrous scenes or characters, never goes beyond those bounds which the liberal are willing to allow the good-natured. His manners are gentle and engaging; his heart without guile, and his wit without gall.

RICHARD RAZORBLADE, esq. is of a much higher temper; he is polish'd, and bright, and keen: he likes not to dull his edge by "hewing blocks," though he will now and then have a slash at them when there's no better game; but the marks at which his arrows are shot with most force and success, are those who assume qualities and appearances which are foreign to their natures, which they have no just pretensions to, and which sit on them with so awkward a grace as to invite ridicule too strongly to be resisted. For instance, a solemn pedant, who has spent most of his days in learning the words of several languages, without acquiring two ideas that would serve in the common affairs of life, or facilitate the progress of useful knowledge; sitting up stiffly in his chair like "Sir Oracle," mistaking formality for wisdom, and dullness for dignity: or a gay young coxcomb, that has left his school a twelvemonth, with money enough in his pocket to gratify his whimsies and make his folly conspicuous; mistaking pertness for vivacity, struting for grace, impudence for ease, and a parrot like repetition of coarse ribaldry gleaned from battered rakes, jockies, and gamblers; for wit, humour and spirit: or the man of monied importance, whether acquired by plodding parsimony, or a dashing speculation, in which the property of another was at stake; no matter how—who possessing riches, thinks himself deficient in nothing, and entitled to every thing; who concludes his prosperity to be the effect of his own uncommon sagacity; imagines himself knowing on all subjects, and talks so loud and confident of what he don't understand as to bear down with the impetuosity of his arrogance men of modest genius and solid acquirements: these, and other characters of prominent absurdity, my friend Razorblade holds to be fair butts, and they never provoke him, without receiving such severe handling as they are ill qualified to bear and by no means able to return. This satirical spirit has created him some enemies, for mortified vanity turns to bitterest rancour, and is not scrupulous about the means of revenge; but this gives him no concern; he is elevated far above the reach of little minds, and their futile efforts recoil upon themselves. Yet with all this, there is no man possessed

of more real kindness of heart, more liberality of mind, or who treats his friends with more delicate attention, and cordial unassuming affability: but his impatience of fools and impertinents, is unconquerable.

The next is NATHAN SCRUPLE, one of the society of Friends, who, though cautious and reserved with mankind in general, is yet sufficiently unbending and sociable with us; his manners are as simple as his garments, nor is his intellect below those of quicker apprehension; he views things with scrupulous and dubious attention, and his judgement, though generally right, travels sometimes by such tedious stages towards a conclusion, that men of voluble tongues and rapid fancies would be almost tempted to call him dull: but the probity of his character, and kindness of his disposition secures him from disrespect; and many who have made up their minds with greater celerity, have afterwards found occasion to retrace their ground again and again, and at last confess that though he was slow, he was more certain than themselves. He is well acquainted with his own powers, and if he don't seize quickly, he grasps firmly and holds fast. An opinion once deliberately made up in his mind, is not to be shaken by high sounding declamation, or weakened by the most plausible sophistry. For his moral principles, they would stand the severest test, and he would resolutely suffer martyrdom rather than permit them to be contaminated by the spurious virtue of a modern *philosophist*.

WILL WHYMSICAL, is another member of our society; a sprightly, ingenious, companionable fellow; no man seizes a new idea with more avidity, or exchanges it with more readiness for another; his spirits are always gay, and his imagination so hurried, that his notions are perpetually jostling and shoving each other out of place, to make way for new ones; yet his singular mode of thinking and pleasant way of expressing himself, seldom fails to promote cheerfulness, and sometimes a high degree of merriment. Will has seen a great part of the world as well as myself; but with such eyes, and through such strange mediums, the world was never seen before. Scruple and he, often amuse us with most comical discussion, but as one is too slow and the other too fast, they never meet in any conclusion. Will seldom enters into serious argument or attempts to handle a weighty subject; he flits along the surface, and sometimes dips a little, but never goes deep, lest, (to use his own words,) he should get out of his depth. Friend Scruple, drily told him not to be under any apprehension on that account, for feathers and cork never sink: however, no man bears a joke better than Will; he'll turn it off with considerable dexterity, glide into some other subject so neatly, and elude pursuit with such address as to leave his opponent wondering how he slipt through his fingers. He is also a great favourite with the ladies; all those topics which most engage their attention, he has at his tongue's-end; he hears their debates on every part of fashionable dress, and elegant ornament, gives his own opinion with so much earnestness, and tells so many agreeable little anecdotes, that they think him the very pink of gallantry: and as he pays no one particular attention, he excites neither envy or jealousy, but like the winged tribe, rambles from flower to flower with careless gaity, amusing himself and intending no one any evil.

Last, though not least, let me introduce CAPTAIN FRANKLY, the friend of my early youth, and the son of the bosom friend of my father. His person is above the middle size, strong but elegantly formed; his animated and ingenuous countenance is the true index of a noble and generous spirit, whose unsullied honour, undaunted courage and mild humanity are blended in happy unison. With the manly deportment and martial dignity, of the soldier, he combines the ease and suavity of the finished gentleman; open and active as the light of Heaven; sensible, affectionate and just. He puts on no airs of importance, nor attempts to look fierce at peaceable men; because he feels the consciousness of honest worth, and can face honourable danger with calm intrepidity. He never speaks to his inferiors in the tone of insolent superiority, or supercilious contempt, or insults them by affected condescension; because he respects the feelings of his fellow man in whatever situation providence has placed him. He can please without any apparent effort, because his temper is cheerful and his heart benevolent. None can see him without wishing to be better acquainted with him, and none can know him as I do, without esteeming him as the most amiable of the noblest works of GOD.

I have many other acquaintances, and some of them very agreeable ones, who occasionally visit me; but these gentlemen are my constant and most intimate associates; and one evening when they were all collected at my house, I produced the manuscript Prospectus of this work. When it was read, I perceived a sarcastic smile on Razorblade's countenance, and as this was a favorite Hobby of mine, I begged he would curry him gently. He gave me credit for the plan and the motives which actuated me, but drew such a spirited and poignant picture of the various inhabitants of this city, placed them in such lights, and gave them such untoward aspects, that the most sanguine could gain but little encouragement from the view. Mr. Steady gently remonstrated with him for shewing the worst ap-

pearances in the worst point of view, and rather overcharging them. He made us laugh heartily at his droll anticipation of the strange conjectures and observations that it would produce; but still thought there were some who would willingly foster the attempt for the sake of amusement, others would encourage it for the pleasure of seeing their own productions in print, and that a respectable asylum for fugitive pieces was an object very much to be desired.

"Friend Easy," said Scruple, "I applaud thy intentions and will not dissuade thee from making the trial, but I fear the people of this city will not spare time to read thy opinions, while the news-papers contain so many advertisements in which they are more concerned; some of the country folks may perhaps take thy paper, to help pass away the winter evenings, but not enough to defray the expenses thou wilt be at, besides, there are divers other reasons might be urged, "which I hope you'll not give now," says Will Whymsical—"I like the plan and think it will do very well; it is hard if the busiest of us can't find time to read six or eight pages once a week; and to make them do so, we must have plenty of variety—we'll have essays, and stories, and criticism, and songs; with charades, rebusses, epigrams, riddles, and twenty other things ——"Poo, poo," interrupted Razorblade, "there is enough of such trash, all over the world; if we must write, let us endeavour to make the giddy think, the callous feel, and raise a blush where there never was one before; let each of us exert his particular talent, and we shall produce variety enough. Easy shall give us serious essays, and tell interesting stories; the result of his general intercourse with mankind, and his experience. It would be to no purpose to define what course Whymsical shall take, for he'll not stick to any point long, so we'll leave him *ad libitum*. Friend Scruple shall furnish us with maxims of prudence, proverbs of antient times, and now and then a grave lecture on vanity. As for Steady, he will enliven the work with his humourous descriptions, or a piece of good-natured irony; the Captain shall grace the page with the productions of his muse, for I know not who is so great a favourite of the nine, and deservedly so, as himself: and if you will trust me with the rod of satire, I promise you it shan't be spared; but at the same time be assured, it shall only be inflicted where milder means are ineffectual. Captain Frankly, "thought that no probable conjecture could at present be formed of its success; he wished the experiment might be made, and readily offered his services in the poetical department whenever his muse would favour him with her influence."

After this discussion was over, I could not help informing them that I had acted according to the custom of people in general when they ask advice (viz.) determine the matter before hand; that the Prospectus was actually in the press, and every preparation made for carrying the business on. Scruple thought I decided rather hastily, but joined with the rest in promising to aid and assist when they were in the humour, or when it was necessary. The meeting then broke up, and I was left perfectly *easy*.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Mr. Easy,

I am one of those who were much pleased with your notice announcing the alteration in the plan of publication. With some others of my acquaintance, I had many objections against the "single-essay" mode; a principle one was, that it would entirely exclude that variety of pieces and subjects in which, in so great a degree, consists the spirit and beauty of Magazines. For it is impossible to please the grave moralist with "trifles light as air"—and equally impossible to detain the light and airy, (but perhaps, equally good in heart) to listen to the profound discussions of the philosopher. You have, therefore, in my humble opinion, hit upon the very method to please generally, by giving grave and gay in the same sheet.

But, sir, there's another reason why *I* was pleased with the proposed alteration:—I have in my possession a number of old books and papers, that have been buried the Lord knows how long in the bottom of my father's old pine chest, company for no one but themselves, except when I find myself in a melancholy mood—then I appeal to the said chest in the garret, where I invariably find something pleasing. Now my design is to procure situations for some of them in your Miscellany, that at the end of the year, when I have your volume bound, I may introduce *them* to genteeler company, by placing *it* in my library. If you are willing to indulge me in this little amusement, you will convince me thereof by inserting the enclosed paper, which will much gratify, your's, &c. T.

N. B. In some of them I find whole lines defaced; and sometimes an entire paragraph has been devoured by a set of ravenous mice, who respect no one's property, provided they think it may be appropriated to any useful purpose of their own. In all such cases I would thank you kindly if you would desire the printer to insert my MS. lines in *italics*, or between inverted commas; that I may be enabled hereafter to know my own little ones from these resuscitated orphans.

THE TRIFLER—No. I.

[I had just alighted and taken a dish of tea, after a hard evening's ride from Annapolis, where legal business had rendered my presence necessary for a few days, when I was called on by a member of a social club to accompany him to our place of meeting. We had no sooner arrived there than we] joined a set of excellent fellows, whose evening pleasures flowed from the purest spring in the world; an industrious and faithful discharge of the business and duties of the day. I seated myself among them without hesitation or ceremony; and as my mind, as well as body, had been very much employed during the afternoon, a glass or two immediately strengthened my nerves, and instantly hurried my spirits into the most luxuriant enjoyment of my friends and their humour.

After a long and an exquisite burst of the social raptures was exhausted, I retired within myself, exulting in the most cordial reflections concerning the happiness and dignity of the human race.

Good God! said I to myself, (suddenly changing my opinion) we must certainly be mere machines, actuated differently by the most trifling causes.——What a kindly mood am I now in! With what complacency do I look upon myself and all mankind! This is the effect of exercise, for you, said I, *(taking up a segar)*—Why, if I had been confined to my room by rain, or had suffered this day to pass over me without any exertion of the corporeal or mental faculties, this excellent company which I am now so fond of I should have detested.——Their mirth, instead of enlivening me, would have excited my spleen. I should, most assuredly, have left them with an affected contempt, or sat in silent dissatisfaction under the pressure of their amusements.

At this instant a thought came across me, which threw me into the strangest agitation imaginable.——I lit my segar with amazing dispatch—and without regarding, or being noticed by, the company, I fell a puffing away like a fury.——This will do very well, said I, *(puffing)* very well indeed—*(puffing)*—As it seems to be a settled axiom, that a man can never be sad who is well employed, I will engage in business myself—I will take a ramble through life, for I have nothing else to do, and write a journal of my actions—I will produce an ideal being—a TRIFLER, for instance; who shall range, as far as he is able, through the *Wilds* of *Fancy*, the *Works* of *Nature*, and the *Manners* of *Men*.——Suppose we begin with the ramble of to-day? I am sure, if the succeeding ones should answer no other end, than that of making me as happy as I am to-night, I shall be amply repaid for my trouble.——But suppose now, *(puffing as fast as possible)* if we can make these excursions subservient to the cause of virtue, and agreeable in the perusal, we should venture to publish them.

I took such a quantity of smoke into my mouth with the word publish, that a suffocation must have inevitably ensued, had I not got the better of it by such a violent fit of coughing, sneezing, and disastrous tribulation, as drew on me the attention of the company.

Hollow! cries one, what the d—l is the matter with you? Give him some water or he'll be choaked, says another. Tap him on the back, exclaims a third.——Pray, gentlemen, says I, *(coughing, and squeezing the words out as well as I could)* let me alone—'tis nothing but the tobacco gone the wrong way—I shall do again presently.

They were satisfied with this account of myself; and resumed their places, with a loud laugh at the accident, leaving me to recover at my leisure.

There is a malicious kind of pleasure frequently exercised, by the most candid and benevolent of mankind, upon the most simple and unfortunate of the human species.——A poor disappointed *Projector* had unluckily joined this company, and was, with infinite pains, describing to them the many schemes he had, during his life, put in execution, which, by some cross accident or other, were always rendered abortive; whilst his audience, I found, were listening to him with great attention, mixt with a certain ironical leer upon their countenances, that plainly indicated, that their patience and complaisance, in complying with the humour of the deluded sufferer, proceeded from no other motive, than to sport with his misfortunes, and laugh at his folly.

I am glad, said I to myself, they know nothing of my scheme.

Whether, from the feelings of my heart, which cannot bear to perceive real distress in a ridiculous situation, or that I was too much interested myself, in the wretched *schemer's* embarrassment, to continue in the company any longer, I will not presume to determine; but I took a French leave, retired to my lodgings, and, as I intend to convert every occurrence in life to some moral purpose or other, I lay me down in bed, with a firm resolution, to write, the next morning, an essay upon an *unfortunate projector*.

We return our respectful thanks to "T." for the preceding communication—and hope, that as time and occasion serve, he will continue to visit the *pine chest*; while we promise to do our part towards dressing up the ragged

orphans, and rendering them fit company for his own children: always attentive to observe the respective marks by which they may hereafter be distinguished.

We are not altogether unacquainted with the source from which the "*Trifler*" obtains his *means*; but whatever the means, or from whence they are derived, we care not, so long as the entertainment afforded our readers is rational, instructive and amusing—and so long as his papers, original, selected, or compound, contain nothing immodest nor party-coloured—but every way squaring to the principles laid down in the Prospectus to this work.

Though "T." is the first, yet we hope he will not be the only one, to come forward as an auxilliary in the Literary Campaign now opened.

THE BURIAL—AN EXTRACT.

"'Tis done!" said Emmeline as I entered the room—"'tis done! and now his little spirit has passed the confines of mortality!" I drew back! she was in the delirium of reflection, and I remained unperceived. "Yes," continued Emmeline, leaning over her lifeless babe, as she wiped the repining tears: "he is gone! the delight of my existence is for ever snatched from maternal embraces! But he is not dead! he only reposes in the arms of immortality, whence I shall again receive him! Yet his father: ah! my beloved partner! little dost thou think of this disaster. No, thou art distant, and unconscious of it. When thou returnest, how wilt thou bear the loss of thy little Henry!"——"My amiable friend," said I, approaching the weeping Emmeline, "I was come to enquire respecting the health of your infant, and I see that he is well." "Well!" repeated Emmeline, "he is well: 'tis enough; his sorrows are past! My friend," said this charming mother, "I did not once imagine that I could have resigned myself to a dispensation so severe." "And what," interrupted I, "has effected such a happy change in your disposition?" "Ah!" replied Emmeline, "I was then young, inattentive to truth, and ignorant of true peace! Like most young people, I never perused a volume from which I have since learnt in what happiness consists: to be resigned to the will of providence here, and trace by the chart which he has given us in divine truth, the road to a brighter state." "But," demanded I, "have you never any apprehensions that this chart may be erroneous?" "None;" rejoined Emmeline, "for though I never examined the external authorities, which I am told confirm my guide; and though I hear of many who have done it with more wisdom and penetration than I can possibly boast, aver that it is defective; I have an evidence that compels me to reject their doubts. My heart, whenever I peruse the pages of holy writ, beats so in unison with their contents, that nature, which philosophers tell us should be our director, must be mistaken if I am wrong."

When the corps of Henry was to be interred, Emmeline attended it to the grave. I was unspeakably impressed with her deportment. In her features you might discern the triumph of resignation over the struggles of sorrow: she "shone in tears!" Never shall I forget the sympathetic assent given by every heart present, when the good pastor uttered that glorious assurance, "I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body; yet, in my flesh shall I see God."——"Yes; my redeemer liveth!" exclaimed Emmeline—"and Henry, I shall meet thee in his presence. We are parted to re-unite where tears shall cease to flow!" And this is the religion, thought I, "that sceptics would exterminate."

LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

PLAYS have become so numerous and their titles are so various that two people might keep up a conversation of considerable length, or a political declaimer compose a long piece, with using little else than those titles.——We find a curious instance of it in a late London print, which we insert below, for the amusement of the *comic*-al.

THE GREEN-ROOM OPINION
OF THE THREATENED INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Should the modern *Tamerlane* revive the tragedy of *England Invaded*, and in the progress of his *Wild-goose Chace*, escape *the Tempest*, he will still find that, with us, it is *Humours of the Age* to be *Volunteers*. He will prove that we have many a *Plain Dealer* who will tear off *the Mask*, under which *the Hypocrite*, this *Fool of Fortune*, this *Choleric Man*, has abused a credulous world. Should he to *a Wonder*, attempt *a Trip to Scarborough*, to set them *All alive at Portsmouth*, or to get *on both sides the gutter*, he will assuredly meet *a Chapter of Accidents* on his *Road to Ruin*; for *Britannia and the Gods are in Council*, to make him a *Castle Spectre:* he will, too late, discover *the Secret* of *Who's the Dupe*; and that it is *the Custom of the Country* of *John Bull*, to shew *the Devil to Pay* to any *Busy Body*, who seeks to enforce on us *Reformation*.

This *Double Dealer*, who has excited dismay *Abroad and at home*, and gained *Notoriety* by the magnitude of the mischiefs he has atchieved, still presumes, by the *Wheel of Fortune*, like another *Pizarro*, to satiate his *Revenge*,

and to learn *How to grow Rich*, by renewing the distressing scenes of *the Siege of Damascus*; until, amongst the desolated ruins of our city, he should establish himself like a *London Hermit*. That *he would if he could*, is past all doubt; but if he will take *a Word to the Wise*, from a *Man of the World*, he will believe *He's much to blame*, and *All in the wrong*; for *the Doctor and the Apothecary* are in *the Committee*; and by good *Management*, are forward in *the Rehearsal* of the lively comedy of *the Way to keep him*, under *Lock and Key*. They may not be able to produce for him *a Cure for the Heart-ach*, or for the *Vapourish Man*, but they will shew him at least *Cheap Living*; and prove that he has sown his *Wild Oats* in a *Commedy of Errors*.

The Poor Soldier, whose generous heart expands to render *Love for Love*, is like the gallant and gay Lothario, armed for either field, and prepared to give *Measure for Measure*; and to convert *the Agreeable Surprize*, which the Acre *Runaway* anticipates in *the Camp*, from the *Beau Stratagem* into *a tale of Mystery*. *Appearances are against him*, as well as *the Chances*; but he is a desperate *Gamester* —and, although his schemes of conquest will end in *Much ado about nothing*, like a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or a *Winter's Tale*, yet he is *the Heir at Law* to our hate; and *Every one has his Fault*, if he does not unite to revive the splendid scenes of *Edward the Black Prince* and *Henry the Fifth*, when France trembled beneath our arms at Cressy and Agincourt.

COMMENTARIES ON THE LAWS OF ENGLAND, VERSIFIED BY EDWARD LEICOMB, FROM THE TEXT OF SIR WM. BLACKSTONE.

The motives for such an extraordinary publication will be best explained by the translator himself, from whose preface the following is extracted:

"The advantages," continues Mr. Leicomb, after enumerating the difficulties attendant on his arduous undertaking, "must be obvious at the first sight, to the meanest capacity. The utility of verse in the communication of knowledge is really incalculable, its aid to the memory is inconceivable, in rendering the recollection of what we would wish to retain far easier than any other mode which has been yet adopted. This important truth has been incontrovertibly established by experience and the approbation of every succeeding age. Another important reason for which I was induced to undertake this work, is the preference which youthful minds generally give to poetical ornament. After dwelling on the majestic and sublime descriptions of Homer and the Mantuan Bard, and other pleasing pursuits which preceded the study of law, the student enters with disappointment on the dry and unentertaining doctrines of jurisprudence, and pursues them often with disgust. I hope in some measure to obviate this serious inconvenience, by cloathing in verse the lectures of Sir William Blackstone, which is generally the first book that is put into the young student's hands." Thus continues Mr. L.—But I will fill the remainder of my paper with one or two quotations from this curious work.—The first book only has yet appeared; and in the second chapter is the following paragraph, which varies very little from the text:—

"Thus when the Great Unknown from nothing form'd
This universe, and out of chaos wild
And anarchy created matter, he
On it impress'd fix'd principles and laws,
Without whose agency 'twould cease to be.
When he imparted motion to the world,
Of motion he establish'd certain laws,
To which all bodies, moveable themselves,
Did erst submit. So when the artist forms
Of wondrous mechanism, the little watch,
Whose faithful hand describes the varying hour,
So long as faithful to the laws prescrib'd,
Its operations prove, it moves complete,
And answers every end for which 'twas form'd."

And in chapter 9, book 1st. are the following remarks on the statute of Elizabeth, for Provision for the Poor:—

"Whereas, if only they whom cheerless want
And poverty with all its woes depress—
If only they who, heirs to Misery,
Ne'er knew the comfort of a wintry garb,
Were cloth'd, and for their labour amply paid,
Soon industry would smile in every cot,
And sweet contentment on each feature beam;
The humble peasant would no more repine,
But work with pleasure at his daily task;
No murmurs would the blithsome swain express,
Nor e'er disquietude his rest disturb.
Well would he know, that when the hand of time,
Had scatter'd o'er his head the frost of age,
Or weakness had enfeebled every limb,
Then, and then only, would the rich stretch forth
The fostering hand of comfort and of ease;
Or when the tender spring of innocence and youth
Forbad his offspring for themselves to toil,
Mild charity would for each want provide,
And watch them with a parent's gentle care."

THEATRICALS.

We are happy to see our theatrical friends exerting themselves so much, and so successfully of late: while they give us the plays of Shakespear or Goldsmith, they will have no reason to complain of thin houses. We think the present company, thin as it is, might find, and get

up several excellent plays from the vast number of English Dramatic authors, without having recourse to the vile trash of Kotzebue. Mr. Warren's exhibition of "the unimitated and unimitable Falstaff" gave great and general satisfaction. We know he has no equal in that character in this country, nor do we believe there is a better Falstaff at present in Europe. In the merry wives of Windsor, many scenes were portray'd with great truth and spirit, and the merry wives supported him with archness and vivacity. Blisset gave Doctor Caius in a very characteristick style, so as to make us lose the idea of his own identity in the person he represented; which is certainly a just criterion of good acting: but we are sorry to find any fault with so pleasing a performer as Mr. Jefferson: his Hugh Evans, instead of being the formal and choleric Welsh pedant, was degraded into a sneaking and contemptible driveller, which Shakespear never designed. Ford was sufficiently jealous, angry and vigilant to prevent his apparently impending destiny; the traits of this character were judiciously discriminated, and correctly displayed, as are all the performances of Mr. Wood; who, we congratulate on the obvious a .d rapid improvement he has made. Warren shone again on Saturday night, particularly in the scene with the chief justice, and his last interview with the new king; the scene with the bailiffs, and with the two justices were also excellent, but his encounters with Doll, and with Sir John Colevile wanted spirit. We hope to be gratified with one more exhibition of Falstaff before the theatre closes.

The following tender and delicate little Story is from Anderson's Recreations in Agriculture, &c. under the head of "Travelling Memorandums."

At a village not a hundred miles from Shrewsbury, I overheard the following conversation. "I would give my heart," said a well looking young man to a beautiful girl who sat beside him—"I would give my heart, Susan, for one kindly kiss of those bewitching lips of thine, were it not that I have no heart to give; it has been gone from me a long while." 'And pray,' said Susan, with an arch expressive look, 'where hath that roving heart of thine so long concealed itself?' "You little enchanting rogue," said he, with an emphatic look which met her consuming eye, "and you pretend not to know where it has been!" Then clasping her in his arms, he imprinted upon her lips a warm ecstatic kiss expressive of the softest rapture. After she had a little recovered herself, with a sweeter blush suffusing her cheek than ever Aurora yet displayed—'Well Robin,' said she, 'I also would give my heart to have back that kiss again, were it in my power to give: but alas! it is gone, and I fear will never more be within my power.' "And when did this little wanderer take flight?" said he; "and where hath it taken up its abode since it left thee?" "It made its escape," said she, "the moment that I knew I had got possession of yours; for no sooner did I feel it warm within my breast, than it filled it so entirely that I could find no place for any thing else; so off it flew direct, and here it took refuge (putting her hand upon his breast:) feel how the little flutterer frisks about in its new abode. It is a kind little heart, Robin,' said she (concealing her face upon his bosom) 'and will prove ever true to you.'——"Blessings upon thee, my lovely Susan," said he (pressing her tenderly in his arms, and gently leaning his cheek upon hers, the rapturous tears flowing copiously adown) for now you have made me the happiest of mankind." Blessings upon you both, said I, retiring; and blessings on all mankind. My heart is full; for is there any pleasure we feel equal to that of participating in the bliss which is the reward of innocence and virtue?

A BAD WIFE HERE AND THERE.

Dr. B. being once in a large company at dinner, was seated between Mrs. Lowth and Mrs. Sherlock; the conversation happened to turn upon wives, when B. said, that he believed wives in general were good, though to be sure there might be a bad one *here* and *there*, nodding alternately at the two ladies.

ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Blaguy, a divine of celebrity, having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester cathedral, the text of which was, "*All wisdom is sorrow*," received the following elegant compliment from Dr. Warton, then at Winchesrer school:

"If what you advance dear Doctor be true,
That *wisdom is sorrow*,—how wretched are you."

LOCKE.

It was once the custom for gentlemen to wear their locks curled in a peculiar fashion. A sparkish academic, who had more hair than brains, sitting next a wag, the latter gently touching one of his locks said, "Sir, it is very fine upon my word, yet I fancy it is not *Locke upon Human Understanding*.

A POET'S PUNISHMENT.

The Duke of Mountausier, thinking he saw great scandal in Boileau's satires, said, that the writer ought to be sent to the gallies crowned with laurels.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

We believe the following to be the production of some young man, who, if he continues to court the muses with assiduity, may in time become a favorite. If this is a first attempt, it deserves encouragement. The spirit of tenderness which runs throughout the piece, and pious sentiment in the last verse, do honour to the Author's feelings, which we believe were really excited. A little more attention to polish and accuracy will render any other communication more acceptable.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER RECOVERY FROM A SEVERE ILLNESS.

How cheerless, Laura, has each ling'ring hour
Mov'd heavy onward mark'd with dreary woe;
Dark threat'ning clouds did o'er each moment lower,
While hoary time pass'd on with footstep slow.

Each rising morn I wak'd with anxious fear,
And gentle hope in warring throbs conjoin'd;
Each added night too, eager, wish'd to hear,
But still I fear'd the untold truth to find.

Oft have I wander'd by the river side
Where gentle S***** rolls its placid wave,
Oft have I listen'd as its waters glide
In plaintive murmurings o'er the seaman's grave.

And when the sea-bird's melancholy song
Borne o'er the blue expanse has reach'd mine ear,
(To lovers only such sweet scenes belong)
How has the pleasing music lull'd my care.

From thence I've sought the forest's darken'd gloom,
To let the sigh of manly passion free,
There to lament thy wretched Selim's doom;
To carve his woe upon the tender tree.

When too, from each sad solitary scene,
With wayward footstep slow my home I've sought,
I frequent paus'd upon the meadow green
And thought my Laura—of *thee* fondly thought.

Oft on my downy bed I've sought repose,
Wooing the gentle goddess to my eyes;
But pleasing slumber from contentment flows,
And from the child of woe regardless flies.

But if at length she deign'd to hear my pray'r,
To bind each sense beneath her poppy chains;
Affright'ning dreams renew'd my daily care,
While icy terror ran along my veins.

Blest then, the day when first I wak'd to joy!
And saw my Laura on a couch reclin'd,
I tasted perfect bliss without alloy,
Sweet pleasure thrill'd along my happy mind.

A lilly whiteness had usurp'd the place
Where once the roseate hue of health had shone,
Where once united on her blushing face
It bloom'd more lovely than when thus alone.

Her curling ringlets floated in the air,
Whose jetty blackness form'd a contrast fine
With her white neck, so elegantly fair,
Endeavouring still around it to entwine.

With glowing love I touch'd her beauteous hand,
Gently I press'd it to my burning heart,
While fire, etherial, as at Heav'ns command,
Did thro' my breast with nameless rapture dart!

Grateful my eyes toward the thund'rers throne,
With pure affection and regard I rais'd;
Next to the Godhead did my bosom own
The graceful Laura, worthy to be prais'd.

YELSE.

SMILES.

There is a smile which oft we trace
In many a fair unmeaning face,
Yet wild, and vacant, all the while
Roves the light heart— *a silly smile.*

There is a smile, of which the heart
Does not partake the smallest part;
Where all is vanity and guile—
A pert coquet's *alluring smile.*

There is a smile, in which the whole
Warm, genuine feelings of the soul,
Are sweetly pictur'd, free from guile—
And sure, that must be *Delia's smile.*

P. G. O.

ADVICE.

If you wish to find
The little haughty God,
Seek not where tranquility
Contentment or fidelity,
Take up their blest abode.
But deep within some breast
With artifices fill'd,
Or heart that knows no rest,
The Traitor lies conceal'd.

P.

SELECTED POETRY.

IMPROMPTU.

The snowy breast, the black inviting eye,
Have serv'd each youthful poet's strength to try;
These are his constant themes, on these he dwells
With eager joy, and thinks that he excells;
Thinks that his mistress must discern his merit,
And feigns his raptures, just to shew his spirit:
I hate such fawning arts, else Delia's praise
Might find employment for eternal lays;
But one short line my passion shall express,
I cannot love thee more, nor love thee less.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1804. N°. 3.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

"O grievious folly! to heap up estate,
"Losing the days you see beneath the sun."—THOMPSON.

AMIDST the various speculations upon life, that must occasionally occupy the mind of an attentive and accurate observer, none seem to command the attention more entirely, or are more fraught with unsatisfactory conclusions, than those occasioned by the mercantile life as exhibited in this modern metropolis. That the attention must be often employed in contemplating it is obvious, when the magnitude of its operations and the extent of its influence are considered. That trade is the great engine of national wealth and consequently of political importance has been long evident by the unrivalled success of those nations where it has been most amply encouraged; and by the demonstrations of those writers, who have probed the causes of national prosperity with an accuracy that has gained them universal sanction and concurrence. But the mind after dwelling with satisfaction upon these consequential and happy reflections, is led to extend its scrutiny to the individual parts which compose this great total, and by an examination to discover what is the particular character and what are the felicities peculiar to these useful and industrious portions of society. The enquiry I am afraid is not often attended with the same grateful emotions which characterize that upon the larger scale.

That the merchant is honest, honourable and virtuous may be allowed: that he is sometimes highly respectable for sound general knowledge and literary taste and acquirements is admitted, but that these are the general characteristicks cannot be granted as fact. The experience of any disinterested observer will afford proof sufficient that this remark is not prompted by prejudice or ignorance: the periodical censor should disdain to be found guilty of either the one or the other; the dignity and virtue of a community are under his particular guardianship, and if any remarks or writings can impart other notions than of the supremacy of money, and inspire a liberality too noble to make self the sole and entire consideration; they prove themselves to be founded in sound principles, and upon immutable authority.

Exemplifications might easily be given, but the intention of this paper is not to afford personal matter of allusion or to give offence intentionally. The assumption of consequence and arrogation of dignity, proceeding *exclusively* from their monied influence, and patronage of the lower orders in a trading community, by which some of this class of men so often offend, have yielded the motives for this notice of them, and have prompted the enquiry into other qualifications or excellencies by which their claims may be more reasonably supported.

I have mixed much with this class of society, and am intimately acquainted with some who would be deservedly an ornament to any people or profession; but in associating with these, I have often met with others of a very different complexion. Amongst whom, particularly, you will hear the most opprobious terms, and disgraceful stigmas that can attach to men of honour and reputation. Rascal, cheat, scoundrel, are common in their mouths upon the smallest disappointment or misfortune in their mutual intercourse; and when a brother trader falls to a lower sphere, no matter from what cause, though of the soundest integrity; neglect if not calumny is the certain concomitant upon his unfortunate reverse.

How do they disgrace their profession by the vilest suspicions of each other; and themselves by discovering that in their eyes wealth imparts every thing that is great, good and praiseworthy. Money is the idol, it does not signify much who is the possessor, or what are his qualifications.

That these observations may not appear so general as to be considered invidious, I will submit a portrait to the reader; and if it should prove accurate, every person can

judge whether a parallel exists or not, and the credit or blame may be appreciated as is thought proper, by those who consider what is the end of human existence and what constitutes its highest excellence.

If money be granted as the means of happiness and enjoyment, *Mercator* widely mistakes the principle, and foolishly substitutes the means for the end. This being taken as an undeniable fact, for the bare observation of my readers must afford the proof of it: can Mercator be considered as a rational being, a man of understanding, or a man of virtue? Certainly not. As a rational being and a man of understanding, he would when enabled by successful industry, substitute pursuits that would enlarge and refine the mind, and afford perpetual pleasures while they compelled the esteem and affection of the world; or so blend them with his accustomed occupations, as to shew mankind that to delve forever at the mine of unenjoyed superfluity, without much more motive than pastime and habit, is degrading and ridiculous in the highest degree.

As a man of virtue he would be solicitous to turn his thoughts from things below, to those of a far superior import; he would embrace the leisure he obtained in seeking that knowledge, which will prove that his riches are as dross compared to the wealth he may in future acquire. If he has children, he will be delighted at their superior advantages to his, at a similar age, and at the opportunity afforded him of bestowing parental assistance and attention in their progress to maturer years. Mercator in substituting the means for the end; passes his days in the unremitting contemplation of money, or the fluctuations of commerce which when rightly understood produce it: the compting-house, the insurance office, and the coffee-room are only changes of the same scene: Mercator's thoughts, contemplations and conversations at these places are entirely occupied with the same object. If he is a married man, his wife and children see him but for a short time, when his mind is too much engaged to vent itself in speech adapted to the capacity or enjoyment of a woman: the coffee-room abandoned in the evening, what is left for occupation?

He cannot bear to read, or perhaps has not a single book in his house, or ever read one in his life: he soon gets tired of looking at the fire; the town if he is fond of scandal is too small to afford perpetual food for it, and his wife knows nothing of Bank or Insurance Stock, of the par of exchange, or the value of commodities. To bed then he goes exhausted; to rise next day and repeat the same dull round. He cannot always enjoy company, not feeling qualified to talk upon any thing but commercial, selfish, or mere local matters; of course he is frequently a silent and insignificant member of the table. The week being so busily past, my readers would suppose that as he is born a Christian, and lives in a Christian country, the church would be gladly resorted to as a relaxation from more vulgar toils, and for the purpose of yielding the merited thanks for his prosperity and weekly successes. Mercator never troubles his head about the church: it has nothing to do with him or his concerns. Sunday is too excellent a day for paying debts in the epistolary way to be disregarded, and the compting-house is still resorted to; or if there should be no letters to answer, a ride to the country or a stroll about the streets will assist his health, and give fresh vigor for the busy scenes he is to encounter next day. *Risum teneatis amici?* Yet these are the men who astonish the town with their equipages, and the splendor of their houses; who seldom bestow any thing in charity; who lay out thousands in luxury, for no other enjoyment of their own than the gratification of personal vanity; for they pass the day in a dirty warehouse or the streets, surrounded by articles of merchandize, and pestered with intrusive draymen and seamen. And those are the characters that think themselves superior to all who cannot equal their wealth; who often look with contempt upon the poorer, but well informed and liberal minded man—who in his soul returns it tenfold.

To prove to my readers that I am not actuated by illiberal, or prejudiced motives, in this delineation of a character which is not uncommon; I will endeavor to relieve the picture with a contrast, which will supercede any deduction that might be supposed to arise out of what has gone before:

Manlius is a merchant, and he is rich; long habit has rendered the prosecution of his profession a pleasure to him, inasmuch as it gives zest to the relaxation he frequently enjoys. With a mind well cultivated, he can relish the pleasure afforded by literary pursuits; allotting to it that portion of the evening which others do to the coffee-room; he can after participating in conversation on rational and instructive subjects, prosecute a favorite study or amuse himself with less abstruse recreations. His mind is not constantly absorbed with his professional pursuits when out of the scene of action, and he enjoys the pleasures of colloquial communication around a festive table. He is devoutly religious, and Sunday affords him the highest gratification, as he is pointed and unremitting in his attendance upon places of worship. His soul is not occupied with self, for much of his time and purse can be devoted to the good of others. He is rich, and enjoys his riches. He makes them his means, and exemplifies the propriety

of persisting in his pursuit of them. This character adds dignity to his profession, and tends to relieve it from the barsh suspicion and disrepect under which it has laboured in every age and in every climate.

The consequence and influence of the merchant in this extensive country, destined by its commercial enterprize to emulate the pristine wealth and power of ancient Italy, from the same causes, should and must be considerable.—His character would vie in importance with that of any other citizen in other respects, as he may be equally called upon to mix in the superior grades of society, and to vindicate the interests of his country in the field or senate.—Though he may not rival a Lorenzo de Medici, in all his attainments, he may in the universality of his attempts to gain knowledge, in his liberality, and uncontaminated honour. A.

FOR THE COMPANION.

THE TRIFLER—No. II.

[You must remember that I next intended writing an "Essay on an Unfortunate Projector." I beg pardon, sir, for not being able, at present, to fulfil my promise—and assure you that in some more favored hour I will finish the essay on that subject. However we all know there is not much dependence to be placed in a *Trifler*; a being who thinks as little of order and punctuality, as an Old Bachelor does of the only proper means by which to enjoy real happiness while on his pilgrimage here below;—so please to accept, brother, (what! why bless me, are not you and I both authors!)—in lieu of the promised one, the enclosed paper—for I am *vastly* ambitious of appearing often before your respectable auditors. And, as no man can be held accountable for his dreams, I hope the frightful one I had last night will not bring me into disrepute among your fair readers.]

The business of the day over, I went into a large mixt company, where I hugged myself in the inexpressible delights of taciturnity; which I frequently do after my mind has been fatigued by study.

While the ideas float from one thing to another, without making any impression, and one seems thinking, and not thinking at the same time, the hum of conversation from every side of the room, which is all one perceives of it is very grateful to the senses, and gives a kind of chorus to the like jumble of inconsistencies which is passing in the brain.

I should imagine study, especially writing, must be a great enemy to conversation: for altho' I give myself as little trouble as any man in Baltimore about what I write, or how I express myself, yet when the fit is over, I find but little relish for any thing but trifling about; talking nonsense; and that only by fits and starts.

Now an argument would be intolerable. Of all things in this world I detest an argument; and yet no man upon earth is more plagued with them; for mine being a bachelor's life, spending most of my evenings in taverns and public rooms, I am always overwhelmed with the hurry and confusion of controversy. But one thing generally happens to my comfort; that notwithstanding I never enter into the nature of the arguments, neither *pro* nor *con*, nor know any more than Moll Wilkes what they are talking about; nor do I listen to any part of the story, unless I may just catch a bit now and then to laugh at; yet I go away as wise and much improved by their disputes as the best of them; and can give as clear an account of the merits of the several subjects started, and the conclusions drawn.

Disputants are like fighting cocks, only with this difference—the latter fight to obtain victory, at the hazard of their lives; while the former battle it hard for superiority of parts, at the ruin of their understandings.

It being past twelve o'clock, and as I had sat the whole evening without speaking one word, I thought it high time to take myself off—which I did very snugly and precipitately.

As I was walking home the streets were so still that I could not help exclaiming, Good God! it seems as if the world were dead.—Not a creature I protest!—What is gone with all the bustle of the day?—Where are all those delightful nymphs that charmed me with their smiles?—Are they in bed?—Oh!.....

Passing by a church-yard I cried, how many ghosts might a disordered imagination raise here!—That gravestone, how it seems to stalk!—I wish I were in bed. But, must I lie here at last!—Well, it does not signify—when the soul has fled the body is mere clay, and may mix indifferently with its sister earth!

I got safe into the kitchen;—the cat was lying by the fire; but observing me she arose, and seemed pleased at my arrival. Poor thing, said I, thou art a very docile, and inoffensive creature. It is impossible, surely, that there should be any violent particles in the composition of such a domestic, obliging, fondling animal. Well, well, said I, enough of this—go thy ways, puss—taking a candle I went up stairs; but before I could well get into my room, I found myself very much out in my calculations

respecting the good qualities of cats—For another cat having got to our lady, they set up such a yell as was sufficient to frighten a whole tribe of Indians out of their senses. I ran down into the kitchen in order to quell the uproar; but they flew round the room with their tails as straight and as thick as my arm, spitting their fury like a couple of ——. At last they vanished up stairs like a stream of wild fire, and out upon the roof, totally out of the reach of my correction; where they continued their horrid chorus, to the great discomposure of the neighborhood.

I was so bewildered with the noise of the cats before I could get to sleep, that—God help me!—I dreamt I was married!

I thought I possessed the sweetest creature imaginable: the prettiest, and most lovely lass, *that ever tripp'd the verdant plain?* Such endearments!—such rapturous bliss!—Oh! how I sung the joys of matrimony!

But then she would be so careful of me—I must never read, it would spoil my eyes: nor must I write, by any means, it made me so thoughtful. And then she would chuck me under the chin, saying I must do every thing she bid me, or I could not love her. No, no, I must not smoke filthy tobacco, for that was an odious custom.—She would rather I would take snuff, she said—and oh! how charming a brilliant would look upon my finger.—There, my dear—my sweetest spouse—now you are beautiful.

Upon my proving rather refractory under all these blandishments and restrictions, I thought she changed her tone—and when I went out she would ask me peremptorily, where I was going? If I told her to such a place, or such a place, she would say it was very foolish to do so; and that I was always going out after a parcel of nonsense.

Methought, in order to avoid these squabbles, I was obliged to give her the slip. But then when I came home,—[Oh, how I got it!]—So now, she would say, you are always out when you are wanted—there has been Mr. Such-a-one, and Mr. Such-a one, asking for you—I wonder you will be so foolish now—Why can't you be content at home?—Where have you been?—hey!—Why don't you answer me?—How you stand staring like a fool!

Upon these repeated affronts I would cry,—zounds! what is the matter with the woman?—What is it to you where I have been?—I am my own master, and will do as I please. Then methought she would snivel, and pout, and wish she had never been married—and all that.

When I had any friends with me, I thought I looked like the most arrant dunderh ad upon the face of the earth, for she would scold, and pout, and redden, and be so perverse; thwarting every thing I said or did; nothing cou'd please; every thing was wrong; and exposing all our silly quarrels to every indifferent spectator.

If I went with her an evening to visit a neighbor, I was always terrified to death—for as it sometimes happens in these cases when there is much company, that the ladies and gentlemen separate, I was sure if my sweet spouse suddenly took it into her head to go home, to have her bouncing into our room, with her hat and cloak on, her servant and lanthorn at her heels, and without any previous notice given me of her intention, demand my immediate attendance. Now if I were in the middle of an interesting story, it signified nothing to remonstrate: she would only be the more positive—and if I, observing the men wink at one another, pretend to domineer a little, and to say I would not go yet; she would set the whole house in an uproar;—so that for mere decency's sake, I was obliged to hurry away with her, leaving our mighty pretty deportment, a sweet object for those that were left behind us, to laugh at and enjoy.

What was very extraordinary in this dream, which lasted only two or three hours (but dreams are always inconsitent) I thought I had a very fine boy; which, though it was no more than a twelvemonth old, must ever be the head of the company; sitting at table at dinner, though there should be ten or a dozen strangers—and when from its sputtering, and screaming, I only begged the favor it might be taken away, for that it must be very troublesome to my friends, she would storm and rage, and be almost ready to scratch my eyes out.

After this terrible scuffle, she would be in the dumps, and not speak a word for two or three days—so that do what I would, I am sure to be worsted—for if I, at last, coaxed her into good temper, there was but a few half-starved kisses, shuffles, and caresses ensued, before we got into the same track again—up to the head and ears in disputes, squabbles, wranglings, and the most perverse endeavours, on her side, to make me as miserable as a hound with a *twitchel* at his tail, pursued, worried, and buffeted, by all the lads, and dogs in the parish.

In the midst of more confusion, by ten-fold, than the cats brought upon me before I went to sleep, I awaked, and cried out with a loud and shrill voice, Thank God! This is all a dream!

The present age if not the age of learning, is certainly the age of *book-making*; for the number of *hands* employed, and books that are issued from many parts of Europe is almost incredible. As few are happy enough to be di-

rected in their course of reading by able and experienced men, and still fewer are able to direct themselves; the consequence is that the mass of mankind without the previous discipline and ground-work of a regular education, become readers, of whatever catches their rambling fancies or is accommodated to their prejudices; and fill their heads with a crude incoherent jumble of strange notions on government, religion, morality, and every thing else: so that being inflated with vanity and bewildered in their understandings, they are not only unfitted to fulfill their proper duties in the stations of life where Providence has placed them, but become the easy dupes, and instruments of those demons in human form, whose sole aim is to confound every distinction between vice and virtue, and to destroy the essentials of vital religion. To those who have the real welfare of their fellow beings at heart, it must be matter of great consolation, to find persons of sound learning and superior talents, exerting themselves with zealous industry, to stem the torrent of infidelity and vice, which threatens all the christian world. That the endeavours of good men may be efficacions, their writings cannot be too widely diffused; and we are convinced we cannot do better than appropriate some portion our paper to extracts from the most perspicuous and energetic champions in the cause of truth. In doing this, we conceive there is no departure from the principles laid down in the Prospectus; we enter into no discussion of religious truths or political questions; but think it our duty to add all that is in our power to the publicity and celebrity of every work, whose object is to uphold whatever is dear and sacred to social, domestic, rational and civilized man.

We begin by giving our readers an extract from a production of John Bowles, Esq. published in London 1801, entitled "Reflections on the close of the eighteenth century."

"We have to deplore a convulsion," says the author, as he goes on to describe the moral state of the world at present, "which has already laid low ancient and mighty empires, and which exposes all empires to subversion; but, what is infinitely worse, that convulsion has given birth to the fell monster Anarchy, who has already established his chaotic empire over one half of Europe, and who labours, with alas! a dreadful prospect of success, to involve the human race in universal contention and endless disorders. We see the most sanguinary conquerors spreading desolation far and wide, and reducing the most populous and extensive regions under their despotic yoke. But what a yoke! Not one, which merely excludes the most distant hope of liberty, but which, while it enslaves protects. No! *their* dominion is that of the vulture, who preys upon the vitals of every victim in which he can once fix his merciless talons. They do not even exhaust their rage, upon the physical existence of man; they endeavour to extirpate from his breast every religious and moral principle, and to deprive him of the consolations of virtue, and of the hope of heaven. It must be acknowledged indeed, that these fiends in human shape do not declare war against the arts and sciences; on the contrary, they strain every faculty of the human mind to its greatest degree of practical exertion, they explore with indefatigable research all the secrets of Nature, and carry every invention of ingenuity, and every refinement of civilization, to the utmost pitch of improvement. But these attainments serve only to render them a more grievous yoke to humanity. The cultivation of their talents, the extent of their knowledge, their advancements in science, only enable them better to pursue their projects of destruction, more effectually to attack religion, government, and social order, and to establish more firmly their horrid sway of impiety and vice. If the rude tribes, whom we have been accustomed to denominate barbarians, had not, in their state of uncorrupted simplicity, possessed some virtues, the want of which is justly lamented in polished society; if they had been distinguished only by that fierce and ferocious resentment of injuries, which rendered them so dreadful to their enemies; still their undisguised and unappeasable vengeance would have been as much less terrible, than the refined malice of the philosophical and revolutionary barbarians of France, as it is less horrid to be delivered over at once to a violent death, than to be subjected to every torture which ingenuity can invent, and to be cruelly kept alive by the skill of surgery and the art of medicine, in order to be reserved for an endles repetition of torments.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

GARRICK AND THE TAYLOR.

A sharp-set genius for dramatic fame introduced himself to the late Mr. Garrick for the purpose of displaying his imaginary talents. Although he had scarcely in his life been off his shop-board, yet such was his opinion of his abilities as an actor, that he thought himself sufficiently competent to the arduous task of rehearsing a part before so judicious, severe, and discriminating a judge of acting as Mr. Garrick.

This Cockney by birth, and taylor by profession, thus addressed our Roscius:

"Sir, I am your most *in-de-fat-abigail* humble servant

—I shall be *wastly* happy and *wery* proud of the *hopportunity* of being made a *hactor*."

"Well," said Mr. Garrick, "and pray what part would you wish to have the *hopportunity* of *hacting?*"

"Romo, Sir; Romo, Sir;" replied the taylor—"I should wish to *pre*form the part of Romo; for my wife says as how, I read Robin Crusoe so *wastly vell*; and as how I have so sweet a *woice*, that she's *wastly sure* and *wery sartin*, I should make a *monstracious* moving *lovyer*."

"Well, Sir," asked Garrick, "and are you perfect in the part of Romo, as you call it?"

"O yes, Sir," answered snip—"I am *main sartin*, I can go *thro' stitch* with it from the beginning to the end on't."

"Pray, Sir," Mr. Garrick asked—"Do you recollect a passage in that play where he describes a huge Colossus bestriding the lazy-pacing clouds, and sailing on the bosom of the air?"

"O yes, Sir," replied Snip, "*wastly vell.*"

"Then pray tell me, Sir," continued Mr. Garrick, "when he was bestraddling those clouds, which way would you go, supposing his stride to have been about the extent of a moderate sized rainbow,—I say, Sir, which way would you go to work to measure him for a pair of breeches?"

"Lord have mercy on us!" cried the taylor, "here's a pretty job of journey work! Make a pair of breeches for a rainbow! Why I don't believe two taylors in London ever did such a thing in their lives. And I'm sure I could as soon make a pair for the man in the moon."

"Then pray, Sir," asked Garrick most indignantly, "how came you to think of undertaking my business, when you are not master of your own?"

"Lord, Sir," replied the frightened taylor, "I only *vonted*——"

"You only *vonted*," repeated Mr. Garrick; "pray, Sir, tell me—did'st thou ever behold Macbeth, with boisterous rage, bully the ghost of Benquo off the stage?"

"No, Sir," says Snip.

"You shall behold it now then," said Mr. Garrick.

PARODY, IMITATING MR. GARRICK.

"Avaunt, and quit my sight! thy sheers are edgeless,
And thy goose is cold—thou hast no thread,
Nor needles in those paws that thou do'st stitch withall;
What manager dare, I dare—approach thou like the
Grim and greasy lamplighter, or arm'd chimney-sweeper,
With brush and soot-bag—take any form but that,
And my rich wardrobe shall yet escape cabbaging;
Or dare me to thy shop-board with thy sheers;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The botch of a button hole,—Hence, horrible taylor, hence!"

Alarm was the word, and the taylor was off in a tangent, perfectly cured of his passion for the stage, which he resolved never to think of more, but to attend to his shop-board.

FOR THE COMPANION.

SEDUCTION.

Oh base seduction! at thy lawless shrine,
(Thou foe to virtue thou art passion's slave)
Oft hast thou doom'd the childless sire to pine
And youth and beauty to an early grave.

IT was one of those dreary nights about the middle of December (on which 'tis said that fabled witches love to hold their infernal conferences) I was sitting alone by my fire-side reflecting on the follies and vanities of life—early in the evening a suiter of my only daughter had arrived from P..... he was a young man that the world held high in its estimation, and by his tender and delicate attention to her on a former visit (when she was in a state of convalescence) had intirely gained her affections and consent to a speedy union; to which I had cheerfully assented—he had previously resided in B..... and was a constant visitor for some months to my family, but from the nature of his business thought it prudent to remove to P.....

The watchman had called the hour of eleven—I snatched up the candle and was retiring when the voice of a person, as of one in distress, arrested my attention—I listened—all was as still as the grave, save the violence of the storm. I proceeded to the door of the room—my hand was on the latch, when a sound similar to the first caught my ear. I knew there was an alley between my house and the adjoining one, and thinking some poor wretch might have sought refuge there from the inclemency of the storm, I descended and opening the door leading into the yard I found my conjecture right. I proceeded to the alley—my eye caught the form of a female apparently in the last stage of wretchedness—I spoke but received no answer. I raised and carried her into the kitchen, where a fire was still glowing, and called my family to her assistance: the noise it occasioned roused my intended son-in-law—we retired a little—my wife and daughter having bathed her temples and changed her clothes—she soon recovered—and as we were returning, the noise of our feet attracted her attention—she cast a languid look towards us—she shriek'd—she fell——

The surprise this scene occasioned was instant—I darted a look of suspicion at our guest—his eye caught mine—his color changed alternately; his knees smote each other, and he

was falling when I caught him in my arms—My daughter stood like one bereft of sense and motion—Henry retired to his chamber. The wretched female having recovered, cast an enquiring look around her—said in a faint voice—It was but a dream of my fevered brain—I was deceived—It was not Henry S——— At the mention of this well known name my daughter enquired in a broken and almost unintelligible manner what she knew of Henry S—— she stared her wildly in the face and exclaimed, may heaven forgive him! he was my seducer.—My daughter swooned; she was conveyed to bed; and a servant dispatched for a physician.

I attended the wretched mourner who thus continued:

"I have but a few minutes to live, and ere this should have ceased to be, had not your kindness interfered to prolong my existence—But to my story—I am the only daughter of a wealthy farmer of this state, and Henry S—— became my suiter—he seemed formed by nature as a model for manly beauty—I loved, I adored him—we were betrothed—and my fond doating heart trusting too much to his honor, I was undone—he left me, base man!—But I will not upbraid him—he fled forever—and when my situation could no longer be kept a secret from my parents, I was thrust from their doors—friendless and unpitied, I sought refuge in————" here her voice failed and in defiance to all medical assistance her spirit winged its way through the regions of space to the throne of the most high, to ask justice for her wrongs or plead for her seducer.

In the morning I sommoned Henry into my presence—(the remorse that preyed upon his mind was visible in his countenance) he confessed the fact—I forbore to upbraid him; I took his hand and led him to the cold and lifeless form of his once beloved M——— he looked attentively at her for some minutes, then burst into tears, exclaiming "Villain that I am! a fiercer hell awaits me than that which now preys upon my vitals.—" he darted from the room and disappeared.

We followed the remains of the unfortunate M——— to the church-yard, and whilst the sexton was hiding her from mortal eyes, I raised mine towards the throne of Almighty God, exclaiming, "may this be the last sacrifice that is offered up at the shrine of seduction!"

SOLUS.

COMIC SKETCH.

Some men speak before they think; others tediously study every word they utter. Some men are mute, from having nothing to say; some should be mute, because they say nothing to the purpose. Some men say nothing to their wives, and others would be extremely happy if their wives said nothing to them.

There are a set of persons who continually ransack a dictionary to puzzle their friends at night, and to pass for men of learning, by using obsolete words and technical terms, which they frequently misapply, to exposure of themselves and the diversion of their hearers.

One of these word-grubbers was informed by a friend, that a certain nobleman had fallen from his horse, and received a severe *blow* in his *stomach*, which, it was thought, would cause a gathering. This valuable piece of news he immediately carried to the Barber's shop, with a very unnecessary alteration of language; for this dealer in hard words said, that his lordship, in the fall, had received a *contusion* in his *abdominal* parts, and 'twas thought 'twould occasion an *abcess*. Friend Razor was not long possessed of the learned information before a customer came to be shaved. The towel was scarcely tucked under his chin, and my friend Razor employed in beating up a lather, when the usual question of what news? was asked. "News!" says Razor, "why aint you heard the story about Lord Squanderstock?" "No," answered the other. "No!" said Razor in surprise; "why he fell from his horse yesterday, and received such a *confusion* in his *abominable* parts, that 'tis thought will occasion his *absence*."

ANECDOTES.

During the American war, an Irish soldier on returning from battle in the night, marching a little way behind his companion, called out to him, "Hollo, Pat, I have *cotch* a Yankee!"—"Bring him along then! bring him along then!"—"Aye, but he won't come."—"Why then come away without him."—"But he won't let me."

Sir Richard Steele being asked how it happened that his countrymen made so many bulls, replied, "It is the effect of the climate, Sir: if an Englishman were born in Ireland, he would make as many."

The Roman Catholics consider *matrimony* as a sacrament, and in defence of that opinion, assert that it confers *grace*. The Protestant divines oppose this and say it ought to be understood in a limited sense, for that marriage can only be considered as conferring *grace*, in that it generally produces *repentance*, which every body knows is one step towards *grace*.

An English officer, being tried by a court martial for cowardice, said "He did not run away from *fear of the enemy*, but only to see how long a paltry carcase might last a man, with good looking to."

SELECTED POETRY.

ARUNA.

Retir'd and secluded from all that can please,
I court a retreat in the depth of the grove;
More grateful's the murmur that sighs through the trees
Than the airy vibrations of gladness and love.

The voice of my friend more delicious than wine,
That lately the full tide of pleasure convey'd;
Ah! I turn from the sound, his embraces decline,
And beg that he'll leave me to die in the shade.

The muses, that once could illume the dull hour,
And soothe with their numbers the bosom of pain;
Now fly my sad haunts, since depriv'd of their power,
Their melody wounds, and their numbers are vain.

Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose,
On the cheeks of Aruna, blooms lovely no more:
The grass-matted pillow denies me repose,
Where sweetly I've slept in the summers of yore.

The rocks of the desert, rude, awful and high,
Seem mould'ring with horror to me as I go:
The wild rushing streams, that run rapidly by,
In sympathy swell the loud cadence of woe.

Thick clouds from the summits of mountains I view,
Hang darkly benighting the sides of the vale;
The raven's dull bodings are heard from the yew,
And the spirit of sorrow I hear in the gale.

Thus while through each province of nature I turn,
Her face seems unlovely wherever I go:
I look not for ease till in my cold urn—
Ah! well that we there find a respite from woe.

Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose,
On the cheek of Aruna, blooms lovely no more;
In the cold arms of death all the graces repose,
And Ocean's salt waves wash her tomb on the shore.

'Twas night, and the stars, and pale Luna were fled,
When, as pensive I listen'd, the voice of the gale,
Thro' a dim gleam of light that encompass'd my bed,
The shade of Aruna rose silent and pale.

How chang'd from the maiden once blooming and fair,
The pride of the village, the joy of the plain?
How mournful her step, and dejected her air,
And languid her look, as the moon in the wane.

Her hair was dishevill'd and dripping with dew,
Her head it hung down like a flowret that dies,
Her robe it was damp, and her lips they were blue,
And sunk was the lustre that lighten'd her eyes.

Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose
On the cheeks of my fair one, bloom'd lovely no more;
To still my emotions her right hand she shows,
Her left was collecting the robes that she wore.

"Dear youth," she began, "thou remember'st the day,
"When sunk on my bosom thou wept'st an adieu;
"'Twas the soft voice of friendship that call'd me away,
"While far from the shore thy kind glances pursue.

"Now brews the black storm in the sides of the west,
"And loud on the wild winds comes howling along;
"Each hill shook the forest that rose on its breast,
"And lost was the wood-lark's mellifluent song.

"But wide o'er the ocean more dreadful the blast,
"The winds rushing downward its bosom deform;
"Like mountains bent onwards the huge breakers pass'd,
"And Death rode in fury the wings of the storm.

"Thou wert wont to compare my poor cheeks to the rose,
"But the rose and the lily are blended no more;
"Down the steep swelling surges our stout vessel goes,
"And high o'er Aruna the loud billows roar.

"Beneath the deep waters our vessel was torn,
"Thro' a rent in its side my poor corpse found its way,
"To the shore in wild eddies 'twas rapidly borne,
"And found by some swains on the beach where it lay.

"On the brink of the ocean they made me my grave,
"The virgins, with tears, bid my relicks adieu."
She ceas'd—but how moving the look that she gave,
As wistful and wan from my chamber she drew!

Dear lovely, sad maiden! remov'd in thy bloom,
E'er Hymen's light wings on our passion were spread.
Ah! gentle companion, too good for the tomb!
How dark! and how cold! and how silent thy bed!

Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose,
On the cheek of Aruna, blooms lovely no more;
No parent averse to our love, was the cause,
No broken engagement, like Colin's of yore.

Stern Tempest! ah why didst thou rise from thy caves,
And pour all thy wrath on a virgin so fair!
Proud Ocean! thou might'st have restrain'd thy fierce waves,
And for once made an innocent maiden thy care!

Now in the wild deserts dejected and lone,
The thought of Aruna still saddens my strain;
With the chill blast of evening I mingle my moan,
Till death, more indulgent, unite us again.

And now ye fair virgins, that live in the vale,
When the turf on our ashes grows level and green,
Commit to your children our sorrowful tale,
And silent and sad will your daughters be seen.

Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose,
On the cheek of Aruna, blooms lovely no more;
Ye virgins, adieu, drop a tear on our woes,
And lay me, ye swains, by my love on the shore.

EPIGRAM ON AN EPIGRAM.

The qualities all in a *bee* that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be felt in the tail.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1804. N°. 4.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

"But whom do I advise?—the fashion-led,
"The incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, the dead!" COWPER.

Philadelphia, 11 *mo.* 22, 1804.

FRIEND EASY,

AS peradventure I shall tarry here longer than I intended, let me commune a little with thee by letter. I hope thou art in good health, and in thy usual state of equable spirits. There is little here below, which deserveth that we should agitate ourselves therewith, nor is it marvellous that one who has seen so much of the world as thou hast, should sustain his mind in steadfastness and tranquility.

I have frequently seen thy sister, and also thy little daughter Louisa, who is now growing rapidly upwards, in robust health and spirits. Her mind is strengthening and expanding daily, and now is the time to guide her understanding, and instil the seeds of that knowledge which is essential to her real welfare here, and to her reception into a better state hereafter. Her aunt's tenderness, if not directed by thy advice, will bring forth evil rather than good. Thou knowest it has always been my opinion, that by proper management of our bodies during their growth, they may be fitted to the climate in which they are to live; and that it is better to be able to endure the season's inclemency, than to seek out inventions by which we may be shielded therefrom. Thy daughter's present appearance promiseth that she shall be a strong and healthy woman, but if so much attention is paid to the beauty of her complexion that on no account must it be endangered; then must health, and strength, and soundness of constitution, give place to pallid beauty, and sickly delicacy. Some portion of every day of our lives, from infancy to maturity, should be spent in the open air; but if she is kept all day in the house, lest the summer's sun should tan her face, or the evening and morning dews wet her feet; if she must not venture forth in a keen bracing frosty day, lest her lips should be chopped and her skin a little roughened; she may do very well for a fantastic and vapourish fine lady, but will never make a suitable wife for a plain, honest, industrious man, or the mother of healthy and well formed children.

But to be qualified to fulfil the duties of wives and mothers, seems not the chief object of modern education.—The inhabitants of our cities are growing rich faster than they are growing wise; and do not often give themselves much trouble to find out who are the fittest persons to be entrusted with their children, by what mode their opening minds shall be conducted, or what is most proper for them to learn: hence, too frequently all is entrusted to their teachers, who generally desire to teach what will bring them most money for teaching; and at fourteen or fifteen years old, Miss is returned to her parents, perfectly accomplished. She can read and write, she can draw sprigs and flowers, do tambour work a little, and perhaps fillagree also; she can dance, and play tunes, and chatter French; what therefore remaineth to render her compleat? A knowledge of the mode and habits of extravagance are soon acquired; the seeds of vanity were sown at the boarding-school, Mamma deligtheth to speak of her beauty, the milliner tells how she becomes the most gaudy attire, how graceful is her carriage, and how she will shine at the ball. From novels she learneth all the fashions of the heart, how she ought to treat her lovers, and how to talk about taste, and feeling, and sensibility, and sympathy of soul, and many other sayings which the mouth speaketh and the heart knoweth not; while two or three sworn bosom friends, with whom she has just got acquainted, and who came into company a little before, teach her caprice and affectation. Then she comes forth invested with all the power of a grown lady, to think for herself, and to do as she pleases, to go where she pleases, to say what she pleases, and to flirt and coquet with whom she pleases.

This, friend Easy, is called education, and it is time thou shouldest consider whether thy daughter shall be brought up after this fashion; or whether some mode cannot be devised to render her a more proper help-mate and companion for a rational man.

Thy grand-father belonged to our society, as did thy father likewise, for a season, and I know thou also thinkest well of our principles: if thou wilt consider the manner in which our maidens are instructed, it will be found not unworthy of thy imitation. But, perhaps our raiment is too plain, and our manners too rigid for thy present taste? It may be that some of us strain simplicity too far, but that is better than to bestow all attention to the outward frame, to dazzle the eyes with vain finery, and only study to acquire modish manners and qualities, which last but for a season. Verily, I believe Solomon knew, and could describe the way a virtuous woman should be trained up, as well as any in our day; and I would have thee hearken unto his advice, because I regard thee, and thine, and am,

Thy Friend,

NATHAN SCRUPLE.

The subject of the foregoing letter from honest Nathan, has been often in my thoughts, nor do I know what is of more importance to the best interests of society. The respectability of, and estimation in which women are held, is always in proportion to the degrees of civilization and refinement; but when luxury and its train of fascinating allurements take possession of the mind, when the charms of unaffected modesty give place to the ostentatious glare of ornament, and purity is sacrificed to voluptuousness; then is the sex degraded from the exalted station Providence designed them to fill, and they become only the trifling objects of man's vanity, or the instruments of his meaner passions; instead of being his equal, his friend, his adviser, his partner in felicity, his solace in misfortune, his delight and his pride. Scruple has expressed himself with his accustomed plainness, his remarks do not generally apply, nor do I believe he intended them so to do; but the picture he has drawn will frequently find its archetype in real life; and when truth in gentle accents cannot insinuate herself into our good graces, her dictates should be reiterated so powerfully and constantly as to force attention, however unwilling we may be to hear them. That too much regard is paid to exterior graces, and superficial accomplishment; while useful knowledge and solid acquirements are in as great a degree neglected, cannot be denied: that to attract attention by splendor and elegance of dress, to shine at an assembly, and be conspicuous in the drawing-room; excites more ambition than such secondary matters deserve, is confirmed by every day's observation: that too many young ladies display their charms to every licencious eye, and seem more desirous to inflame the passions, and call forth the compliments of a croud of silly flatterers, than to command the esteem of worthy men, and inspire them with a delicate, respectful and honourable affection; is seriously to be lamented, and I hope not impossible to be reformed.

To do justice to the fair, to uphold their real dignity, and to shield them from reproach, is the office of every true man of gallantry; every man who possesses a spark of that noble chivalrous spirit which glowed in the bosoms of our forefathers, must feel a generous enthusiasm in their cause, and with indignant frown will check every insidious or direct attempt to lessen them in his estimation. The excellence of their natures, and the strength of their faculties, when equally cultivated, are not at all inferior to our own; their ability to fathom the depth of science, their heroic virtue, their fortitude in suffering, their patience in calamity, their soothing tenderness, and unshaken constancy; may be proved by many illustrious examples. And the testimony of LEDYARD, the celebrated traveller, is as favourable to them as honourable to himself; he spoke from correct observation and extensive experience; he had seen the greater part of the habitable globe, and had opportunities of examining their conduct. when undisguised, uninfluenced and unbiassed; in all situations and in all climates. "To a woman," says he, "whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship—without receiving a decent and friendly answer;—with man it has been often otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable *Denmark*, thro' honest *Sweden*, and frozen *Lapland*, rude and churlish *Finland*, unprincipled *Russia*, and the wide spread regions of the wandering *Tartar*,—if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue (so worthy of the appellation of benevolence) their actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was thirsty, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarse meal with a double relish."

Let us therefore endeavour to convince them that we have their real interests at heart, that we are ambitious to deserve their confidence, and prove ourselves worthy to be their protectors and their guides.

.....

ERRATUM.—*In our last number, 27th line of page* 21, *for* truths *read* tenets.

The following, is a specimen of that correctness and simplicity of style, that energy of thought, and strength of argument which characterised the principal writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; before book manufactories were so numerous, and before the frothy bubbles of the new philosophy had been blown over the face of the earth. GLANVIL on Witchcraft and Apparitions, was a book much celebrated in its day; and the credulity of its author may be readily excused when we consider that this belief was by no means uncommon in the age in which he lived; but when we find that his prime object was to defend the great principles of Christian theology, (viz.) the divinity of CHRIST, the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments, which he thought endangered by those who positively denied the appearance of departed spirits, &c. he is surely entitled to the praise due to every well meaning man. And if his defence of Witchcraft is not allowed to be solid, yet the answer he has given to the cavillers against miracles, is strong enough to silence the most impudent and cunning infidel of our own *illuminated* times.

The belief of *Witches*, and the wonderful things they are said to perform by the help of the *Confederate Dæmons* weakens our faith, and exposeth the world to infidelity in the great matters of our religion. For if they, by diabolical assistance, can inflict and cure diseases, and do things so much beyond the comprehension of our philosophy, and activity of common nature; what assurance can we have, that the miracles that confirm our gospel were not the effects of a compact of like nature, and that devils were not cast out by Beelzebub? if evil spirits can assume bodies, and render themselves visible in human likeness; what security can we have of the reality of the resurrection of Christ? and if, by their help, witches can enter chambers invisibly through key-holes and little unperceived crannies, and transform themselves at pleasure; what arguments of divinity are there in our Saviour's shewing himself in the midst of his disciples, when the doors were shut, and his transfiguration on the mount? Miracles are the great inducements of belief, and how shall we distinguish a miracle from a lying wonder; a testimony from heaven, from a trick of the angels of hell; if they can perform things that astonish and confound our reasons, and are beyond all the *possibilities* of human nature? This objection is spiteful and mischievous; but I thus endeavour to dispatch it.

1. The wonders done by confederacy with wicked spirits, cannot derive a suspicion upon the undoubted miracles that were wrought by the author and promulgers of our religion, as if they were performed by diabolical compact, since their spirit, endeavours, and designs, were notoriously contrary to all the tendencies, aims, and interests of the kingdom of darkness. For, as to the life and temper of the blessed and adorable JESUS, we know there was an incomparable sweetness in his nature, humility in his manners, calmness in his temper, compassion in his miracles, modesty in his expressions, holiness in all his actions, hatred of vice and baseness, and love to all the world; all which are essentially contrary to the nature and constitution of apostate spirits, who abound in pride and rancour, insolence and rudeness, tyranny and baseness, universal malice, and hatred of men. And their designs are as opposite, as their spirit and their genius. And now, can the sun borrow its light from the bottomless abyss? Can heat and warmth flow in upon the world from the regions of snow and ice? Can fire freeze, and water burn? Can natures, so infinitely contrary, communicate, and jump in projects that are destructive to each others known interests? Is there any balsom in the cockatrice's egg? Or, can the spirit of life flow from the venom of the asp? Will the prince of darkness strengthen the arm that is stretched out to pluck his usurped sceptre, and his spoils from him? and will he lend his legions, to assist the armies of his enemy against him? No, these are impossible supposals; no intelligent being will industriously and knowingly contribute to the contradiction of its own principles, the defeature of its purposes, and the ruin of its own dearest interests. There is no fear then, that our faith should receive prejudice from the acknowledgment of the being of witches, and power of evil spirits, since 'tis not the doing wonderful things that is the only evidence that the holy JESUS was from God, and his doctrine true; but the conjunction of other circumstances, the holiness of his life, the reasonableness of his religion, and the excellency of his designs, added credit to his works, and strengthened the great conclusion, that he could be no other than the son of God, and Saviour of the world. But besides, I say,

2. That since infinite wisdom and goodness rules the world, it cannot be conceived, that they should give up the greatest part of men to unavoidable deception. And if evil angels by their confederates are permitted to perform such astonishing things, as seem so evidently to carry GOD's seal and power with them, for the confirmation of falshoods, and gaining credit to impostors, without any counter-evidence to disabuse the world; mankind is exposed to sad and fatal delusion. And to say that Providence will suffer us to be deceived in things of the greatest concernment, when we use of the best of our cares and endeavours to prevent it, is to speak hard things of GOD; and in affect to affirm, that He hath nothing to do in the government of the world, or doth not concern himself in the affairs of poor forlorn men. And if the pro-

vidence and goodness of GOD be not a security unto us against such deceptions, we cannot be assured, but that we are always abused by those mischievous agents, in the objects of plain sense, and in all the matters of our daily converses. If one that pretends he is immediately sent from GOD, to overthrow the ancient fabric of established worship, and to erect a new religion in His name, shall be born of a virgin, and honored by a miraculous star; proclaimed by a song of seeming angels of light, and worshipped by the wise sages of the world; revered by those of the greatest austerity, and admired by all for a miraculous wisdom, beyond his education and his years: if he shall feed multitudes with almost nothing, and fast himself beyond all the possibilities of nature: if he shall be transformed into the appearance of extraordinary glory, and converse with departed prophets in their visible forms: If he shall cure all diseases without physic or endeavour, and raise the dead to life after they have stunk in their graves: if he shall be honored by voices from heaven, and attract the universal wonder of princes and people: if he shall allay tempests with a beck, and cast out devils with a word; if he shall foretell his own death particularly, with its tragical circumstances, and his resurrection after it: if the veil of the most famous temple in the world shall be rent, and the sun darkened at his funeral: if he shall within the time foretold, break the bonds of death, and lift up his head out of the grave: if multitudes of other departed souls shall arise with him, to attend at the solemnity of his resurrection: if he shall after death, visibly converse, and eat and drink with divers persons, who could not be deceived in a matter of clear sense, and ascend in glory in the presence of an astonished and admiring multitude; I say, if such a one as this should prove a diabolical impostor, and Providence should permit him to be so credited and acknowledged; what possibility were there then for us to be assured, that we are not always deceived? yea, that our very faculties were not given us only to delude and abuse us?

THE TRIFLER—No. III.

How soon every thing in this world is over!—Does not this indicate that life will soon be at an end?

Time is so short, except to the lazy and miserable, that the reflection becomes painful, and disagreeable on that account.

Breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed—breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed—breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed—and so on to the end of the chapter.——(What a sameness!)

These words, like the pulsations of the heart, beat as regular as a clock; except in those variations which are discernable in both. Now in the lazy they are slow—and sure ——(breakfast——dinner——supper——and——bed.) In the miserable they are at unequal distances; and are doubtful—(breakfast——dinner—supper——and——-bed.) But in the busy and the merry they are as quick as thought —(breakfast dinner supper, breakfast dinner supper, breakfast dinner supper—O there is hardly room for bed to creep in at any rate!—except now and then, by way of amusement, or so.

I remember an old lady at an inn, a very *notable body*. who gave me exquisite pleasure for two or three days, while I was a kind of an idler at her house in the country. 'Tis to her the world will be indebted for many excellent observations I made upon the vanities of this life, the emptiness of our pursuits, and the impertinence of pride and pomposity in man.

As this lady was the mistress of the house, and saw into every thing that was done, she did not sit down ten minutes at a time during the whole day. She was continually running about—first into the kitchen—then into the bar—then into the parlour—and, except in scolding the maids a bit, I could not conceive whereabout her pleasure lay.

With her, breakfast, dinner, and supper, were very quick indeed! for she had much ado to provide them fast enough, so that her whole life was nothing but a scene of breakfast, dinner, and supper—breakfast, dinner, and supper—breakfast, dinner, and supper—until these *manœuvres*, with the pulse, varied—fluttered—stopped——that's all.

Now I think the life and death of this industrious old lady, who got up, got breakfast, got dinner, got supper, and got to bed—got up, got breakfast, got dinner, got supper, and got to bed—and so on—without the least difference any day in the year, make a very fine *trait* of the vast importance, dignity, and significancy of human concerns.

The lazy are got up, they do not get breakfast, but they eat it—they do not get dinner, but they eat it—they do not get supper, but they eat it—they are got to bed, and dose the tedious night away!

The drunkards rise heavily. They neither get their breakfasts, nor can they eat—their pulses flag—they are nervous—and 'tis long till dinner comes. They pick a bit, and get drunk—they cannot sup, but get drunk—they plunge to bed, and snore, offensive, the darksome, dismal hours along!

The merry get up, and laugh—they breakfast, and laugh —they dine, and laugh—they sup, and laugh—they go to bed, and sleep!

The miserable get up, and weep—they breakfast, and weep—they dine, and weep—they sup, and weep—they go to bed, but cannot sleep!

The busy get up, and work—they breakfast, and work—they dine, and work—they sup, and go to bed.——God speed their labours, say I.

Critics! I beg you will not be angry with me, for being a little facetious now and then, as I ramble through the rough and thorny paths, which, whatever you may think of it, lead to virtue.

These little, light, airy particles, which are every where scattered on the way, only serve to render the road agreeable and pleasant, which otherwise would be offensive and intolerable. Why should not the dose be made palatable? Indeed there needs much of the honey and balsam, to sweeten the bitter draught of instruction—and none have done more service to human kind than those who have known how to mix it properly.—"Aye, there's the rub."

[The intelligent man, possessed of literary taste, wants not persuasion; but knows when and what to read.

The indolent, or the vicious, must be invited, often invited—and if you put in his way the moral hook, bait it well; "steal the moral to his heart"—Make him pleased with virtue in a pleasing shape; and in love with industry as he loves his health.]

If the industrious man reads, it is for amusement—and the writer who can entertain, at the same time that he instructs, and has the *luck* to get acquainted with him, will ever meet with his applause and countenance.

Witness, oh! witness, the delightful STERNE. I never read his "*Sentimental Journey*," but I enter into his exquisite feelings, and find myself the better man for them: and notwithstanding his whimsical insinuations with respect to the Fille de Chambre, at Paris, I stop short with him in the story, and wish (with as much fervour as his Uncle Toby exclaimed, in the sincerity of his heart, Le Fevre "shall not die, by ——") that blasted may be the hopes of the villain, who would attempt to injure that virtue, that innocence, that simplicity, and those charms, which could raise in me such sweet and tender emotions!

FOR THE COMPANION.

We doubt not but LEANDER has a meaning in the following communication, which he intends some *particular* person shall understand; it is therefore admitted, but we hope his next will be more *generally* interesting.

TO ANNA.

You may recollect, my dear friend, the conversation which took place the other evening on the nature and cause of dreaming—I gave it as my opinion, that the pursuits and studies of the day were in a great measure the cause—you were of a different way of thinking, and imputed it rather to the soul's being released from the body and left to act at its will, and visiting wherever inclination led it, occasioned that happiness we sometimes feel, superior to reality, when all our sensations lay dormant—I left you with a determination to dream of you if possible, and imagining that to think on nothing else but yourself was the best method to insure it, I drove every other subject from my mind, and your image alone occupied my thoughts—When I arrived at home, I found the family had all retired—I took a chair and drawing it close to the fire, suffered my imagination to wander at its will—A few chunks still warm'd the hearth, and all was silent save the chirping cricket, and the faint call of the distant watchman—I seemed to have forgotten all else but you, and no other thought intruded—my mind reverted to the days of our infancy, and the many little sports we have engaged in, in those hours of innocence and sweet symplicity—In this situation I insensibly fell asleep. The first thing I remember was, that I found myself walking over a beautiful plain. On my right was an extensive grove of fruit trees, and on the left, as far as the eye could reach was one universal garden, enriched with all the varieties of a vernal season—After viewing this delightful prospect, I turned and entered the grove—the trees were in full bloom, and shook their fragrance on the passing breeze, while a thousand strains of harmony were warbled from their boughs—It is impossible for me to tell you how I felt—I experienced all the rapture imaginable, and contemplated with indefinable delight, this Paradise of new creation—I had no way of accounting for my strangeness of situation—all I was sensible of was, that I was there, and surrounded with innumerable beauties, while on every hand some new enchantment presented itself to add to my wonder—As I stood there wrapt in extacy I was startled with the sound of footsteps, and looking round, beheld upwards of a dozen females approaching me—They were dressed in white, and had the most bewitching countenances I ever beheld—They now joined hands and running up to me, began making apologies for their inattention in suffering me to remain so long alone—It would not have been thus, said a beautiful little creature, but we have been busy in preparing for the reception of an expected sister, who still lingers in that abode of sorrow, the earth—Seeing me look surprised, she continued: You must know that you are now no longer an inhabitant of that place—that you have escaped all the troubles, pains and cares that afflict below,

and have come to join us, where all is joy, and where nothing shall ever more distress you, provided you attend to those rules which in time shall be laid before you—She then proceeded to inform me, that I was the only one of my sex amongst them—but come, continued she laughing, you have no doubt a curiosity to know further, and we will now lead you to the rest of our company—They conducted me, all astonishment, through many delightful scenes, and sung with the most enchanting voices, a hundred little lays of love—We now arrived at a large and commodious mansion which fronted the grove we had just left—I was led into a spacious appartment—a range of females, such as I have before described stood waiting our approach, and welcomed me by a hundred little civilities—I was so transported with extacy that I threw myself on my knees before them, and protested that I was the happiest person that ever existed, and would not exchange my situation for all the kingdoms on earth—You are welcome, my dear young friend, said the same lovely creature who before addressed me: you are welcome, and it gives us pleasure to hear your protestations of affection, and we hope that you may hereafter prove yourself worthy of our kindest regard—You seem surprised at seeing none of your sex here—but be assured it is not our fault—but a further knowledge of this will depend on your own conduct—If your heart is good, you are sure of remaining with us, and here your bliss will never have an end.—Can you be true to your promises, and contented in the choice we shall allow you to make? Or are you like the most of your sex, fond of variety and fickle in disposition? Look around you; on every hand you behold beauty.—Should we allow you to choose from this company a companion, would you accept our proffer on the conditions of vowing eternal fidelity to her alone?—But remember, you have but once to choose—after that you must never think of retracting—nor look for any familiarity from the rest.—If you are wise, you will not hesitate a moment on these terms—they are all handsome, of good dispositions, and young. What say you? What can I say? I replied, in answer to your offers of kindness, but that I am yours forever! Do with me whatever you please. I was now bid to proceed in my choice. Singular feelings accompanied this business. To shew a preference, appeared to me, not right—and yet had they not allowed me this priviledge?—After viewing them for some time I at length determined, and with many professions of gratitude and constancy, led forth my little charmer.—Never did any one feel happier than myself, nor was ever, I thought, a more lovely girl, than the bride of my selection.—She appeared now ten times more beautiful than before, and every moment added some new charm to delight me—From this hour I became the happiest of beings.—It is true I had no intercourse with the rest, nor indeed did I desire it—I was rich, in the idea that I possessed the affections of the most lovely amongst them, and cared for nothing but to love her and be happy.—The time had now arrived that was to introduce to us the expected sister whom I before mentioned—She at length appeared, and at her approach the blossoms blushed a deeper die—the little inhabitants of the grove, warbled forth a sweeter strain of harmony, and all was love and delight —You are welcome, beauteous Anna, said I (for indeed it was no other than yourself) and may a thousand joys be yours—You gave me one of those sweet smiles which are so natural to you, and with that smile began my unhappiness—From that moment I became discontented with every thing.—In vain were now the smiles and caresses of my companion—they rather added to than diminished my gloom, and the charms which I thought unequaled soon lost their power to please.—But to her had I paid my vows, and I was but too sensible they could not be broken.—You, I thought, saw and pitied my situation, and I only waited a favorable opportunity to unburthen my woes.—In this state of wretchedness I was informed that another of my own sex had just been received and was approaching—judge of my surprise when I beheld Alonzo—The last time I had seen him, he was pale, and still cherished a hopeless passion—I was now the first to bid him welcome, and observed with pleasure the great alteration in his appearance—He was immediately examined and allowed the same privilege with myself in making choice from amongst you—It was not until now that I felt my real situation—I had not a doubt as to the object he would fix on; and envied the happiness he was about to experience; altho' I could not but cherish a hope that I might be mistaken, tho' bound by every tie from ever possessing you, yet I could not calmly see you belong to another, and contented myself with a hope that I should not witness it.—But when I saw him actually approach you—when I saw your extended hand meet his, I lost sight of every thing, and forgetful of my situation, ran between you, exclaiming you shall not have her! Indeed you shall not!—My exclamations awoke me, and I went to bed, happy enough to find I had only been dreaming.

LEANDER.

EXTRACTS.

DUMB CREATURES.

All the notice that we lords of the creation vouchsafe to bestow on DUMB CREATURES, is generally to abuse

them. It is well, therefore, that here and there a man should be found a little womanish, or perhaps a little childish, in this matter, who will make some amends, by kissing and coaxing, and laying them in one's bosom. You remember the little ewe lamb, mentioned by the prophet Nathan: the prophet perhaps invented the tale, for the sake of its application to David's conscience; but it is more probable, that God inspired him with it for that purpose. If he did, it amounts to a proof that he does not overlook, but, on the contrary, much notices such little particularities as kindnesses to his *dumb* creatures, as we, because we articulate, are pleased to call them.

TATLERS.

How many are there of these, who, always busy, always eager to search out the faults of their neighbours, arraign them without mercy, to their own judgment—while a truly good mind may be known by its charity and candour; it remembers that "to punish human errors is the province of Heaven;" and that, where candour cannot excuse, humanity drops a tear over human weakness.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

There are some performers, who are ever studying to take an audience by surprise, with introducing what they call *some new stroke of acting*. And it must be allowed, some have successfully raised their celebrity by such endeavours. It is however, strange, that in this enlightened age, any mode of acting, contrary to the directions of the immortal bard, Shakespeare, should ever succeed. "Suit the action to the word," &c.

An actor at Edinburgh was remarkably attached to this new mode of acting. Hamlet being performed for a charity benefit, and the stage crouded by all ranks and descriptions, he, as the hero, on the appearance of the ghost, made his tragedy start, struck off his hat in a most pantomimical manner, and began in the usual way—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us,"

A Scotch pedlar, standing just behind him, took up his hat, saying—"Hoot awa mon! donna fash your noddle! but keep your bonnet on your heed; for gin he bee your faither's spirit, the de'el a my saul mon, he won'd na wish you to get cold, Sir."

This so disconcerted the poor actor, that, instead of addressing the ghost, as he should have done, he turned about and fixed his eyes upon the pedlar—and continued—

"Be thou a spirit or goblin dam'd," &c.

"Damn your gooblins!" said Sawney; "to the reeght about, mon, and mind your business; for gin ye mak a gooblin or a de'el o' me, the de'el dom my saul, but I'll crack your croon."

Thus was the most beautiful passage of the play, and the pleasure of the whole entertainment destroyed by a *new stroke of acting*.

ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

"A well-chosen anecdote, frequently reveals a character more happily than an elaborate dilineation, as a glance of lightning will sometimes discover what had escaped us in a full light." D'ISRAELI.

When General V— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last, the lady's charity and the general's patience were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman begun—"Agh! my lady: success to your ladyship, and success to your honours honour, this morning, of all the days in the year, for sure didn't I dream last night, that her ladyship gave me a pound of *ta*, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco?"

"But, my good woman," said the general, "do not you know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

"Do they so, *plase* your honour?" rejoined the old woman; "then it must be your honour that will give me the *ta*, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

The general being of Sterne's opinion, that a *bon mot* is always worth something, even more than a pinch of snuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

PRAY AGAIN.

"No rain yet, Master," said the farmer scratching his head.

"No," replied the parson, "I am sorry to find that our prayers are not heard."

"Main unlucky, to be sure, let's see, how many times have you done it?"

"Three times" was the answer.

"Three times! Well, well, never mind," said the farmer, "we'll at 'em again next Sunday."

A WATCHFUL SHEPHERD.

A reverend divine, being accused of negligence in his calling, and styled *an unfaithful shepherd*, from scarcely ever visiting his flock, defended himself by saying—"he was always with them at the *shearing time*."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LOVER.

Once I heard a little sprite
Whisper softly in my ear;
With a voice of sweet delight,
"See, oh! see, your lover's near."

Conscious of my blushing joy,
Trembling, round I cast my eye;
While I heard the Paphian boy
Still repeat, "your lover's nigh."

Onward as he urg'd his way,
Cupid winging far his flight;
Wanton, bade my lover say,
Oh! be mine, be mine to night! x.

THE ARCADIAN LOVERS.

"Pretty Sheperdess I love thee!"
Colin once was heard to say;
"If my Emma can approve me,
How I'll bless the happy day."

"Say, in yonder dismal glade,
Must your Colin ever weep?"
Poo! Poo! cried the fretful maid,
Get you gone, and mind your sheep. x.

Lines written in the spring of 1803, *to a young lady of Baltimore county, at that time in the city.*

Ah! listen to thy rural poet's lay,
Who humbly wooes thee to a quick return;
Nor while the season makes all nature gay,
Let him alone, sweet Mary's absence mourn.

No more let dissipation's giddy whirl,
Nor town delights, the thoughtless Mary please;
But smiling spring recall the lovely girl,
To rural scenes of innocence and ease.

Bethink thee, Mary, of thy wasted time!
Bethink thee, Mary, of thy wasting health!
Ah! be persuaded by my rustic rhyme,
Nor seek for peace amid the glare of wealth.

Come, breathe a softer, purer, healthier air;
And let me, far from noisy dusty streets,
"Pluck fairest flow'rs to deck thy" jetty "hair,
"And thy lov'd bosom, which improves their sweets."

TIBULLUS.

TO ELIZA.

Begone, ye fond visions, I ne'er will believe—
Your smiles and your promises now are in vain;
No longer shall love my sad bosom deceive,
Nor Hope's cheating whispers delude it again.

The world with its follies, I now can forsake,
Without one vain wish any longer to rove;
And calmly sequester'd, for ever I'll take,
A farewell, Eliza, to thee and to love.

Those lips which with rapture I've so often press'd
That form so angelic, I once did adore,
Those looks which forever could render me bless'd
Have all prov'd deceitful, and charm me no more.

Then hence, ye fond visions! I ne'er will believe—
Your smiles and your promises now are in vain;
No longer shall love my sad bosom deceive,
Nor Hope's cheating whispers delude it again.

LEANDER.

SONG.

From noise and folly let me flee,
To simple nature's calm retreat;
I find no charms in luxury,
I envy not the rich or great;
Friendship and love
Are far above
All joys for which mankind contend—
Of hapiness, sure man may boast,
Contented with his girl and friend.

His wishes few, he knows no fears,
Content's an inmate of his cot;
The voice of love and friendship hears,
"List'ning, the world is all forgot;"
His children see,
And climb his knee,
For smiles and favors, oft contend;
His countenance does well express
His pleasure, to his girl and friend.

Should Sorrow chance to touch his heart,
(And who is free from her controul?)
Friendship and love each bear a part,
And whisper comfort to his soul;
He grieves no more,
His sorrow's o'er;
Then with what joy doth he commend
Those kind endearments which still more
Unite him to his girl and friend.

In peace he climbs the hill of life,
Delighted as he journies on;
In virtue's path seclude from strife,
'Till age doth gently lead him down:
And when pale death
Demands his breath,
When time with him on earth shall end;
He dies in peace with scarce a wish
But for his children, girl and friend.

SOLUS.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1804. N°. 5.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

" Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise."—
JOHNSON.

Critical disquisitions on interesting subjects are always useful, and none more necessary than on dramatic productions; since it is allowed that theatrical representations have a great effect on the manners and morals of mankind, and especially on the young and uninformed. The following letter from Crito shall on this account make a part of this day's paper.

Mr. Easy,

It has been frequently asserted that the play of the *Stranger* has an immoral tendency. I have read it with much attention, and I cannot help avowing my opinion contradicts this conclusion. The crime upon which it hinges is most unquestionably of the deepest die, and *almost* excludes forgiveness; but the author has exhibited penitence in so favorable a view, and dressed it in such a mournful garb, that the most adamantine heart can scarcely avoid yielding to its influence. Pity, in the unaffected sorrow of Mrs. Haller, soon takes possession of the soul, and the radiant ray of forgiveness must emanate in the sensitive mind. If it be true that an incitement to virtue is secured by observing the pangs of vicious suffering, my conclusion will be found correct; as the poignant anguish of Mrs. Haller will scarcely hold out an example for that deviation she confessedly avows to have made. In support of my opinion I shall give a sketch from some scenes in this celebrated drama, in the hope of vindicating the author from an unfounded and injurious prejudice.

Mrs. Haller's character first comes under our notice by the Stranger's compliment of her benevolence.

" Who is this Mrs. Haller?
" Why do I always follow her path? Go where I will,
" whenever I try to do good, she has always been before
" me."

The next scene introduces our heroine in the humble situation of companion to a countess (herself a concealed fallen countess)—her degradation is apparent by the directions she gives the servants, and here her first remarks evince a sense of her errors by her dread of exposure, and the wish to shrink from notice. " Alas! alas!" she exclaims, " how wretched is the being who fears the sight " of any one fellow creature! but oh! superior misery! " to dread still more the presence of a friend."—It would not only be tedious, but engross too great a portion of your valuable paper (for such I really deem it) were I to enter into all the merits of this drama. My object is to vindicate the author from sanctioning and encouraging vice, and in this vindication I shall adhere closely to Mrs. Haller's character, as delineated in the play. I pass over the *forced* introduction of Tobias, who has been relieved by her bounty, and her delicate rejection of his acknowledgments, to points more interesting. To those, however, who will take the trouble to read the play, her maternal notice of William, the son of her benefactress, will elicit feelings better felt than described. When in scene 2d, act 3d, the countess informs Mrs. Haller the baron thinks her handsome, she nobly rejects the compliment, and shews that " the enchanting beauties of a female counte-
" nance can only arise from peace of mind," adding, " The look which captivates an honorable man must be " reflected from the soul." Her disclosure of her real character to the countess, who knew her only as the victim of misfortune, I shall transcribe.

" *Countess.* I revere that modest blush. Discover to
" me whom you are. You risk nothing. Pour all your
" griefs into a sister's bosom. Am I not kind? and can
" I not be silent?

" *Mrs. H.* Alas! but a frank reliance on a generous
" mind is the greatest sacrifice to be offered by true re-
" pentance. This sacrifice I will offer. *(Hesitating)*—
" Did you never hear—Pardon me—Did you never hear—
" Oh! how shocking is it to unmask a deception which

" alone has recommended me to your regard! but it must " be so.—Madam—Fie, Adelaide! does pride become " you? Did you never hear of the countess Waldbourg?

" *Countess.* I think I did hear at the neighboring " court of such a creature. She plunged an honorable " husband into misery—She ran away with a villain.

" *Mrs. H.* She did, indeed—*(Falls at the feet of the* " *countess)*—Do not cast me from you.

" *Countess.* For Heaven's sake! You are—

" *Mrs. H.* I AM that WRETCH.

" *Countess—(Turning from her with horror)*—Ha!—" Begone!—*(Going, her heart draws her back)*—Yet she " is unfortunate, she is unfriended! Her image is repent- " ance—her *life* the proof—She has *wept her faults in* " *three years agony.* Be still awhile, *remorseless preju-* " *dice*, and let the genuine feelings of my soul avow— " *they do not truly honor virtue, who can consult the err-* " *ing heart that would return to her sanctuary—(Looking* " *with sorrow at her)*—Rise, I beseech you, rise! my " husband and my brother may surprise us. I promise " to be silent. *(Raising her.)*

" *Mrs. H.* Yes, you will be silent—But oh! con- " science! conscience! thou never wilt be silent—*(Clasp-* " *ing her hands)*—Do not cast me from you.

" *Countess.* Never! Your lonely life, your silent an- " guish and contrition, may at length atone your crime: " And never shall you want an asylum where your peni- " tence may lament your loss."

This scene so well delineates Mrs. Haller's self-abasement, and her sincere repentance, that comments are unnecessary. To the humane mind it speaks most feelingly.

The interview with the baron, who announces his knowledge of her history, his acquaintance with the stranger, and his wish to introduce her to her husband, is most interesting. Well and nobly does he remark, after observing her humility, " Error for a moment wrested " from slumbering virtue the dominion of your heart; " but she awoke, and with a look, banished her enemy " forever."—The countess, whilst her brother is humanely engaged in the laudable endeavor to procure an interview with her injured husband, solicits her to babanish reflection by a walk, adding, " The sun will " set soon, let nature's beauties dissipate anxiety."

Mrs. Haller. " Alas! yes, the setting sun is a pro- " per scene for me."

Thus the author makes her consistent throughout—her character is uniform—every sentiment she utters, every sigh she breathes, has a penitential turn—and consequently not a pernicious, but a virtuous tendency.

The last scene brings the Stranger and Mrs. Haller together. It is not necessary to lay the whole before you, as you have doubtless seen or read it. I shall conclude these observations, first remarking it as the most impressive, the most affecting, and better calculated to excite virtuous resolution, than any one within my recollection. I pity that man who, retiring from the perusal or the exhibition of this scene, does not feel more strongly for injured innocence, and if in the contemplation of the *anguish* excited by undermined virtue, it does not stimulate to the attainment of chaste pursuits in lieu of vicious habits—I pronounce him callous to sensibility—lost to the joys of innocence, and as our Saviour spoke of the barren fig tree, a cumberer of the ground. And if there be a female who, after weeping over the deep humiliation of Mrs. Haller's stile, thinks the crime as thus depicted, and thus repented of, unpardonable, I may revere her motives, but must dissent from the sentiment. CRITO.

If my correspondent only intends to vindicate the author from sanctioning and encouraging vice in the character of Mrs. Haller, he may find many to acquiesce in his opinion. The STRANGER may not be the most exceptionable of KOTZEBUE's plays, and if it cannot be said that it directly encourages vice; yet many examples of such crimes being forgiven, and the party being restored to favour again, would have no small tendency to give a sanction that would be inimical to the best interests of mankind. The crime of infidelity in married women, is irreparable, as it respects society: every violation of this nature diminishes the general stock of confidence; confidence of the most sacred nature; for which no atonement can possibly be made; the stain of which no penitence can wash away. The offender may by time and subsequent conduct, prove her repentance to be sincere; she may be forgiven by her God, and by her husband; but she can never restore to society the faith she has broken: she can never make an adequate substitute, and therefore ought never to stand again upon the same equal ground with women who have never fallen.

A celebrated writer has justly said, that " women form " the most sacred bond of society." Marriage, according to the Christian scheme of one man and one woman solemnly pledging themselves to each other, being an holy institution; from which source flows the purest virtues, the tenderest relations, and the greatest of human felicities. The respect in which it is held, and the desire to partake of its blessings, depend most upon the women; and in proportion as it is revered or slighted, is the purity

or depravity of a people. But if the example of such crimes as Mrs. Haller's, and her restoration to her husband's arms, were frequent; if it was once believed that such conduct would easily or ultimately be forgiven, the offence would soon be thought venial, and in a little time no man could be certain he had not a spurious offspring imposed upon him. The fountain head of domestic happiness being polluted, every stream would become infected and impure.

If Crito intends to vindicate the general character of this author's works, he has undertaken a task of no common difficulty. The prejudice which every sensible and virtuous mind feels against KOTZEBUE's productions, is far from being unfounded; as he is pretty well known to be one of that vile band of German conspirators against the peace, the virtue, nay the very existence of civil and religious society. Every species of literary talent was engaged to assist their detestable machinations; the influence of scenic exhibitions they were well acquainted with, and KOTZEBUE being an indefatigable *play-wright*, was too useful an instrument to be neglected. He has been as industrious in perverting his talents as his coadjutors could desire, more so than honest men can look on with patience, much more so than they ought silently to bear. An attentive observer will see that the great aim and deliberate design of all his writings are to sap the foundation of those principles, which, the better to mask his real views, are sometimes plainly acknowledged to be just. He will allow that "the end ought not to justify the means," at the time he is effecting the worst purposes by every means in his power; by inflaming the passions, by flattering meanness, by depreciating greatness, and by bringing down all that is dignified in rank, or elevated in sentiment, to the level of vulgar ignorance. All his vices are taken from the higher walks of civilised life—all his virtues from the lower orders, and from savages; but his supreme delight is to degrade and vilify the *clerical character*, and through that, Christianity itself. The popularity he has acquired, though only of a temporary kind, is a keen satire upon the frivolity of the age, and a degradation to the theatre; but there is some reason to hope that the returning good sense of mankind will send such authors, with their productions, back to their original insignificance, or remember them only as instances of former folly, which time and experience have taught them to be ashamed of, and to despise.

FROM SEGUR'S INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

WOMEN are, if I may use the expression, another soul of our being, which, though enveloped in a separate covering, accords most uniformly with all our sentiments, which they inspire; with all our desires, which they excite and participate; and with all our weaknesses, which they can commiserate, without yielding to their influence. If man be unhappy, he requires of his soul an energy to enable him to support the load of physical sufferings, and of moral evils, still more difficult to sustain. But as this assistance must originate within himself, it necessarily partakes of the dejection which pervades his whole being. Should he resort to his other soul, he then feels how much the women deserve his admiration; these women who approach him in enchanting forms, and administer an unexpected balm to his sorrows; and who make him sensible in every particle of his being, that, although they appear distinct from himself, yet they are himself nevertheless. He observes these sweet participators of his joys and his sorrows unceasingly near him, who make him anticipate consolation, even before it is offered; whom he assents to at once, without waiting for the arguments of persuasion, and who appear an asylum against all misfortune. But, because we are endowed with corporeal strength, is it to follow, that the fair sex are to be born to slavery or submission? that they are to be dependent on our passions and caprices? awaiting the arbitrary decrees dictated to them by the forms of government, and the prejudices of men? Here adored as divinities; there esteemed as companions and equals; and again we may see them condemned to servitude and contempt. Yet under all these different circumstances, we see them still retaining their characteristic distinctions, submitting with inexhaustible patience, and enduring with inconceivable fortitude. Their faults are not augmented under the pressure of distress and humiliation. And which of our qualities do they not possess? One alone, Anacreon says, has been denied them; and that is prudence. But, as they are every where led themselves, and never, unless by a temporary usurpation, are able to assume the lead of others, they have less inducement to the exercise of foresight than the men. Their extreme sensibility, too, pleads their apology in this respect. Alive as they are to every impression that can excite their feelings, their situation is little calculated for the calm exertion of foresight; but, being too apt to yield themselves up to the suggestions of the moment, they not unfrequently pass their lives in alternate action and repentance. Various have been the opinions of celebrated writers with regard to the fair sex: some have considered them as equal in every respect to the other sex: while others have condemned them to perpetual frivolities. And no doubt examples might be quoted,

both in support and refutation of both these modes of judgment; yet I must observe, that the number of those who have written in their praise is much greater than that of their calumniators. Some have denied them any share of political talents; yet how much address and intelligence have they not evinced in important intrigues, and even in negociations? How many treaties, and unhoped-for alliances, have they conducted, of which the men received the honor, but the merit of which belonged to the women! How many great actions, and great resolutions, have been accomplished and suggested by them! What admirable enthusiasm have they not been able to excite, to lead on heroes to the brilliant exploits which they themselves were incapable of executing; and when they could only console themselves for standing idle spectators, by the flattering right of binding the laurels on the temples of the brave!

If the men can boast of more prudence, the women have less egotism; and so entirely do they devote themselves to others, that they have at length given reasons to believe, that nature ordained the sacrifice; and hence all our laws oppress them, and of them are all privations required. Among no people, even the most savage, have we seen the men obliged to offer themselves up a sacrifice on the tombs of their wives, as the women have been on the funeral piles of their husbands. And the history of men affords us no instance of an illustrious and voluntary victim of love, such as Dido, and many others that might be mentioned.

Ever disposed to commiserate our distresses, to participate in our joys, and to offer us every addition to our happiness, evincing only the fear of poverty in the means of assisting us; and if slighted or neglected in our prosperity, yet ready to return at our call, if fresh misfortunes oppress us. Such are the generality of momen. In this view, how can we chuse, but love them? In other respects, how can we cease to pity them? Withheld from the pursuits of any occupation, scarcely allowed to regulate the concerns of their own family, bringing us wealth which they never command, and presenting us with children who are not committed to their power; such is their condition. Yet it cannot be denied, that if the one seems to be endowed with peculiar qualities, not possessed by the other, we cannot deny the other advantages equally to be valued; that where corporeal strength is wanting, they possess qualities to make up the deficiency; that in moments of transient equality, they have evinced an ability equal to ours; and that, with the exception of inventive genius, their intellectual faculties are not inferior to our own.

(To be continued.)

There has been many attempts to burlesque Boswell's life of Johnson, but none in our opinion so successful as this which we now present our readers with. We give it as a very humorous and witty piece of good-natured raillery; not with any desire to depreciate so amusing, interesting and valuable a work.

LESSON IN BIOGRAPHY;

OR, HOW TO WRITE THE LIFE OF ONE'S FRIEND.

(An extract from the Life of Dr. Pozz, *in ten volumes folio, written by* James Bozz, esq. *who* flourished *with him near 50 years.)*

We dined at the chop-house. Dr. Pozz was this day very instructive. We talked of books: I mentioned the *History of Tommy Trip*. I said it was a great work. Pozz—"Yes, sir, it is a great work: but, sir, it is a great work relatively; it was a great work to you when you was a little boy; but now, sir, you are a great man, and Tommy Trip is a little boy." I felt somewhat hurt at this comparison, and I believe he perceived it; for as he was squeezing a lemon, he said, "Never be affronted at a comparison. I have been compared to many things, but I never was affronted. No, sir, if they would call me a dog, and you a cannister tied to my tail, I would not be affronted."

Cheered by this kind mention of me, though in such a situation, I asked him what he thought of a friend of ours, who was always making comparisons. Pozz—"Sir, that fellow has a smile for every thing but himself; I knew him when he kept a shop; he then made money, sir, and now he makes comparisons: sir, he would say that you and I were two figs stuck together, two figs in adhesion, sir, and then he would laugh." Bozz—"But have not some great writers determined that *comparisons* are now and then *odious?*" Pozz—"No, sir, not odious in themselves, not odious as comparisons; the fellows who make them are odious. The whigs make comparisons."

We supped that evening at his house. I shewed him some lines I had made upon a pair of breeches. Pozz—"Sir, the lines are good; but where could you find such a subject in your country?" Bozz—"Therefore it is a proof of invention, which is a characteristic of poetry." Pozz—"Yes, sir, but an invention which few of your countrymen can enjoy." I reflected afterwards on the depth of this remark; it affords a proof of that accuteness which he displayed in every branch of literature. I asked him if he approved of green spectacles? Pozz—"As to green spectacles, sir, the question seems to be this: if I wore green spectacles, it would be because they assisted vision, or because I liked them. Now, sir, if a man tells me he does not like green spectacles, and that they hurt his eyes, I would not compel him to wear them; no, sir, I would dissuade him." A few months after, I consult-

ed him again on this subject, and he honoured me with a letter, in which he gives the same opinion. It will be found in its proper place, vol. vi. p. 2789. I have thought much on this subject, and must confess, that in such matters a man ought to be a free moral agent.

Next day I left town, and was absent for six weeks, three days, and seven hours, as I find by a memorandum in my journal. In this time I had only one letter from him, which is as follows:

TO JAMES BOZZ, ESQ.

Dear Sir,

My bowels have been very bad. Pray buy me some Turkey rhubarb, and bring with you a copy of your *tour*. Write to me soon, and write to me often.

I am, dear sir, your's affectionately,

SAM. POZZ.

It would have been unpardonable to have omitted a letter like this, in which we see so much of his great and illuminated mind. On my return to town, we met again at the chop-house. We had much conversation to-day; his wit flashed like lightning; indeed there is not one hour of my present life in which I do not profit by some part of his valuable communications.

We talked of *wind*. I said I knew many persons much distressed with that complaint. Pozz—"Yes, sir, when confined, when pent up." I said I did not know that, but I questioned if the Romans ever knew it. Pozz—"Yes, sir, the Romans knew it." Bozz—"Livy does not mention it." Pozz—"No, sir, Livy wrote history. Livy was not writing the life of a friend."

On medical subjects his knowledge was immense. He told me of a friend of ours who had just been attacked by a most dreadful complaint; he had entirely lost the use of his limbs, so that he could neither stand or walk, unless supported: his speech was quite gone; his eyes were much swollen, and every vein distended, yet his face was rather pale, and his extremeties cold; his pulse beat 160 in a minute. I said, with tenderness, that I would go and see him; and, said I, "Sir, I will take Dr. Bolus with me." Pozz—"No, sir, don't go." I was startled, for I knew his compassionate heart, and earnestly asked why? Pozz—"Sir, you don't know his disorder." Bozz—"Pray what is it?" Pozz—"Sir, the man is *dead drunk!*" This explanation threw me into a violent fit of laughter, in which he joined me, rolling about as he used to do when he enjoyed a joke; but he afterwards checked me. Pozz—"Sir, you ought not to laugh at what I said. Sir, he who laughs at what another man says, will soon learn to laugh at that other man. Sir, you should laugh at your own jokes; you should laugh seldom."

We talked of a friend of ours who was a very violent politician. I said I did not like his company. Pozz—"No, sir, he is not healthy; he is sore, his mind is ulcerated; he has a political whitlow; sir, you cannot touch him without giving him pain. Sir, I would not talk politics with that man; I would talk of cabbage and pease; sir, I would ask him how he got his corn in, and whether his wife was indisposed; but I would not talk politics." Bozz—"But perhaps, sir, he would talk of nothing else." Pozz—"Then, sir, it is plain what he would do." On my very earnestly enquiring what that was, Dr. Pozz answered—"Sir, he would let it alone."

I mentioned a tradesman who had lately set up his coach. Pozz—"He is right, sir; a man who would go on swimmingly cannot get too soon off his legs. That man keeps his coach; now, sir, a coach is better than a chaise; sir, it is better than a chariot." Bozz—"Why, sir?" Pozz—"Sir, it will hold more." I begged he would repeat this, that I might remember it, and he complied with great good humour. "Dr. Pozz," said I, "*you* ought to keep a coach." Pozz—"Yes, I ought." Bozz—"But you do not, and that has often surprized me." Pozz—"Surprized you! There, sir, is another prejudice of absurdity." Sir, you ought to be surprized at nothing. A man that has lived half your days, ought to be above all surprize. Sir, it is a rule with me never to be surprized. It is mere ignorance; you cannot guess why I do not keep a coach, and you are surprized. Now, sir, if you did know, you would not be surprized." I said, tenderly, "I hope, my dear sir, you will let me know before I leave town." Pozz—"Yes, sir, you shall know now. You shall not go to Mr. Wilkins, and to Mr. Jenkins, and to Mr. Stubbs, and say, why does not Pozz keep a coach? I will tell you myself: Sir, I can't afford it."

We talked of drinking. I asked him whether, in the course of his long and valuable life, he had not known some men who drank more than they could bear? Pozz—"Yes, sir; and then, sir, nobody can bear them. A man who is drunk, sir, is a very foolish fellow." Bozz—"But, sir, as the poet says, he is devoid of all care." Pozz—"Yes sir he cares for nobody; he has none of the cares of life; he cannot be a merchant, sir, for he cannot write his name; he cannot be a politician, sir, for he cannot talk; he cannot be an artist, sir, for he cannot see; and yet, sir, there is science in drinking." Bozz—"I suppose you mean that a man ought to know what he drinks." Pozz—"No, sir, to know what one drinks is nothing; but the

science consists of three parts. Now, sir, were I to drink wine, I should wish to know them all ; I should wish to know when I had too little, when I had enough, and when I had too much. There is our friend ***** (mentioning a gentleman of our acquaintance) he knows when he has too little, and when he has too much, but he knows not when he has enough. Now, sir, that is the science of drinking to know when one has enough."

We talked this day on a variety of topics, but I find very few memorandums in my journal. On small beer, he said it was a flatulent liquor. He disapproved of those who deny the utility of absolute power ; and seemed to be offended with a friend of ours who would always have his eggs poached. Sign-posts, he observed, had degenerated within his memory ; and he particularly found fault with the moral of the Beggars' Opera. I endeavored to defend a work which had afforded me so much pleasure, but could not master that strength of mind with which he argued ; and it was with great satisfaction that he communicated to me afterwards, a method of curing corns by applying a piece of oiled silk. In the early history of the world, he preferred Sir Isaac Newton's Chronology ; but as they gave employment to useful artisans, he did not dislike the large buckles then coming into use.

Next day we dined at the Mitre. I mentioned spirits. Pozz—" Sir, there is as much evidence for the existence of spirits as against it. You may not believe it, but you cannot deny it." I told him that my great grandmother once saw a spirit. He asked me to relate it, which I did very minutely, while he listened with profound attention. When I mentioned that the spirit had once appeared in the shape of a shoulder of mutton, and another time in that of a tea-pot, he interrupted me : Pozz—" There, sir, is the point ; the evidence is good, but the scheme is defective in consistency. We cannot deny that the spirit appeared in those shapes; but then we cannot reconcile them. What has a tea-pot to do with a shoulder of mutton ? Neither is it a terrific object. There is nothing cotemporaneous. Sir, these are objects which are never seen at the same time, nor in the same place." Bozz—" I think, sir, that old women in general are used to see ghosts."—Pozz—" Yes, sir, and their conversation is full of the subject ; I would have an old woman to record such conversations ; their loquacity tends to minuteness.

We talked of a person who had a very bad character.—Pozz. " Sir, he is a scoundrel." Bozz. " I hate a scoundrel." Pozz—" There you are wrong ; don't hate scoundrels. Scoundrels, sir, are useful. There are many things we cannot do without scoundrels. I would not chuse to keep company with scoundrels, but something may be got from them."—Bozz. " Are not scoundrels generally fools ?"—Pozz. " No, sir, they are not. A scoundrel must be a clever fellow ; he must know many things of which a fool is ignorant. Any man may be a fool. I think a good book might be made out of scoundrels. I would have a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, the *Lives of Eminent Scoundrels*, from the earliest account, to the present day." I mentioned hanging ; I thought it a very aukward situation.—Pozz. " No, sir, hanging is not an aukward situation ; it is proper, sir, that man whose actions tend towards flagitious obliquity, should appear perpendicular at last." I told him that I had lately been in company with some gentlemen, every one of whom could recollect some friend or other who had been hanged.—Pozz. " Yes, sir, that is the easiest way. We know those who have been hanged : we can recollect that ; but we cannot number those who deserve it ; it would not be decorous, sir, in a mixed company. No, sir, this is one of the few things which we are compelled to *think*."

Our regard for literary property prevents our making a larger extract from the above important work. We have, however, we hope, given such passages as will tend to impress our readers with an high idea of this vast undertaking.

A SHIP THE SCHOOL FOR SOCIABILITY.

(AN EXTRACT.)

Every one knows, for every one must feel, that the first link that unites man to man is mutual weakness and mutual wants. But how various are the sympathies which spring from this principle of self-preservation and security, when modified by the affections of nature! Perhaps there is not a condition in human life in which one is so soon conducted to a knowledge of that infinite skill with which heaven has formed its rational creation here, for the several purposes of virtue and enjoyment, as in the isolated station of a ship's company, exposed to the same hazards, and impressed with a sense of the reciprocal dependencies resulting from their situation. Removed from relatives and friends, the social compact of comrades and brother sailors, fills up the aching void ; companionship ripens into friendship, and mutual confidence keeps alive the generous affections of each.

How often do you see the cheerful glass, drank to the health of the far-remote wife and sweetheart, meet the quivering lip and starting tear! and see the hard, but sympathetic, hand of an honest messmate extended with assumed hilarity, to grasp that of his brother, in this mo-

ment of tender recollection!* How often do you listen there to the cheering tale of absence being forgotten in the heartfelt joy of hearing again the welcome of those whom they loved! It is not a romance. Such are the men who contemplate the wonders of the deep: and such seamen may be found by thousands in this country.

* No people are more susceptible of refined emotions than *sailors*, though they express them in a rough manner: it is as the sun beams playing through the storm. How much it is to be regretted, that the generosity of their nature so often makes them the dupes of the basest swindlers.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

There are some actors for whom no name is bad enough. I believe we must distinguish such by the appellation of BUTCHERS OF BLANK VERSE; for they *stick their knives* into the skirts of Melpomene.

I remember to have seen one of these gentlemen cutting up, in a most inhuman manner, the part of King Lear. It was the passage where the good old King is greatly incensed against his amiable daughter Cordelia; and the honest Kent interposes as her defender and advocate. This butcher of an actor should have said—

> "Peace Kent! come not between a dragon and his wrath;
> For, by the sacred sun and solemn night,
> I here disclaim all my paternal care,
> And, from this minute, tear her from my heart,
> And hold her as an alien to my blood and favour."

But when he came to the word in the last line, which contains the letters A L I E N and not knowing their meaning, he, instead of saying, he would tear her from his heart, and hold her as an alien to his blood and favour, said, he would *tear* out her heart like a LION. This, you will allow, was the most savage of butchery.

The same hero personated the next night, the Duke, in Venice Preserv'd; and where he should have told the Captain, the Conspirators must all go to prison, and there remain until jndgement was passed on them, he said, the Conspirators must all *go to goal, and wait until the day of judgment.*

ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

"A well-chosen anecdote, frequently reveals a character more happily than an elaborate delineation, as a glance of lightning will sometimes discover what had escaped us in a full light."
D'ISRAELI.

EARLY HOURS.

A father chiding his son for not leaving his bed at an earlier hour, told him as an inducement, that a certain man being up betimes found a purse of gold. "It might be so," said the son, "but *he that lost it was up before him.*"

A Lord, whom his friends had been obliged to put in a private mad-house, was not mad enough to remain insensible to the charms of the keeper's pretty daughter. His lordship, encouraged in his addresses, agreed to marry her. The day was fixed, the banns published, and they left the mad-house in a coach, to have the ceremony performed. When arrived in the church his lordship very properly led the lady to the altar; and the clergyman began the ceremony, saying to his lordship, "do you take this woman for your wedded wife?" Upon which he exclaimed, "No, no, not so mad as that neither!" Then, taking to his heels, ran out of the church, and was not found for a considerable time afterwards.

A little boy having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman present observed, that when children were keen in their youth, they were generally stupid and dull when advanced in years, and *vice versa.* "What a *very sensible boy*, Sir, must you have been," returned the child.

The Count de Grance being wounded in the knee with a musket ball, the surgeons made many incisions. Losing patience, at last, he asked them, why they cut and carved so cruelly. "We seek for the ball," said they. "*Why the d—l did you not speak before?* (said the count) *I have it in my pocket.*"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank WALTER for his communication, which shall appear in our next.

IBAOM will also claim our early notice.

When the paroxism of PHILANDER'S love-fit is over, perhaps he may *reason*; as he only *rhymes* at present, he must excuse us from publishing what he himself may take no pleasure in seeing, when he recovers.

BRUTUS knows that we have pledged ourselves not to admit political discussions of any kind; but even if we were inclined to abandon the principles on which we set out, BRUTUS is by far too furious and inflamable to be "a safe *companion* and an *easy* friend." We recommend to him a thin diet, and frequent phlebotomy.

JACK RATTLE'S piece is lively enough, but life and fun, though they may please certain folks in certain places, yet require a little modification before they can be exhibited in our paper; which we endeavour to render worthy to be perused by men of sense, and women of delicacy.

City correspondents are informed that a letter-box is affixed to each door of the printing-office, for the reception of communications; which they are requested to deposit sealed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

We are much obliged to SOLUS, *for this charming little song. The subject has been frequently, but not better handled, and we shall be always happy to adorn our paper with the effusions of genius and feeling.*

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

TUNE—ERIN GO BRAH.

Oh! stay gentle stranger and learn my condition,
I'm a poor orphan girl, and my wants make me bold;
I crave your assistance, Oh! grant my petition,
In pity relieve me from hunger and cold.
With want and pale mis'ry my life seems connected,
For friendless I wander, despis'd and neglected;
And oft with contempt are my prayers rejected!
In compassion relieve me— a poor orphan girl.

Oh! let not the child of affliction and sorrow
Plead in vain for relief, while from want you're secure;
Reflect that from heaven your riches you borrow,
Oh! secure heaven's smiles by relieving the poor.
My prospects in this world— oh! how dark and dreary,
Not one friendly hand in the wide world to cheer me;
And though I am young, yet of life I am weary—
What pleasure hath life for a poor orphan girl!

Though a child of misfortune, yet few will believe me;
They feel not my sorrow, they know not my fear;
Will you gentle stranger then, deign to relieve me,
And receive in return from an orphan—a tear?
Oh! my parents! when dying, had you seen their emotion,
With eyes rais'd to heaven, with fervent devotion;
They pray'd for their poor child, 'till death ceas'd their [motion;
They died and left friendless, a poor orphan girl.

Blest shades of my parents! if around me you hover,
You feel all my sorrows and wants as your own;
All my grief and affliction will now soon be over,
And my soul follow your's to that country unknown.
Adieu! cruel world—with what joy do I leave thee,
No more hast thou power to pain or to grieve me;
Hark! my parents are calling, they wait to receive me!!
She sinks to the cold earth—a poor orphan girl.

SOLUS.

THE NATIVE HOME.

Whence springs this lov'd remembrance of the land
Where earliest thought, first shed its orient ray;
Where first to heaven was rais'd th' imploring hand,
And hope once bright'ned o'er life's jonrneying way?

Why should bleak Iceland's son, on India's shore,
Delight in frost, and wish eternal snows;
Why sit whole days and listen to the roar
Of ocean, while his heart with transport glows?

Why, as the darkest cloud of night descends,
Imagination wandering o'er the main,
To luring fancy, her assistance lends,
To paint his lost, tho' still lov'd icy plain?

The rein-deer passing swiftly with his car,
While furs protect his master from the cold;
Each lowly cabin-roof descried afar,
The tenderest sympathies of soul unfold!

Touch'd is the chord that binds the feeling heart,
Long dormant passions in his breast arise;
As joy and pain alternate views impart,
His prospects gladden, but at last he sighs!

So the Arabian who seduc'd to roam,
O'er grassy plains, bereft of heat and sand;
With keen remembrance of his early home,
Turns with delight to seek his native land:

And should his straining eye the camel meet,
That shar'd his comforts in the desert's track;
He falls on earth to kiss his hard worn feet,
Or lifts the burthen from his weary back.

Thus the sad wand'rer who by fate's decree
Is banish'd far from ev'ry lov'd delight,
Exclaims, "Oh! grant me yet my home to see,
"And backward trace the steps that mark'd my flight:"

"For what to me are riches that display
"Thousands enslav'd, the tools of proud command;
"Sorrow has had dominion since the day
"I bade adieu! to thee, my native land!

Nature, all climates blesses with her store;
Its various bounties too, each season brings;
But the heart absent from its native shore,
To first known joys, enthusiastic clings.

Tho' the bird ravish'd from its wild retreat
In splendid halls and golden bondage sings,
Yet ah! no note is surely half so sweet
As that which freely and from nature springs.

'Tis home endears th' uncultivated wild,
When the long wand'ring heart no more would stray;
'Tis home can summon back the truant child,
And bid his heart the well known call obey. X.

THE BOSOM OF SNOW.

So mild where her accents, so gentle her air,
Such innocence play'd on the brow of the fair,
Young Colin was raptur'd; for how should he know
That danger could lurk in a bosom of snow?

He plac'd himself nearer, the nymph was surpris'd,
He told her how love by the shepherds was priz'd;
The keen little archer appear'd with his bow,
And Colin was press'd to her bosom of snow. X.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1804. N°. 6.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

> "*Ev'n misses, at whose age their mothers wore*
> "*The back-strings and the bib, assume the dress*
> "*Of womanhood, sit pupils in the school*
> "*Of card-devoted time, and night by night,*
> "*Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board,*
> "*Learn every trick, and soon play all the game.*"
>
> COWPER.

FROM my general acquaintance with the ladies and the attention I pay to all matters in which they are interested, it may without difficulty be supposed, that I should upon every proper occasion stand forth their champion; and like the chivalrous beaux of old, be ever ready to assert their rights, and defend their priveledges when in danger of attack or innovation. From the anxiety with which some have endeavoured to enlist me in their cause on the subject of card playing, I can without boasting of much penetration, discover how essential to their happiness and peace of mind the dear amusement is: and that some apprehensions may be reasonably entertained of its duration; from the snarling unaccommodating manners of stupid, fire-side husbands; and the contempt with which many who lay a claim to understanding, and a sense of propriety affect to treat it. You cannot think, says FLAVIA, how my heart has bounded when your paper was first announced. I am sure we shall have a protector in dear MR. EASY; possessing, as he must do, sense and taste, (for he would never presume to dictate to an enlightened and accomplished community without these qualifications) he will immediately throw the gauntlet, and prove to the cynical wretches who wish to controul us, that a card-table is quite as agreeable as the coffee-room, or a table covered with segar ashes, and the room filled with nasty tobacco-smoak.

What man is callous to the appeal of beauty, particularly when in distress, as seem'd to be the situation of FLAVIA? And who could withstand such flattering commendation on his sense and taste? Her logic, certainly proved irresistible, and I boldly promised all the power of my feeble efforts to invigorate the resolution of persisting, and to confound the silly animadversions of those who wish to bring such rational entertainments into disrepute.

A person unaccustomed to the manners of a city, might stare at the idea of perpetual absence from home in pursuit of the pleasure resulting from *Loo*; which appears to exercise little more understanding than throwing of dice. It has also been thought strange that a married woman, and mother of a family, should prefer the formal mixed company, where total indifference is the hight of the ton, to the soothing endearments of pratling children, or social intercourse with a fond husband; whose daily avocations, by which she and hers obtain bread, have deprived him of her society almost the whole day: that she should leave her children liable to a thousand accidents, to the uninterested charge of a vulgar mercenary, and compel her husband once more to leave his fire side, already jaded and exhausted, to look upon, and perhaps to join in a pastime which he detests.

As to the impropriety of pitching away in a few hours enough to keep a family in moderate circumstances comfortable for a week; no one has been hardy enough to make a charge so derogatory to common sense; and for this plain reason, that success is always affirmed by the female gambler to be her constant companion; not every night, because every witness could contradict the assertion, but in the aggregate, at the close of the season. And as to the superiority of what are called intellectual pleasures, or those pursuits by which the head and heart are improved, we are not yet so antiquated as to hint at a comparison. To ply the needle, or the streets, all day, and the cards all night, are employments sufficient for any but very Herculean faculties. With respect to children, they have now so many other teachers beside their

parents, that the necessity of acquirements for their benefit is entirely superseded. I shall therefore endeavour in what follows, to furnish every argument that may be allowed, in support of these pleasures which seem to be so seriously threatened; and will place the matter in every point of view in which it is susceptible of commendation.

As the girls are generally occupied with other notions, and modes of gain, than of money; the attention to the card table seems to devolve chiefly upon the married ladies; how this happens it is not very easy at first to explain, as their other resources are more numerous. It would seem that the mind of a woman abhors any thing abstracted or speculative; it must have something substantial upon which to doat to distraction: apathy is out of the question. When therefore, she has no longer a lover, she makes a natural transition of the passion to cards, and it seldom loses strength by the transfer.

In this money-making community, they are enabled more completely to aspire to the society of their husbands, by receiving from play similar ideas of profit and loss; and though they devote the night instead of the day to their business, yet some attention, acuteness, and smartness, all qualities of high import, are constantly exercised and improved thereby. Though their gains and losses do not vie with their husbands' thousands, and tens of thousands; yet I will venture to say that their hearts are not the less subject to all the fluctuations of joy, and sorrow; hope, and disappointment; by which the gentle current of life is sometimes animated and ruffled, or in other words, exercised: for a sedentary life requires some such extraordinary propulsion of the blood, to retain vital energy sufficient to live.—I need scarcely remark how much a knowledge of the human mind is perfected at a card table. We there behold all the modifications of the passions; from the fury of the virago dashing her cards with violence on the table, and transforming the human face divine into an appearance somewhat diabolical; to the stoical philosophy of her, who from long experience and hacknied attention, has learnt to lose with the same frigid apathy with which she wins.

There you may discover the almost suppressed frown or sigh of a pretty woman, whose vanity predominating over passion, determines her to refrain from contortions before the numerous observers around her.

In short, it is one of the schools of human life, and of full as much benefit to society, as rioting at taverns, as smoking segars at home through downright stupidity, or dozing in a formal circle, or busily propagating scandal.

It teaches those the calculations of arithmetick, who have most probably never had better or other lessons, and it most certainly gives habits of attention, which are highly requisite in the due management of the minutiæ of a family.

Of all inventions that of cards in my humble opinion is of the most universal utility: it borrows considerable dignity from our modern systems of political improvements, inasmuch as its direct tendency is to abolish all difference or superiority as to mental qualifications, and reduce all society to a convenient equality. Many a charming lady that would otherwise be compelled to set perfectly silent and unentertaining, and would scarcely be noticed but for her complexion or her dress; now contrives to be very communicative and sagacious as to where the deal lies, what are the laws of the game, and what is to be the amount of the loo: And many a pleasant laugh does she enjoy at the ignorance of a novice who happens to loo himself. Many a sweet creature now prepares for a party with great delight, not dreading any appeal to her natural or acquired knowledge in any particular by which her want of information might be betrayed.—No, the profound silence which reigns till the introduction of the Loo tables, fully proves with what anxiety they are expected as a relief and a pastime. Conversation, when that auspicious moment arrives, is an absolute bore. Nobody is expected to utter a syllable, except as to gaining information on the points of the game, or triumphantly to tell the ninny who has just swept the loo, that he has forgot the candlestick.

As to the husbands of these happy ladies, I cannot think they have any right to complain; if they wont participate in such exquisite enjoyments it cannot be helped. If they have been abroad all day, their wives have been at home all day, and precisely for the same reason that those wish to stay at home, do these chuse to go abroad.—Here then is the point at issue: which is to give way, and accommodate the other?—The men, most certainly. Honour, gallantry, forbid that the ladies should ever lose that supremacy to which they are entitled in every civilized country. With what contempt would our valiant forefathers look down upon us, when they make the comparison betwen us and themselves.—What deeds of valour, what prolonged sufferings were not theirs to gain the smile of approbation from a haughty fair one? And shall we presume to compare an hours durance at the card table, encompassed with killing eyes, and angel forms; to combats, imprisonments, and disastrous chances; merely to have the honour of being called knight, instead of husband, of some disdainful maiden?

This it is to live in a commercial country, the notions of whose inhabitants are too contracted to partake of those refinements and elegances, peculiar to the card table and its votaries. It is to be hoped that the influence of the ladies will extend until it has completely gained that predominance to which their matchless qualifications and acquirements so justly entitle them. S.

Mr. Easy,

I rejoice to find that your miscellany is likely to succeed in Baltimore, and although I have not heretofore made my congratulations to you, I assure you that the neglect is in no degree attributable to motives unfriendly to "*The Companion*," but to an ungovernable propensity to indolence and procrastination.

The advantages which will result from such a work as yours, conducted with taste and ability, are almost incalculable; independently of the arguments which you have neatly urged in its favour, it has other strong recommendations; and one among them, of no inconsiderable weight is, the effect, which it will naturally have, of turning the attention of some of our younger citizens to literary subjects, and by affording them easy and respectable access to the publick notice, will induce them to write: by that mean they will discover their own capacities, which are certainly not known to people in general, and, however loud the cry is against vanity and every thing which may be calculated to produce it, or to encrease it where it already exists, I have no hesitation in contending that there are fewer persons who estimate their talents too highly, than there are of those possessing great talents, of which they are entirely ignorant. Powers which have never been exercised, cannot be ascertained. Occasional essays, written with that freedom which is given by a certainty of being unknown, and an assurance of being candidly attended to, and of having the first pieces politely and delicately declined, if in the judgment of the Editor (to whose discretion they ought to be and must be submitted) they should be too crude, or in any other respect unfit for the publick eye; will have the doubly good effect of correcting undue confidence, and of assuring the excessively diffident.

A habit of close thinking, which is almost uniformly the consequence of frequent attempts being made to commit to paper the sentiments which we hold on particular subjects, is highly important. It is well known that with respect to the senses, they are much improved by exercise; whoever has been accustomed to look attentively at small objects sees more keenly than other people; the sense of feeling may be brought to a degree so exquisitely delicate as to distinguish between colours; and instances of the extraordinary acuteness of taste, are familiar to every body; but in none of these cases are the effects of practice more obvious, than in producing an accurate and connected mode of thinking, and a logical and energetic style of writing or speaking.

My time has been so completely occupied by my ordinary avocations, and in sacrificing to my dear indolence, that I have written nothing for The Companion. I, however, resolved from the first appearance of your *Prospectus*, sometimes to contribute a mite to a work which I so fully approbate; and as an earnest, I beg leave to send you the following piece from my favourite author; the peculiar tone of thought and expression would easily distinguish it from the smooth and mellifluous poetry of later times, which, though confessedly more correct than the ancient compositions, are infinitely below them in strength and sublimity.

There is something so exceedingly grand in the idea of making an address to the Sun, and the execution of it, in this instance, is so astonishingly bold and vigorous as to stamp it at once, the offspring of a genius of the very first order. Through the whole of the address, the characteristic dignity of the Celtic bard is preserved; there are no degrading comparisons, no trite expressions, no contemptible objects introduced; but, the moon, the stars, the mountains, the ocean, the meteors in all their various and awfully terrific forms, are the objects, which this favorite child and pupil of nature has thought proper to present to view; they are unquestionably the grandest objects which we see, and being all shewn as obscure, and secondary in comparison with his primary object, are admirably calculated to heighten our ideas of its splendour. It will not, I think, be possible for any reader of sensibility to pass with unconcern, over the affecting and natural allusion which the poet makes to his own great misfortune; tho' more concise and less circumstantial than the celebrated and pathetic lamentation on the same subject by the great Milton, I do not think it much less interesting.

Nov. 22d. 1804. WALTER.

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course! The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay

with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun! in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

CARTHON.

DESULTORY SKETCHES

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF AN OLD BATCHELOR.

Women are said to refine the taste—frivolous pretence for being led by them, when they manifestly introduce a new corruption of manners. It was through an emulation to please them, that men began to affect the ornaments of dress; and from that time, the attention to please by fashions superseded all care to please by personal accomplishments.

Every thing is adapted to the female taste; nothing takes, but the light and frivolous. Does not affectation run through the whole deportment? and what are our conversations but pride and vapours?

How strangely contradictory are men's judgments in female affairs! unless you are really a knave you are reckoned a fool.

We see a good man plain, rough, and not tractable—he is without polish, and therefore women overlook the advantages of his acquaintance; and link themselves to the contemptible fop, who often conceals a bad heart under an exterior, which they could wish to have found in the former.

There's LYCORIS just appearing in the gay world, like an opening rose; scarce were the first leaves disclosed when the worthy GUNIPHILUS cast his eye upon her—her sprightly and sportive manners attracted his particular attention; in short, he loved her with all the warmth of the most ardent lover, and had reason to consider himself equally beloved—and while he believed himself the happiest man in the world, a rich coxcomb steps in, outbids GUNIPHILUS, and carries off the blooming LYCORIS. Never any person, GUNIPHILUS, did thee a better turn than this rival.—With LYCORIS you had been an undone man.

Marriages are often said to be appointed in heaven, before they are contracted on earth; but how, as a christian can I believe so?—for, scarce are a couple come together, than they begin to see and manifest to the world, that they are utterly mismatched; clashing in sentiments and inclinations—something beyond indifference—a contempt for each other.——Can bountiful Heaven have any hand in this? No. There is not at most one marriage in six where the purse, convenience, and a hot fit of passion, are not more attended to, than religion and a rational happiness.

Agathocles has for these five years prided himself in being every fair one's friend and humble servant—the husband's terror—the lover's rival; if he was constant for a week, 'twas with an object whose charms had all the advantage of the bloom of youth. If ever he dropped a look upon a woman of twenty-five, 'twas but by way of interlude, without any attatchment—at the name of a woman of thirty he was seized with a qualm.—What a life did he lead the poor

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

This extreme nicety of *Agathocles*, in point of age, made it be concluded that he would never marry, or that nothing under one of the three graces could induce him to it: yet, married he is, but to whom? would you imagine that after all his insolences, the bride of this scornful Adonis is no other than the antiquated *Hecuba*. Here can be no liking, no sympathy—there is a discordance in the whole; but it is, and supremely so, what is called a rational marriage. Rational! yes, what more rational course can *Agathocles* take, than to make himself master of four thousand pounds a year by a single monosyllable? thus at once is his shattered fortune repaired by the spoils of three husbands, of whom *Hecuba* is the wealthy widow.

* * * * *

* * * * * *

As most courtships are little better than playing at *Blind-man's-buff*, the stiffness of fathers in these cases is generally commendable; both prudence and duty call for the interposition of their authority to reduce their children to reason, and save them from those misfortunes, into which want of experience and the heat of youth would plunge them: indulgence is not to be hearkened to in times of such dangers.—

But their duties and prerogatives are not without limits; they vary according to circumstances; a generous heart

may sometimes balance betwixt filial duty and gratitude: On which side then should the scale turn? on that where most has been received, and consequently where the greatest obligations lie; that any person can stand in competition with the father for the son's gratitude, ought to be held a paradox; 'tis he that ought to blush for his own faults. St. Paul's injunction to children *to obey their parents* is followed with an admonition to the latter, *not to be bitter against them.* Let me not be thought by this to be lifting up the standard of rebellion for children against parents; all I mean is, to rescue the sentiments of the former from the imprudent tyranny of the latter.—

FROM SEGUR'S INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

We have been able thus far to observe the influence of governments and of laws on the manners of women. After several successive ages, a change was effected, which went in some measure to purify and renew the morals of this sex, too weak to stem the torrent of licentiousness.

We have successively seen the women among the Patriarchs reduced to the simple employment of a mother of a family; among the Egyptians, treated with more consideration, and always regarded as the sources of happiness: in Greece, sometimes neglected, as in Athens; sometimes, as among the Lacedemonians, exposed to the curious eyes of the men, and, at the same time, the victims of a cold and criminal philosophy, which, by misplacing, degraded them. They held a more respectable situation in Rome, in the first stages of the republic; but soon afterwards abandoned to all its dissoluteness, and all its dangers, they are seen to follow the Roman empire in its decline, to partake of its corruption, and involve themselves in its ruin. Such was the gradual progress of the manners and the conditions of women so far back as the reign of Tiberius.

At length Christianity arose: it came to offer to mankind a safe system of morals, of present and of future happiness; it proposed to them, as their glory, a reconciliation to the Supreme Being; as an end, in adopting it, sweet consolations on the earth; and, as a reward for persevering in it, an eternal rest in heaven.

Until that time the women, unsettled in their desires, and subdued even in their thoughts, unacquainted with any other light than the transient glimmerings of pleasure, waited without hope. Having become Christians, they subdued their passions and their reason; and warmed by a pure and vivid flame, they elevated themselves to the divine love, and tasted that anticipated happiness which faith inspires in our breasts even in adversity.

It is in these tender minds, above all others, that the law of Christ ought to exercise all its influence. They were, in fact, the first to embrace these religious doctrines, which corresponding to all the secret movements of their hearts, to their natural fondness for pity, for love, and for devotion, proposed to them engaging occupations, and enjoyments without remorse. It is difficult to delineate the amazing revolution which this period effected.

Christianity, severe in its principles, but proffering forgiveness, substituted the reign of the mind for that of the passions. If politics and philosophy altogether related to the interests of society, the new legislation made this world appear as an empty shadow, from which every thing ought to alienate us; and the world to come, as the only object which should occupy our thoughts, and direct our hopes. Every thing was purified. Disgrace attached itself to licentiousness. The women became more modest, lamented the want of chastity, imposed sacrifices upon themselves, and humbled themselves in order to be elevated. Crimes diminished, from the necessity and the obligation they were under of impeaching themselves. Every one was desirous of a restraint, and regarded the limits of his desires and his passions; duties became pleasures; all the wise institutions which had fallen into decay were restored; vows were pronounced; indissoluble bonds were formed; and marriage, which before had been only an union by the simple agreement of the parties, became a sacred tie, solemnized and consecrated at the altar, and protected by the laws. A simple and pure morality offered itself as a support to the unfortunate, and a safeguard to the weak and the innocent. Extinguishing hatred, and forbidding revenge, Peace appeared to descend on the earth, to invite the human race to love and support her; and Religion, by uniting together the minds of all mankind, seemed to form one immense chain, which reached even the throne of the Deity.

Every thing in this new worship served to render it agreeable to the women. It not only re-established a more equal balance between them and us, but corresponded, in some measure, to that inclination, always prevailing among them, to bring others into subjection, and to exercise their power. To convert is also a species of seduction; and the Christian women have, on this account, been seen to give themselves up to it with more ardour than the men. England, France, part of Germany, Bavaria, Hungary, Bohemia, Lithuania, Poland, Russia, and, during some time, Persia, received the gospel from the hands of beauty,

and thousands of proselytes were the happy fruits of its charms and its grace.

This sensibility, so natural to women, (a sensibility which love converts into a passion) was soon transformed by religion into a mild and consolatory pity. A desire of promoting the happiness of others, and of cheering the unfortunate, imparted to their minds an high degree of warmth and ardour. Sacred asylums of misfortune were established, patronized, and overlooked by them. Weakness and commiseration triumphed, from the disgust with which horrid spectacles of distress must have filled them. The sick and the afflicted were taken care of, and their lamentations respected; and the tears which yet trickled down their cheeks, were received into sympathising bosoms. We at length behold the women, those precious ornaments of the earth, becoming the refuge of the unfortunate, and the resources of the indigent. Persecution likewise, which so severely tried the first Christians, afforded the women an opportunity of unfolding their virtues.

Religion, calm and efficient, had softened their hearts; but when they were oppressed, threatened, and proscribed, it animated their courage, and elevated their sentiments; carried away by a holy enthusiasm, those very women who but lately rivalled the lustre of their charms by the splendour of their dress, now, covered with sack-cloth, forgot their attractions, and the feebleness of their sex, braved death, and even courted it. Let us not be astonished at this amazing fortitude. The worship which they defended with so much zeal, protected their weakness. A series of new ideas and principles of conduct was established by it; and another constitution of society offered itself to their notice, in which they were able to acquire a rank more respectable than they held before, and totally independent of the men. If they remained in society, a sacred institution bound them to their husbands; if they devoted themselves to the altars, they depended for the future on God alone; and thus, in one word, they passed from slavery into freedom.

THE DYING MIRA—A FRAGMENT.

Does that rose look so gay only to mock my faded form? I will turn me from its beauties, while it remains the symbol of what I once was—and wait for the hour of evening, when it shall become the emblem of what I now am. The venerable oak which stretches forth its bare limbs, whereon no verdure sprouts, and in whose rugged trunk vegetation has lost its powers, soothes my wounded heart.—But that tree was long the glory of the plain—a whole age and more conducted it to a slow maturity, and a long course of years has glided over its decay—while I have scarce attained the hour of vernal bloom, when I feel my approaching end, and a moment beholds me perish.——But why should I complain?——My life has been without a fault—and that I die for love cannot be imputed to me by that just Being who gave me such a tender heart, and clothed celestial virtue in the form of Horatio.——I love heaven in him, and am going to an eternal participation of it with him——His form is mouldering away—but what of that?—our souls are still united, and my dust shall soon mingle with his.—The cypress which rises beside his grave will soon cast its shadow over mine.——Ye ever honoured authors of my being!—ye tender guardians of my infancy—ye faithful friends of my youth—regret me not—ye will soon see me no more, but I shall be happy.——It seems as if Horatio's spirit waited impatiently for mine, and that his heaven cannot be happy without me.——Does a disordered fancy deceive me, or is he not on yonder cloud?—He seems to chide my delay.——I come, Horatio—be not impatient—Nature will soon release me—the bands are loosening which tie me to the world——one sigh more, and I am thine forever!

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Of all the ignoramusses breathing those in the West of England exceed all belief. As a proof, I have to mention the uncommon ignorance of a colier, who had never been but once over the threshold of a door since his baptism; and this visit was accidentally caused by a shower of rain obliging him to seek shelter there. It was in Bristol, and during the time of divine service. The heathenish boor returning home, thus told his brother clods what he had heard and seen:

"I have been in a place where I never was before, and where I never design to be again; for there I zaw twelve vellows cock'd up in a sort of hay-loft, shouting and zinging away for dear life. I ax'd 'em if they had got any thing to drink there—and a zort of a dog-whipping vellow came up to me with a zwitch in his hand, and told me in a huff, I could get nothing to drink there. How dost know that? says I—thee beest not land-lord—beest thee? So then he took my hat off my head. Dang it, I had a great mind to a given un a douse o'th' chops, and zet un a spinning like a whirligigg. But I thought I wouldn't kick up a doust.—Zo I went a little varther, and I zaw a zet of men and women penn'd up together like zo many ewes and wethers at a vair. In the middle of 'um there was a little mon lock'd up in a tub—a was as true as I'm a living zoul of a zinner,

lock'd up in a tub breast high, with a shirt as black as a coal, and a little white zlobbering-bib, slit in two and stuck under his chin. Turning up his eyes, he prayed away to be delivered. Below there zat a little mon mocking of 'un for whatever one said t'other said too. By and bye, the little man in a black shirt pull'd it off and there was another as white as a clout—and then with a twist of his wristippes, he opened the tub and came down, and took a little baby out of a woman's arms, and carried it to a zort of a hog trow, and splash'd his *vace* over and over again with cold water. Dang it, thinks I, who knows where this frolick may end? Mayhap, if the maggot bites, they'll duck me too, and zo I took to my heels and scampered away. And if they do catch I within zide of a church again, I'll give 'um leave to zouse nd zop me o'er and o'er again."—This was all the idea a West country collier had of a church.

DEFINITION OF GRATITUDE.

At the institution for the deaf and dumb, in the street of the observatory, No. 115, a question was put to a pupil of the Abbe Sicard, which would have puzzled any person to have resolved in five words, though he had had the perfect use of his ears and his tongue, and answered with great quickness by one that had neither.—"What is gratitude?" "The memory of the heart."

ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

ALSO—BUT NOT LIKEWISE.

A quaker being examined by a judicious counsel, as he was retiring, another counsel on the same side asked him a question which he did not like to answer: I have told all I know to the counsel, said the quaker. *I am counsel also* answered the barrister. Thou may'st be counsel *also*, replied the quaker, *but thou art not counsel like—wise*

CATO.

In a Dutch translation of CATO, the version of the soliloquy is curious;—thus does it commence: "Just so,—you are very right, Mynheer Plato."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to X for the effusions of his muse, and hope she will continue to be as fertile as she is pleasing.

LEANDER shall appear in our next.

TOM THOUGHTFUL must not think himself neglected because he is unavoidably postponed.

LITERARY NOTICE.

An enterprizing spirit, especially in commercial pursuits, is a prominent feature in our national character; and when the sphere of its activity is extended to embrace literary objects of high authority, and acknowledged utility, every friend to the real dignity of his country ought to give it his countenance and support. That those who are able and willing to encourage laudable undertakings may receive what information is in our power to convey, we with pleasure announce the following

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☞ Subscriptions received by Messrs. CONRADS, Márket Street—and at the Office of the COMPANION.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HUMANITY.

O ye who sport in pleasure's flowery way,
Whose hearts are strangers to misfortune's call,
Listen O listen to my humble lay—
I plead for those on whom afflictions fall.

Grant sweet humanity thy heavenly aid,
Teach man to feel the joys thou canst impart;
O come in meek eye'd pity's charms array'd,
And gently "steal the moral to the heart."

Twine round those hearts that bounteous heaven hath blest,
And lead the way to weeping misery's cell;
Instruct them there to whisper peace and rest,
And learn the luxury of doing well.

Visit yon hut, where poverty doth reign,
Where cruel want has laid its victims low;
Stretch forth the hand, alleviatetheir pain,
And shield the heart from misery's fatal blow.

Seek the lone widow and her offspring dear,
Almost bereft of hope's enliv'ning ray;
Chase from her tender bosom gloomy fear,
And kindly wipe her sorrowing tears away.

O teach her infant prattlers to rejoice,
With joy they'll lisp their benefactors name;
The willing tribute of an infant voice
Is a rich banquet to a heart humane.

Nor pass unmindful by the dungeon's gloom,
Where poor fall'n man a guilty victim lies;
Point out the hope of peace beyond the tomb,
And raise his voice to heav'n in suppliant cries;

Until the voice of pardon from above,
Breath'd from his Maker, who is ever kind;
Salutes his soul in sweetest strains of love,
"To cheer and charm his solitary mind."

Silence! methought I heard an angels voice!
Through heavens expanded arches swift it ran;
"Loose ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry heart rejoice,
"Man proves a friend unto his fellow man." SOLUS.

THE GIFT.

Sweet woodbine! I'll cherish thee long in my bosom,
A gift of the youth I in secret adore;
No chill blast shall reach thee, then fade not dear blossom,
Nor droop like this heart, which thy loss must deplore.

The dew of the morning I'll haste to provide thee,
Lay thee close to my breast at the evening's decline;
And 'till he returns in soft language to cheer me,
A tear for his absence shall daily be thine. X.

Fortune I am not thy slave!
Hoard for me no sordid treasure;
But preserve the wealth I have,
A soul just form'd for love and pleasure. X.

THE LOVER.

When Cupid throws his fatal dart,
And the soft pain invades the heart,
The wounded swain now absent sighs,
Neglecting her for whom he dies;
And now he tries tho' much afraid,
To win the coy neglected maid;
He roves through lone sequester'd ways,
And there he sings in am'rous lays
That Delia's matchless charms exceed
The nymphs' that tread the flow'ry mead,
And oft of cruel fate complains,
And oft that Delia mocks his pains,
The giddy dance, the flowing bowl
Oppress and hurt his am'rous soul;
His old companions he forsakes,
But to his bosom one he takes,
To whom he tells, with love opprest,
The dearest secrets of his breast.
A prey to jealousy and fears,
He burns with envy when he hears
Delia lisp anothers name,
(Praise and bare mention are the same;)
And fears that every swain who sees—
Delia may wound, and Delia please.
And if perchance the fates have giv'n
A soft kind moment, boon of heaven!
Then in admiring stupor lost,
By hopes and fears alternate lost,
The long sought moment soon is gone,
Delia distrusts— and hope is flown;
His every action only proves,
He pleases least, when most he loves.

CONSTANTIUS.

THE FROWN.

My lovely Celia tell me why
That frown contracts thy face?
Why anger in each briliant eye,
Disdainful finds a place?

Oh tell me where I thoughtless err'd,
Unknowing of my crime;
Here I recall the guilty word,
And blot it out of time.

When light'nings red in awful blaze,
Gleam swiftly all around;
When from their long and fiery maze
The dreaded thunder's sound;

To heav'n I lowly raise my pray'r,
And humbly ask to live;
So, lovely Celia now I dare—
Forget it and forgive? IBAOM.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1804. No. 7.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart...
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth.....
* * * * * * * *
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?.....

BURNS.

THE following relation which has been sent to me by an intimate friend, whether real or fictitious, is yet so interesting in its nature, so serious in its consequences, and of such importance to society; that I willingly give it a preference above all other matter for this day's paper.

Much has been said of seduction, many affecting verses, and many a pathetic tale, has wrung the heart with pity for the victim, and excited indignation against the perpetrator of so cruel and infamous a crime: yet wherever luxury and dissipation prevail, religious obligations and moral principles become relaxed, temptations are held out, and instances continue to occur. It is therefore the duty of the moralist constantly to hold such pernicious vices up to view, and paint them with such colours as shall most truly exhibit their real deformity; that levity may be corrected, innocence put upon its guard, and the abandoned libertine be assured that however he may succeed for a time in stifling the voice of conscience, he cannot go where he will not meet the execrations of his fellow creatures, be shunned as the plague, and dreaded as the blast of pestilence.

Philadelphia, Dec. 1804.

Dear Easy,

I had no sooner read the first number of your Companion than I thought of composing an essay, which I flattered myself might claim a place in your paper; but feeling diffident of my talent for writing, I sent to our friend SCRUPLE, to beg his advice.—We were scarcely seated before I entered into an explanation of my plan. Upon asking his opinion, he gave it with his usual candour, advising me not *to be in a hurry*, for that to his knowledge, you had abundant materials on hand for several papers to come.—Though the advice was such as might have been expected from one of his frankness, yet my mortification so entirely overcame my politeness, that instead of making a civil return for his sincerity, I sunk into a state of sullen and profound silence. It was however soon interrupted by a familiar rap at my door;—glad of an opportunity which would relieve me from my embarrassment, I instantly rose, and to my astonishment beheld FRANKLY, who had just arrived from Baltimore.—So unexpected a visit was equally agreeable to SCRUPLE and myself.—We began in the same breath by asking a thousand opposite questions, which FRANKLY telling us he would reply to, the moment we would make our enquiries singly, we agreed that he should first draw his chair to the fire, and answer us in our turn.....You may suppose this suspense threw me back into my former confusion, and that SCRUPLE was foremost with his interrogatories...He was beginning, when I saw FRANKLY pass his hand over his eye to hide the tear which glistened in it..forgetting my own uneasiness,..Good heaven! cried I, does FRANKLY weep?..."Yes!" he exclaimed, "and "yet I was in hopes you would not have been a witness "of my tears. Oh! Seduction..damned seduction!"..To SCRUPLE, this exclamation amounted to conviction, and he had just time to say.."Ah! friend, I always "feared that thy gallantry"—but here a stern and impressive look that marked the innocence of FRANKLY, checked the harsh severity of his friend, whose dejection strongly pleaded the repentance of his suspicion.

When FRANKLY had recovered from the first flow of feeling, for which neither honour nor courage ever seeks an apology, he gave us the following relation.....

"This letter," said he, dropping it on the table, "is "a record of the darkest villainy.....EMILIA BENTLY,

" whose beauty was heightened by every accomplishment " of mind and person, has fallen a victim to the artifices " of the man she adored:..her affection for STANLEY, " which admitted no bound to her confidence in his hon- " our, has been abused, and her fame is sacrificed for " ever—scorning for his wife the object of his seduction, " he is bringing EMILIA to this city, to be confined in " the cells of a mad-house!.....If I have wept, it was " because I knew her brother—he was my bosom friend— " but oh! he is gone! and STANLEY lives!"

At this moment an uproar in the street drew our attention from FRANKLY, who springing to the window, exclaimed..Righteous heaven! the villain falls! STANLEY dies!..Hurrying down stairs and mixing with the crowd, we saw the frantic EMILIA forced to the gloomy mansion of melancholy and despair...We were informed she had eluded the vigilance of her keeper, and arming herself with a knife, plunged it into the breast of her betrayer at the instant we saw him fall...Anxious for the fate of the unhappy EMILIA, we determined to follow her to her sad retreat, and, if possible, to excite in her behalf the commiseration of the deluded mob, who unacquainted with the deplorable state of her mind, concluded she was more infamous than the man she had stabbed.

FRANKLY's sensibility had now gained such an ascendancy, that we resolved to leave him, and proceed immediately to the dreary asylum destined for EMILIA.—When arrived, I approached her bed of straw to solicit the keeper's tenderness towards this child of sorrow.—I perceived that her eyes which had first borne all the phrenzied agony of confirmed delirium, began to assume the glassy langour of death.—Unable to bear this scene of misery, I withdrew, desiring one of the attendants to inform me in an hour of her situation;—he came to me in the hall a few minutes before the appointed time, and told me that EMILIA had expired!! Once more I returned to the gloomy cell, but as I approached, the awful silence that slept within it, convinced me that her spirit was at peace! I retired with a sigh, and met FRANKLY in my room, who accounted for EMILIA's death, by assuring me it was hastened by poison, which the expiring STANLEY confessed he had administered to avoid the expence of maintaining her in her late abode.

Shocked by this additional and horrid act of brutal atrocity, we silently indulged the gloom of our indignation, which was only interrupted by sighs for the unfortunate EMILIA!

The evening now drawing to a close, and conversation being suspended by a painful review of the events which occupied our minds, SCRUPLE and FRANKLY left me to ruminate on the weakness and wickedness of our nature.—In the midst of my contemplation, I was called off by the tender pressure of my infant's cheek as she leaned over me from the arms of her nurse, who waited behind my chair to receive the signal for carrying the lovely innocent to bed —Turning to my child, and clasping her in my arms with a pious but an anxious heart, I implored for her the kind and tender care of protecting Providence! —The cherub smile that played upon her countenance as she left me seemed to promise that my prayer was heard, and that she should live to reward the blessing and affection of her Father.—

Looking around, and perceiving that I was now secure from further interruption, I began seriously to reflect upon the causes of seduction, and the fatal consequences that attend it. The passions of the human breast, which nature intended for its happiness, if properly modified and controuled by reason; are frequently exposed to the influence of vicious example, which often misleads the mind, and contaminates the heart. When the restraints of education yield to the imperious call of action on the wide theatre of the world, the energies of man assume an independent right over the exercise of his future habits and pursuits. Fascinated by the display of luxury and the glowing descriptions of intrigue, it too frequently happens that his first study is to affect an air of fashion, and become an accomplished rake. It is in the higher circles of life that we are therefore to trace the fashionable excesses of gallantry, and hold the libertine up to scorn. He is known generally by his irregular and dissolute conduct, notwithstanding the plausible affectation of sentiment which sometimes serves to hide the grossness of his desires, and the treachery of his views. Though callous, selfish, and designing, he appears tender, liberal, and artless. When by masked and deliberate approaches he has led the unsuspicious heart to receive his addresses, he uses every stratagem for the ruin of his victim. In the tender moments of interview, when even refinement may yield to the confidential but innocent endearments of affection, he disarms the heart by the feigned ardour of his passion, and destroying the last trembling balance between repulsion and assent, drives virtue for ever from her throne.

It is not easy to conceive that ladies who have been taught from the earliest period of their lives to view modesty as the brightest gem of female character, should ever consent to sacrifice the most attractive quality they possess. It is by their natural timidity, and bashful apprehension of yielding to illicit pleasures, that man is

charmed, and his whole soul is made to feel the engaging power of delicacy and love. When these sentiments are overruled by the impetuosity of sensual appetite, the heart grows corrupt, while the loss of honour completes the agonies of conscience, by leaving it a prey to shame and remorse.

There can be no palliation offered for seduction. It not only attatches disgrace to the parties themselves, but frequently involves the most near and amiable relatives in unextinguishable grief and despair.——

I have here disclosed to you my reflections on a vice which ought ever to be viewed with horror by society; and as your paper has expressed a preference for literary and moral communications, I have chosen it as the best medium for exhibiting in strong colours to the public, a practice, which however common in Europe, has not yet, I hope, gained much countenance in America.

MALCOLM.

Mr. Easy,

The following letters are yours, to do with them what you please.

They have lain by me some time. In the early part of my life I happened to meet with some letters in the amatory style; and at a moment when my feelings in some degree harmonised with them, I wrote these effusions.—The public would not be gratified by knowing who the retired Constantius is.——

My dearest Eliza,

I have always been of opinion that in making choice of a partner for life, the greatest deliberation should be observed. We should neither be dazzled by the radiance of beauty, nor blinded by the glare of wit; but before our first impressions have cloathed the fond object in the attributes of perfection, we should coolly and dispassionately ask the question of ourselves, "Does she possess those essentials which are necessary to make me happy? will that ardent flame which I now feel, in the absence of those qualities which are fleeting, settle into even, respectful love? in fine, does she possess that good sense and good temper, and is there between us that conformity of disposition and unity of sentiment, which can alone insure connubial bliss, and smooth the asperities of life?" In this decision no sordid considerations, no traffic of vows, should mingle their influence; but it should be the reciprocation of love, the exchange of souls.—With these sentiments, which from long habit have become a second nature—I saw you—felt the strong influence of your charms—and after long deliberation and cloistered meditation, I am deeply affected with the belief, that sharing life with you will give it a relish, which wanting, I never shall taste—deign then, my dearest Eliza, to accept the *first offerings* of a heart devoted to you alone, on the most honourable and noble principles.

Flattery I detest—false professions are in the highest degree mean and abject—and I know you would be disgusted with the lover who by his self-abasement and servile supplications would disgrace you as a husband.—But if one feelingly conscious of your many virtues and attractions; who has often witnessed with delight your tender, amiable softness, rendered still more lovely by your grace and beauty—who has often admired your embellished understanding, and endearing benignity of disposition—and if one who has always endeavoured to regulate his conduct by the principles of strict honour and morality;—whose greatest happiness would be to make you happy—if such a one could interest your affections;—such I think you would ever find me, and may there be no countervailing objection to your most sincere lover!

This I hope,—that if ever you possibly could have put a construction on any part of my deportment, unfavourable to these my most sacred professions;—if ever you could suppose me inconstant from the little jealousies of love, which like the shade pursue the substance, prove its strength, and are the test of its purity—if ever you could have entertained the least suspicion of the ardor of my passion, because I never disclosed it in the artificial bombast, in the base coin of counterfeit passion—extravagant rapture.—If any act of my life could in your eyes so slander my heart, do but permit me to vindicate my passion, which has long been ardent and is immutable. And if, oh! if you doom me, which heaven avert! to despond; only tell me how I might have been happy, and though it be too late to hope for you by the strictest conformity to your will, I shall even in despair have some alleviation, from the proud reflection that I might *once* have atchieved my dearest Eliza.

Fearful forebodings and pressing anxieties, alternately check and urge me, when I would make a request which would form a new epoch in my life—

Do, quickly release my suspense, bid me be happy, or ——forgive me the pain of indicting my own sentence.

Your devoted lover, CONSTANTIUS.

If our female readers have no objection to the sentiments of love, when accompanied with reason and good sense; we will continue the letters of *Constantius*.

From Moir's discourses on some of the most striking circumstances in the present Phenomena of the world, we present our readers with the following interesting paragraphs; in which improper, or neglected education is assigned as one great cause of that immorality which prevails so greatly in the circles of modern society.—Published in London—1796.

Whence, (says this writer) all this fastidious shyness and delicacy in rearing youth, without leading them thro' all the graceful decencies of a manly and rational piety! Are you afraid of making them wise and good too soon, of announcing them too early as pledges to the world for the purity of their future conduct, of imprinting on their ductile minds at too tender an age the deepest sense of moral responsibility, and of eagerly embracing the first opportunity to insure their interest in the affection and good will of the wisest and best, and make them objects of respect and veneration to the worst?

Nothing can better direct you as guardians of the rising generation, and trustees for posterity in what you owe to your tender charge, than a frequent and accurate review of yourselves, the principles which regulate your temper, and the motives which form and govern your manners. You are individually and solemnly bound by every possible tie, to detatch and wean their rash and sanguine partialities, from pursuits which have degraded your faculties, from scenes which have prematurely anticipated your passions, from temptations which have subdued your integrity, from professions which have abused your credulity, from sentiments which have left you a prey to perfidy, from books, companions, spectacles, and all the pageantry of false pleasure which entangle, depress, and impair your rational and moral natures!

Do you feel every day and every hour the pernicious consequence of trifling with the quiet, the convenience, and the comfort of each other, with the peace of your own minds, with that harmony of concord which constitutes the supreme felicity of earth and heaven! And can you suffer those little ones, who are formed by what you are, and have no rule or directory but what they gather from your conduct and commands, to imbibe and cherish the seeds of a disposition thus desultory and turbulent!

Indeed all that is false, and base, and contemptible, in public and private, is the obvious and inevitable effect of this testy, unthinking, frivolous turn of mind. With whatever appendages of fortune, fashion, gaiety, youth, beauty, or wit, we may sometimes see it flashing, in circles of dissipation, scenes of gallantry, and places of promiscuous resort, festivity or intrigue; it is an infallible badge of insignificance, of folly, or of guilt. It wants the coolness of reflection, the generosity of sentiment, the reserve of decency, the attention of wisdom, and the nerve of virtue. It has neither vigour, sincerity, nor resolution. It conciliates one moment by kindness, and by unkindness kills another. Its transitions, like the variable temperature of our climate, are too sudden to be acceptable, and too much in extremes to be safe. Now it abounds in all that can melt and charm the affections; is tender, open, fond, accommodating; but soon chills to the heart by its distance, its closeness, its frigidity, or its aversion!

What can be expected from minds for ever in a flutter or a ferment, alternately victims of levity which admits of no check, and passions, which submit to no controul, but peevishness, apathy, inconstancy of affection, capricious preferences, and incorrigible hearts? And it is nonsense to look for the usual effects from a mechanism thus universally deranged. Can the scenes we habitually witness be other than deformed, while occupied by such actors? Is it any wonder to see men wicked and wretched, whose infancy is thus misled? Why in any degree surprized at social depravity, while we every where behold so little attention bestowed on the first indications of human intellect; or that life made up of such empty, undisciplined, unmanageable creatures, should be found a chaos of so much guilt and misery as it is.

Mr. Easy,

On Saturday last, an intimate female friend of mine came bouncing into the room where I was sitting, with a paper in her hand; "Maria," said she (laughing as she spoke) "have you read the Desultory sketches from the common-place book of an Old Batchelor, in this morning's COMPANION?" "No," replied I; she then, handing me the paper, and pointing out the place, waited patiently until I had read it—"Well," said she, "what do you think of the Batchelor's sketches? he tries to be mighty droll about matrimony; dont he?" "Yes," replied I, "and like many of his brother Batchelors, says a great deal about that which he knows nothing of, and tries to persuade the younger of his own sex, who may have an inclination for matrimony, that it is in general productive of broils, quarrels, and other mishaps."——

"I think," replied my friend, "I know who this old Batchelor is, and that he is neither more nor less than my papa's former friend *Zachary Handlecash*, who was once upon the point of marriage with Miss Priscilla Prudence; but, thinking too long about the matter, and making numerous calculations of the expence of house-keeping, &c.; Mr Worthy step'd in, and carried off the prize; he

pretended to be pleased with the match, and spoke of Mr. Worthy in the highest terms, but I have been credibly told, that he has never spoken to either of them since.—

His visits were very frequent at our house about this time, to consult papa about matrimony; and, as I was but small, I was suffered to stay in the room, and hear their conversation, the topic of which was always the same, for Mr. Zachary would talk of nothing else; and at length papa grew very tired, and sometimes would fall asleep in the midst of his harangue.——But, one evening in particular, I remember well, when he with a very serious face asked this question, "Do you think, Mr.—— that I could be happy with Miss Prudence, when married? The question roused papa out of a dose;—teized beyond bearing,—and looking him full in the face—he replied, "No, Sir, I do not think a person of your disposition could be happy even in heaven." Mr. Zachary looked blank for a few moments, rose in silence from his seat, took up his hat, and withdrew. After a few minutes my father exclaimed, "Heaven, I thank thee that thou hast not created in me the disposition of AN OLD BATCHELOR."——Since that time I believe he has given over the thoughts of marriage as being too expensive.——

Thus ended the conversation between me and my friend, which I have forwarded to you, to publish, if you think proper, for the amusement of the Batchelor.

Your's sincerely,

MARIA.

Nov. 30th. 1804.

Mr. Easy,

The perusal of Trifler's dream, as related in the Companion No. 2, brought to my recollection the sentiments of an instructive author, whose writings upon the subject of dreams imply that there are three kinds, viz. some proceeding from the business or pursuits a person is engaged in when awake, and others excited by a good or evil spirit acting upon the mind when asleep. From which of these sources the dream alluded to might arise, I certainly cannot determine, but have been induced to suppose the Trifler must have observed something similar to his dream acted in real life, or that he has from some cause or other been led to consider it as an evil happening to man, for him to get *married*—or that he has been accustomed to view the matrimonial state in some such unfavourable light; as it can hardly be supposed that his falling asleep under the disagreeable sensations occasioned by the unlucky skirmish he describes among the cats, could instigate him to dream "he was married," unless his mind had some how or other been predisposed thereto.—However that may be, my thoughts respecting the state of matrimony, I confess to be different; and whenever I indulge a waking reverie on that or any other subject, my imagination chuses to recreate in the more smooth and flowery paths of life. Whether owing to solacing myself in this way, or whether excited by the influence of some good genius propitious to my happiness, I cannot tell; but after relaxing the cares and business of the day in company with several young persons of both sexes, the female part of whom were peculiarly agreeable, I retired seasonably to rest, under the pleasing sensations occasioned by their amiableness; and Morpheus soon closing my eyes, the following dream was presented. Methought I beheld a venerable figure of a man advancing towards me, who on coming near, asked me if I wished to be married. I told him I had no objection, provided I could meet with some virtuous fair one, with whom our love toward each other could be mutual, adding some prudential preliminaries: with such a person, I said, I should be willing to enter into the marriage contract. He said, perhaps I looked for something more than mortal in a woman, some miracle of perfection, existing no where upon earth but in a Trifler's brain.—I told him it was not so, but if I might have my choice of those in whose company I had spent the preceding evening, (though attatched to neither of them by the passion of love) I thought it would meet my utmost wish upon the matrimonial score; he told me it was granted, I might proceed—I soon made up my mind, and made my choice; when after some previous ceremony, with mutual esteem and affection, we entered into the bands of matrimony. Being thus met and united together, I considered her as a *blessing from heaven*, and felt a stimulus to act worthy of such a favour; which consequently led me to a consistency of conduct I never had so fully experienced before; and against which I am induced to believe no reasonable or well disposed woman would ever persevere in opposing; though sometimes through frailty or cross occurrences which happen in life, a little chagrin might arise; yet prudence mixed with kindness on our part would soon disperse the cloud, and peace and harmony resume their sway. In fine, I found in my fair one, all I could expect or desire in a female friend and companion, we became daily more attatched to each other, and our cares no less than our own comfort served to cement the union; until becoming as it were one in mind, some even asserted we grew alike in person.

I remember also we had sons and daughters, but how many I do not now recollect; and they served greatly to

enhance our felicity. Those among them who resembled their mother I thought the most lovely; and I observed she sat great store by those that resembled me.—To enter into trifling particulars, and recount the many kind offices reciprocally bestowed, would require a diary instead of a communication of this kind. How her countenance brightenned when I returned from abroad; her interrogatories respecting my absence being those of kindness and affection, were in like manner answered. If I chose to regale with a segar, I was under no restriction—If we visited together, I was under no fear of being embarrassed or disconcerted by her conduct. If our friends visited us, her complacency delighted me.—The children being early taught submission, gave no disturbance to the company by their noise or refractory behaviour; their humour and pleasantry was often diverting.—

Thus were we journeying on through life, happy as consistent with the present state of being—when the watchman bawling louder than common, *Past two o'clock*, just under my window, I awoke; when lo! to my unspeakable regret, I found it was all *a dream*.

TOM THOUGHTFUL.

Dear Mr. Easy,

I never was better pleased with any of your observations than those in the last number, on card-playing. All my friends are quite delighted with your remarks on such a stupid practice. None but old mammas and grandmammas, and old aunts, and old maids, are fond of it; and if *they only* played all their lives at loo, it would be no matter; for they might as well do that as talk scandal, or scold us young girls: but the worst of it is, they get the young men among them, and keep them close to the table for hours together, while we sit moping in a corner, or walk from one part of the room to another by ourselves, without a beau to say smart things, or pay us a single compliment in a whole evening. There was my favourite swain no sooner appeared at Mrs. Shuffle's party the other night, than they laid hold on him, and would not let him move from his seat for five hours—poor fellow, how I did pity him—he lost all the time, and I don't wonder at it, for he kept looking at me instead of minding the game. Indeed I never heard of a young man winning any thing during a whole season; and if they don't say they lose, we can see it well enough—not that they mind it, but I think it too bad that they should lose their money and our society also; which I am sure they like much better. Well, thank heaven! the Assemblies are beginning, and we shall have some enjoyment once in a fortnight; but I should'nt wonder if loo was introduced there before the winter's over, for it seems to me they can't live one evening without it. We have no private dances, no entertainments of music or conversation; nothing but loo, loo, loo, night after night all the season. I suppose they mean that we shall follow their example when we grow old, for they don't show us any other way to pass our leisure hours, and they don't seem to think there is any other way to spend an evening. But I declare now, sincerely, I wish I may never be married if I ever play at loo, or meddle at all with cards as long as I live, that's what I won't. I wish there was not a card in the world, and that there never were any; none but a foolish old batchelor, or formal old maid could have invented such nonsensical amusement.

What I say to you, Mr. Easy, is the sentiment of us all, and if you can put an end to such tiresome insipid stuff, you shall be my Knight, and shall always be well spoken of by yours, BIDDY FIDGET.

P. S. Some of the old dutchesses are deucedly vext, and threaten to answer you, and cry down the *Companion*. But never mind what they say—we'll support you, and I'll warrant you we have more influence with your readers, especially the younger part of them, than they have—so you need not fear what they can do, while you have us on your side.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

"If I am not ashamed of my soldiers," says old Jack Falstaff, describing his tatterdemallion troop, "I'm a sous'd gurnet." And, I believe, many a commander of a theatric troop may, with the greatest propriety, say the same; for the service is not only disgraced by young recruits, who never were sent to drill, but there are even veterans, who, having beat the march through many a tough campaign, deserve to be punished for neglect of duty.

There was a veteran in the Norwich company, a very eccentric character, who was a tolerable classical scholar. So proud was he of his literary attainments, that he embraced every opportunity of displaying his learning; but, to his shame, he never perfectly learnt any of his parts. He had formerly been a bombardier in the train of artillery, which caused him to adopt, on all occasions, when he was deficient in his character the phrase of "Blow me out of the world!"

As he was one evening walking in the part of the Earl of Richmond with all his train where he should have said—

"Thus far into the bowels of the land," &c.

But his words were—"Thus far into the bowels of the *earth*—I say I have got thus far into the bowels of the

earth—but—but—Blow me out of the world if I can get an inch further."

ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

LORD BARRIMORE.

The late Lord Barrimore, who had as many odd pranks as most men, was once riding through Abingdon, when seeing an old woman standing in the street, and looking at him with a face of enquiry, as if to know who he was, he determined to have a little talk with her, and thus opened his address. "I am told, Madam, that Mr. Esculapius, the apothecary of your town, is dead, and that Mr. Boreas has married the widow."—Lord, Sir, I never heard of the gentlefolk; there was an outlandish person that travelled this country some years agone, with some such cramp name as *Borus*, who I am told, is settled in the *North*."—"He did wisely, as he could not find any point in the compass so congenial to his purposes: suffer me to ask you, Madam, if you ever see any of his children in these parts, Master *Zephyrus*, or *Favonius*, or the little *Breezes*?"—"He never had but one son, Sir, and they say he lives in Lunnun, in Houndsditch."—"Houndsditch! that is as much as to say, Madam, that the young gentleman is gone to the dogs."—"*A nan, Sir*,"—"My dear lady, I did not mean that for *a nan*, but *a sally*."

THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT.

At the sale of effects of a deceased clergyman in the west of England, his library was sold for three pounds, and the liquors in his cellar for 276l. The *letter* killeth, but the *spirit* giveth life.

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull, than did an honest John; who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my soul, I do not know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

A REPLY AND REJOINDER.

A. "Sir, I am heartily rejoiced to see you look so well." *B.* "Sir, you are a gentleman." *A.* "Sir, I wish I could say the same of you." *B.* "So you may, and *without telling a lie*, as I did, God forgive me for it."

An Irishman ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him standing behind a tree.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of those beautiful verses in this paper which came without a signature, and which we have distinguished by the letter B, is earnestly invited to continue his favours.

The productions of X. we shall always be happy to insert. He that can write so well upon *indifference*, will never be perused with indifference by any intelligent reader.

LEANDER's verses, which were promised in our last, are altered perfectly to our satisfaction. If the taste of our readers accords with our own, they will be highly gratified.

MISS FIDGET came rather late; but she shall always have as good a place in our paper as we can give her, when she chuses to write on the same subject.

ERRATUM.—*In our last number, 5th line from the bottom of the piece over the signature of Constantius, for* lost *read* tost.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO INDIFFERENCE.

Indifference! guardian of the breast,
Still will I court thy envied rest,
And transient joy resign;
My care-worn mind of sorrow ease,
Nor dread the scowling eye that sees
A vot'ry at thy shrine.

Wak'd by the infant beams of day,
Young Fancy shall no more display
Insidious to my view,
The bright eyed troop in Pleasure's maze,
Where soft'ning Beauty wooes the gaze
Of ev'ry eye that's new.

Thee, shall Imagination's throng
Ne'er charm to join the syren song,
Their airy hopes inspire;
The wild disturbers of the brain,
Can have no place among the train
That to thy shade retire.

Bound in the fetters thou shalt choose,
Each gay idea let me lose,
That wastes reflection's hour;
Pass thro' the world's tumultuous throng,
Unseen, unheeded move along,
And gain thy envied bow'r.

There teach me by thy magic spell,
Each agonising thought to quell,
And close my waking eyes;
But when I've learn'd to conquer care,
Oh! scatter too my joys in air,
And melt them with my sighs.

True happy state of real ease,
When naught can wound, when naught can please,
When passions cease their reign;
Bind round my heart thy closest ties,
It leaves the world, to thee it flies!
And ceases to complain.

X.

On the death of a young Lady, distinguished for her benevolence and her charities.

O weep ye poor, bewail your loss,
Alas! alas! ye weep in vain;
Long as life's stormy tempests toss
Your feeble barks on seas of pain.

O where is she, your guardian, friend,
The staff of age, the ease of care;
No more the dying couch she'll tend,
Nor kindly dry the widow's tear.

There runs the stream, there waves the wood,
By which at eve she oft was seen;
Now list'ning to the mountain flood,
Now tripping o'er the meadow green.

No more will she those pleasures share,
Which, but for her ye ne'er had known;
No more she'll lend the pitying ear,
And sigh for sorrows not her own,

Heav'n has in mercy ta'en the maid,
As morn's breath pure, as lily fair;
In the cold grave her form is laid,
To sleep in silence ever there. E.

BALLAD.

Hark! the tempests, angry roar!
Sleep, affrighted flies from Nancy;
Some one taps her cottage door,
Pleasing thoughts rush on her fancy.

Now her heart is all alarms,
Quick she flies, her bosom beating;
While with eager out stretch'd arms,
Her lov'd Ben, she thinks she's meeting.

"To this longing heart once more,
Ah my love! and shall I hold thee?
Happy on thy native shore,
Shall these arms again enfold thee?"

Fancy, all her bosom warms—
Now she hears his tender greeting;
Now she opens wide her arms,
Fondly his lov'd name repeating.

"Come my love the wind blows cold,
Fast the rain falls, pouring on thee;
Let me thy dear form behold,
Haste, it is thy true love calls thee."

Mark the quick successive sighs,
Nancy's wretched bosom rending;
From the lovely mourners eyes,
See the tears of grief descending.

Trembling now with anxious fears,
Wild, she calls upon her lover;
Now his well known voice she hears,
On the breeze it seems to hover—

"Lovely Nancy grieve no more,
Still thy bosom's sad emotion;
Weeping cannot Ben restore,
He lies burried in the ocean!

Soon alas! thy joys are fled,
Soon thy promis'd bliss is over;
In his cold and wat'ry bed,
Wretched Nancy seek thy lover!"

Frantic to the beach she flew,
Wild and breathless with emotion;
Louder still the tempest grew;
Higher swell'd the waves of ocean.

Fiercer storms distract her mind,
Still she hears him in her fancy;
Whispering on the passing wind,
"Whither stays my lovely Nancy?"

Surges lash th' affrighted shore,
Nancy hears their loud commotion;
Then upon her Ben once more
Call'd and plung'd into the ocean. LEANDER.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

'Tis not scenes of festive pleasure,
Splendid equipage and dress,
Hoarded heaps of glitt'ring treasure,
Can bestow true happiness.

No, the sweetest joy arises
From domestic dear delights;
Where the peace that virtue prizes,
With attractive pow'r unites,

Far from scenes of sad vexation,
Happy they who can remove,
To their tranquil habitation,
Blest with competence and love.

Where good nature ever smiling,
Kindles joy in ev'ry heart;
And affection, grief beguiling,
Sweetest pleasure can impart.

Piety the scene adorning,
With a lustre all divine,
Brings to view the glorious morning,
When their joys shall brighter shine.

Earth's delights at best are fleeting,
Ev'ry pleasure has its pain;
But when these are all retreating,
'Tis to bloom more fair again.

O how lovely is the dwelling,
Where such joys as these abound;
Each enjoyment sure foretelling,
All with glory shall be crown'd. B.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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"Now enters overweening pride,
And scandal ever gaping wide;
And vanity with pocket-glass,
And impudence with front of brass;
And studied affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame."——

SWIFT.

My dear Easy,

The flattering picture you have drawn of your friend, and which you have held up to the public with all the execution of a master, would have called for an earlier acknowledgment had I conceived it to be a correct resemblance of the original: but you have added such glowing colours, to such captivating symmetry, that while the world admits your nice composition of the pleasing proportion of nature, it can never suspect the humble character whom your partiality has described.—Our early and undeviating intimacy alone can account for your good opinion, and it is an assimilation of sentiment that now induces me to appear in your paper, and imitate your example by endeavouring to excite a taste for improvement.

A military life is perhaps one of the best introductions to genteel society, and it being my fate to adopt it as a profession, the calls of actual service have not lately so far interfered with my peaceable avocations, as to preclude me from an equal participation of the enjoyments of company.—Indeed I have been so long accustomed to the effeminate habits of modern beaus, and the romantic strain of fashionable belles, that I have lost the asperities of the soldier, and can now lisp a compliment, or breathe away a sigh, with as good an emphasis as the most accomplished of my associates. I shall therefore be excused by the gentlemen in the course of my strictures, if they recollect that I have the candour to declare myself in some degree participating their frivolities, and as for the ladies, they possess such a stoical fund of good nature, that they will only smile at a general exposition of their foibles, while each one can screen herself from imputation by passing it to her neighbour.

I shall now then address my remarks to those gentlemen, who have an exclusive privilege of being considered little more than the gaudy appendages of fashion, and who regard intellectual endowment as a certain bar to the easy and insipid monotony of their lives.

The first thought that rushes on the mind of a *Fribble*, after sleeping away the best part of a morning, is not to thank heaven for sparing him one day longer in the routine of idleness and folly, but how to adjust the graces of his person, and insure the success of imaginary conquest:—full of the idea, he leaps in an instant to his toilet, and straddling before the glass with all the studied attitudes he means to display in the course of his subsequent exhibition.—The hair is negligently rubbed up with his fingers, instead of a comb, to resemble the head of Brutus, whom he perhaps never heard of till mentioned by his hairdresser; the tooth-brush is next applied to the sooty funnel of the chimney which furnishes a substitute for more extravagant dentifrice; and when the true arch is given to the ruffle of his shirt, ramming his fists into his breeches pockets, he struts down to the breakfast table with the same air he would into Ranelagh or the Thuilleries. The tea is no sooner poured out, than the affable talents of this modern gallant are immediately displayed. In a querulous voice he begs a little more sugar to his cup, and if even his sister should help him, he is so engaged in the study of compliment, that he bows his head, and casting up his eyes, conveys her a silent kiss from the very end of his finger. If the newspaper be handed to him, he first looks for a duelling paragraph, not that he likes fighting, but because he detests the lengthy and partial accounts of mercenary compilers. After perusing the advertisements, and ascertaining where the most admired finery may be

purchased, he ushers forth to make his bargain, trusting for his political information to those whom he may accidentally meet with in the course of his lounge. Revolving in his mind the various and contradictory reports of the morning, he is able with the assistance of a glass of wine, and his self-sufficiency after dinner, to tire his company, not only with a repetition of what they all know, but with his ignorance of those very countries that form the subject of his remarks. Mistaking the polite silence of his guests for an unqualified admiration of his talents, he is elated with the presumptuous prospect of giving equal entertainment to the ladies, among whom his impudence or their politeness may unfortunately lead him for the remainder of the evening. No sooner do the eyes of the gay circle announce his arrival, and the whisper of derision is circulated from one to another, than self-love assures him it must be the confidential communication of irresistible partiality. Encouraged by the delusion, he experiences half a dozen apologies before he can meet with a partner who will condescend to join him in the dance; but his vanity being proof against the shock of mortification, neither the rapidity of his steps, nor the grimace of his features, are in the least composed by what he considers rather the effect of accident, than design. If however, a suspension of his favourite exercise should ensue, and rational conversation be proposed, he feels no interest in the change, and tripping from the room without paying the smallest respect to those who honoured him with attention, he swaggers to a tavern, and meeting a fellow coxcomb, mysteriously insinuates to him an intrigue, of which he believes as little as the false hero of his own romance.

It may perhaps be imagined by some of your readers who profess christian charity for this species of mankind, that my description is exaggerated by a natural propensity for satire, or the hope of acquiring a reputation for talents; but as it is also possible that ill nature and ignorance may be leagued in such a conclusion, I shall entreat them not to draw any unfair inference against the writer, lest the public be convinced by the lively interest they express for the disgrace of others, that their own consciences are tremblingly alive to the fear of correction.

Let me now return to the fair circle which our fopling has just left, and on my own confession enjoy for once a little scandal, which is not inseparable even from the best and loveliest of the works of Heaven. As it is common for the easy and undisguised affability of the sex to invite familiar and candid enquiry, it seldom happens, that the sweetness of their temper is discomposed by an exposition of truth, although some of their companions should be sufferers by the disclosure. "What think you, Frankly," said Rosa, whispering to me behind her fan, and glancing her eye at Chloris, who sat not very far from us, "tell me, oh pray, Captain, tell me what you think of her?" Thrown off my guard by such sweet and pressing persuasion, I candidly told her all I thought—and as I have no objection that the world should be informed of the whole of our conversation, you are at liberty to publish it. Think, said I? why your very question assures me we cannot differ in opinion. Oh! Rosa, if the qualities of the mind and heart were as happily blended in others, as they are in you, man would at once be subdued by the irresistible attractions of the sex, and forever restrained from censure, by thinking only of their perfection. But it is unfortunately otherwise, and Chloris proves that beauty may disgust, and even the name of woman forfeit its claim to respect. The natural grace and charms of her person are so tortured by affectaation, that her attempt to please, destroys the very pleasure she wishes to inspire, and instead of exciting the admiration she confidently looks for, she is not unfrequently mortified to observe that flattery is backward in its tribute, and oftner bestowed on another than herself. Vain of her volubility, which she mistakes for talents, her conversation is frequently rendered unintelligible by the rhapsody of sentiment collected from romances, and injudiciously woven with her discourse. Thinking herself qualified to engage indiscriminately in studies which are far beyond her capacity, she endeavours to establish a reputation for literary acquirements, before she is well able to digest the simple details of a novel. Trusting to her own judgment for the selection of her library; Watson's Elements, Mary Wolstoncraft, Thomas Little, and many others equally incongruous are bought, either to bewilder the understanding, or corrupt the heart—The ill-grounded, but confident opinion of her own superiority, while it attracts the contempt of her female companions, finds a ready excuse in its assumed independence, and affects to despise their neglect for the exclusive enjoyment of the society of men. Prepared as she imagines for double conquest, should she fail to inspire respect for her mental accomplishments, which is by no means improbable, she instantly summonses to her aid all the blandishments of insinuation and art; coldly calculating by the studied proficiency she has made in her analysis of the passions and frailties of the human breast, that man is not callous at least to beauty, and may be made the wretched victim of his own sensibility. Every look, every action, every attention, which she has so often practised to ensure the do-

minion of her charms, are all acted over again, and when she has secured the blind devotion of her captive, she rejects him with a malicious triumph, but condescends at last to enroll him on the list of her discarded lovers. Here I was checked in the very height of my declamation, by perceiving that my sweet little listener began to tremble like an aspin leaf; and on enquiring the cause of her alarm—"Oh, dear Captain," said she, "you quite terrify me by your description. For pity's sake do not think so unkindly of my sex, indeed—indeed you must not treat her so!" A tear of sweet compassion instantly trembled in her eye, and my tongue would have articulated—lovely woman! but tender sympathy drowned the words, while Rosa marked their meaning in my eye!

You may suppose, my dear Easy, that I felt a temporary compunction for having suffered my candour to betray the least sentiment unfavourable to any of the sex, however justly I might have felt myself acquitted by a conviction of her errors. Althongh my profession induces me to consider gallantry an unequivocal passport to favour, there is one principle of the heart that I could never yet sacrifice at the shrine of adulation, and that is—*sincerity*. If my representation of Chloris, should unfortunately for my repose, be ascribed to one for whom it was not intended, I shall ever regret the distress which unintentional injury may inflict on suffering innocence. Smile not at this penitential apology, for though as a writer I am bound to correct the faults of society, and apply the sting of satire when it is provoked, I am not bound to inflict it unjustly, or perpetuate the wound.

As it is the province of the satyrist to censure, so it is likewise his policy to console; and I feel peculiarly happy in being able to conclude my letter by assuring you, that there are few cities of the size of Baltimore, where there may not be found *as many Fribbles, and some few who would answer the description of Chloris.*

FRANKLY.

To Eliza.

On receiving yours my sensations were beyond the power of description—I have read it over a thousand times.—In the first moments of disappointed love I abandoned myself to the blackest despair, resolving to suffer in silence rather than increase the pain I knew you would feel on reflecting you were the cause of the misery of one to whom you could only administer happiness, but with the sacrifice of your own—and altho' I could no longer indulge a hope of calling you mine, yet such are the immutable, tender sentiments your charms have inspired, that I would rather suffer all the complications of torture than disturb for one moment the peace of your breast.

By the mysterious organisation of the human mind the most violent grief will oft bring to itself some alleviation.—After my first emotions had subsided—I recurred to your letter—read it over and over again—and reflected on it's contents, and tho' alas! its language is too decissive—I endeavoured to give it a different import—and supposed motives for your conduct which my unfeigned devotion to you might remove—and when I would bring before my views the many moments of rapture I have spent in your company—when I would connect your letter with some little hope-inspiring incidents perhaps only the fantasies of my delusive passion, like the fevered patient eagerly looking for the cheering morn I would persuade myself I saw some faint dawning in the shades of night itself.

These distracting reflections have induced me once more to address you on a subject which is nearest my heart.——In matters of such serious importance as that of chusing an associate thro' life, in prosperity and adversity, I have always thought there should be the greatest candour, and that there should be between the parties the most perfect knowledge of each other. But this is so seldom the case, that an overweening anxiety to veil our faults and display whatever we think will recommend us, is generally expected, and in forming an opinion of us, your sex allowing for false colouring, derogate so much from our merits when we act under these sentiments.——This is but a poor return for that ingenuous conduct I know you highly value—for I am confident you will agree with me that he is unworthy of success, who endeavours by any means whatsoever to deceive in the sacred relation of a lover.

So scrupulous have I been in this particular, (believe me the more readily because I seldom make declarations,) that I have sometimes I am afraid run into the opposite extreme lest you might suppose me to practise guile—But you will say these are hollow declarations, and in so important a decision my deportment alone should be your guide—disbelieve me—call me vain, artful, designing.—But do not form an opinion of me from one act of my life—do vouchsafe to compare every part of my conduct with the context, and the context such as it may present itself to you with the opinion of those who from long intamacy—when under no restraint; may with less discernment than yourself, have formed a more correct judgement.

If you doubt the sincerity of my professions, test them by every expedient your ingenuity can inflict—make the severest trials of me, and you but increase my passion.—For dear as I love you—as essensial as I feel you to be to

my happiness, I could never consent to make you mine before I gained your heart—how then could I wish *you* to accept *my* professions without being first assured of their sincerity?

But where will my passion lead me? Perhaps while the dear object, shall I say, of my misplaced love, will read these lines, she will be disgusted with my arrogant vanity and in stead of the throbbing pulse of sympathy she will feel the indignant glow of insulted pride—Perhaps that heavenly countenance which was wont to diffuse cheerfulness and happiness to all around, when next I see her will with studied gravity for ever crush my faint remaining hopes just immerged from despair? When these foreboding reflections cross my mind I am ready to destroy what I have written and resolve for ever to dispel the pleasing dream of attaining you.

But my passion which is now the ruling principle of my soul, in defiance of every consideration—of supersilious scorns which I dread next to the tortures of the damned,—impels me to solicit from you a further and clearer explanation.

I therefore request you will speedily inform me whether I must for ever renounce the hope, without which in the present state of my mind, my future life appears a dreary waste—widowed of every joy—the hope of one day calling the most engaging of women mine.—

If a passion which has been enkindled in my breast by your personal attractions alone—not the offspring of the giddy moment, but the gradual growth of years—if a perfect willingness to indulge any trials for the test of its sincerity—if an anxious desire consistently with a manly sense of self respect, in every particular, to conform to your will,—if an ardent unabating wish to promote your happiness—if these be qualities which could *now* have any influence, be assured I possess them—and if one who feels subdued and humbled by the power of your charms, and who yeilds to their dominion without any reserve, confident you will never debase a lover to exalt him a husband—if for such a one there is yet one ray of hope, only condescend to impart it and my soul reanimated will catch the glad moment of proving the truth of my vows.

"Yours forbids me the liberty and I have refrained throughout my letter; but pardon what my lips, dwelling on the sweet sound as long as possible often pronounce with the most impassioned emphasis—pardon me in concluding perhaps the last letter you will ever permit me to write to you. Oh pardon me the liberty of once more calling you "*my dearest.*"

CONSTANTIUS.

DESULTORY SKETCHES

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF AN OLD BATCHELOR.

Reason and Instinct——Shall we not see man blush to find himself referred to the brute creation for instruction in the most essential duties of his nature!—We pride ourselves on superiority of sentiment—We draw the sword of reason from its scabbard with ostentatious pride, and expose it under such a light as favours all its radiance. These are advantages which *instinct*, sufficient for all useful purposes, gives not to the brutes. The brute possesses the rough gem; he wears it as it comes forth from the mine, enveloped in its crust; but let us examine it, and we shall find it wants only the artist's hand to clean and cut it, to discover all its beauties. Man, vain as he is of his reason, knows full well that its beauties are not more bright than delicate; the least accident, the breath, the touch of a finger, dims its lustre. One would be glad to know then on what foundation it is, that man treats the faculties of brutes with this high contempt; faculties which, if less glaring, are at least less liable to error than his own.

Nature, impartial and uniform, has established an original law, comprehending every animal and engraven on every heart. The lion, the tyger, and the subtle fox, are strangers to every other law, and with this they punctually comply, whilst man has *reasoned* upon the text, till he is no longer capable of reading it.

Without chicane on the terms *instinct* and *reason*, I am content to grant the preference to the latter, notwithstanding the former continually affords such admirable lessons to reason. Reason may be more sure it its notions, but can it be allowed to be so constant, so simple, in its operations?

——To the school of nature let us resort—her doctrines are not reducible to empty sounds, but are strong with proofs and with examples. Instead of imposing on you by delusive sophisms, you are convinced by simple realities. Open your eyes then, and see; seeing, consider; and considering, amend.

The lioness, the most carnivorous of the brute creation, having brought forth her young in a den which she had carefully chosen to secure them from the weather, does not imagine that after their birth her concern with them is at an end—far from leaving them to the care of a stranger, she herself supplies their necessities; no sooner are they capable of eating, than she scours the wilds to procure them food; she accounts not to have discharged her duty to them, till the strength and ferocity of the young lions shew that they can live without her protection.

The linnet, the most fickle of the feathered kind, giddy to a proverb, seems at the approach of spring to lay aside her distinguishing character—with what skill and assiduity does she employ herself about her nest? the neatness, the strength, and convenience of which are admirably calculated for all its purposes. The winds roar, houses are laid in ruins, the earth shakes with impetuous storms; whilst the little nest, suspended at the extremity of a branch, is fixed to it by such a mechanism that nothing can hurt it. What a wonderful exactness of proportion in a simple bird!—the laying-time is come, and she patiently sits upon her eggs. Throughout all nature, the female's domestic care is relieved by the tenderness and industry of the mate, and now the linnet's mate with industrious solicitude procures her nourishment. * * Do the young begin to eat? Behold the dexterity in feeding them; no freak, no partiality is observable in her; all equally her brood, they equally partake her indulgence, and she humours them, as they are the fruits of her love. —Now they are fledged, see how the delighted sprightly mother flutters before them, intimating to them boldly to take wing, and follow her through the liquid air; and what cannot examples do? After a few trials they take their parting flight, and look out for themselves. Cruel mothers, judge of *your* conduct by the lioness and the linnet— * * * * * These examples are too remote; let us approach now nearer home——In the same seat, and at the same time, the operations of nature are seen alike in their causes, though, through depravity, extremely different in their consequences. *Spot* has brought forth her puppies in a lodge; and the beautiful *Elvira*, in her apartment, has given birth to the heir of the name and estate of the family. *Spot* in her lodge, mindful of her young, at the least noise is upon the look-out; being a favourite of her master, she is not put to the trouble of fetching food, but her meat is laid by the door, for should even her feeder offer to come a step nearer, he would surely see if not feel her teeth; so shy and wild is this creature, who a few days before was all play and fondness.———Now let us pass to the other event, doubtless the most interesting and curious, but its consequences the most unnatural and the most blameable: Follow me into Elvira's apartment; hush, tread softly, let not the floor feel your feet, this chamber is not to be entered without a kind of veneration, it is the temple of Silence and Rest; *even women* here never speak, but under an absolute necessity; then surely *a man* ought not to move a lip. If curiosity to have a sight of the newborn heir has brought you hither, let us make towards the chimney, it is certainly in that bed of state the dear infant lies.—What do you mean by drawing back the curtains? Oh! simple man! you thought to see the baby in its mother's arms—What! do you imagine yourself in some cottage? Must you be taught that some ladies are not sensible of their being mothers only while they are *pregnant?* Is the fruit of Elvira's love thus already denied a place in her bed? What more could be done, were it the offspring of her hatred? But so tender a point is only to be glanced at, be it left to the reflection of the parties. * * The beautiful Elvira shews no consciousness of her being a mother; the babe, without the least concern, she has delivered up to a nurse, and now leaving her apartment, where she has been indolently stretched for weeks upon the softest down, she has the pleasure, and is not a little elate with it, to see in her glass that her face has received no damage, not a feature is enlarged, nor the admired youthful look in the least dimmed. The sparkling eye, the lillies and roses, the pride of her heart, retain all their beauty; with conscious pride she congratulates herself, her heart leaps with the idea of making her appearance at the *loo-parties* without the odious compliments or the spiteful sneers at her being altered.

To the Editor of the Companion.

To-morrow shall the traveller come; he that saw me in my beauty shall come; his eyes shall search the field; but they will not find me.
OSSIAN.

Sir,

Presuming, that emulating your predecessor, the Spectator, in his admirable essays for the good and amusement of society, your intention is, occasionally to furnish or admit papers on a plan similar to most of his Saturday ones, which were devoted to grave or serious subjects; I have taken the liberty to submit a few remarks derived immediately from the above beautiful and expressive quotation: a passage extensive and universal in its application to us all; but which may be considered more particularly interesting as relating to unfortunate and premature dissolution.

There is scarcely any sight more affecting than that of the youth, whose budding honours and promising qualifications, were just beginning to dawn upon the expectations and hopes of parents and friends; extended a lifeless form by the vindictive mandates of relentless and false honour. But the victim of so barbarous and sanguinary a custom does not excite such powerful sympathy as the pallid cheek and hollow eye of the declining fair one, whose blooming charms and enlivening vivacity struck joy

pleasure into the hearts of all who approached her but a little while ago.

In applying my motto to a case like this, the most heart-felt emotions and tender melancholy must overwhelm any but those whose callous hearts are unsusceptable of feeling. Surrounded by those who are endeared by every tie; possessing all the enjoyments that external circumstances, improved by a capacity of using them for the most beneficial and improving purposes, can afford—the delight of all—the enemy of none; suffering not a moment's suspicion to disturb their peace, or interrupt the tide of enjoyment. ——Suddenly, alas! is the picture reversed; the scene is changed; and the traveller searches the field in vain.

The tender emotions we feel for these afflicted sufferers, may in some degree be aleviated by the reflection that in most, whilst life lasts, hope flourishes.—Few add to their gloomy situation by unavailing fears, or awful contemplations—but there are instances of some who calmly beheld their destiny, and by their communication of their anticipation, rendered their situation as affecting as we can well conceive.

West, the bosom friend of Gray, and darling of the muses, at a very early age, fell a sacrifice to a pulminory complaint.—He has in a few lines improved upon the idea expressed in one of Pope's letters, and in making the application to himself, calls forth our keenest sympathy, blended with admiration at his fortitude and virtue.

"At me the pow'r, that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land:
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.
Just Heaven! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet, just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the morning spray?
Stern pow'r of fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies,
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below.
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks untimely, in the whirling tide.
I care not: tho' this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear."

That these remarks may not be considered as altogether desultory, and without application, I must observe that these premature decays, are often in the power of the sufferers to avoid.—Heaven, though unaccountable often in its distribution of justice, of good and evil, does not always cause these examples of early mortality. In most cases, as applied to both instances, the fault is in themselves.—More rigid notions of true honour and a better controul over passions, would prevent the former—more attention to health and comfort (I will not say to propriety) and less to fashion, will render the latter less frequent. When we look around us in our publick places of amusement and nightly parties of association, and perceive, whilst we are shivering even by the fire-side, the many naked arms and bare necks of thin dressed females who are there, we cannot help dreading to behold these lamentable instances of affliction become still more frequent.

Passing from this most interesting part of the subject, it may not be amiss to consider it a little, upon a more universal scale.—There is no truth of which we are more satisfied, than that the same destiny awaits us all, at a period of which we are perfectly ignorant, and yet we continue to act as if we disbelieved it.—The votaries of business or pleasure, ambition or wealth, fame or villany, are actively prosecuting and extending their plans and views.—To attain their objects they toil or idle away their time, sacrifice peace, quiet, and often honour; a drudge forever at some unenjoyed pastime—It is all for something they may never want; for the traveller who lately saw them in full possession of the wealth their unremitting exertions have produced, shall come to-morrow; his eyes shall search the field; but will not find them.—The wealth amassed with so much expense of care and labour; the thoughtless heir scatters with the wildest profusion—the political ascendancy this one has acquired by prostituting

every noble and generous principle, now serves as a rallying point of the most vindictive and rancorous abuse.—In short, could they return once more to the scenes of life, their future conduct would all tend to employment, and enjoyment sufficient for the purposes of happiness; and would bear constant relation to a time of deprivation when worldly acquirements are acknowledged to be useless and futile.

Could we but consider the matter in this point of view—did we constantly look for the time when the Traveller shall miss us in his journey, we would not suffer our preparations for the future, or true enjoyment of the present, to be interrupted and disturbed by any of those vile passions and desires that have deformed this "goodly promontory," and rendered it an abode of misery and wretchedness.

BENEVOLUS.

The temperate zone of moderate fortune, equally removed from high and low life, is most favourable for the permanence of friendship.

On Mr. Pye the laureat's first appearance in the literary world, he was cruelly cut up by the critics. This being once the subject of conversation at a house in the neighbourhood of his seat in Berkshire, which was then undergoing some repairs, a gentleman who was present remarked, that "whatever he might be when he first began to write, his style was very much mended now."—"You are very right, Sir, (said a farmer who was present), his stile is very well mended, the carpenters were at work upon it all yesterday."

ENGLISH BULLS.

Some years ago, the mayor of a capital English city published a proclamation and advertisement, previous to the races, "that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the coarse, *but the horses* that are to run."

A baronet, formerly well known in parliament, proposed that certain regulations should take place—"*on every Monday (Tuesday excepted.)*"

A wise annotator on the Pentateuch, named PETER HARRISON, has observed of Moses's two *tables of stone* that they were made of *shittim wood*.

Some years ago appeared in the English papers an advertisement, which much resembles our notion of an Irish bull, in these words, which are the title to the advertisement—"Every *man* his own washer-woman!"

In Suffolk there is a post placed in the middle of a stream, with these lines legibly painted on it:—*When the water is above the top of the post, it is dangerous to cross.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter without a signature, advocating the cause of loo and loo-players. It is evidently written by a female hand, but the sentiments it contains could never have been dictated by a *Lady's* head or heart. The coarseness of the style, the illiberal and *personal* malice it displays, are sad proofs of the degrading effects of the vile passion of gambling.

This person says that "if she loses ten or fifteen dollars "a night, her husband can support her in it; which seldom "occurs: besides she makes up for them by her winnings." and she goes on to say, "for in truth, MR. EASY, my "winnings at loo the last season have been equal to the "amount of all my milliner's bills against me and my "daughter, who will make a most splendid *first appear-* "*ance* at the assemblies this winter." If her husband can support her in the loss of from ten to fifteen dollars a night, it is another sad instance of the foolish and wicked misapplication of wealth: with such sums she might be *eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. The blessing of him that was ready to perish might come upon her*, and she might *cause the widow's heart to sing with joy*. But if she wins enough in a season to pay the milliner's account against herself and daughter; though she may be very proud, yet we cannot think that spirit is very elevated which can stoop to such mean resources, that would pay for extravagant and useless finery with the money of those who, perhaps, could ill afford to lose it, at the same time she is boasting that her own superfluous wealth is sufficient to let her throw away from ten to fifteen dollars a night.

This letter contains some very ill-natured and spiteful sentences against a young lady who is erroneously supposed to have been the author of a piece in our last, signed BIDDY FIDGET. We seriously declare, the young lady alluded to never wrote any thing for the COMPANION to our knowledge, and we are *sure* she did not write that.

The respect we have for the amiable part of the *sex*, forbids us to publish any more of this extraordinary letter, but if (as we are threatened) we should receive any more such communications, we know not how we can shew our disapprobation more strongly, than by printing them *verbatim*.

The piece signed "*No Irishman*," wont do.

The *Looker-on*'s observations on the present rage for loo, are very just, and the circumstances he details as *facts*, we see no reason to disbelieve; but as they bear too strong marks of personal allusion, he must excuse us for not making them public.

Tom Thoughtful came too late for this number.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A FATHER TO HIS SON.

Sweet prattler go, avert thine azure eye,
Least the fond starting of a father's tear,
Should teach thy tender nature how to sigh
For one too deeply, who is now so dear.

With playful fondness seize thy painted toys,
The fleeting hours beguile in sportive glee;
Go leave thy father to indulge those joys
He feels, my son, in still possessing thee.

Oh! may his heart ne'er beat with past alarms,
Nor heav'n recall the blessing which she gave
When pale exausted in a mother's arms,
My child was kindly rescued from the grave.

Her eye that watch'd amid the circling tear
Thy form enfeebled on her lap reclin'd,
Ere the large drop forsook its trembling sphere,
Announc'd the anguish of her tortur'd mind.

The fearful crisis of thy waited doom,
In still suspense already held thy breath;
'Till weeping mercy pleading at thy tomb,
The dart arrested in the grasp of death.

The purple current of life's healing vein,
With roseate bloom diffus'd its genial glow;
Like some nurs'd flow'ret on the trampled plain,
Again I saw pure health's carnation blow.

Precarious blossom of parental care,
Through rip'ning manhood be thy worth confess'd;
The foremost honours of thy country share,
By all admir'd, unenvied and caress'd. X.

SOLILOQUY

OF A LIBERTINE, ON THE MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION.

———Hark!
Methought 'twas nature's centinel, the cock,
Hailing the approach of dawn—What ideas crowd
On my distracted brain—Dark is my soul—
My heart, still does it flutter, but in vain;
It soon shall beat no more—This is the last fair morn
That nature hath in store for me, and it
Dawns prematurely.———Begone my fears,
Why should I shrink at death, since 'tis decreed
That all mankind shall die?—Why then tremble?
Hold! rather let me ask the reason why I should not?
'Tis a more proper question, if, as 'tis said,
That man must die, and after come to judgment,
Where ev'ry action meets its just reward.—Oh! 'tis that,
Strikes to my heart, and makes me more than coward.
No widow's prayers for me, were ever borne
On mornings fragrant breeze—No evening zephyrs
Ever wafted blessings from an infant's lips,
To heaven's high court—No tears of joy
By hoary fathers shed, shall ever plead
In my behalf.————No, wretch that I am!
Fathers and mothers, brothers, all shall rise
To curse the lawless libertine.—There shall I stand
In front of all creation—There must face
The victims of my power, cropt in the bloom of life
And deck'd in the white robes of martyr'd innocence.
But hark!——footsteps approach my cell—
My time is done!——Many will point, and say
There dies a villain! and I soon must know
The great realities of dark futurity.——
————My eyes grow dim!
Mankind farewell,—Oh! grant a wretch your prayers.

SOLUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

Love thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care;
Tis enough that when it fell,
Thou its ruin didst not share.

Envy's censure, flatery's praise,
With unmov'd indifference view;
Learn to tread life's dangerous maze
With unerring virtue's clue.

Void of strong desire or fear,
Life's wide ocean trust no more;
Strive thy little bark to steer
With the tide and near the shore.

Thus prepar'd, thy short'ned sail,
Shall whene'er the winds encrease,
Seizing each propitious gale,
Waft thee to the port of peace.

Lines sent to a young Lady addicted to fashionable hours, with a Violet.

Did you but know when bath'd in dew,
How sweet this little violet grew
Amidst the thorny brake,
How fragrant blew the ambient air,
O'er beds of primroses so fair,
Your pillow you'd forsake.

Paler than the autumnal leaf,
Or the wan hue of pining grief,
The cheek of sloth shall grow;
Nor can cosmetic, wash or ball,
Nature's own favorite tint recall,
If once you let them go.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Let the loud thunder roll along the skies,
Clad in my virtue I the storm despise.
"Indeed!" cries Peter, "how your lot I bless,
"To be so shelter'd in so thin a dress!

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1804. No. 9.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they
But frantic, who thus spend it? all for smoke...
Eternity for bubbles, proves at last
A senseless bargain. COWPER.

Mr. Easy,

AS the earth has now nearly performed another revolution, the essayist who endeavours to awaken a little reflection, may be considered as discharging an appropriate duty. To those who properly appreciate the value of existence, twelve months form a very important period—an awful responsibility attatches to it: for "the moral agent cannot "blot from the book of his life one single passage he has "put down there, however offensive it may prove to the "eye of his remembrance." A celebrated writer has beautifully observed, "The lapse of time is silent and "unseen, it flows without the whisper of a sound, and "without the shadow of a form." Under the influence of these impressions, I shall take the liberty of submitting for your consideration, a short review of customs and manners, and their operation upon society; and should I be sufficiently fortunate to correct the germs of false taste, stifle the seeds of dissipation in the immoral, allure the careless by guarding them against the quicksands of indifference, stimulate the virtuous to persevering ardour, and incite the devout to undeviating rectitude, most truly happy shall I feel.

My first observation springs from a very common and familiar remark, How dull and stupid is this city! while those who make it little suspect the share of the censure that recoils upon themselves. My experience and observation enable me to contradict the position, as I am confident, if properly fostered, as much talent and as much genius are to be found in this city, considering its population, as in any one within the Union. The expression would not escape the individual who properly appreciated happiness. It is true, we are all in pursuit of her; bu it occurs not unfrequently that we miss the road. The excellent Jortin has asked, "Where is happiness to be "found? where is her dwelling place? not where we seek "her, and where we expect to find her. *Happiness is a* "*modest recluse*, who seldom shews her face in the polite "or busy world. She is the sister and companion of re-"ligious wisdom." Happiness is supposed to consist with us in the acquisition of property; it is the fashion to consider this as the best and most certain introduction to society; and a man of unobtrusive manners, however great his abilities, will often find it very difficult to command access to what is called respectable company, without possessing this grand desideratum. Conversing once with a friend upon this subject, he not unaptly remarked, "*Merit went by weight.*" If the remark were appropriate, if expansion of mind is pertinaciously depreciated, if the cultivation of education and its consequent refinements present so many obstacles to the attraction of notice, what stimulus is held out for improvement? It must be conceded, that great allowance should be made, by contemplating the recent rise of this country, and its consequent aggrandisement from political accidents, far beyond what true policy would have required. The sudden influx of wealth by the neutrality of America whilst Europe was shaken to its centre by the ravages of war, has generated a degree of luxury, and incited a false spirit of imitation, injurious and prejudicial. It has originated refinements which the moralist, and most certainly the religious must disapprove as they are not essential, but dispassionately viewed, must be deemed hostile to settled happiness and real comfort.

O Luxury!
Bane of elated life, of affluent states!
What dreary change, what ruin, is not there?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy bow'r
How dost thou lure...the fortunate and great!

As one erroneous and fatal result of luxury, I have often

thought too much attention on the part of females is paid to dress, and as in the external embellishments of a house, so much is sometimes expended as not to allow the means for internal decoration, an inference is not unfrequently drawn, that the tinsel upon the gauze is emblematical of the imbecility of the mind. I hope it will be my good fortune to see that day when the contest for gaudy attire will cease, and be exchanged for improvements in knowledge and virtue. The former principle opens an avenue for so many passions, so much imprudence, and not unfrequently involves in its consequences so many in ruin, that the bare consideration of the subject creates pain—whilst the latter are so gratifying to the feelings, and alluring in the estimation of the wise and good; so pregnant with utility, and so beneficial in their tendency, that one would suppose a moment's reflection sufficient to flash conviction, and stimulate to their attainment. I think another radical error exists in the premature introduction of females into company. It creates an idle dissipated habit, generates a false taste, creates a disgust and dread of solitude, and occupies so much time as to preclude the acquisition of any additional knowledge beyond the small stock acquired at the academy. Parents, in my humble opinion, ill discharge their duty, who suffer their children to consume whole weeks without devoting one moment to reflection or improvement. At school the young mind is necessarily forced; the application of that knowledge in an intercourse with the world, must and will depend upon judicious association and sedentary application. A pretty face will pass with a few, but let it be remembered

> "Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
> Fades in his eye and palls upon the sense."

To me a beautiful woman with an uncultivated mind has ever appeared an object of commiseration. I recollect to have heard a lady under twenty years of age (equally remarkable for her beauty as her moral endowments, blending the most placid good nature with sweetness of disposition) express a wish to return to school, and compensate lost time by the resumption of her studies. The sentiment was excellent; and although

> The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex,

she still felt something was wanting, or rather the accomplishments she already possessed excited a thirst for increased knowledge: and it may be depended upon, that a lady never conciliates, or fascinates, or becomes so attractive, as when, in addition to good nature, she superadds the advantages of polished sense.

Let me briefly dilate upon these qualifications, as they operate upon mankind in general, and influence the men in particular. Connected and dependant as the sexes are upon each other, experience sanctions the truth of the observation, that the conduct of the women has great sway with the world. In proportion as the women became influential in society, so in proportion has been the progress of civilization. The records of history prove their power, and hardly a page can be pointed out that is not blazoned with a display of female virtue, fortitude, and heroism. Let the Roman daughter who nursed her imprisoned father, let Cornelia who displayed her children as her most valued jewels, let the dying wife of Pætus bear illustrious testimony to the truth of the remark. Let the women bear in mind and endeavour to imitate the examples of such an illustrious band; and let them convince the men that compliments upon their persons and admiration of their dress are not the only means of conciliating favour. Let them draw around them the well informed and collect the well principled. Thus conversation will pass without the necessity for a blush, and remembrance will hang upon sentiments advanced by the man of honour, with pleasing and gratifying sensations. If such be the foundation of female conduct, a new current will be given to conversation, a new stimulus excited, and the question will no longer be, who can talk the most nonsense in a given space of time, but who stands highest in estimation for intellectual attainments, dignified virtue, and religious knowledge?

I believe the remarks I have made, and others that I could point out, are in a very great degree attributable to the false indulgence of parents. They are little aware of the mischief thus engendered, as no truth can be better or more strongly supported, than that the consequence of the rising generation must depend upon the reverence felt for age. If once this clue is lost, the corner stone of the fabric becomes brittle, and inevitably crumbles into dust. It is their incumbent duty to give a proper direction to the occupations and amusements of their children. A quotation occurs to me from a celebrated work on the gratifications to be derived from the cultivation of taste, and is expressed in such glowing colours that it would be vanity in me to presume I could dress up the same ideas in language equally beautiful. "The man of taste extends his obser-
"vations to the appearances of nature as well as the pro-
"ductions of art. He discovers beauties wherever they
"are to be found in the works of God and of men, and
"is charmed with the harmony and order of the different
"parts of the creation, and with the endless variety of new
"objects, which nature presents to his view. The flowers as
"they disclose their vivid hues, the animals that move in

" comely symmetry, the ocean that now spreads its smooth " surface, and now heaves its tempestuous waves on high, " the mountains that swell in rugged majesty, the vallies " clothed in verdant attire, the splendid luminary whose " beams disclose the beauties of the world, and who decks " the face of nature with brighter charms, the blue con- " cave of heaven spangled with endless stars, and illu- " mined by the soft effulgence of the moon; all these " come under the observation of taste, and supply it with " abundant sources of enjoyment." When once a relish is attained for the beauties of nature, the mind will soon turn itself to the Author of all—Nature's God.—The true end and use of attending in church will be examined and felt. Religion will then from conviction become a source of delight. The scriptures will cease to be an unfashionable book—cease to be thrown aside upon the introduction of a stranger, as a book to be ashamed of; but will be studied both from a sense of duty and an admiration excited by its various beauties. The following testimony of Sir Wm. Jones, written in his own bible, will justify the assertion. " I have regularly and attentively read these " holy scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, " independently of its divine origin, contains more sim- " plicity and beauty, more pure morality, more important " history, and finer strains of piety and eloquence, than " can be collected from all other books, in whatever age " or language they may have been written." Without the consolations of religion nothing is intrinsically valuable in this life. It holds out a solace for adversity, and stems the too rapid current of prosperity. Let it be impressed upon the minds of all, the young and the old, that devotion may be sustained without ostentation, and religion without hypocrisy. In sickness or in health, in poverty or affluence, all sooner or later will appeal to its consolations. The wisest and best men amongst us have experienced its joys; and events in the varied and chequered world in which we are placed, have proved all others unless accompanied with this, fleeting and evanescent.

I have now, sir, nearly fulfilled the task I sat out with—my ideas, if not new, will, I yet hope, prove attractive. Enlightened as is the present age, the moralist can only expect to please by clothing familiar ideas in new colours. Some may deem an apology necessary for a redundancy of quotation—if any merit should attach to these reflections, it consists in bringing the sentiments of ingenious writers (which otherwise would have remained neglected) before the publick. It may induce a thirst for enquiry, an incentive to research, an attachment to reading; and if these be attained, and in one solitary instance successful, a most important purpose will be answered by the employment of my time. Allow me to add, I have not alluded to any one particular character, and consequently the feelings of no one individual can be wounded. As I commenced with an observation on the progress of time, and as a very few hours will shut the present year upon us, I hope one more beautiful extract from a popular sermon will not be unacceptable. Those who read thus far, may most safely proceed, as it contains

" Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.".....

I dare not panegyrize its beauties, but leave it to every feeling susceptible mind. " When a few more years, at " the most, have rolled over us, when a few more sum- " mers have shone, when a few more winters have lower'd, " a few more springs have smiled upon us—the probation " of every one of us will be over, we shall all be laid " down in that unconscious bed, where we shall have no " more share in all that is done under the sun, or in all " that is done under its benignant operation."

CRITO.

THE TRIFLER—No. IV.

[*Discordant principles in contact came.*

I suppose, Mr. Easy, you have been ready to conclude that I had taken my leave of this world: No, Sir, not so fast—I have been admiring the alacrity with which writers come forward, to assist you in your useful labours. I do assure you, I sometimes thought there would be no more room in the COMPANION for the speculations or old papers of the *Trifler*; but, in self-defence, to avoid the stigma that "*Thoughtful's*" observations might have a tendency to attach to me, I beg leave to declare, that I never intentionally used an argument against the propriety or necessity of our *giving and being given in marriage*. That I may have many times intimated the utility of endeavouring to match more equally than is too often the case, I will not deny—and a domestic scene that I witnessed a few evenings since, determined me to write to you on the subject. As the result of the conversation proves as favourable to you, as it did pleasing to me, I trust you will notice it.

In a small company—for, being rather diffident, as my friends term it; downright bashful, I know it is; I generally prefer such meetings; where every one, without being too closely eyed, can have a chance of speaking at times—the *Trifler's Dream* was mentioned; knowing that none of the company knew me, I soon became very anxious to have a trial, *incog.* accordingly helped not a little to get the debate under way.

"I think," said LOUISA, (a married lady, of pretty address) "this Trifler is some old Batchelor, who is used to crying, *Sour grapes!*—he must have been disappointed in his expectation of obtaining the hand of some young lady, who has been tired of waiting on his cold calculations, and bestowed it on a more generous rival."—"No, ma'am," says Mr. SHALLOW, (who I soon found to be shallow enough, indeed) he has given a d— good picture of Mrs. Shallow, and, I've no doubt, of many others;—I'm frequently attacked much in that way, when I return home at night. She is so everlastingly pestering me about books, and papers, of one kind or another, that I'm often glad to make my escape from the company of a parcel of her acquaintance, you would suppose them, for she's as well acquainted with the writings of Steele, and Addison, and Pope, &c. as"——"as you are, cousin, with the properties of brandy, and wine, and gin, &c." replied LAVINIA, who appeared well acquainted with the family broils of this ignoramus.—"Don't you think, Mr.——," said this sweet little creature, turning to me—who had as yet taken no part in the discourse—"he curs'd and swore away the other day at cousin —— because she asked him to subscribe to the COMPANION for her; saying he supposed it was some such thing as the books she and I were always talking about when we had no company;—that one half the girls now-a-days was'n't worth house room ——what business had they with Spectators, and the like?—he remembered that when he was a young man, and a single man, they didn't meddle so much with matters beyond their possible comprehension. They might read a novel now and then, he said, or some curious story; but they had no business with polite literature, with history or politicks, or science of any kind, that extended beyond the management of family concerns. He has run on in this way, before now, till I have been almost disgusted, willing to conclude that some men were designed to live in caves and wilds, where the sweets of innocent rational conversation never came. Don't you think it strange, now, Mr. ——, that an accomplished young woman could ever consent to throw herself away after such men as my cousin Shallow?"

I could have listened till midnight to the pleasing conversation of this intelligent, unaffected child of simplicity—for although I detest slander, or any thing related to the common mode of *character-canvassing*, yet, on a subject so nearly allied to our best interests here, as matrimony most unquestionably is, I felt that we had a right to enquire into the madness of some matches. For, as Lavinia said, is it not strange, that persons will deliberately, and with eyes open, nail themselves for life to other persons so utterly dissimilar in manners, in sentiment, nay, constitutionally opposed to them in every point of view? Suppose a common drayman, who had never seen the inside of a book in his life, and changed shirts about once in a quarter, with tobacco-stained chaps, and unwieldy rough shod feet, should make overtures to a delicate genteel-bred young lady—in what terms would you undertake to convey your opinion of her, were she to accept the offer?—And yet, if this uncouth heap of moving clay, be but a tolerable christian, how much less irrational the match, than that of the illiterate and besotted (though high-bred) MR. ANTIMAN SHALLOW, and his amiable partner!

Whilst I was all attention to Lavinia's discourse, who never dreamt she was entertaining the Trifler; and who, through her zeal for the rights of women, was fast forgetting that she was talking to a stranger to their domestick matters; we were suddenly interrupted by a torrent of profane language from Shallow, who, from being beat out of countenance by Louisa in the argument, swore "he'd burn every book in his house that very night." Considerably irritated at the unmanly behaviour of this turbulent, Louisa declared she would send Mrs. Shallow her file of the Companion, and subscribe for another copy.

Thus was my trial abruptly adjourned, without day, and I marched home, as did the valiant Shallow, pitying the hard fate of an amiable woman, who, from a want of due reflection, has become the unhappy wife of an animal fit only to *hew wood and draw water*. T.

P. S. If I can have a proper opportunity with the enchanting Lavinia, when there are no *Shallows* or *Fribbles* present, I may yet furnish you with a copy of my trial.

From the *old chest* I send you another extract—it is from an English writer to his young friend, advising him how to chuse a wife.]

—

——Those who have an idea of entering on this state should remember, that though man and wife are *two* persons, to be really happy they must be as *one* flesh. They are required by the law of religion, and the laws of reason, to be *dear to each other as their own souls*; the attachment between them should, for their mutual and real felicity, be as great as that subsisting between the various bones and members of their natural body. Their wishes should meet in one centre, their actions be directed to one point, they should for each other be as earnest to overcome difficulties, and lessen the afflictions of the journey of life, as their limbs

are, from their formation and position, mechanically earnest (if I may so express it) to surmount those difficulties which might impede the execution of those designs for which they were originally intended. They should be ever ready to overlook each other's imperfections, to wink at each other's weaknesses, to put the best construction on each other's actions, they should endeavour mutually to ease life's difficulties here, and by pleasant, edifying, and virtuous conversation, fit each other to enjoy eternal blessedness beyond the grave.— * * * *

——I daily lament that *so much* of the time of young people should be devoted to the *secondary* objects of music, dancing, finery and drawing, and *so little*, comparatively speaking, to their improvement in those particulars which are *essentially necessary* in the mother and the wife. But as such is the custom of the present times, how much does it behove every man, who has the least regard for his own happiness, to be considerate and careful in the choice of his companion. Beauty, they should remember, every day falls off; the most opulent fortune may, from untoward circumstances, be completely reduced;—but DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT, CONJUGAL ATTACHMENT, and RELIGIOUS INCLINATIONS, will last when beauty and fortune are gone, will be unshaken through the vicissitudes of time, and will ensure eternal felicity. Let every one in fixing on this great and important concern look within the veil, shut his eye to every external grace, view the furniture adorning the mind, and fix upon a woman valuable for her inward graces, not for the comeliness of her person, or the weightiness of her purse. I am bold to assert, if this were the plan pursued, marriages would be more happy, and there would be fewer of those trials which have lately so often disgraced an English court of justice, and hurt the ears of an English jury.

Previous to forming any connection, I would earnestly recommend every young person to read Dr. COTTON's excellent poem on the *Fire Side*, every passage is worthy observation; the poetry is neat, and the advice and picture of conjugal felicity admirably described. For the sake of brevity, I shall conclude with quoting two of his verses:

Our fortune is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few:
In this, the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

In these lines, he shows the folly of searching merely for riches, *nature's calls are few*. Never sacrifice your comfort to golden dust; cherish domestic economy, and you will be completely happy. Again,

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve its golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That *marriage*, RIGHTLY UNDERSTOOD,
Gives to the prudent, and the good,
A Paradise below.

He has truly said, none but fools can despise marriage. Every unsatisfied desire, every difficulty or disagreeable attendant on the marriage state, does not arise from *the state itself*, but is owing to the folly of the *disunited* pair. If, on the contrary, the choice be wisely directed, and the institution properly understood, then the difficulties of life are diminished, its evils lessened, its blessings and comforts multiplied, and it may properly be stiled, *A Paradise below*.

LETTER III.

To Eliza.

Three days have now nearly elapsed since I addressed you my last, and I have not yet received a reply. This circumstance has given me the greatest distress. How am I to account for it? Is my fairest Eliza inexorable? Is she determined to deny me even the sweet pleasure of her converse, and that too at a moment when life is bereft of every joy? Will she withdraw the only prop which supports my haggard spirits? Will she, in refusing me happiness, endeavour to make me miserable? Oh forgive the wanderings of an almost hopeless lover. I know that my charming Eliza, the most refined, mild, and compassionate of her sex, will never inflict a wound where she cannot administer a cure; and will, with sympathetick tenderness, wipe the tear which she has caused to flow.

My letter is not received—an accident has happened to it—or there is some other reason for the delay. I will wait her answer with all the patience I can call to my aid.

In my present state of suspense I often brood over the fair prospects which my imagination fondly painted to me: serenity without a cloud, happiness without alloy, and rapture without satiety. But alas! my cruel destiny will never give me an opportunity of proving that the high colourings of passion may sometimes be realised.

I fear the dearest hopes of my life, too easily excited, and imprudently ventured, are shipwrecked, and the darling prospect of matrimony, warmed into existence by the uncontroulable ardour of my heart, is overcast with impenetrable darkness.

Your beauty, though the most delicate and attractive, I may expect to find in another, and from its having had the least influence in fixing my affections, I shall not so much regret: But your good sense, your amiable, mild, affec-

tionate disposition, formed to conciliate and secure friendship; your enriched and accomplished understanding; your sprightly vivacity, equal spirits, and engaging manners, which are equally remote from supercilious hauteur and undignified familiarity—the warm effusions of a heart which, happy itself, delights in making others so.—— These are qualities which having never met with in so great a degree, I am led to believe are peculiar to yourself, and that I shall never again find united in any other woman.

These are the foundations of my love—on such a basis with a kind return it must increase, as our acquaintance would expand and would become stronger and more ardent with time. Old age, while it would extend to the body its destructive influence, would impart to it a renovating vigour; and while the lapse of time would be gradually wafting me to the bourne to which we are all destined, my tender passion would enliven every scene, and afford sol ce in every vicissitude.

Oh, Eliza, did you but know the agonies I feel while I dictate these lines, your tender heart would dilate with sympathy—and if you could not, I know you would wish to assuage my misery.

I assure you I feel a passion for you I cannot give utterance to, and to conquer which I fear all efforts will prove ineffectual. Not only your heavenly countenance is impressed upon my soul—not only every word which I could in the least construe in favour of my passion is engraven on my memory, never to be effaced; but a kind of sacred value attaches to every thing which tends to bring to my recollection any past scenes, when I was so presumptuous as to suppose I enjoyed your smiles. When passing through a field or wood, where I have roved with you in pastoral innocence, the tree that we have carved our names on, or the eglantine from which I gathered a garland, strike my eye, and find a kind of interest in my breast, because they have witnessed the happiest moments of my life—I feel a tender regard towards the depository of the richest possessions of my heart, which I never before felt for any of my sex, which seems to enervate the tone of my mind, and which nothing could inspire but the reflection that I have poured out to him the ardent love I bear for you. Every object, every circumstance, every idea, which my mind can associate with you, becomes dear to me, and every recurrence of your beauteous image seems, if possible, to deepen the impressions which are never to be eradicated.

How to act or what to write I am altogether at a loss. I cannot discover whether your refusal is occasioned by some part of my late conduct, or whether you never did approve of me as a husband. You say "you are sorry you cannot reciprocate—that you always had a great respect for me—that you feel highly complimented by my choice, and that you would be glad to see me as a friend, but hope I will think of nothing more." Oh fairest Eliza, *do* lay aside ceremony, and *do* fully impart to me the cause of this peremptory dismissal—and—may the protection of heaven eternally forsake me if ever I abuse your confidence. This request may be branded a strange and ungenerous one; but for one who devotedly loves you, do consent to wave all form and custom in this respect, that I may either fortify myself against my irrevocable fate, or that (as I have always found you placible and mild, tho' firm and resolute) I may propitiate you, by making any concessions which your generous mind could require.

Perhaps I may write presumptuously, but believe me true when I subscribe myself your unfeigned lover,

CONSTANTIUS.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE—AN EXTRACT.

——Walden was playing on his flute in a slow and pensive strain, when the mournful cries of a child and the complaining voice of a woman struck his ears.

——"Oh! merciful God!" exclaimed the poor creature, "hear with compassion the moans of my unhappy babe!"

Walden ceased to play, and looking over the hedge, he surveyed the child with compassion, as the woman lay on the grass to rest herself: he asked her in a soft voice, why the poor infant cried.

"He is hungry," replied the woman, weeping bitterly, "we have not had any thing to eat since yesterday morning."

"Gracious God! since yesterday morning! wait here a few minutes, and I will return."

He flew away with incredible swiftness, and reappeared in a short time, with a bowl of milk and a small loaf, towards which the child stretched out his little arms, and the woman to whom he delivered them began to feed it.

"Sit down, my good woman, and eat of it yourself," said Walden, "I will take care of your infant." Placing himself on the grass beside it, he dipped a bit of the loaf in the milk, and patiently assisted his little famished charge.

The child looked up in his face and smiled: Walden pleased and affected at this intuitive mark of gratitude, kissed its little forehead.

"What is your occupation?" he asked the woman, who was eating with avidity: "you are, I suppose, the mother of this little creature. Where do you live?"

"No, it is not my own," replied she, "and I did not know his parents. I am the wife of a poor soldier, my worthy Sir, and I have travelled from beyond Berlin a great way; my husband had been away from me three years, and I wanted to see him again—for I loved him dearly. My own two little children I left with their grandmother; and I sold every thing I did not absolutely want at home, that I might carry him a little trifle of money. Accordingly, I set out, and got to the end of my journey, just as my husband had marched with his corps, to drive a party of Austrians from some little village; so, when it was all over, and they had done what they had been ordered, I ran to the place to meet him."

Here the poor woman burst into tears. "And when I got there, he was dying of his wounds; yet he knew me, and stretched out his hand, saying, "Oh! Annette!—our children!"—These were his last words:—I thought I should have died too; but God willed, for the sake of our little ones and this babe, that I should live. In the same house, where my poor husband expired, was the wife of an Austrian soldier, who died two days afterwards, and left this babe, which nobody upon earth seemed to care about. Almost all the village had been burned down, and all the inhabitants had run away; so that when our soldiers marched, I begged them to take the poor child with them; but then, they said to me—"What could we do with it?"—And that was very true; but, to let the child stay, and die with hunger, was impossible; so I resolved to take it, let what would happen: and I set out, to return to my own home, with the young thing in my arms. In my way I was weary enough; but I never met with any body that took compassion on me or my burden, so I walked on; but I fell sick, as you may see by my looks, and spent the little money I had left, and then I sold my clothes and every thing I could spare—all went, except these poor rags: yet, still, I thought, if I could but get home I should do very well. I am used to hard work, and I could even do for this little creature, who has nobody in the whole world but me to put a morsel of bread into its poor mouth; so I can't bear to let it starve!"

As she said this, she pressed the child to her bosom, and her tears dropped upon it as she repeated—"If I was but able to work—or, I could but get enough to keep it till I reach my home!"

"Poor babe!" said Walden, "poor, yet happy creature, who, in losing her who gave thee birth, found a second mother!—eyes that drop tears of pity on thy lot, and a heart that loves thee!—No, thou shalt not from hard necessity be deserted!"

Walden then wrote upon a leaf of his pocket-book the name of the woman, and that of the village where, she informed him, she lived with her family; and, giving her a small sum of money, promised that he would remit the same to her every year.

The woman, on holding the gold in her hand, which had never contained so much before, exclaimed—"Oh! this is too much, worthy Sir,"—and being desired to keep it, she added—"we shall now be too rich, indeed!—my own little ones, and this one, and their grandmother, we shall all be rich!"

"Good creature!" exclaimed Walden, with emotion, "you are rich indeed, in a heart to which all other riches are dross! your humanity to this orphan will be better rewarded; but, if this were my last crown, you should have it.—Hasten away, or I may be tempted to take the child, to have the pleasure of bringing it up, that it may love me as it will you."

On hearing this, the woman hastily pressed the infant to her bosom, and giving Walden a farewell benediction, pursued her journey with alacrity.

ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

PLAYING WITH TIME.

A gentleman once came in upon his nephew, who was amusing himself with his violin. "I am afraid, Charles," said he, "you *lose time* with this fiddling." I endeavor, Sir, to *keep* time. "Don't you rather *kill* time"? No, sir, I only *beat* it.

A QIBBLING APOLOGY.

A *poor* pun will sometimes answer a good purpose. A baker once calling upon Mr. Justice Jones, of Coventry, with the last loaf in his basket, was observed, as he returned through the court yard, to lay hold of a fat goose, on which his worship, who was in one of rhe upper windows, bawled out, *Baker! Baker! Baker!* The varlet took no notice, but trudged off with his prize. When the justice, in the afternoon coming to his house, and asking him how he could have the villanous impudence to take the goose? "God bless your worship, (returned he) I only did as you commanded,—you bid me *bake her*, and and so I did, and drank your worship's health at the eating of her."—"'Tis a poor pun, (said the justice) but it shall make thy peace."

A LITTLE DISTINCTION.

"*An attorney* (says an ingenious writer) is the same thing to *a barrister*, that *an apothecary* is to *a physician*, with this difference, that your *lawyer* does not deal in *scruples*."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGY ON A MOTH, BURNT IN A CANDLE.

Poor Moth is gone! Ye insect tribe advance!
Cease for a while your idle, giddy dance,
Approach, ye painted flutterers! raise your eyes,
In yonder candle your companion lies.
E'er now he was as gay, as blythe as you,
And gladly join'd to sip the evening dew;
Sweet were the flow'rs that deck'd the shaded vale,
And night clos'd in with April's gentlest gale;
Zephyrs were wafted in the cooling air,
These he partook—nor ever dreamt of care—
His fair wings flutter'd in the setting sun,
And from the highest branch the blossom won,
Still had he liv'd—but passing near a stream
Whose surface caught the day's departing gleam,
He saw the beauty of his gilded wing;
The glowing colors from the water spring,
And vainly cried, "What glowing tints are these!
"How form'd my eyes, my air, my wings, to please!
"Lost in a desart thus shall I remain?
"The Sun's dull lustre ill reflects the train
"Of beauties that I boast! Ah! let me fly
"To yonder mansion! There to fix the eye
"Of some admiring crowd! in splendid light
"My golden colors will be doubly bright—"
Pride's little pageant sought the burning snare,
And fell a victim to Ambition's glare.

Oh! thoughtless man! let his experience shew
How wisely Providence ordains below:
E'en to each insect points the devious way
Where vanity and folly lead astray.
Let not ambition tempt you to forego
Your native vales where purest pleasures grow;
But tread the course by nature's will ordain'd,
Where virtue follow'd, is the prize that's gain'd:
Thus shall ye happy pass the varying year,
Nor feel one pang that conscience cannot bear. x.

THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

I soon shall forget all my woe,
And fly from this dwelling of pain;
In death's silent chambers laid low,
The wretched shall cease to complain.

My bosom's a stranger to rest,
And cheerless I pass the long day;
And night brings no peace to my breast,
For sleep flies affrighted away.

I heed not the music of mirth,
Its charms can no pleasure impart;
The ties that once bound me to earth
Are broken, and with them, my heart.

When the winds of the heavens are still,
And moon-beams are kissing the wave,
In the church-yard above on the hill,
I visit my poor infant's grave.

It sleeps there, unmindful of scorn,
Or the frowns of a too cruel fate;
That were ready, ere scarce it was born,
To mark it an object of hate.

Oh! dear as it was to my heart,
In the slumber of death as it lay,
I could not but bless the fell dart—
'Twas mercy that call'd it away.

The roses refuse not to bloom
With fragrance, around its dear urn;
The lilies too, shed their perfume,
And seem as they're waving, to mourn.

When nature's fond struggles expire,
And life's current ceases to play,
Then Henry perhaps, may desire
To visit the spot where we lay.

When shrouded in death's darkest gloom,
Should he weep o'er the grave where we rest,
My spirit would rise from the tomb,
And press his lov'd form to its breast.

But soft! ere death's powers prevent,
And life, from my bosom's remov'd;
Oh! Henry, how could you consent,
To ruin the maid that you lov'd! SOLUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

A SONG IN PRAISE OF WOMAN,

Oft through trackless desarts straying,
Unattended, unsupplied;
Sorrow on my bosom preying,
Comfort to my heart denied;
Man would treat a fellow creature,
Now with friendship, now disdain;
But o'er woman's gentle nature,
Pity ever seem'd to reign.

Hearts with charity o'erflowing,
Touch'd at sorrow's plaintive tale;
Lips, a soothing balm bestowing,
When the stings of woe assail;
No ungen'rous pride opposes
Pity, with unkind delay;
But the female hand uncloses,
Bounteous as the op'ning day.

Form'd from nature's choisest treasures,
Virtues all in her unite;
Life's short path she strews with pleasures,
Goddess of supreme delight!
Homely fare to me be given,
Sweet the limpid stream will prove,
Earth will be a little Heaven,
With the woman that I love.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

He's no small fool who thinks he's fit
To pass at all times for a wit;
Nonsense infests e'en men of sense,
Though fools to wit make most pretence. ANON.

Mr. Easy,

THERE is a story in Boswell's Life of Johnson, stating that two friends called him up at three o'clock in the morning, they having just come from a tavern; after his fears had subsided from the first impressions of terror, and really finding them friends, he heard their proposition, and accepted an invitation for a frolick by saying, "ye dogs have at ye." I am now placing myself in the situation of Johnson, and to my *professors* I, in my turn, say *ye dogs have at ye.*——It is a lamentable truth that I have long borne the ill usage of the world with philosophical indifference, but I must now beg you to publish this my remonstrance, which I hope will convince all persons of candour and justice, that I have merited better treatment. My ancestry boasts a splendid line of descent—my heraldrick honours are of great antiquity—my name is familiar to every ear—NONSENSE. It would be superfluous to name those upon whom I have conferred favours, as the list would comprise nearly every family in Christendom—suffice it to say, however great the obligations I have bestowed, the world is so selfish that with few exceptions, almost all disown me. Those who are in the habit of associating at the tea-tables and loo-parties, can best appreciate my importance—they well know what an important ingredient I am in society; and it would be the basest ingratitude to conceal the various services I render them. But alas! it is a melancholy fact, that without occasionally asserting my own importance, I should pine in oblivion. The ancients, whom I class amongst my most inveterate foes, stand prominently conspicuous for having resorted to my aid; and there are many instances in which they have most elaborately made me subservient to their purposes, in their disquisitions upon criticism, casuistry, and philosophy. It will answer my present purpose, if, remarking upon their ingratitude, I pass them over, and confine my attention to the abuse I am incessantly receiving from the moderns.

I hope it is not necessary to enter into an extensive investigation to prove that ingratitude is an heinous sin, as I shall feel perfectly satisfied if I can impress upon your numerous readers the impropriety of casting off an old friend, and render them more subservient and attentive to the obligation imposed upon the recollection of actual service and utility. I am confident if I am judged in the genuine spirit of candour, to all I am occasionally useful, and few parties collect where my aid is not constantly resorted to. The squire of high degree when shewing his vast domains, the merchant in boasting his successful speculations and valuable acquisitions, the gamester in vaunting his skill, the coquette in the enumeration of her conquests, all enlist me under their banners; and yet, strange to tell, all are studious to avoid any acknowledgment of the obligation they are under. Self-love is, I fear, a prominent feature in the cause of this unworthy, disingenuous, and illiberal treatment. The pride of man shrinks from a sense of obligation; but, however discordant to my feelings such a conduct, let me tell you, sir, and all who so unmeritedly treat me, that NONSENSE is incapable of being answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own basis like a rock of adamant, secured against conquest or attack by the strength of its position. I cannot take up a newspaper without seeing a display of my assistance, and I am sure I cannot walk the streets without witnessing a number of characters most completely and essentially dependant upon me. You, sir, as an essayist, however high your merit, however transcendant your genius, will occasionally find lapses that will now

and then render me important; and I do hope you will not be so ungenerous as to disown a friend, who in every possible situation professes a readiness to await your call. Do not, Mr. Easy, conceive for a moment I am wantonly and unnecessarily appreciating my own merits. In many of your predecessors I can produce abundant and satisfactory proofs, that without me their disquisitions would have been nugatory. To name but one. Let any disinterested reader examine Boswell's Life of Johnson, and impartially reflect upon the aid I gave that illustrious man, when his mind was unbended by social intercourse and convivial meeting. If I were at liberty to suggest another, this city presents a fine field for declamation, in the aid I gave some friends that shall be nameless, when discussing the propriety or impropriety of a clergyman attending the *War-dance*.

One grievance presses so strongly upon my mind that I must take the opportunity of disclosing it, and if thro' your medium I can be instrumental in securing to myself that share of merit which, to use a lawyer's phrase, is my legal right, I shall scarcely find words to acknowledge the obligation I am under. The case I allude to is this: The gentry of this city are occasionally invited to a sumptuous dinner, (but what I most complain of is, a dinner of batchelors at a tavern) the ladies are equally partakers of the fare provided. During their stay, what ought to be hilarity, good humour, and reciprocal exchange of good sense blended with useful information, not unfrequently degenerates into dullness, form, and insipidity; my reign is then proverbial: but as it is the custom for the ladies to retire, I then have reason to complain of my rights being infringed. No sooner is a retreat beaten, than the gentlemen impose upon me by drawing very large drafts indeed, so large as almost to bear me down by their weight. I wish in thus pointing out how much they are debtor to me, I may make them "bankrupt e'en in thanks"—but I fear from past experience they are incorrigible. They set down to their bottle, smoke their segars, and impose a most tremendous load upon me. I am confident were I to describe the turn conversation takes, disclose their toasts, and delineate the quaint expressions that are occasionally made use of, you would suppose I had replaced the filth of the Augean stable. It is enough to say, the obligations thus contracted, they are as unfrequently unable to answer, as they are indisposed to avow.

Qui capit, ille facit.*

If any are inclined to attach personality to the remark, let them boldly by their conduct disclaim the alliance. It is my wish to have justice, and if I am disowned, let it be the pride of all to hesitate at the acceptance of obligations. Contrary to the general maxim of the world, I attach unexampled merit to the virtue of disinterestedness, and I am far from wishing officiously to intrude my good offices, but I must once again enter my protest against the sin of ingratitude.

The lover presents another source for fair animadversion. How often have I witnessed his recurrence to dictionaries for expressions of inviolate and unalterable attachment? how often have I heard his declamatory vows of eternal constancy? how often has it been my fate to attend to his apparently disinterested professions of attachment, when a few thousand dollars have changed the current of his feelings to a torrent of vilification and abuse upon the very object of his recent adoration. I beg to ask you, sir, as an impartial man, whether such conduct does not render the subject tributary and dependant upon me; and yet by sad experience I can prove they become hostile the moment their nefarious views are not successful. I will next point out the artificial character of him who can introduce himself into society by a professed knowledge of characters, ancient as well as modern; who can even quote Scripture to answer his purpose; who professes to be master of the Ethicks of Aristotle, the sayings of Rochefoucault, the maxims of Chesterfield, wild and incoherent as they are—the Philosophy of Newton, and the Morality of Paley;—and yet this man, without one grain of principle, or one particle of common sense, shall make his way in the world, without the least obligation of the debt due to me.

It would be wantonly trespassing upon your time, were I much longer to enlarge upon the mortifications I am daily subjected to. I have fairly and candidly stated my grievances, and I hope by this publick exposure I shall get redress. To the publick candour I commit my cause.

NONSENSE.

* When caps among the crowd are thrown,
Which fits you best wear as your own.

Time was given for use, not waste.
Enjoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed; nor ever wait for man.

YOUNG.

THE commencement of a *new year* always awakens in my mind very serious considerations upon the great value of time, and the infinite obligations we are under to our Maker to improve properly the moments with which he intrusts us. The deposit, if properly considered, is, surely, a most important one. We cannot consider one moment of our lives at our own disposal; he who gives us *time*, has directed us not to waste it, or spend it merely

for our own gratification; but to improve every moment with the greatest diligence, in the manner he has pointed out. And, moreover, he has informed us that we must *give an account* of all our time to him; not only of every day, but of every *action* of our lives; and even every *thought* will be brought into judgment before Him who sees and knows our hearts. How different is the general conduct of men, in this respect, from what it should be! how do they grieve at the slowness of time! how are they continually complaining that time hangs heavy on their hands! they have so much *idle* time that they do not know what to do with it; and are constantly making themselves miserable with the very means that are given them to procure and increase their felicity. How lamentable is the consideration, and yet how true it is, that mankind will not pursue the road to happiness, though it is so plainly pointed out, that "the way-faring man," if he be intent upon it, "though a fool, *cannot* err therein." What can be the reason of this almost general propensity to flee the ways of happiness, and pursue with such ardour the way in which there is no comfort? what else can it be, than that man will not *believe* that with which he is unacquainted, and will not strive to get a knowledge of that which alone can conduct him where all his wishes tend, and whither all his exertions, though wrong-directed, are meant to convey him—to the abode of happiness. The question has repeatedly been proposed, Where is happiness to be found? this has engaged the attention of great numbers, who have searched throughout the world for it, and have returned with the mournful report, Happiness is not to be found under the sun; there is nothing to be obtained in this world, but what ultimately turns out to be "vanity and vexation of spirit." This was the conclusion of the wise man of Israel, who ransacked the works of nature and of art in search of this desired object, with a determination to possess it, if it were to be found in any object or enjoyment upon earth. He, as well as others, missed his aim; and for this plain reason, that he expected to find *what was not*. To suppose that the human soul, which was created to exist forever, and made capable of infinite progression in knowledge and enjoyment, could be satisfied with any thing this world can boast of, or even with the world itself, with all its treasures, would be as idle as to imagine that the course of the stars was under our controul, or that we could change the destiny of creation by a word. Though happiness is not in the enjoyment of any earthly treasure, yet surely it is in its perfection in the intercourse which the good man has with his God. Solomon, after searching in vain for happiness throughout the world, came to this conclusion at last—that to "fear God, and keep his commandments, is the *whole of man*." He who delights to converse with his Heavenly Father, and who can at all times appeal to Him for the sincerity and uprightness of his heart, enjoys such a perfect peace, as no sublunary object can possibly bestow: and what is more pleasing to the possessor of this happiness, he is assured that the world cannot rob him of his invaluable treasure.

Reflecting through the day on this inattention of mankind to their true interests, and on their propensity to be dissatisfied with their condition in life; the subject still engaged my mind after I was in bed, even until I fell asleep; when the following vision was presented to my view. I was walking slowly on the declivity of a steep hill, totally absorbed in the contemplation of the same subject which had occupied so much of my thoughts during the preceding day; when there appeared at a little distance, approaching me, a venerable old man, whose countenance bespoke wisdom, and whose whole appearance instantly prepossessed me in his favour. When he came near he thus addressed me: Young man, why are you so serious? men at your age are seldom concerned about any thing but what relates immediately to their present enjoyment; but although you may be singular in your disposition with respect to the world, you will never regret that you have bestowed some serious thoughts on futurity: mankind universally will have to leave time; and if they never think of death beforehand, they will never be prepared to meet him.—As you appear willing to receive instruction on this subject, I will shew you a scene from which you may derive much advantage, and perhaps no small delight. Look up, and mark what you behold.——I immediately raised my eyes, but could see nothing but an extended sea on every side. I had not long considered this scene, before there appeared emerging from the sea, a creature of an immense size, in the form of a horse; his eyes seemed flames of fire, his mouth foamed as a torrent, and he moved over the water with an inconceivable swiftness. Upon his back there was placed a stage, which appeared of polished glass, and on this I saw men and women, who were all busily employed about their different affairs, and seemed totally insensible to their dangerous situation. In a very short time, I saw some of them grow giddy, (occasioned by the velocity with which they were carried forward,) their heads turned, and they fell from their places into the sea below, and immediately disappeared. Notwithstanding the incredible swiftness of the beast, the people on his back seemed in-

sensible of it, and appeared quite ignorant that he moved at all.—At first there were but few on this stage; but the number rapidly increased; in a short time it appeared almost full; when suddenly the horse leaped to one side, and precipitated almost the whole of them into the sea. The remainder appeared to take no notice of what had happened, but went on as before, and the stage soon appeared to be again covered. I now discovered several individuals endeavouring to climb upon the heads of their companions; sometimes they would nearly succeed, but when they were raised a little above the common level, the swiftness with which they were carried forward would cause them to grow giddy, and down they immediately sunk into the sea. Others would get a great number to join in raising them above their fellows, and this produced parties, who opposed each other by force: in these struggles great multitudes were thrown off together; and I observed that not one that was thrown into the sea ever recovered his place. What appeared very singular to me was, that although this horse travelled on the very surface of the water, not one in ten thousand of those on his back knew any thing of it. They neither knew that there was an ocean below them, nor that they moved at all; but thought their places remained fixed, and should indure for ever. The sight of the multitudes that were continually precipitated into the sea, had no effect whatever on them; they remained firm to their own opinion, that they should never lose their place.

The stupidity of these people in almost every particular relative to their situation, amazed me beyond measure. Although the stage was so slippery that, considering the impetuosity of the horse, it was wonderful they could keep their feet, and were not thrown off by the least motion; yet they would gather in companies, and run foot-races, and almost always in a direction contrary to that of the horse that carried them—the certain effect of which was, they were immediately buried in the sea. There were some among them who seemed to have no other pleasure than that of throwing others off; and because they could not of themselves sufficiently satisfy this singular desire, they would hire large companies to assist them; and the person who had thrown the greatest number off the horse, was honoured and rewarded as the most deserving; and frequently had power over the lives of millions of his fellows, for no better reason than that he cared not how many of them were destroyed. I saw a few of this almost innumerable company who appeared very desirous of convincing the rest of the danger of their situation—but the success of these worthy characters was extremely small. Some of them, I observed, in the midst of their philanthrophick endeavours, were thrown headlong into the sea by an infuriated mob; others were held up to derision; and every possible means taken to deter them from their purpose. The great proportion of the crowd appeared afraid lest they should be bro't to see their condition, which, however deplorable it was, they were desirous to remain in as long as they could. In the whole of my observations upon this scene, nothing surprized me so much as to see the different effect the expectation of falling into the sea had upon those of different characters, where they had time to reflect upon their situation, after they began to slide off the stage. Those who had reflected beforehand upon their condition, and had not joined the multitude in their many senseless and wicked schemes, when they saw they were going, and that nothing could prevent them from falling, would cast their eyes towards heaven with calm resignation, and implore the Maker of the sea and of all things to receive them; and having full confidence in the favour and protection of Him whom they had served, would go off with calmness and joy, and some even with seeming exultation: On the other hand, those who had never attended to any thing but the trifles of the multitude, when they found they could remain no longer among their companions, would raise such lamentable cries as would alarm even their comrades, for the moment, and would endeavour to catch hold on any thing that was within their reach, to prevent their falling; but it was always in vain, down they must sink; and as they had never endeavoured to make a friend any where but among the crowd they were about to leave, they knew they must be forever friendless. No sooner were they out of sight, than their comrades forgot what they had seen, and continued their old ways; till presently another would fall in the same dreadful manner; or perhaps he had not time for a moment's reflection, his foot slides, and he is instantly precipitated into the sea; his companions behold his fate, and turn from him, and immediately forget that there ever was such a one among them. In this manner did this crowd continue to act till I had got almost sick at beholding their innumerable follies and wickednesses; when, lo! this horse, whom I had seen rise from the sea, and pursue his rapid course, was instantly, with all his load, swallowed up in the ocean, and nothing was to be seen but one expanded sheet of water. I turned with astonishment to the old man who had directed me to this scene, and who had continued standing by my side the whole time, with an intention of asking him what it meant; but my amazement had so entirely overcome me, that I was unable to articulate a single syllable—he understood from my looks what I wished to

say, and desiring me to compose myself said he would give me whatever information I desired. After a few minutes he thus addressed me :

What you have seen is a picture of this world. GOD, the author of all things, is from eternity—which was represented by the sea which you beheld, and from which he commanded Time (represented by the horse) to come forth. A considerate mind needs not any representation to convince it that Time moves with an incredible velocity ; you have seen its effects upon mankind, who are all carried with it. As time sprang from eternity, so, at the command of GOD, it shall be swallowed up in eternity again. It is GOD who directs its course, and he will stop it when he sees fit. Bear in mind what you have seen ; improve every moment of your life, as you are instructed by the word of GOD —that when you shall be obliged to launch into eternity, you may do it "*with joy and not with grief.*"

My good old instructor immediately disappeared, and left me in such a frame of mind, that I instantly awoke,—and upon a review of my dream, resolved to send an account of it to Mr. Easy, that, if he pleased, he might insert it in the COMPANION, for the instruction of his readers. Q

THE TRIFLER—No. V.

[High authority, from the ranks of both literary and moral men, might be quoted in defence of the fashionable amusements of our day, when checked by the reins of moderation ; but the constant pursuit of trifling matters, to the utter exclusion of all serious and rational things, will never be approved of but by fools and designing men.

I am sometimes almost mad at myself, Mr. Easy, for not having taken up the style and title of a LISTENER ; for I often have opportunities of listening to pleasant stories and dialogues, calculated, I think, to amuse you.—But, trifling as may appear my character, I am determined never to lose it by grasping at another. Indeed, I think that was a foolish dog who lost a fine piece of beef by gaping at a second, which he did not need, and which he could not reach. This settles it, Sir,—reading this fable at once upsets all my arrangements for assuming the new office—it immediately convinced me, that as a Listener, (a high office under the Editor of a moral periodical work) I ought to be able to correct, by my essays, some high vices that have already began to creep into polite American circles—for which I well knew my strength of talent, my experience in the world, my rank amongst your correspondents, did not qualify me. Great has been your loss on this account. Oh, did I possess the pen of Frankly or Crito, I would give you a rich account of a very interesting conversation, or rather debate, that took place at the house of my friend, since I last wrote you.

I would not insinuate that I am a favourite of the ladies —only that, in common with other civil men, I am blessed with the friendship of some whose good sense and comely deportment inspire me with sentiments of profound respect for the sex—for I would not, for all the laurels I might possibly gather, risk the receiving such a drubbing from a female pen as *Silliander* and *Patch** received from the cutting satire of the matchless MONTAGUE.

Though I am not a Listener, nor able to send you a proper account of the debate, yet I will enclose you a dialogue from the *old chest*, it being a good deal similar —hoping that you will, in your wisdom, see meet to appoint an officer of the above description ; or that some one may volunteer his services.] T.

A DIALOGUE FOR THE LADIES.

Miss Prim (reading) and Miss Funlove.

Miss F. What! always poring over a needle or a book? Why, child, you are fit company for my grandmother.—Come, come, I will find you better diversion. I am invited to a concert and ball to-night, and am at liberty to carry a friend ; so throw away your book—(snatching it out of her hand) and send for your hairdresser.

Miss P. Pray be quiet, Harriot; I have but two pages to read, and then—

Miss F. And do you suppose, Emily, that I can wait while you finish your musty morality?

Miss P. No; but I was going to read you a charming passage.—However, I see you have other things in your head.

Miss F. Ay, I should be sorry if I had not ; but how can you, Emily, who have a pleasing face and a good figure, spend your time so stupidly, which might be much better employed?

Miss P. When you can convince me of that, Harriot, I will throw aside my book immediately.

Miss F. Is it not a thousand times better to leave sitting at home by yourself, or only conversing, as you call it, with some humdrum old author, who fancied himself wiser than all the world, though he did not enjoy one pleasure in it, and to go among people of taste and spirit, with whom you may laugh, sing, dance, and romp, and what-not?——

* See Poems of the right honourable the Lady Mary Wortley Montague—vol. v. of her works—Lond. 1803.

Miss P. Ay, you may think so; but I am of a different opinion. I had rather stay at home to eternity, and endeavour to improve my mind, than be always running into company to be laughed at.

Miss F. And why laughed at, Emily? Envied, I will allow you may be, if you attract the admiration of the men; but women seldom laugh at one another upon such occasions.

Miss P. Nor do men always admire, when we fancy they do.

Miss F. Perhaps not; and yet I believe I have seldom been deceived. Women of a certain age and person who have talents, know how to make the most of them; and one may gain a dozen lovers while another dozes over as many pages.

Miss P. Lovers are not quite so soon gained; admirers may: but to what purpose is it for a man to praise a girl for some trifling accomplishment, some little beauty in her person, if he ridicules her for the levity of her manners?

Miss F. What a sly insinuation! Did I not believe you to be my friend, Emily, I should think that you, with the rest of my acquaintance, were susceptible of that despicable and malignant passion envy.

Miss P. Indeed I am not, Harriot; I do not envy you, upon my word; for though I am very ready to allow you all your merit; though I will freely confess that you have a pleasing face and elegant form, a delicate complexion, and a musical voice; that you have an infinite number of accomplishments; that you can utter an oath with a pretty masculine accent, and play a cotillion upon your chin; yet there is so much of the female coxcomb about you, that I had rather, much rather, be plain humble Emily, and overlooked in the crowd, than be the distinguished Harriot, the wonder of fools and fops, and the object of perpetual ridicule in the eyes of every man of sense. —I cannot help recollecting a line of Mr. Pope's, which is very applicable upon this occasion:

"For fools admire, while men of sense approve."

Miss F. You might have spared your quotation, Miss Prim; for I do not think it at all pat to the purpose.—Your men of sense and my fools do not exactly accord with your description. They are indeed, in my opinion, reversed. It is impossible, therefore, that we can agree upon this subject.

Miss P. You are angry, Harriot?

Miss F. No, Emily, it is not worth while.

Miss P. Indeed, my dear, you mistake me; I meant most kindly, I thought—I am not singular in supposing that you, with all your merit, Harriot, have some foibles —(who is without them?) and that you, by correcting them, will make yourself a thousand times more amiable than you are at present: and I am still willing to hope, that you have regard enough for me to be assured that I cannot say any thing with a view to render you unhappy. —I wish to make you more esteemed; nay, more admired.

Miss F. Well, now you talk like a good girl: but pray tell me, in the first place, and tell me sincerely, do you really think I should be more admired and esteemed, as you call it, if I were to adopt your sober sentiments? I cannot help imagining that they would be very much against me.—I'll tell you why: As there is a much larger number of my men in the world than yours; that is, more fools than men of sense; and as I happen to suit the taste of the former, I shall certainly make a much greater number of conquests by remaining as I am, without any of your discreet alterations, my dear.

Miss P. Possibly you may; but is not the conquest over one man of sense more satisfactory than the triumph over a thousand fools?

Miss F. Umph!—Why, much may be said on both sides.

Miss P. You intend to marry, I suppose?

Miss F. Doubtless: I have made no violent resolution against matrimony.

Miss P. And don't you think that a man of reason will make the best husband?

Miss F. Ay, if he happen to be a reasonable man.

Miss P. Pshaw! how you love to trifle, Harriot!

Miss F. I do, dearly, with men, because they are trifling creatures.—In short, I love trifling exceedingly; I hate to sit down and think, and be solemn. No, let me laugh through life; I can but be happy, and it matters very little what makes me so. Were you to take my side of the question, I fancy you would have as much to say as I have, if not more.

Miss P. I have a great deal more to say in support of my own opinion than you will patiently listen to; and since I can make no impression upon you, I will give up the point.

Miss F. Ay, you had better give it up; you had better let me alone, Emily; I am quite incorrigible; for while I am so blest with nonsense, I shall certainly never give myself any fatigue about sense; and, you, child, with your violent passion for understanding, may not, perhaps, be in the smallest degree, happier than myself.

Miss P. We are, indeed, taught to believe that there

is no such thing as absolute felicity on earth, Harriot; but if, by conquering indirect propensities, and keeping our passions under proper regulation, we can make ourselves, or even our neighbours, wiser or better, I think it is worth while to try.

Miss F. Now there we differ again, my dear philosopher in petticoats; for I would not attempt making my neighbours wiser, for the world, lest I might want subjects to laugh at.

Miss P. Don't you think that while you are laughing at them, they are diverting themselves with you?

Miss F. With all my heart. If I am but merry, let them divert themselves as much as they please: I defy them to be merrier than I am; and if I know no care, I can feel none.

Miss P. Would it not vex you to be despised?

Miss F. Not in the least, except I was fond of those who despised me; and that I know is impossible. You see, child, there is no moving me but with a pretty fellow or a fiddle: so, will you go with me to the dance?

Miss P. (smiling) I thank you, my dear; I am more seriously engaged.

Miss F. Adieu, then; and much good may your serious enjoyment do you, though it be a matrimonial one: But even that solemn business would not make me change my humour. [*Exit.*

Miss P. Farewel, Madcap!

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Of all the human faculties, none is more useful, admirable, and excellent, than speech. How noble is it, therefore, to exert, in a superior style, that faculty which is the glory of our nature, and which was given to us for the essential service of ourselves and society! Wherever the liberal sciences have been cherished, the art of speaking has always been cultivated with peculiar care, encouraged with honours the most distinguished, and rewarded with emoluments the most considerable.

Reviewing the state of eloquence in these kingdoms, we find this eminent perfection of our nature in a rapid state of decline, from neglecting to cultivate the voice in our early years.

How unfavorably must British eloquence appear, and how far distant from improvement must it be found, by those who recollect the manner in which our youth are taught to read!

In moral books, many words that should never be spoken but with the most respectful tone of voice and demeanor, are, by old women of our village, and even our city seminaries, suffered to be banged, thumped, and knocked about, without the least reverence or regard.

One little boy begins thus, in a bible with torn leaves and broken cover—"And Harbonah—one of the king's chamberlains—said to the king—behold also the gallows—fifty cubits high—which Haman had made for Mordecai—standing in the house of Haman—Then the king said—hang him thereon."

Another follows, in this manner: "Verse the tenth—So they hanged—Haman—on the—gallows—that he—had prepared—for Mordecai—then was—the—king's wrath pacified."

Thus poor Mordecai and Haman—Haman and Mordecai, are hummed and hawed, and jumbled together with as little propriety of accent or emphasis as if hapless Haman was but just executed, and these little children were employed to cry his dying speech.

A Frenchman passing the door of one of these erudite seminaries, and stopping to listen, pursed up his face, and, with a shrug of contempt, exclaimed—"Ah pauvres miserables! Be gar dey sing like nutting at all."

What a reflection was this? The Frenchman having no idea of their being thus taught to read, very naturally supposed, from the tone of their voice, they were attempting to sing, and therefore very justly exclaimed, "Ah! Pauvres miserables," &c. &c.

A fellow of a college, whose name was Backhouse unfortunately once found a young gentleman on his staircase, sprawling at full length, being fuller of the juice of the vine than young gentlemen ought to be.—Backhouse took hold of him, and hawling him along somewhat roughly, began to expostulate with him. The youth was thus brought to his recollection, when on rubbing his eyes, and feeling B. drag him down stairs, he exclaimed,

Quo me, *Bacche*, rapis, tui plenum? HOR.
Whither, Bacchus, pull'st thou me,
While I am so full of thee?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Incognito is received, and under consideration. On a more serious subject Incognito could certainly write with more interest; we would wish him to be more *known* by us as a correspondent.

The little elegy by *Llewellyn* is beautifully pathetick: his communications will be ever thankfully received.

The beautiful and correct translation of Plato's Ode by *F.* convinces us that he can, and we earnestly request he will, become a valuable assistant in our poetical department.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written in the spring of 1803, *on hearing of the much lamented death of a young and amiable lady, who died of a pulmonary complaint.*

In the concave of heav'n all resplendent with light,
Shines the star of the ev'ning, unrival'd its blaze;
Thus in beauty and virtue transcendently bright,
Shone Eliza, the theme of my lays.

Now, the fire that illumin'd her eye is expir'd,
And the rose that enliven'd her cheek, it is fled;
And that elegant form which the Graces attir'd,
Joins the band of inanimate dead!

I will hie to the streamlet with willows o'erhung—
To the dark winding valley, with cypress o'erspread—
And there I will sorrow the tall-reeds among,
For the peerless Eliza is dead!

O relinquish awhile those gay ditties of love,
Ye choristers sweet that enliven the grove;
Let sorrowing dirges resound in their stead,
For the peerless Eliza is dead! LLEWELLYN.

On hearing a lady extolled for her transcendent beauty and harmonious voice.

When Delia trips the verdant green,
In her so many charms are seen,
The youths all turn to gaze;
Dame nature, when she form'd the fair,
Endow'd her with so sweet an air,
That all who see must praise.

Whene'er her voice assails the ear,
The soul enraptur'd bends to hear
Her harmony divine;
Not Orpheus' self, of whom is told
Such magic tales by bards of old,
Could warble half so fine.

But what is beauty, what is grace,
With all the charms that deck the face,
Without the cultur'd mind?
They're but the flowrets of a day,
Whose tender petals soon decay,
And flutter in the wind.

Then Delia, be not too secure;
Such charms we know can't long endure,
And oft to ruin tend;
In virtue place your surest trust,
A diamond that will never rust,
And always prove your friend.

Chester-Town. AMICUS.

To Emma, on reading some verses of the Author.

Why stedfast by the waning taper's light
Shall gentle Emma dwell o'er verse like mine,
And genius fondly stoop to take delight
Where taste like hers must blame each weary line?
By nature courteous, and to kindness prone,
She seeks perhaps some fancy to commend;
But while she reads, intent on me alone,
Forgets the poet and applauds the friend.

No more I ask beyond the sweet reward
Her bosom yields, whence pure affection flows,
And where approving conscience lives to guard
That friendship sacred which she feels she owes. X.

CONTENT.

The wind whistles down through the vale,
But snug are my sheep in the fold;
'Tis winter that speaks in the gale,
But Ellen is shelter'd from cold.

Tho' humble the thatch o'er my door,
'Tis cheerful and happy within;
With Ellen how can I be poor!
Whose smiles my affections can win.

Let others with riches be bless'd,
They strew o'er the pillow with thorns,
My boy is by Ellen carress'd,
Her smile our dear cottage adorns. X.

ADIEU.

Adieu! 'tis a word that will break my poor heart,
A sound that no peace nor content will impart,
Ever banishing pleasure and rest:
Oh! say not adieu! 'tis the point of a sword
Sharp edg'd, that with poison will torture each word
Recollection awakes in my breast. X.

TRANSLATION

Of a Sonnet by Plato, written in his youth and preserved by Diogenes Laertius.

This charming Apple, Lydia, see—
Catch it, quick—I give it thee
Newly from the luscious heap
Which for thee alone I keep;

Take, and with it take my heart,
If the God with secret dart
Touch thee, haste in all thy charms
And give them to my longing arms.

But, (that word I hate to hear—
O fate do not confirm my fear)
Should you not my suit approve
Take the fruit, the gift of love;

And think that ere to-morrow's noon
Its bloom and sweetness may be gone;
If to day 'tis not enjoy'd
'Twill be by ruthless time destroy'd. F.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1805. N°. 11.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Hard is the fortune that the sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends.
Hence by fond dreams of fancied pow'r amus'd,
When most they tyrannize, they're most abus'd.

LYTTLETON.

AMONG the many subjects which have called forth the censure of the grave and the derision of the gay, coquettry stands forward with eminent distinction. Here the essayist and the poet have found an ample field for their exertions; but unfortunately for mankind, the lash of satire and the melody of verse have been of little avail; we have still to deplore the cruelty of beauty too nice to be pleased, or too ambitious of universal dominion, to admit the claim of any single admirer.

To the charge of approbating that which has been so long condemned I hesitate to submit myself, yet from what I have read and observed, I humbly presume that the character of the coquette has been too strictly considered in the abstract: the motives which lead to a life of voluntary celibacy or the occasional rejection of connubial delights are not always sufficiently enquired into; the lady's story is seldom heard, at the same time sympathy is awakened, and our judgment biassed by the school-boy wailings of love crossed at eighteen, or the unceasing clamour of impudent pretentions disappointed. That there are many justifying circumstances in the case which, when duly weighed, will take from the severity of censure, I have no doubt. A sick parent, for instance, may demand constant and unwearied attention from a daughter; ill health, or at least a delicate constitution, may forbid a daughter to indulge her wishes, for although she may carry beauty to the arms of a husband, she may also feel that disease will be the certain inheritance of her offspring—is a lady thus situated to affix with two black wafers under the knocker a label on which the sighing passenger will read, "no admittance for those who shall presume to admire"? Let us not be too hasty in our decisions. Taught by the fate of some unhappy sister, who was once the delightful companion of her early years, and now the victim of misfortune, a timid female will, as the world think, pause too long on the choice she is about to make of a partner for life; she may welcome every new lover in the hope of finding one who promises, from greater worth of character than those already admitted on her list, or from some other qualification to her equally recommendatory, to make her happy; yet she finds that that lover only encreases her doubts and apprehensions. Just such a lady, some person will possibly exclaim, have I known; who, in spite of her reflection and her fears chose from amongst her suitors he who was most unlikely to make her happy; this may be true, but before we condemn, we should be very certain that any other would not have made her wretched; caution has ever received the applause of the wise and the approbation of the good; if, indeed, regardless of superiour claims to her affection, she gave it to one who deserved it not, she is to be pitied; the sex, it must be confessed, have much of the frailty of human nature; love films the eye, and the scintillations of passion are not always to be resisted. We will go a little deeper into this matter. "*Dans le fait de l'amour c'est l'exception qui flatte.*" If Fontenelle is right, all cannot be flattered. A lady who has charms and wit will soon have a host of lovers: if she gives her heart to one, she necessarily offends the rest, and the town is fatigued with the complaints of the disaffected; coquette is whispered at the tea-table, and vociferated at the tavern; each thinks he ought to have been preferred, and as vanity in such cases wonderfully assists recollection, all remember the smile or the welcome that justified their pretensions. Lovers are like melons—one good in a hundred. The modern Apicius sees on his groaning board the delicacies of every

clime and every season, and with the fastidiousness of pampered appetite roves from dish to dish, uncertain where to choose, and unsatisfied with variety of excellence; and shall beauty be compelled to feed her spleen for life on the first rank fool that presents himself?

Woman, as philosophers do aver, is the weaker animal. Beset, as she frequently is, by twenty suitors at a time, how is she to determine? the passport of merit is not written in such obvious characters as that he who runs may read. The calm remorseless villain who means her ruin will not be less assiduous, and certainly not less bold than the modest man whose good faith deserves her regard; the designs of the one or the intentions of the other are not at once discoverable; meanwhile, to hesitate is to practise coquettry. Surely, in a lottery, when the consequences of drawing a blank are so severely felt, the sex may be permitted to turn the wheel before they venture on the number which shall fix their happiness or misery forever. In better times, when ladies had nothing to fear but the arm of a giant or the rod of an enchanter, coquettry was little heard of, for it was not necessary: honour first fettered whom love enchained; assurance of fidelity fixed the passion which courteous demeanour and respectful advances had excited; and where the nuptial torch was lighted up for beauty, her brighter ray beamed on the sun-burnt cheek of constancy and valour. Let us look at our *coster-monger* age to find, if we can, some substitute for the qualities we have long ceased to possess and scarcely know how to appreciate: we see the blank which sense and dignity had left, filled up with full-length portraits of a fortune-hunter and a beau.

The behaviour of a lady will frequently deceive very penetrating eyes, especially where affection for the object observed has preceded observation. A lover of ardent hopes may construe into particular favour a kind complacency of conduct, the overflowing of a heart anxiously solicitous to please; which, instead of being directed at him alone, is nothing more than part of a general system founded on the wish so universally felt of being beloved by all. What he should have thus interpreted, his blasted expectations degrade by the harsh name of coquettry; for the desire of revenge will, in a certain degree, assail the mildest bosom, nor are we the less speedy to execute our purposes of resentment for an affront because we owe it to our own folly: sentiments contrary to these, imply a rectitude of soul rarely to be met with.

There have been, and still are, people in the world who believe all women are coquettes, just as there are others who will swear that "every woman is at heart a rake," because a great poet has said it before them. These system-mongers who reduce every thing to rule, and who have scarcely forbearance enough to admit exceptions which would place the feelings and the habits of the mind in a more amiable light, remind me of a French traveller. Having fortitude enough to support existence a short month *hors de Paris*, he determined to see a little of the interiour; and being arrived at Tours, he found the hostess of the inn where he stopped a diminutive, red-haired, cross-grained body, not disposed to be in a better humour with him than with the rest of her guests. On publishing his travels after his return to the capital, he began the chapter on Tours by observing, *les femmes de Tours sont rousse et acariatre.* Without taking to myself an overabundance of credit for my anecdote, I will venture to say, that every railer against coquettry will find his image reflected in the French traveller.

My fair sisters! I do not, I acknowledge, promise myself much success in this my attempt to turn the current of publick opinion in your favour: malignity will growl, and folly will chatter; but heed it not; be resistless in spite of censure, and contract not the wide domain of beauty. That were indeed an humble lady who would content herself with pleasing one, when she might charm the world.

F

Nunquam a turba mores, quos extuli, refero: aliquid, ex eo quod composui, turbatur; aliquid ex his quæ fugavi, redit. Inimica est multorum conversatio. SENECA.

Solitude and society have each their advantages: the former is peculiarly adapted to lead man to the knowledge of himself; the latter teaches him the nature and follies of the world, that may be injurious to those who delight too much in it; but this is always more or less baneful: the complaint of the philosopher being the experience of all rational men in every age: "Much intercourse with the world," says he, "is pernicious;" and every man conversant with life must attest the truth of the proposition. There is something in the nature of an enlarged communication with society which vitiates the nicest taste, defiles the purest mind, and weakens the energy of the most excellent principles. Actions of which men are justly ashamed when individually charged with them, under the cover of a multitude in the same situation are perpetrated with little or no remorse; and some witty expression or ludicrous representation has operated to mitigate our horrour at vice, and render it palatable. In the quiet of retirement, man may enquire into his situation as a rational

being accountable for his conduct, and under moral restraint: here alone, it is probable, he will form resolutions by which to govern his conduct, strive to ascertain the number and power of his vicious desires, aim to correct his improprieties, and increase the influence of the virtuous principles which he may possess. Calm contemplation on the nature, situation, and prospects of man, will generally have a profitable tendency; and few are so hardened as not to wish the enjoyment of that peace which accompanies virtue, although the force of habit, or the seductions of vice may induce them not to attend to the dictates of sober reason. The wish of Balaam has been often expressed by men equally as well acquainted with the advantages of religion, and like him determined not to obey its injunctions: they delight in reflecting on the happy retreat which the good man makes from this world, and the exquisite felicity which awaits him in a future state; but will not exercise sufficient power over their perverse wills to subdue them to a conformity with that which reason and revelation require.

The weakness of man is abundantly displayed in the discord apparent between his professions and his actions. He admits that his life is of a fleeting uncertain tenure, and cannot be held by him many years. Notwithstanding which, he pursues the honours, the riches, and the pleasures of this world, with as much avidity as if his stay below were to be eternal; and his wisdom were proved in grasping as much of it as he could procure. The greatest part of mankind are thus engaged; the majority careful respecting present objects only, and absorbed in gratifying their present wishes, lose all idea of the eternity to which they hasten; and forgetful of themselves, and that which is demanded of them as moral agents bound to conform to a certain rule of life, indulge propensities which fail not to injure themselves, and contaminate their associates.

General intercourse is pernicious, because it turns the mind from itself. There are none who have no duties to perform in social life; hence it is necessary that we should have commerce with men of the world. But the grand fault is, that being by nature so constituted as to delight in society, we frequently sacrifice our duties to the satisfaction which we derive from intercourse with others: and so ready are we to swerve from that which is good upon the least allurement, and so apt to make even lawful enjoyments injurious, that by turning our attention from ourselves, and proposing to our notice subjects either trifling or vain, it may be asserted, that no man returns from a mixed assembly, a free social meeting, or even his proper avocations, to his fire-side, so pure as when he left it. In the seclusion of a closet, where peaceable meditation may be enjoyed, the passions of the human heart most opposite to the welfare of society are counteracted, their influence diminished, and as their mischievous effects become visible, hatred to them is increased: in the world they are often inflamed as soon as they have been checked, and it is not uncommon for a man to have his easily besetting vice invigorated immediately after he has used every possible mean to weaken and destroy its power. Example has frequently seduced men of little fortitude to commit crimes, at the recollection of which when retired to their homes, they have been appalled; and felt surprised how they could have yielded to the artifices of those who have no other object in view, than by multiplying the number of vices, and those who commit them, to screen themselves from publick contempt and infamy. When vice is authorized by the example of the great and the powerful, it requires a man of firmness to escape the contagion which at all times and in such numberless ways is ready to infect him. Nothing is now more fashionable than a spirit of levity, which eradicates every serious idea, by mixing together allusions to the subject of Christianity, and inuendos that men who appear to be guided by its prescriptions are fools and hypocrites; those who love the truth, but have never studied the evidences in its favour, sufficiently to be able to defend their opinions, often seem to join with their companions, when they feel silent grief that they cannot stem the torrent that inundates them; and its constant repetition either enfeebles the obligations of virtue, or what is preferable, obliges them to absent themselves from company in which they hear the name of their God blasphemed, the principles which bind society together derided, the foundation of all social happiness laid waste, and the basis of their own individual comfort destroyed. Much caution should be used by those who wish to preserve their hearts from the evil which communication with the world instils: for it is truly astonishing, that one rational observation uttered by any person in company, with respect to the dignity of man in a future state, the value of the human soul, the propriety of submitting to the commands of Heaven, or the imprudence of a vicious course of life, will stop all the channels of conversation, and finish the delight of proud rationals. Ridicule is frequently made the test of truth; and because a good man has not talents to defend a sensible remark from the silly noise of those who hate truth because it condemns their conduct, his sentiment is transformed into a jest, and he himself "*quizzed*" as a Puritan. If men renowned for their ignorance only, were obnoxious to this

charge, we need not be surprized; but that those who have received all the instruction fortune or talents could acquire, should thus act, and indeed be the first to laugh every thing decent out of the world, is a source of regret and lamentation. It is inconceivable, how much an opprobrious epithet will tend to render the best cause, and him who supports it, contemptible: men calculated to impart sterling knowledge by their communications in society, and who have been the greatest ornaments of human nature, have frequently given up its benefits on account of the defect now stated. Hervey for some years before his death visited very few of the principal persons of his neighbourhood, although they manifested for him all possible esteem and respect: being once asked, "why he so seldom "visited the gentlemen in his vicinity?" He replied, "I "can hardly name a polite family where the conversation "turns upon the things of God; I hear much frothy and "worldly chit-chat; but I have now determined not to "visit those companies where there is not room for my "Master as well as myself." It would be well if all men who desire to promote the best interests of society, would act upon the same principle. The man who has an enlarged intercourse with the world, who is obliged to be found in situations and companies, whose principles he abhors, and whose practice he detests, should be endued with a determination to persist in his own habits, deaf to all entreaty, and inexorable to every clamour. When a young man who has been nurtured in the paths of virtue, and instructed to consult her commands in every step of his life, ventures into the world, he hears vices the most opposite to that which he has always supposed just and good openly defended and as openly indulged, every man whose character reproaches the enemies of virtue introduced as the subject of ridicule, his religion stigmatized as "*cant*," his virtue diminished to constitutional apathy, and himself represented as a morose, unhappy, melancholy mortal, not fit to live among gentlemen: unless the youth shuns such scenes, it is highly probable, that he will lose his virtue, and shipwreck himself upon the shore on which numbers equally well equipped, but equally as weak, have lost their health, their fortunes, and their reputation. Every man should consider himself possessed of some influence, having opportunities of praising that which is laudable, condemning that which is faulty, reproving the commission of vice, opposing those evil practices which he may hear defended, and animating the virtuous however weak their efforts, in the steady discharge of the various duties which augment individual and social felicity.

J. B.

LETTER IV.

To Eliza.

After the most anxious expectation, I have received your second letter.—It is short; and couched in such peremptory—perhaps I may say—indignant language, that I have resolved to relinquish every idea of you. In forming this determination, I have been obliged to summon up all my fortitude and firmness; to rouse every sentiment of manliness, and to invigorate every principle of independent pride. It has cost me the severest conflict, and still corrodes my happiness; yet am I unchangeably fixed in my purpose, never more to supplicate you, unless I perceive some hopes of a different return. This resolution my most deliberate judgment approves. It has always been my opinion, that the noblest passion which can warm the breast, without a certain independent dignity, sinks into the most degrading weakness, disgusting to her who caused it, and despicable to every one else. Those sentiments which soften the heart, ennoble all the affections and prepare us for every thing generous, noble and great, when under the misrule of excess emasculate the mind, debase the source of every virtue, and degenerate into their corelative vices. Abandoned by reason, the disinterested patriot becomes the engine of proscription and blood-shed —The benign christian is transformed into the furious and relentless fanatic—and he whose heart has been melted by the noblest and most dignified passion, is changed into the love-sick dying swain, whose sleepless nights are spent in eking out the most fulsome adulation, and whose days are passed in lisping his whining hypocritical rhapsodies. I have often wondered that a lady could have patience with a servile cringing lover, and I should have thought it impossible, were there not many examples, that she should ever be teazed into matrimony by a fellow, whose affections and adoration are increased in exact proportion, with the contempt and disgust with which he is treated by his enchanting divinity. Are the principles and feelings of our nature reversed by a passion which awakens all the sensibilities of the soul? Can hatred and contempt increase love? Such may be the progress of covetous avarice or fretful desire, but believe me the growth of sentiment is far different. As in the colder and more distant relations, friendship is only perpetuated by reciprocal effusions warm from the heart, so in the most refined and soft affections,

——————Nought but love,
Can cherish love and render bliss secure.

But if love were rendered more ardent by the most harsh return; what opinion can be formed of him who is insensensible to the most determined contempt and indigna-

tion? Can that mind whose spring is destroyed by the most humiliating compliances, ever rise to the practice of the noble virtues? Do we expect generosity from servility, candor from art, or sincerity from hypocrisy? You must not however, suppose from these remarks that I have reasoned away my passion. I wish I could. No! ever engaging and lovely Eliza it yet is ardent and unabated. No! Dearest of women, my heart responds, I pssoess for you the tenderest, softest passion; and though it can never expect a return, shall, by chasing away all remembrance of your unkindness, in ideal smiles, find a temporary reciprocation: In fancied bliss, I'll enjoy every moment which I can spare for abstraction, and I'll forego every hope of the real Eliza and love and be loved by an imaginary one. But, my passion, though strong and immutable, is under the regulation of reason; though it is ingrafted on my happiness and almost incorporated with my existence, I am still so fortunate as to be able to check its maddening violence. And although I may justly be accused of having imprudently permitted its deceiving influence to glide into my heart, it shall never be said that one so susceptible of the most refined passion is insensible of the most unkind treatment, and that he whose love originated in the purest sentiment, could consent to implore when indignity and disdain were the return.

However, whatever your conduct may have appeared in my eyes, it was no doubt dictated by motives, which although they extinguish every hope, ought to render you more lovely and amiable.—I can yet judge of you without partiality—and my candid opinion is, that you are, in every respect, the most finished and perfect woman of your age that I am acquainted with. When therefore I examine my pretensions, I am struck with the vanity and arrogance of a hope to attain the honour of your hand. Notwithstanding your extreme diffidence and modesty, your good sense and judgment must have perceived that you had reason to expect a more eligible match, and your sympathetic and tender heart impelled you, reluctantly, to the decisive conduct which I have experienced; that by applying a violent remedy you might at once cure the wound you had unknowingly inflicted. However let your deportment be what it may, I shall never believe you take delight in wanton cruelty, and though I am far from swerving from the resolution which I have made, I will never question the rectitude of your motives or the sensibility of your heart, till I have more convincing proof than your harsh and peremptory conduct towards me.

I will now bid you an adieu forever. May you bless him, who, though he cannot love you more sincerely, may be more deserving of you. That the soft beams of peace may irradiate your steps, uninterrupted happiness mark your life, and after death the richest treasures of heaven await you—will ever be the ardent prayer of

CONSTANTIUS.

THE LOTTERY TICKET—AN EXTRACT.

It has frequently been observed, that both happines and misery are relative emotions, which are either diminished, or increased, in proportion as our minds have found a transition from the *one* to the *other* extreme. The man who has basked in the sunshine of prosperity, generally finds his spirits unable to support the attacks which adversity inflicts; whilst the being who is suddenly raised upon the pinnacle of *greatness*, finds his head suddenly become giddy from the exalting height. So completely are the bonds of society interwoven, and so firmly are the ties of relationship entwined, that one man's *success*, or another's *misfortunes*, generally, in some degree, affect his connections' minds.

I am led to form this opinion, from feeling the influence they have produced upon myself; and I have reason to deplore that sensibility of disposition, which makes me so tenderly participate in every heart-felt pain. Though, from the first moment of taking upon myself the sacred *character* of a *clergyman*, (which is now upwards of eight-and-twenty years,) my income never exceeded a hundred and fifteen pounds, yet I always contrived to save something to relieve the unfortunate; for charity seems an instinctive emotion in my breast. This amiable principle I should not have been able to gratify, had not my domestick concerns been under the direction of an economical wife, who always contrived to save a shilling, by the judicious disposal of every guinea she received; and who fulfilled every duty both of the mother and the wife. Though my family consisted of five children, yet my yearly bills with different tradesmen never amounted to fifty pounds; for we kept a cow and pigs, fed poultry, and both brewed and baked at home.

I taught my daughters to read and write, and gave them some slight instruction in the French language; and my wife was a complete mistress of every kind of work; therefore I was not at any expence for their education, except one year, that they persuaded me to let them go to a dancing-school. My two boys found a friend in the lord of our manor, who kindly procured them admission into the blue-coat school; and I have the happiness of believing, they will never disgrace the patronage which they had the good fortune unexpectedly to obtain. My elder girl

went as companion to a lady in the neighbourhood, whose delicate health required a change of clime. My younger, I had the misfortune to lose in a consumption, and this was the first serious affliction I ever met with in life. I endeavoured, however, to submit to the decree of my Creator; but I had the misery of seeing my wife bowing under the stroke; for though she was fondly attached to all her children, my poor Nancy had certainly the first place in her heart! After having for nine months watched the bed of sickness, sometimes inspired by hope, and at others dejected by despair, I lost this endeared and amiable companion, and felt myself a kind of outcast in the world. The filial attentions of my Eliza, however, at length roused me from that state of lethargy, in which, from excessive grief, I was plunged. I patiently submitted to the will of the Almighty; and, if I did not become *cheerful*, I tried to feel *resigned*.

I had long fancied I had beheld a partiality between my girl and a young farmer who lived about half a mile from our house; and as he bore an excellent character I could not help wishing the attachment might increase. He had not long been in possession of his patrimonial inheritance, which amounted to about one hundred and forty pounds a year; and he hired some land that lay contiguous to this property, for which he paid annually about the same sum.

I soon had the satisfaction of receiving proposals from Mr. Richardson, on whom I gladly bestowed the hand of my child, and for some time enjoyed the highest gratification, from seeing him affectionate to my Eliza, and attentive to his affairs. I sometimes fancied I discovered too great a propensity in him to imitate the manners of those who lived in a higher sphere, for he was frequently planning out the manner in which he would dispose of his money, if by *industry* or *accident* he should ever become rich. My daughter rather encouraged than checked this conversation, because she observed that it afforded her husband delight; and as I had not the slightest idea that his airy visions would ever be realized, I gave myself no uneasiness about the turn of his mind. Though he had collected many anecdotes respecting persons who had gained fortunes in the lottery, yet I had no suspicion he had been a purchaser without informing his wife; when, judge of the surprise I must have felt one morning, at finding myself awaked from a sound sleep by my son-in-law's voice.

"Congratulate me, my dear Sir! congratulate Eliza!" exclaimed he, without allowing me time to open my eyes. "Now you shall see what a style we will live in! Now I'll show the world how *well I love my wife!* She shall have the most elegant carriage in the whole neighbourhood! and I will keep a pack of the finest hounds. You shall see, my good Sir, that I am a *man of spirit*; for I am at this moment master of *twenty thousand pounds!*"

All this was said with so hurried an articulation, that it was impossible for me to get in a word; and I really began to imagine, that the poor fellow's head was turned. "What do you mean, George!" I exclaimed, with an astonishment which convinced him I had not comprehended the cause of his joy. "Don't you hear the bells?" He enquired: "Why an express has arrived from London, and my ticket has proved a prize of *twenty thousand pounds!*"

"I give you joy, my dear son," said I, shaking his hand with cordiality; and God give you grace to make a proper use of this boon." "Oh, never fear that," continued he with animation. "But *you* must come *directly* to our *house*." Away he flew, without waiting for my answer; and meeting an old woman, who kept my house, on the stairs, I first heard him embrace her with all the ardour of affection, and next desire she would accept his purse to drink Eliza's health.

Instead of my heart glowing with gratitude towards my Maker, for unexpectedly bestowing riches upon my child, I could not help fearing they would be the means of conducting her to the road of ruin, and an unconquerable dejection took possession of my mind. The month after this unexpected acquisition of fortune was devoted to the entertainment of all the complimentary guests, who crowded the house for the purpose of seeing how its possessors were *affected*, under the pretence of offering congratulations, which few of them could feel.

I shall not attempt giving a minute description of the various alterations my son-in-law planned. The old house was erased, and a new one erected, large enough for a man of five times his wealth. It was in vain that I endeavoured to persuade him to occupy his attention by cultivating his own patrimonial estate; for he had too many pretended friends to encourage his extravagance, and impel him to pursue the most visionary schemes. My poor Eliza enjoyed for a very short period the unexpected possession of undesired wealth; for it seemed to have been the means of alienating her husband's affection; and the indulgence of *pleasure*, it was soon evident, was undermining his health. Instead of the calm happiness he had enjoyed in the society of my Eliza, he could not bear his own house, unless it was filled with guests; and even that sacred engagement he had entered into at the altar, was infringed upon by the advice of his fashionable friends.

Those tender pleasures of mutual affection, which ought to have proved checks upon *extravagance* and *caprice*, no longer excited emotion in the breast of a father, whose feelings were all absorbed by the effect of *example* and disease.

Seven years had scarcely made their annual circuit, when this ill-fated young man's life and fortune were brought to a close; and I was under the necessity of affording an assylum to my disconsolate Eliza and her children, who amongst all her friends in *prosperity*, found none ready to solace her woes.

Since the removal of my family, my expences have diminished; and I have been able to save a little for my unfortunate child, who, from having once enjoyed the elegances of existence, doubly feels the burden of her present distress.

DOMESTICK ILL TEMPER—AN EXTRACT.

Expect not a story deck'd in the garb of fancy, but look at home.

A little before Sir R——'s arrival, Lady H——, who had been much fatigued with nursing one of her children, that was ill, sat down on a sofa, and fell into a slumber. Soon after, being roused by the sound of his carriage, as it approached the house, she suddenly started up—hastily arranged some chairs that were displaced, and, adjusting her dress in the same hurried manner, sat down at a table in visible anxiety.

Alas! thought Constantia, is this the arrival of a husband!

Sir R—— entered.—"What is the meaning, Lady H——," said he, sternly, "that the hall windows are open at this time of night? In this damp weather, all comfort in the house is destroyed by it."

"I know not," replied Lady H——, mildly, "how they have been neglected; the servants are generally very attentive."

"It is your business to see that they do their duty."

"I have been much occupied with ——"

"I was not asking" interrupted Sir R——, abrubtly, how you have been employed; I only meant to remind you, that if you do not attend to your domestick concerns, you must expect them to be neglected. Did you send for Newman, as I ordered?"

"Yes; but he was not at home."

"When was he expected?"

"Matthew forgot to enquire, but he desired that he might be sent here the moment he came home."

"And you propose to wait patiently till he comes?"

"What else can be done?"

"Send for another carpenter."

"No other can do the work so well."

"I wish, my dear, you could understand how unpleasant it is to hear nonsense."

Silence now ensued, till it was broken by Sir R——'s saying to Lady H—— "So you don't think proper to tell me how Fanny does?"

"She is better."

"And as that is agreeable information, you chose to keep it till I extorted it from you?"

Lady H—— gave no answer but a sigh; a long silence again ensued, and was again broken by Sir R——, who expressed high admiration of his wife's and Constantia's taciturnity.

"When you arrived," said Constantia, "I was inclined to conversation, but imagined you were not disposed for it."

"And my wife, I suppose, imagined that I was in a very bad humour; she has no allowance to make for a man's being tired and disgusted with troublesome business: having nothing to trouble herself, she can form no idea of the irritating things men meet with abroad.—What easy lives some women lead! They know nothing of the hardships which men, who are engaged in the bustle of the world, have to encounter."

"I should think," answered Constantia, "that domestick vexations may prey upon the mind as severely as any whatever."

The watchmen in a certain great City having been for some time very negligent; a motion was made by a member of the City Council for leave to bring in a bill to compel the watchmen to sleep during the day, that they might the better discharge their duty by night: an old Gentleman present requested the honorable member would include him in the bill, for that he was so cursedly troubled with the gout he could not sleep either night or day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YELSE is received, and we shall pay particular atttention to the request of so valuable a correspondent.

In the hand writing of J. B. we recognize the author of those beautiful lines on Domestic Happines; published in our seventh number: we solicit his further correspondence.

The Ode to Solitude will appear in our next.

ALPHA has not attended to our prospectus.

PETER PANGLOSS, No FOP, and several other pieces, are under consideration.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EPITAPH.

Hence let the step of av'rice fly;
Envy and Guilt far distant hie,
Nor tempt this hallow'd ground;
Where Charity and Pity rest,
Where Virtue's self in turn is blest
Beyond this earthly mound.

No monumental stone displays
To Folly's eye the fruitless blaze
Ambition would desire;
No oil can fill the brighter lamp
That burns above the charnel damp,
With faith's celestial fire.

Stranger! pass on—the humble verse
Her actions wou'd in vain rehearse,
Quite blotted by the tear;
The pen essays in vain to gild
With praise fair virtue's loveliest child—
Laura! alas! lies here! X.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell! Oh! what pain it creates,
In the bosom which heaves at the sound,
When friends may no longer partake
Of the bliss with each other they found.

But hope shall reanimate joy,
As it dies on the quick passing breeze,
And in some future prospects employ,
The lov'd pleasures now fading in these.

While friendship may lull to repose,
The cares which oft harrow the breast,
We forget how the stream of life flows,
While on its smooth surface we rest.

The soft wind may breathe on the tide,
Or the rough blast may terribly blow,
The vessel may peaceably ride,
Or may dash the rude storm with her prow.

When pleasure, and fields of delight,
Or seasons of love may arise,
And friendship such scenes will invite,
As we grasp at the pleasure, it flies.

The good which the sun beams illume,
And the joy-dreams of youth are terrene,
Farewell! we express with a smile,
If we duty a pleasure esteem.

J. B.

TO CONSTANTIUS.

Most melancholy Sir,
I've read your letters o'er and o'er,
And feelingly your state deplore;
For, trust me Sir, I've felt love's dart
Stick in my gizzard or my heart,
But which I can't exactly tell,
For now the wound hath grown quite well;
And I my judgment sure may miss in,
Because d'ye see I'm no physician:
But feeling for your situation,
Your hopes, your fears and your vexation,
I write, touch'd with the tend'rest pity,
This *very sympathising* ditty.
No doubt, Sir, you've spent many an hour,
Depriv'd of sleep's refreshing power;—
In study deep, by light of taper,
With pen in hand, with ink and paper;
And often, say now, a'nt I right;
Wrote out "the third watch of the night"?
Oft starting up from off your chair,
(Or stool, in case no chair was there)
You, fury like, would stamp and tear
Your *sweet Epistles* to the fair;
And then some fond ideas flew,
Your *tender heart* was partial to;
And some unto the flames condemn'd,
As if mere ideas could offend.
Oh! 'tis a grievous thing, by Jove,
To be so very much in love.
Sure this *Eliza* is a sad one,
Or else indeed a very mad one,
For being deaf to so much merit;
Such gen'rous love! such manly spirit!
Such arguments! as sure might move
The heart of adamant to love—
But hold! I'll cease to sympathise,
And boldly dare to give advice.
Since all your letters prove in vain;
Cease then *Constantius* to complain;
Drive far away each sickly vapor,
Nor *waste for her your ink and paper*;
Nor spend your time in am'rous sighing,
But make your will and think of dying;
Purchase a pistol or a rope,
Then give despair its fullest scope,
And like a lover quit existence,
'Twill with your letters shew consistence:
The tenor of which clearly prove,
You cannot live without her love.
"May Heav'n eternally forsake me"
And may the powers of darkness take me,
If I don't write your Epitaph,
Then sure your friends will cease to laugh—
Thinking that my advice you'll take,
And quickly this vain world forsake,
With all that is allied to sin—
Your Epitaph I'll straight begin.

HIS EPITAPH.

Here lies a swain whose death does clearly prove,
That loaded pistols have more pow'r than Love;
He liv'd to write Eliza three sweet letters,
But fail'd it seems, to bind her in love's fetters;
Pistol and ball, with powder then he tried,
But scarcely had it smote him ere he died.
Then, *go vain* man, nor boast love's potent power,
It cannot kill in less than half an hour. SOLUS.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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O fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint. VIRGIL.

"WHO can shew us any good?" is the constant language of discontent among all classes of mortals. Ever repining at their lot, ever envying their fellow creatures, ever indulging anxious longing for the adventitious gifts of fortune, yet neglecting the fairest opportunities that offer, and the most natural and certain means to procure substantial happiness.

Happiness, so eagerly desired, so diligently sought after, and so seldom found, is never more ardently pursued than by those who have not attempted to understand her character, nor enquired for the paths that lead to her abode. She is like the kind, but modest, virgin, "that would be woo'd, and not unsought be won;" nor will she dispense the sweetness of her smiles on those who are insensible to the purity and dignity of her nature, who are not sincere and constant in their attentions, and who degrade themselves by idolatrous worship at the shrine of meretricious pleasure.

The authority of sacred writ, the precepts of philosophy, and the experience of ages, might convince us that happiness is not found in sensual indulgence, in frivolous dissipation, in accumulated wealth, nor successful ambition; nor is it always the attendant of beauty nor the companion of gratified vanity: But so greatly are we deluded by imagination, and enslaved by passion, that the glittering toy of the moment has temptation too powerful to be resisted, and present gratifications engross all attention and desire.

It is true that poverty and dependence are allied to certain misery, and prudence can never be better exerted than in securing independence; with which all declare they should be contented, and consequently happy. But independence is an indefinite term; different persons conceive different notions of it, according to their education, the sphere of life they have been brought up in, the company with which they have associated, the habits they have formed, their particular kind of reading, or total want of rational information. The man of large hereditary possessions, who from his cradle has been fondled in the soft lap of luxury, whose eye has been accustomed to sights of elegance and grandeur, whose nod has commanded obedience, and whose ample means have afforded the indulgence of every desire, will not easily be taught to think he can be independent in a lower sphere, and with a smaller revenue. The opulent merchant, whose successful ventures and persevering industry enables him to live in a style of almost equal splendour, who fares sumptuously every day, decorates his dwelling with gaudy magnificence, and entertains with ostentatious hospitality, has no idea of independence with less than he possesses, and is seldom satisfied with the longest continuance of prosperous speculation. The moderate tradesman, whose retail profits permit himself and family to enjoy the decent comforts of life, and to lay up something at the end of every year, is not satisfied till he can raise enough to load a vessel and risque his all, in hopes to rival the merchant in large gains and extensive credit, without which he cannot suppose himself independent. The humble mechanick, whose labour gives him health, and supplies the temperate calls of nature with wholesome food and needful cloathing, envies the possessors of property the ease and convenience he was never indulged in, nor taught to expect; and thinks it hard he cannot live independent of manual exertion. Thus independence seems to elude the chace in which all eagerly join;

"And like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
"Allures from far, but, as we follow, flies."

How then are we to attain this chief ingredient in the cup of earthly felicity? We must seek for it at home in our own bosoms; and, before we can expect the wholesome

plant to thrive, we must labour carefully to root out the idle and baneful weeds that check its growth, and exhaust the soil by which it should be nourished.

In the middle class, mankind are generally more happy, because envy is not so predominant nor pride so overweening; on one hand, they find many in a station considerably above them, but on the other, many far below; instances might also be collected of persons being eminently happy in the highest, and even in the lowest, sphere of life. Hence it appears, that it is not on circumstances we are so dependent, as upon our passions, appetites and habits, which keep us in slavish and disgraceful subjection. The proud man, with all his bloated consequence and self-sufficiency, by demanding more, often receives less, respect than he might otherwise claim; and seldom finds much deference paid to his opinions, or submission to his will, except from those, whose necessities or interested views render them dependent on his favour, and on whom he mutually depends for the food which supplies his arrogance. It is not coarse flattery, nor fine spun compliments, nor is it the liberal praise of the candid that would content him; he wishes to inspire fear, as well as admiration; to be approached with tremulous confusion, and looked up to with reverence; to be served with timidity, to confer honour by his smiles, to blast with infamy by his frowns, to raise himself above others by trampling them down; and, as the superiority he assumes is generally resisted, he is placed in the situation of *Sisiphus*, constantly labouring to roll up the stone that will certainly fall down again.

Vanity is the feeblest of all follies, and cannot for a moment support itself without leaning upon others. It depends for its gratification on the courtesy of friends, the caprice of acquaintances, the ignorance of fools, the cunning of knaves, and the servility of hirelings. The admiration it delights in is as frequently excited by a tight boot, or a coat fashionably cut, a smart bonnet, or a fine piece of muslin, as by the personal attractions and accomplishments of the wearer; affectation is almost as frequently admired as grace, pertness as wit, and the smile of conceit and self-complacency as that of affability and kindness: yet the hunger of vanity for empty or undeserved praise is insatiable, nor will it be refused from the vilest hands; and, when the present supply fails, no slave can drudge harder, or swindler stoop to meaner artifices, to obtain more. This passion, when encouraged, swallows up every other, banishes modesty, renders feeling callous, and debases the understanding; and its possessor ultimately becomes the object of general contempt, but very seldom of pity.

The good of the envious man is the evil of others; and their prosperity is his affliction. If there is one in a thousand more favoured by fortune, or more advantageously situated than himself, and all the rest less so, instead of deriving satisfaction from the comparison of his state with theirs, he will pine with discontent, and let his heart corrode with unremitting anxiety, because that one may be thought in any degree superiour to himself. As his pleasure so constantly depends upon the pain of others, one might suppose there is misery enough in the world to make him happy; but, because some few are happy, he cannot chuse but be miserable.

None are less independent than the covetous. The increase of possessions increases the desire; every succeeding gain brings less satisfaction than the former; and contentment might as easily become the companion of poverty, as of covetousness.

But the most disgraceful of all dependence is in that deplorable state, when the mind stoops to the body; when to wallow in the stye of sensual pleasure is the chief good to be desired, and to accomplish which is the sole exercise of the intellect; this is the *Circean* beverage that transforms the rational being into the brute. A man totally given up to sensual indulgence, let him be ever so rich or powerful, let his situation be ever so high, and his family ever so respectable, yet in the scale of existence he cannot rank above the hog, nor are his faculties more respectable, or his views more elevated. When we compare the various and sublime enjoyments which are open to those, whose minds predominate, with the paucity and meanness of the voluptuary's pleasures, we cannot help mingling some pity with our contempt for the wretch, who is so grossly mistaken, and whose degradation is so complete.

It is evident, therefore, that to be independent, we must be divested of *pride*, *vanity*, *envy*, *covetousness*, and *sensuality*; that the rich, as well as poor, are equally subject to these passions; that wherever they are suffered to obtain the mastery, they rule with despotick sway; and that it is as much in the power of one class of society, as another, to overcome them, and rise superiour to their influence.

This strength and energy of soul is true independence; to this elevated station the peasant may arrive as well as the prince; and this is one of the noblest sources of genuine happiness. Certain it is, that some are deprived of health, and some so "*steep'd in poverty*" as to be in absolute want of the necessaries of life; but they are comparatively few whom Providence has so sorely afflicted; industry is generally able to avoid extreme indigence, and

exercise and temperance retard the approaches, and weaken the power, of disease; so that the aggregate portion of substantial happiness, which we may enjoy, seems chiefly to depend upon ourselves.

With health and competence all may be independent, and consequently happy. By competence is meant, the possession of means, not only sufficient to procure the necessaries of life, but also those comforts, which either we have been used to partake of, or which, from our situation and prospects, we may reasonably hope for, if we exert prudent œconomy. More than this, we may possess, but cannot enjoy, and consequently more is superfluous. It may enervate us with luxury, and inflate us with pride; but it will not raise us above envy, nor render us superiour to mortification; it will not increase our benevolence, nor make us more beloved by our neighbours, nor shall we be more contented; in short, more than competence can add no solid advantage, but it very probably may take much away.

But even those, to whom Heaven has given a sufficiency of this world's good, have no right to expect happiness, if their bodies are idle, and their minds are vacant: Corporeal action is necessary to health, and mental exertion equally so to sound and healthy intellect. The man, whose fortune is sufficient to supply his reasonable wants without attention to any trade or profession, may exercise himself innocently and rationally; but he, whose competence is the result of his own industry, is far better off. He eats the bread he has earned with a greater relish, he more truly appreciates its value, he is better capacitated to sympathize with others, and, as a good character is of more consequence to him, society has stronger pledges for his proper conduct. Yet to procure what the body requires is not the chief or most honourable employment for which we were sent into the world: we are informed, by the sacred writings, that in our faculties we are made but "little lower than the angels;" it is therefore not only a privilege, but our duty, to exert those faculties; to improve, to expand, to strengthen and enlarge the sphere of their activity, by every means in our power; and from thence we derive the purest pleasures and most lasting benefits. A cultivated mind is able to support itself, to employ its powers usefully, and relax them delightfully, to communicate pleasure and instruction to others, and be, what its author intended, strong, dignified, and happy. While the unimproved mind is continually subject to *ennui* and peevishness; sometimes from its lightness blown about by every folly, and sometimes a victim to the spleen; communicating neither pleasure nor information; but often stopping the current of rational conversation, by obstinately persisting in its own crude opinions, or, with sullen discontent, casting a gloom over the cheerfulness of others. There are some, so entirely devoted to the pursuit of superfluous riches, as to think all time lost which is spent in any other manner; whose grovelling minds esteem perpetual plodding the only commendable quality; and who have even presumed to censure others, for bestowing some portion of their time and attention on the nobler part of their natures, for endeavouring to correct their hearts, and furnish their heads with rational knowledge.

For such contracted beings this paper is not intended; they are too gross for feeling, too dull to be convinced, too deep-rooted in selfish habits to be reformed, and too contemptible to be regarded. They may have high notions of their own importance; but can never be agreeable companions, estimable friends, nor safe instructors; nor will they be loved or respected by the virtuous and the wise. If our minds are of a more elevated nature than our bodies, surely it is but just, that some regard should be paid to them; surely it is not only imprudent, but criminal, to neglect them. One of the strongest arguments in favour of the soul's immortality is drawn from the consideration of its activity, and unceasing desire after knowledge, which can never be sated in this world; and it is difficult to oppose this reasoning, except it be urged, that the narrow views, the sordid habits, and ignoble pursuits of some, would induce us to suppose their souls are never raised above their occupations, and therefore must be like the "brutes that perish."

To conclude: it is possible to possess health, competence, vigour of body, a cultivated and active mind, and yet be very unhappy, and very mischievous, if they are without benevolence to their fellow creatures, and piety towards God. These last are not only essential to the enjoyment, and right use, of every other blessing, but will support us under the privation, and supply the want, of many. A feeling, an upright, a generous, and unsuspecting heart, derives pure and constant gratification from its own emotions; its joys are doubled by the participation of others, and even from its sorrows, and the share it takes in the sufferings of those who are distressed; it derives, from virtuous consciousness, a pensive satisfaction, which it would not exchange for the mirth of the libertine, nor the insensibility of the selfish. But this spirit of real and enlarged benevolence can only be the result of christian piety; a steady belief in the wisdom, goodness, and providence of the great Creator; a reliance on his word, an

humble resignation to his will, a desire to obey his commandments, and to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us."

"With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
"And makes the happiness she does not find."

Mr. Easy, *Harford, January,* 1805.

I am extremely happy to find, by the communication of Miss Biddy Figget in No. 7 of the Companion, that cards and card-playing are so much detested by the ladies of Baltimore. But I am afraid, from what I have frequently observed myself, that it is too good news to be true. Card-playing is frivolous and indecent in the extreme. And every circumstance having the least tendency to destroy their use, has always afforded me much delight. Miss Biddy has, I think without sufficient reflection traced the origin of cards to foolish old maids and bachelors. However as she wishes much odium to be attached to these two classes of beings, the idea was certainly commendable, which has thus given them such an origin. But I think differently. Old Nick should have his due. The most natural conjecture relative to their pedigree is, that they originated in the purest innocence, and my opinions are corroborated by those of one of our most celebrated modern writers. I will give you his sentiments almost entirely in his own words.

Cards, if one may guess from their appearance, seem to have been invented for the use of children, and among the toys peculiar to infancy, the marble, the whistle and the doll, deserve their share of commendation.—By degrees men who came nearest to children in understanding and want of ideas, grew enamoured with the use of this as a suitable entertainment.—Others also pleased to reflect on the important part of their lives, had recourse to this amusement as what recalled their childish ideas to their minds. A knot of villains increased the party; who regardless of that entertainment, which the former seemed to draw from cards, considered them in a more serious light, and made use of them as a more decent substitute for picking pockets, or robbing on the road. But for men who assume to themselves a dignity of character, where will you find their inducement to this kind of sport? How can men, who value themselves on their reflections, give encouragement to a practice which puts an end to thinking.——In short, as persons of ability are capable of furnishing a much more agreeable entertainment, when a man offers me cards, I esteem it as his private opinion that I have neither sense, nor fancy. I am dear Easy, yours,

TYRO.

THE LISTENER—No. I.

"What a barbarous notion!" said a gay young lady, the other night:—"these men not only satirize our inno-"cent amusements, our cards, our balls, our airy fashion-"able dresses, and our affectation, but wish to introduce "amongst us a LISTENER; who when he pleases will "detail our conversations, and expose us to the world." This spirited remark brought forward the *Companion*, in which this office had been projected, and so earnest were all the females in the company, in reprobating some of the pieces in that work, that I resolved to transcribe their dialogue for your amusement. One thought impressed my mind whilst they were discussing the subject, that I myself would become a LISTENER, and thus give those females an opportunity to peruse their opinions, in that same work, of which they had spoken so contemptuously. After some desultory chat, they all at once began to revile the TRIFLER, and particularly the Dream, as related in page 20th. As I am a Listener only, it is not my office to say whether the picture is drawn from the life or not:—I forward you therefore no critique, but a transcript as exact as I can recollect, of that which was said by them. As it would be invidious to publish names, and as three only were the "chief speakers," I shall designate them by the appellations Miss A, Miss B, and Miss C; leaving to themselves the application, the most useful part of the subject.

Miss A. I would give the world to know that old morose fellow who wrote the Trifler's dream.

Miss B. He is some batchelor, who has formed improper notions of our sex.—Did ever any body hear of a wife who has thus "behaved herself?

Miss A. It is the effect of a disordered imagination.

Miss C. You mistake: the old bear had been out at some tavern—does he not tell you that he was absent until the morning? He is some drunkard who could "never get a woman to have him" because of his vices; and having taken a dislike to us on that account, thus abuses those who will not condescend to keep him company.

Miss A. But what could induce a man to draw so unfavourable a picture of us?

Miss C. Nothing more than to aid the principle of celibacy, which is already too widely diffused.

Miss B. But mark how he condemns his wife's kindness; all she did for him was from pure love, and yet he despises it. Oh what unfeeling wretches these men are! from all men, if this be a sample, Good Lord deliver us!

Upon this, an old lady in the room interposed, and in a polite manner said, Miss B, how absurd to talk so—

there is not one woman in the city more desirous to be married than you, and not one who has half the coquetry: you try every art to gain admirers; and I have no doubt but that you would be the exact counterpart of the Trifler's wife.

I could not help joining in the laugh which this excited—but what is most remarkable, it did not raise a blush, or stop her in the part she took in the debate.

Miss A. I never heard of such a woman in all my life—this fool tells us that his wife was never pleased, either with his staying at home, or his going out; and makes his wife a mere idiot.

Miss C. I do know one woman very like her—in a large company once she told her husband to put a potatoe, which he had placed on his plate to eat, back into the dish; and, will you believe it, she was obeyed.—But one exception to the general rule of the submissiveness of wives ought not to be noticed.

Miss B. I wish you would all agree with me, and we will go to the Printing-office in a body, and toss the Publishers in a blanket* unless they give us the name of the author. What! after a woman throws herself away upon a man, must she not be her own and his master, do as she likes, and order him about as she pleases!—I will never marry unless this is clear and certain.

The old lady again remarked that Miss B. was the last girl who ought to talk so, for that all the grief of her life consisted in her not being able by any of her schemes to change her name.

Miss C, who appeared to be a prudent, sober girl, said that she could not but join with Miss B. in desiring to know the Trifler, yet she must beg leave to state a worse circumstance than the one there recorded, and that was a living instance of a woman, who to numberless instances of folly, impropriety, and want of affection, added this extraordinary circumstance—that she procured her father to aid her in turning her husband out of his own house.

This ended the conversation, except that they all agreed to meet together and wait upon the printers for the name of the "unsufferable bore" who penned that number of the Trifler; and asserted stoutly that if they would not satisfy them, they most assuredly would pull their ears, decry the Companion, and otherwise punish them, according to their behaviour upon the occasion.

You will therefore prepare yourselves, Messrs. Printers, for a grand attack, as it will be made suddenly upon you, and I fear no art, no force, no rhetorick, no politeness, no obedience, not even "a bundle of kisses," will avail against this mighty redoubtable champion Miss B, who is determined to persecute you "with all her heart:" permit me, therefore, to give you a brief sketch of this young lady.

She is fifteen years and a half old—can dance or amble a little, and chatter or prate a little, and dress herself, that is, not dress herself at all—affect to be listless in company—riggish in walking—and is perpetually ogling all the young men she meets—she cannot write or read one sentence correctly—knows no more of domestick affairs than an infant—is too indolent to acquire an useful idea, or the least particle of valuable knowledge, and yet presumes herself to be mistress of every necessary houshold accomplishment, and qualified to fill the station of a wife and a mother. With this information communicated to you, all I shall add is—*From the impending vengeance I hope you will escape in safety.* JEMIMA.

* From the tenour of Miss B's conversation, it would appear that she respects Easy and his publishers no more than the clothiers did Don Quixotte and his 'squire Sancho; and like them, she is desirous of chastizing you as knights-errant. But my word for it, your readers generally are not of the opinion that such a work as the Companion is incapable of partially correcting the vices and follies of the age.

Mr. Easy,

At a time when the "still small voice," otherwise the useful guide to rational man, is almost lost in the dreadful chaos of vindictive human wrath—when the most trivial offence subjects an useful member of society to untimely death, from the sanguinary temper of his fellow-man; any thing that may tend to recal us to a state of useful reflection, deserves the attention of all moral men. Esteeming you such, I offer the following extract for insertion. T

Sermon on the combat of the duel. By the Rev. William Macfee, a chaplain of the army. Preached at the camp, at Valley-forge (Pennsylvania) Feb. 1778.

Two men of the Hebrews strove together. Exodus i.

The sacred book abounds with several instances of duels. The first that we read of, is, that of Cain and Abel; where the elder brother sent a challenge to the younger, because his sacrifice had been more acceptable to the Lord. They met, and Abel fell, having received the end of a club, as is generally supposed, somewhere above his right temple.

The second instance, of which we read, is that of the text; where two young Hebrews had met, with their seconds, to decide a small difference, but what it was, has perplexed all commentators. Moses, like a young man

as he was, endeavoured to quiet their resentment against each other, or to overcome it, by putting them in mind that they were brethren. The conduct of the young man was indiscreet, and he received a proper check by the rebuke of the two brick-layers.

The next instance that we read of, is, that of a young officer of a bear who sent a challenge to young David, who reported that he was fond of eating sheep; which calumny, true or false, it behoved him, as a bear of honour, to resent. David met him, and, having discharged their pistols, they took to the points, and in the scuffle, while the bear had thrown himself too far forward, in attempting a lunge, David caught him by the beard, and smote him through the body.

Having given these few instances from scripture, I shall go on to shew the necessity of a duel, and then to press it a little on my audience.

It is necessary. For it is not every man that has the command of his passions; and these, unless they are suffered to evaporate in some manner, will burst out into robberies, and burglaries, and do damage to society. The passion of pride is one of the most troublesome amongst men, and to this there is nothing so powerful an antidote as fear, which never fails to be excited when the challenge comes to hand. The duel is like an electrical conductor to all evil passions. The man who this moment was boiling hot, with pride and every haughty passion, is now calm and moderate, for somebody has sent him a challenge. It is the only misfortune that this very principle of fear prevents the certainty of the execution: for by giving a trembling to the hand, it comes to pass, that very few are wounded, and still fewer fall in the combat. To remedy this, I would propose, that the duellists should stand nearer, and put their noses into each other's barrels, while the pistols are discharged. Swift says, "He should be sorry to see the legislatures make any more laws against duelling, for if villains and rascals will dispatch one another, it is for the good of the community." But the misfortune is, they will not dispatch one another; for this principle of fear, and the distance at which they stand, prevents any shot being effectual.

The philosophers of the former time, and the ecclesiasticks of the present, are against duelling, forsooth, because by study and thinking, their warm passions are rendered tame, and they have no need of blood-letting; but they do not consider, that there are many others, who, if they were not suffered to give themselves vent this way, would rage and roar like mad bears, and set the world on fire.

Having now seen the necessity of this exercise, it remains that I press it a little on my audience. Who is there amongst you that did not praise the corporal the other day, who having observed something like a smile on the countenance of his neighbour, and not being able to assign the cause of it, sent him a challenge? The corporal, it is true, received a ball through the rim of his belly, and was buried that evening; but it is his consolation, that he is now with the angel Michael in Abraham's bosom.

When I mention the angel Michael, it brings to my mind the circumstance of the devil sending him a challenge. But, according to the apostle Jude, he (that is, Michael,) durst not accept of it, or, as it is in the translation, "bring a railing accusation," but said, "the Lord rebuke thee." I do not know what to say for Michael, for certainly it must be granted, that, in this instance, he acted not like an angel of honour.

The only objection that I know of against the practice of the duel, and with an answer to which I shall conclude, is, that in the New Testament it is considerably discouraged by the spirit of forbearance, inculcated in these words, "If any man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." But to this it is to be said, that "the pilot of the Galilean lake," as Milton calls him, (for I know my business better than to speak plainly out, and to say "Christ" in an army) the pilot of the Galilean lake, I say, and his apostles, among whose discourses and writings, sentiments like these are found, were not what we call men of honour. Bred up about the sea of Tiberias, they had not the best opportunity, by travelling, to become acquainted with the world. Nay, our Saviour himself plainly tells you so. "Verily I say unto you, My kingdom is not of this world." Now, as men of honour never propose to go into his kingdom, why shall they frame themselves agreeably to its customs? It is absurd; and while they live in this world, let them live as becomes men that know the world; and when they wish to go to the devil, let them send challenges as he has done, and fight duels according to his dictates.

FILIAL PIETY AND MODEST BENEVOLENCE—AN EXTRACT.

A young man, named Robert, sat alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger had stept in, and taken his seat near him, but quickly rose again; observing, that, since the master had disappeared, he would take another boat.—"This, Sir, is mine," said Robert; —"Would you sail without the harbour?"—"I meant

only to move about in the bason, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening.—But I cannot believe you are a sailor."—"Nor am I—yet on Sundays and holidays I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum."—"What! covetous at your age!—Your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favour."—"Alas! Sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me."—"Well perhaps I am mistaken—let us take our little cruise of pleasure, and acquaint me with your history."

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus:—"I perceive, young man, you are sad—what grieves you thus?"—"My father, Sir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage, but, in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, to superintend, in person, the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair, and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refuse to let him go for less than 2000 crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best—my mother and sister work day and night—I ply hard at my occupation of a journeyman jeweller, and, as you perceive, make the most I can on Sundays and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead; but, my mother apprised of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage."—"Pray, do you ever hear from your father?—Under what name does he pass?—Or what is his master's address"—"His master is overseer to the royal garden at Féz—and my father's name is Robert at Tetuan, as at Merseilles."—"Robert—overseer of the royal gardens?"—"Yes, Sir."—"I am touched with your misfortunes—but venture to predict their termination."

Night drew on apace. The unknown, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand a purse, containing eight double louis d'or, with ten crowns in silver,—and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavory meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment; in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner, tenderly embraced his wife and children; and thanked them, with tears of gratitude, for the fifty louis they had caused to be remitted to him, on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, Madame Robert, suspecting her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal. "Six thousand livres," continued she, "is the sum we wanted—and we had already procured somewhat more than the half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, "unfortunate boy!" exclaimed he, "what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom, and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom, without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expence of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once—and let us all die, if you have forfeited your integrity."—"Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him.—"No, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment—I am not your deliverer—but I know who he is.—Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his enquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavour to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure-boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, Robert again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established; at last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him, as his guardian angel, as the saviour of a father and a family, to share the happiness of his own creation. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd—but, reader, this stranger was Montesquieu.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For the convenience of our city correspondents, they are respectfully informed that a letter-box is affixed to Messrs. Bonsals' window, on Market-street.

We are much obliged to a respectable correspondent for his hint on modern sleigh-drivers, and think him so well qualified to write easily on that subject, that we anticipate a valuable essay:

For when we see a female charioteer,
We think of *Phaeton*, and think with fear.

If JEMIMA continues to be a prudent *listener*, she will prove a valuable correspondent.

CONFUCIUS, and others, are under consideration.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S PURSUIT OF HER SON.

Wild with sorrow and grief thus distractedly spoke
A mother, whose anguish wrung sighs from her heart;
But no tear from her eye yet pellucidly broke,
Thence only the rays of affliction could dart.
"Oh! where roams my son? whither carelessly play'd?
Perhaps by yon brook he has fearlessly stray'd
And beneath its dark bosom his body is laid.

What noise struck my ear? 'twas the Curlew that sung
Most plaintively sung me his fun'ral dirge.
Again!—hear the sound that so solemnly rung;
'Twas the waters as o'er him their whiten'd foam urge.
Return him ye waves to a parents fond arms,
Tho stiffen'd his corse, yet his infantine charms
Will lend him a smile that will calm my alarms.

Perhaps down yon precipic'd height did he fall—
Ye spirits of air, where wing'd ye your flight,
Could ye listen untouch'd, to his agoniz'd call?
Could ye see too, unpitying, the heart-rending sight?
Why did ye not rush, as ye saw him thus dare
The rock that so awfully nodded in air,
And safely to earth the rash innocent bear?

Perhaps in yon wood where so mournfully waves
The cypress tree, sacred to me and to woe;
He heedlessly wander'd amid its dark caves,
'Till no longer his heart beat with lifes gentle glow.
Yes! the savage that prowls through the desart so wild,
Has redden'd in blood the soft limbs of my child
Oh God! I shall ne'er see him smilingly mild.

Thus saying across the green space of the plain,
She wildly rush'd forward unmindful of fear.
The forest's dark bosom her footsteps now gain,
When a sigh gently broke on her list'ning ear
She started; the moment was fraught with her fate—
'Twas only the dove that mourn'd sweetly its mate
And sigh'd for those pleasures it tasted so late.

Still onward she rush'd disappointed and sad;
For misfortune had lent her the wings of despair.
Hark! accents well known her mild bosom now glad,
Each chrystalliz'd pearl joy melts to a tear;
To her infant she sprung—to her bosom 'twas prest,
And maternally warm'd into life at her breast,
As the fond happy parent her infant caress'd.

YELSE.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Genius of the desart wild!
Nature's misanthropic child,
In yon sequester'd hermit's cell,
Solitude, thou lov'st to dwell;
There with fairy feet to dance,
O'er the clifted height's expanse,
Or in the lonesome vale to stray,
And trim life's little lamp away.

Hence noise and folly! *idle brood*,
Nor tempt the haunts of Solitude...
Shrouded in the dumb retreat,
Muffled Silence takes her seat,
And Melancholy, droops her head
And sighs and weeps, till hope is fled;
While *pious Supplication* stands,
With asking eyes and lifted hands,
And Mem'ry groups in chequer'd ray,
The fleeting forms of yesterday.

Health, in purple vest array'd,
And Modesty, that courts the shade,
Truth disdaining *puff'd pretence*,
Meek unconcious innocence,
Tranquility, unknown to care,
Fairest where *all forms* are fair;
And sweet Content, that's blest to roam
Never from her native home;
Solitude! thy charms supply,
And tune the the soul to harmony!

For *thee* when Phosphor's purple beam
Plays upon the chrystal stream,
When the Zephyr's silky sway
Chills the fervid heat of day,
When Ev'ning spreads her dewy damp
O'er the little glow-worm's lamp,
And twilight's herald, (bird of care,)
Flits beneath the lurid air,
And the sickly taper's light,
Mocks the misty noon of night;
O Solitude, for thee I sigh,
For *thou* art best society!

With thee from Riot's revel reign,
From Pleasure's pantomimic train,
From Glory's prostituted palm,
I seek the philosophic calm!
Whether to trace Caucasian snow
Or in the torrid tropic glow,
To mark the circling ocean's bound,
Or trace a streamlet by its sound.

O might the hours of musing stay,
Or fly as they have fled to day,
Now Learning's sacred heaps I'd tread,
To converse with the mighty dead;
Now rove the silent walls among,
Where torrents flow'd from Tully's tongue,
Tow'rd proud Vesuvius' summit turn,
And drop a tear on Pliny's urn,
Or Athens, beautiful in ruin scan,
And ponder on the pride of man.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1805. No. 13.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

The stage I chuse, a subject fair and free;
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis publick property.

CHURCHILL.

NO species of writing appears better calculated to produce good effects than the dramatick. That vice as resulting from the tyranny of a solitary passion, or from the combination of many unruly ones, has been well exhibited; the immortal works of Shakspeare alone are ample proof; his imitations have been always displayed in a natural and masterly manner, and are admirably adapted to support and promote the cause of truth and virtue, and to discourage vice. The comick productions of the two last centuries, including the inimitable volumes of Moliere, prove that mankind may as easily be laughed out of their follies, as terrified from the commission of crimes. Works of both these discriptions are of sterling value; for I have no doubt whatever that the just representations of those violent and bad passions which afford matter for Shakspeare's more prominent tragedies, will have more efficacy in guarding against the improper issues of the heart, than the most solemn discourse of the learned divine, or the clearest deductions of the metaphysician.

These performances have been analysed with an accuracy which prove them to be founded in pure unsophisticated nature, and capable of exciting interest as long as men shall continue to exist; but in bestowing this merited compliment upon our great author, we are led to contrast, still more to his advantage, several productions of his immediate successors, which appear compounds of inconsistency and unnatural action, and calculated to produce in the admirers of the former, only emotions of disgust. Yet these performances have acquired a reputation and popularity that would appear unaccountable, and derogatory to the good taste of those who have had better models, and have induced us to examine some of them as minutely as may be in our power. The name of Rowe is classed with those of his countrymen who have secured a niche in the temple of Fame; or in other words, his works are handed down to us in the British collections, whether theatrical or poetical. Garrick too, whose good taste has revived many performances of merit, has chosen the character of LOTHARIO for frequent exhibition. Whatever may be the merits of Jane Shore and the Pharsalia, it shall be the business of this essay to prove that his FAIR PENITENT is a work destitute of any excellence but the smoothness of the versification; with the exception of two characters, which, though well drawn, are only subsidiary: I mean those of Horatio and his wife—qualifications by no means competent to suffice for the want of common sense and common propriety, so conspicuous, and characteristical of its pages.

I propose to examine separately the three characters who were intended to excite the principal interest in the plot; this I conceive to be the most methodical manner by which the defects can be pointed out.

Calista, the heroine of the piece, is the daughter of a venerable Genoese noble, whose persuasions and wishes have induced her to become the wife of an accomplished young nobleman, (Altamont) whose love appears to be extravagant and unbounded. The celebration of their nuptials have scarcely commenced, when we perceive strong appearances of disorder and unhappiness in the mind of Calista. Her heart seems torn with boisterous passions, and she is no sooner married than she repents. We are astonished to find tears and coldness instead of the endearments due to her husband; and it is not long before the dialogue between Lothario and his friend, explains the enigma, and discovers the frailty and treachery of the fair one. The author in this description of her loss of honour has exerted all his powers to make it as luscious as possible; and the honied verse more aggravatingly shews that Alta-

mont is the doating husband of a woman devoid of honour and of heart for him; that he has not only been grossly deceived in the first instance, but is perpetually insulted by unceasing aversion and repeated instances of infidelity. By accident her base conduct is discovered by the friend of Altamont, who in the attempt to remonstrate with her, brings upon himself all the virulence of a high tempered and abandoned woman, in consequence of whose false representations he loses the friendship of the man whose cause he was pleading, and the lives of both are hazarded.

The interview between Lothario and Calista in her bedchamber, detected by Altamont, at length opens his eyes; her disgrace is soon publickly known—and after a rhapsody of very little interest, without a sign of real repentance that I can perceive, she commits suicide by the command of her father.

What, let me ask, results from the delineation of such a character? It appears devoid of nature: How different the interest excited by Shakspeare's Macbeth, Othello, Richard, and Lear? With all the exuberance of passion, of ambition, jealousy, and unbounded sensibility, nature is never overstrained. The consequences of their indulgence are natural and just; still are they so finely blended and chequered with estimable and noble qualities, that we can bestow the tear of regret and compassion, though we applaud the vengeance of Heaven. There is nothing incongruous in these characters to destroy our interest in them. Love is a powerful passion, and frequently spurns at all opposition, where propriety in its indulgence is not abused, as is most prominently the case with Calista. It is true, Prior has drawn in Emma (a lovely portrait otherwise) the picture of a female meanly supplicating the lover who tells her she is rivalled in his affections by another. This appears so unnatural to Johnson, that profound critick, that he condemns it in strong terms. Yet Emma's conduct, in every other instance, was truly feminine and amiable; and her pride or delicacy had not been insulted by the deceptions of seduction and betrayed by a vain-glorious boaster to the world. Yet after such injuries, does Calista put herself again in the power of her seducer, tho' married to Altamont. She therefore excites no pity or interest, (*although a fair penitent.*) Married to the man she detests; insulted by her betrayer; commanded by her father to destroy herself; her heart torn with the conflicting passions of shame, love, and despair; it might have been supposed that under such accumulation of punishment, the spectators or readers would feel a deep interest in her fate. The fact is otherwise. Disgust occupies the mind to the exclusion of every other emotion. Or rather the character is so very unlikely and unnatural, that we are scarcely affected by it at all. I say it is unnatural, for under her circumstances she should not have married; or if she determined to do so, with the intention, as it appears, to mortify Lothario for his neglect, why not dissemble her passion for him and dislike to Altamont?

Thus, though the most prominent person, she does not contribute towards producing any effect of consequence.

We next come to the examination of Lothario's conduct; and I believe few people of common understanding will differ in their judgment upon it. This is the gallant, gay Lothario, for whom the high-minded Calista sacrificed honour, happiness, and life; and who all the while mocked and ridiculed her to herself and friend, and handed her name to publick infamy, that he might be revenged upon his enemy, who had become her husband. It would be a difficult thing to sketch a more disgraceful and more contemptible wretch than this vile deluder. With the same breath that he acquaints his friend with his success in her seduction, he triumphantly and unfeelingly derides and insults her distraction and offers of matrimony. He abuses her confidence in him by the most impudent and boasting disclosure of their whole connection to his bitter enemy and the intimate friend of her husband; and the provocation was, that because he shunned her she gave her hand to Altamont. It is true we have heard of seductions, and the intrigues of some who we believe were fools enough to emulate the gay Lothario in such gallantry and courage as his; but their villany was so artfully disguised, that our delicacy is not so immediately shocked. This fellow proves himself a rascal one minute, that he may boast of it the next, in opposition to those feelings which must have actuated him to the attachment, and to that delicacy which the most scurvy seducer in real life would have observed in a case where so much beauty and confidence had been bestowed. It must be confessed that such unnatural conduct can be only equalled by the downright profligacy and meanness of his mistress; who, after all that passed after the conjugal tie had connected her with another, declares, in answer to the remonstrances of her confidant, that she must and will again see him; and for this sapient reason—"My genius drives me on." So might a highway-man say when he presents his pistol. And again we have this confession—

"I swear I could not see again the dear betrayer
"Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
"But my relenting heart would pardon all,
"And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me."

The rashness of Lothario (his other prominent quality, for the author has completely made him a fine gentleman by *quantum sufficit* of what he calls gallantry and courage) cannot be honoured with the name of courage. It is impudence in support of his baseness, and has more the appearance of the swaggering bully than the courageous gentleman.

I have no doubt but that many a silly would-be-buck thinks such bravery most worthy of imitation, and sighs for an opportunity to prove, in the presence of some admiring fair one, that they are

> ...Ready for love or war by turns, by day and night...
> That little preparation serves their turn,
> Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.

Surely the magick of elegant versification must be powerful indeed, that can give an imposing aspect to sentiments which, when turned into plain English, and stripped of their disguise, excite no other emotions than disgust and indignation for the hero of the play, and confirmed contempt for his mistress.

The last character of this drama is a very singular one indeed. Before I proceed further, I would ask those who we will suppose to have read the foregoing remarks, whether they do not already feel a sympathy for the unfortunate situation in which this doating husband is placed; whether they do not suppose the poet meant, that the whole interest of the piece should consist in compassion for his sufferings, and pleasure in the merited punishment of his wife and Lothario? When this character is studied no such feelings will be excited.

Throughout the whole play we behold in him nothing but a weak, fawning, and blind lover; too blind or too stupid to notice the profound hatred and dislike which Calista unceasingly shews him, and so thoughtless in the face of all this conduct, as to quarrel with his best friend for only telling him what any other person with his experience would have already suspected.

His complaints to her father the day after marriage, of her coldness and unaccountable conduct, seems to be obviated without much difficulty, by some silly remarks of the old man upon "the cozenage of the sex." Shortly after, when he accuses herself of her "frowns and sadness," she replies—

> .....I tell thee, Altamont,
> Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above.
> Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
> Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.

And yet immediately after this confession he wants to run his friend Horatio through the body, because he accounts for this otherwise incomprehensible conduct.

In short, he may be accused not only of a meanness and blindness totally unpardonable in the noble Altamont, of whom Sciolto speaks in such lavish terms in the opening of the piece; but of a behaviour most palpably unnatural and unlikely for the lover, to whom "trifles light as air" are "damning proofs." And when we contrast the manly and dignified conduct of Horatio with his injustice and stupidity, we are reconciled to whatever may happen.

From what has been said, the general tenour of this production may be discovered; as to its tendency, my powers are unable to find out. What virtue is particularly inculcated, or what vicious passion discountenanced, is not discernible, at least with effect; for how can either the one or the other be the consequence, when the characters are so extremely incongruous and unnatural. True sympathy or terrour are only excited by true distress or criminality, agreeably to what we conceive of nature. They can never be called forth by such characters as are here exhibited. Notwithstanding all the borrowed aid of funereal pomp, and bones and relicks, calculated to inspire an awe and melancholy, to which the play is inadequate; we cannot avoid being shocked at the strange proposal of the father to the daughter to commit suicide. The scene is not laid in the days of Virginius—and a christian audience would rather have looked for the cloistered convent, or recluse situation, where atonement might be made by repentant sighs and tears.

I have been thus particular in examining the FAIR PENITENT, because it has ever held, and still holds, a place on the stage, in defiance of common sense, and perhaps for bad purposes. When such men as Garrick and Cooper, (for the latter actually played the character not long ago in Philadelphia) contribute their powers to the representation of the gallant, gay Lothario, there is some danger that our young ladies, by falling in love with the "dear deceiver," may produce not a few imitators, to the great detriment and nuisance of plain every-day society; who would wish to content themselves with examples of less brilliancy and heroism. A

> *A generous friendship no cold medium knows,*
> *Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;*
> *One should our interest and our passions be:*
> *My friend should hate the man that injures me.*
>
> POPE.

A recent conversation I heard, tending to depreciate friendship, has induced me to turn my thoughts to the subject. I had no opportunity at the moment of conveying my sentiments; but as the remarks led to the annihilation of a feeling which is second to none in the due esti-

mate of the gratifications and pleasures of life, I have thought it will neither misemploy my time, or prove unamusing to your readers, if I can place this virtue upon its true and real foundation. The definition must be first adjusted, and it occurs to me the one assigned by Addison is competent to answer my purpose. "Friendship" (to use his own words) "is a strong and habitual in-"clination in two persons to promote the *good* and *happi-*"*ness* of one another." If this is correct, it is too great a satire upon human nature to deny its existence. Annul it, and I will ask, Where are the gratifications of life? what is the value of existence? what its boasted pleasures? what but friendship can prove a succedaneum for its pains? Impartially weighed, the experience of every individual must prove its reality. No one can deliberately avow, that in some moments he has not experienced the solace of comfort: that solace must in the hour of trial have proceeded from a friend. It is this which dignifies human nature; and cancel this feeling, I know nothing valuable in life. Existence, abstractedly considered, is the mere privilege of breathing; an advantage of little estimation, if mind is separated. Surely no human being can have arrived at maturity, without experiencing a sense of its joys. Whether in illness, adversity, or danger, all must avow (or hard has been their fate) that trying as their situation has been, friendship has lent her fostering and cheering hand. It has been remarked by Thomson,

"If misfortune comes, she brings along
"The bravest virtues, and so many great
"Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
"Have in her school been taught, as are enough
"To consecrate distress, and make ambition
"E'en wish the frown, beyond the smile of fortune."

Nothing can be more obvious than that whilst the poet was indulging his fervid imagination, he contemplated the pleasure arising from friendship, or his fabrick would fall to the ground. Miserable must that individual be, who, schooled in adversity, has not experienced the advantage of an interposing friend. I do not believe, from my knowledge of human nature, such a character exists. Scripture inculcates the example, in the attachment between David and Jonathan, and our blessed Saviour dignified it by the emotions he felt in raising Lazarus, and his fondness for his favourite disciple John.

It may be worth while to examine if this feeling is properly understood, and whether those who depreciate it comprehend the principle. As an individual I am not *in foro conscientiæ* bound to be a friend to every acquaintance, neither does there exist any pressing obligation to serve with my fortune and my life every claimant. Insulated as every human being is, there are few who have claims upon either, but when the instance occurs, there are numberless proofs upon record to exalt the principle. One fact is sufficient, and it will bear out my position.

Those acquainted with English history will recollect the hard fate of Lord Russel, who, found guilty contrary to the existing laws, of high treason, and unmercifully condemned, was upon the evening prior to his execution visited by his friend, who nobly offered to exchange cloathes, and take his fate. This friend was Southampton.

In our estimate of human nature it is too often the gloomy side that presents itself, and too many exist that have experienced the bitters, rather than the delights. In this idea I am not certain of being quite correct, as it must be recollected that pain leaves a longer impression than pleasure. Take, for instance, the retrospect of a year; recollection points immediately to an act of ingratitude, a painful operation, the death of a relative, the adversity of a friend; and the bright side is completely out of view. A more accurate investigation would, I am persuaded, eradicate these emotions in the recal of friendly notice and solace.

Let us consider for one moment the libel we cast upon human nature in repelling the existence of friendship. Can man be so depraved as to possess none but a selfish feeling? Do I estimate no individual separate from a sordid view? Are esteem and love completely annihilated? Can I conceive no man competent and magnanimous enough to confer an obligation without the expectation of remuneration? The experience of every one nullifies the idea. It is too common to argue from the abuse of a principle, but candour occasionally interposes, and renders justice. Were the maxim correct, it would strike at the delights of connubial life, where friendship exerts its highest power. Surely this is the best ingredient in matrimony; and very little knowledge of the world is wanted to idolize the female sex for the attachment borne to their husbands. I may be told, it is the intervention of another feeling, and that love is the cement: it may be true to a certain extent; but let the fervour of youth wear off, and assuredly it becomes sacred friendship.

I much wish some abler pen would discuss this subject. The few remarks made are sufficient to convince an impartial individual, that, without friendship, life has no joys; and the same impartiality will, by a recurrence to past feelings, prove its fostering hand has been extended to every one in some period of their lives.

CRITO.

Harford, January, 1805.

Mr. Easy,

"The following verses were written by that noted personage Lord Talbot, who fled from society, and secluded himself as a hermit in the cave of Mount Arrarat, on the eastern shore of the river Susquehannah. In this forlorn situation he resided a number of years. But was at length discovered. The following lines, which were intrusted to his bosom friend, were then made known. They were written before he took refuge in the cave, and controvert the truth of a charge of murder attributed to him."

They have been lately found in the scattered remains of an old Magazine, which is perhaps the only surviving evidence of their ever having been written. By this discovery they are rescued from oblivion. And I hope you will grant Lord Talbot the justice, and me the satisfaction, of giving them, and the above quotation from the same Magazine concerning them, publicity in the literary Companion.

TYRO.

In my pilgrimage here I was wrong'd,
Too, too oft for one mortal to bear;
For revenge I was never inclin'd,
As christians who knew me declare.

Man's actions in pain I survey'd,
When retracing past scenes of my life;
Over them I can ne'er cast a shade,
And will now bid adieu to his strife.

I'll fly from Deception's vile tongue,
The fell curse so destructive to all;
Unannoy'd, I'll be happy alone,
When I my past actions recall.

Near to Rockland in prospect so sweet,
In the cave of mount Ararat's side,
There I will fix my permanent seat,
Then in none but my dog I'll confide.

By wielding the axe I'll have wood
To broil me my minims to eat;
The leaves of the forest my bed,
On which I will lie down and sleep.

While there from the world I remain,
I wish but Narcissa to view;
And then we shall smile with disdain,
Man's pride and his follies to shew.

From Moir's Discourses on some of the most striking circumstances in the present phenomena of the world, the presumption of human ignorance is thus judiciously and pertinently reproved.

What are we, the creatures of a day, who cannot command a thought, or a breath, protract for a moment, the brief span of life, know not the hearts of others, or even our own, recollect little of the past, and foresee less of the future, that we should affect to fathom the depth of infinite wisdom, or comprehend the works of omnipotence! Is there not something highly ridiculous, not to speak of its impiety, in applying artificial proportion to immensity, adjusting the fabric of the universe by rules of human architecture, and measuring eternity by the regulations of time? But even of this extreme absurdity, are they not all more or less guilty, who think of understanding the Almighty, or searching him out by their puny capacities: or, indeed, who question the reality and existence of whatever they cannot satisfactorily analyse. Among the greatest and meanest of all the objects, with which our senses are most conversant, which of them do we fully understand?—Wherever we turn our eyes, or fix our attention, all our strongest faculties of investigation are defeated, and clouds of darkness for ever impervious to human ingenuity, bound our prospect, and bar enquiry. This we know, that the simplest substance is susceptible of endless modification. And the acutest reasoners among those who contest the mysteries of revelation, will not find it easy to shew why three persons may not possess one essence, while they acknowledge the light of the sun, the light of the moon, and the light of the stars, to be substantially one and the same. But leaving useless abstraction to feed the rage of licentious speculation; instead of uttering words, without knowledge from a consciousness of much ignorance and imperfection; let us be content humbly to adore the intricacies of grace, as well as of nature, which it is not competent for us to unravel, and regard with silent gratitude and cordial acquiescence, the profound œconomy of Providence, neither revealed to gratify curiosity, nor hidden to tempt indiscretion.

The following spirited and just remarks on the Policy of Religion, cannot fail to please the reader.

Where shall we look for the genuine exertions of true magnanimity and public spirit, but under the manly and divine auspices of a rational and sublime piety? By whom were men originally reclaimed from a wandering and destitute state, like sheep without a shepherd, and a prey to the rapacity of monsters and of one another? By whom have all wise and salutary governments been instituted, the most equitable laws enacted, property most effectually secured, justice most impartially dispensed, and peace with all its happiest concomitants most anxiously cultivated? By whom hath all that unites, adorns and elevates the species, rids them of their greatest miseries, and raises them to the most enviable condition, been acquired with

most labour or improved to the highest pitch, brought most home to the necessities of the lowest and least informed, purchased at most expense, or stamped with most value? By whom are covenants least violated, promises best kept, oaths deemed most sacred, the inocent surest of protection, injured merit of redress, the wronged of relief, and the suffering and timid of sympathy and shelter? By whom is private ease and even life, fortune, and the dearest friends most readily relinquished, or even soonest sacrificed for the safety or welfare of the community?

Are any of those great minds who have reformed the world or civilized mankind, or made their names illustrious by their patriotism, their talents, or their virtues, promoting the glory of their country, guarding the constitution under which they lived, or defending the laws of the land where they were born and bred, against domestick faction or foreign invasion; noted for atheism or want of religion?

Is this the cast of character by which those are destinguished, who in all ages have been most celebrated and admired for that noble enthusiasm which cultivates and extends all the best privileges of society, and renders every thing subservient to general advantage, and by whose tender, preserving, and generous concern for publick good, arts and sciences have flourished, property and commerce increased, industry and success prevailed, and happiness and virtue triumphed?

VARIOUS CHARACTERS OF A TELL-TALE—AN EXTRACT.

Leaky at bottom; if those chinks you stop,
In vain,—the secret will run o'er at top.

NED TRUSTY is a tell-tale of a very singular kind. Having some sense of his duty, he hesitates a little at the breach of it. If he engages never to utter a syllable, he most punctually performs his promise; but then he has the knack of insinuating, by a nod and a shrug well-timed, or a seasonable leer, as much as others can convey in express terms. It is difficult, in short, to determine, whether he is more to be admired for his resolution in not mentioning, or his ingenuity in disclosing, a secret. He is also excellent at a doubtful phrase, as Hamlet calls it, or ambiguous giving out; and his conversation consists chiefly of such broken inuendos, as—"Well, I know—or I could—and if I would—or, if I list to speak—or, there be, and if there might," &c. Here he generally stops, and leaves it to his hearers to draw proper inferences from these piece-meal premises. With due encouragement, however, he may be prevailed on to slip the padlock from his lips, and immediately overwhelms you with a torrent of secret history, which rushes forth with more violence for having been so long confined.

MEANWELL, though he never fails to transgress, is rather to be pitied than condemned. To trust him with a secret is to spoil his appetite, to break his rest, and to deprive him for a time of every earthly enjoyment. Like a man who travels with his whole fortune in his pocket, he is terrified if you approach him, and immediately suspects that you come with a felonious intention to rob him of his charge. If he ventures abroad, it is to walk in some unfrequented place, where he is least in danger of an attack. At home he shuts himself up from his family, paces to and fro his chamber, and has no relief but from muttering over to himself what he longs to publish to the world, and would gladly submit to the office of town-crier, for the liberty of proclaiming it in the market-place. At length, however, weary of his burden, and resolved to bear it no longer, he consigns it to the custody of the first friend he meets, and returns to his wife with a cheerful aspect, and wonderfully altered for the better.

CARELESS is, perhaps, equally undesigning, though not equally excusable. Intrust him with an affair of the utmost importance, on the concealment of which your fortune and happiness depend: he hears you with a kind of half attention, whistles a favourite air, and accompanies it with the drumming of his fingers upon the table. As soon as your narration is ended, or, perhaps, in the middle of it, he asks your opinion of his sword-knot, damns his taylor for having dressed him in a snuff-coloured coat instead of a pompadour, and leaves you in haste to attend an auction, where, as if he meant to dispose of his intelligence to the best bidder, he divulges it with a voice as loud as the auctioneer's; and when you tax him with having played you false, he is heartily sorry for it, but never knew that it was to be a secret.

To these one might add the character of the OPEN and UNRESERVED, who thinks it a breach of friendship to conceal any thing from his intimates; and the IMPERTINENT, who having, by dint of observation, made himself master of your secret, imagines he may lawfully publish the knowledge it cost him so much labour to obtain, and considers that privilege as the reward due to his industry. But we shall leave these and many other characters, which our reader's own experience may suggest to him, and conclude with prescribing, as a short remedy for this evil—That no one may betray the counsel of his friend, let every man keep his own.

FROM BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

A kiss may certainly be innocent; as is the kiss of friendship, the kiss of sanctity, the kiss of ceremony, the vestal kiss of virgin modesty, the kiss of kind endearment, and the kiss of virtuous love; but the meretricious and heroick kiss, which we now condemn, is, as Xenophon observes, more infectious than the poison of the spider, and more destructive than the bite of the rattle-snake. It is true,

The gilliflower and rose are not so sweet,
As sugar'd kisses are when lovers meet:

but delightful, pleasant, and ambrosial, as they may be, such as Danæ gave to Jupiter, sweeter even than nectar, they leave a dangerous and destructive impression behind. The author of the life of John the Monk, who was a man of singular continency, and most austere life, has illustrated the fatality of this allurement, by a story, that the Devil, in the shape of a beautiful female, went one night to the cell of this virtuous hermit, and praying the shelter of his humble roof from the approaching storm, thanked him, by her salutations, with so warm a fervour, that his virtue was overcome. But when he attempted to disclose the passion she had inspired, the fiend assumed its native shape, and while she vanished into air, laughed him to scorn, and left him overwhelmed in all the agonizing horrours of remorse and shame. The story, however untrue it may be, furnishes an important lesson to the youthful mind, by teaching, that to resist danger, it is necessary, even in the most averse and sanctified souls, to avoid temptation. Of this danger, the virtuous Julian was so sensible, that he wore a long hirsute goatish beard, fit to make ropes with, in order, as he confessed, to prevent him from kissing.

LIBERALITY.

To bestow benefactions on a man who has merited his misfortunes by misconduct, is an abuse of charity! Such is the opinion of the unfeeling affluent, who, to be dispensed from succouring distress, always begin by enquiring if it cannot be attributed to imprudence. When they assert that relief is only to be extended to men of irreproachable character, their only intention is to save their money, without losing the esteem of those who do not take the trouble to examine whether avarice may not lurk under the appearance of equity. Doubtless the unfortunate have committed faults; but do these rigid judges endeavour, with equal solicitude, to ascertain whether their errours have not been expiated by their sufferings, and the sincerity of their repentance does not entitle them to mercy?

ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

A COBLER'S END.

A great croud being gathered about a poor cobler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Geo. A. Stevens what was to be seen? Only a *cobler's end*, replied he.

I WILL SAVE YOU A THOUSAND POUNDS,

Says an Irishman to an old gentleman, if you don't stand in your own light. "How?"—"You have a daughter, and you intend to give her 10,000 pounds as a marriage portion."—"I do."—"Sir, I will take her with 9,000."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

For the conveniency of our city correspondents, they are respectfully informed that a letter-box is affixed to Messrs. Bonsals' window, on Market Street.

The remarks on Sleigh-driving are too serious for the subject. Insinuating or overbearing vices, and habitual follies, deserve severest censure; but a candid consideration obliges us to confess that we perceive no great impropriety in ladies taking the whip and reins in their hands, and giving way to a little frolicksome humour, while enjoying an amusement which seldom lasts many days in a season, and which every season does not afford. The style and talents of this writer are highly appreciated by us, and his essays on interesting subjects will ever be respectfully attended to.

CONFUCIUS shall appear in our next. He is requested to perform his promise.

While CRABTREE gravely complains of what makes other folks laugh, all we can do is to laugh also.

The TRAVELLER'S observations are too confined, we had much rather publish any of his general remarks on life and manners. Animadversions on the conduct of a few, in a small place, are too particular, and have too much the appearance of personal allusion.

Several poetical effusions have been received, and will have a place when there is room to accommodate them.

Several prose *pieces* have also been received—we will not call them *compositions*, for we discover nothing in them but that their authors have been taught to write and read; but till they can write plainer hands, and spell better English, we cannot welcome them as our *companions*.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The subscribers to the Companion are respectfully informed that, from having had many *files* broken, by supplying gentlemen a second time, the Publishers have concluded to charge 12½ cents for each number hereafter replaced.

We insert the following, that Constantius may have his retort upon Solus, who began the attack; but no more of this personal skirmishing will be allowed.

TO SOLUS.

In search of wit some lose their common sense,
And then turn criticks in their own defence. POPE.

Whether a Christian Turk or Jew,
A poet fam'd, or poet new,
Or whether you're some idle elf,
Who conjures nonsense by himself—
Excuse the freedom I may take,
It is indeed for your own sake;
And, if some good advice I give,
Believe me tis that *you may live.*
The God of love, in some gay hour
Has in a freak essay'd his pow'r,
But finding you without a heart,
Or finding it defied his art,
Enrag'd, he aim'd a poison'd arrow,
(And, as *you* know the pate is shallow)
It pierc'd the seat where reason reigns,
And rankling there it still remains.
The poison thence may've found the part
You call " your gizzard or your heart,"
And there have caus'd an aching pain,
Of which you'd reason to complain.
From hence kind Sir, it will be found,
Your head, not heart, receiv'd the wound.
Your case I clearly understand,
And my advice you may command:
Receive it then as I am able,
And read it in this little fable.
Once on a time, when nature gay,
Flourish'd in the bloom of May,
She bade the flow'rs their sweets disclose,
And breath'd her fragrance on the rose;
Then call'd the feather'd choir to sing,
And celebrate the charms of spring.
The *Baltimore,* with mellow throat,
And Mocking-bird with varied note,
The Lark and Linnet, too were there;
At nature's voice they all repair.
Among the rest the Turtle-dove,
So fam'd for constancy in love.
He pour'd his pleasing pensive strain,
And did of slighted love complain;
His heart, he said, averse to change,
Could not to other females range;
And beg'd permission there to tell,
The charms of her he lov'd so well.
His love-lorn tale he so express'd
As touch'd each sympathetick breast;
When straight a Jack-daw, proud and vain,
More so than all the singing train,
Presum'd the dove to ridicule,
And all but call'd the songster fool.
Although to *wit* he'd no pretence,
And in his song, scarce *common sense,*
In measures bad and harshest note,
Thus murmer'd discord in his throat.
" Why! what is here! why this ado,
" Such silly stuff I never knew.
" If you love's darts cannot defy,
" I'm sure 'tis better far to die:
" Let snare or gun decide the strife,
" And end at once your wretched life."
" Poor bird!" the peaceful Dove replied,
" Perhaps 'twere better thou hadst died;
" For he, who love's anguish never knew,
" Must sure escape its pleasures too:
" And in so black, so hard a heart,
" What gen'rous passion bears a part?
" The good, the brave, the wise, the great,
" Have all at times confess'd my state;
" Have own'd the soft captivity,
" And learn'd to love as well as I."
The feather'd band around the grove,
Then struck the charming chords to love:
The Daw they spurn'd with just disdain,
And hiss'd indignant from the plain.
The moral, Sir, I recommend,
And naught but good to you intend:
But if you ridicule and laugh,
You'll not be worth an epitaph.

A SONNET TRANSLATED FROM JACOBI.

Tell me where's the vi'let fled,
Late so gaily blowing;
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
Choicest sweets bestowing?
Swains the vernal scene is o'er,
And the vi'let blooms no more.

Say where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning;
Garland meet for beauty's brows,
Hill and dale adorning?
Gentle maid the summer's fled,
And the hopeless Rose is dead!

Bear me then to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing;
Wat'ring many a daffodil,
On its margin glowing—
Sun and wind exhaust its store,
Yonder riv'let glides no more!

Lead me to the bow'ry shade,
Late with roses flaunting;
Lov'd resort of youth and maid,
Am'rous ditty chanting—
Hail and storm with fury show'rs,
Leafless mourn the rifled bow'rs!

Say where hides the village maid,
Late yon cot adorning;
Oft I've met her in the glade,
Fair and fresh as morning?
Swain how short is beauty's bloom,
Seek her in the grassy tomb!

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
Who of rural pleasures,
Rose and vi'let rill and plain,
Sung in deftest measures?
Maiden, swift life's vision flies,
Death has clos'd the Poets eyes!

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1805. No. 14.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

MR. EASY,

NO subject more interesting to the parent, the patriot, or the philanthropist, can be discussed, than that of the education of youth: upon the manner in which they are instructed depends their comfort and success in after life. Although much has been written upon this point, and many able pens have been employed in developing the best means to impress upon the memory the rudiments of science, and the principles of virtue; no one has as yet written an essay on this topick for the Companion. This will be my apology for offering the following remarks.

My object is, to point out some of the defects in the common mode of educating youth, to propose a plan more adapted to attain the end in view; and to display some of those advantages which result to the individual, to his friends, and to the world, from an enlarged mind, and a heart established in the love of virtue.

Nothing is more obviously absurd than the common mode of instructing youth. When a child is old enough, he is sent to be taught his alphabet; after he has acquired a little knowledge of his letters, he is obliged to load his memory with a certain number of words every day, until he has stammered through his spelling book; this being effected, he begins to read the New Testament. In this short progress the absurdity is evident: for the child who has been obliged to burden his mind with a volume of words, of whose object he is not informed, with whose uses he is not acquainted, and not a particle of which he endeavours to retain, considers the whole as unmeaning jargon, imbibes a strong dislike to his studies and his tutor, feels it a contradiction to his natural fondness for play, and instead of perceiving it his interest to proceed as quickly as possible in his studies, will do nothing without force, or the fear of punishment. In making the New Testament an introductory book in which children learn to read, light ideas of it are formed; and it is probable that many persons never look into that infallible directory of life and manners when older in years, from having disliked it when young. Indeed I myself know some who have asserted "that they never peruse their bibles now, because they "had used them so much when at school." The next step is to advance the child to the Latin Grammar, which many persons are weak enough to believe is the quintessence of all literature. Before a child can read his own language, use his pen, or has the least acquaintance with the most requisite and common knowledge, he must be bewildered with hic, hæc, hoc, being thus forced to attend to four or five departments of instruction at the same time; and this is to be done when he is incapable of knowing the benefits, or appreciating the advantages of either of them. The foundation being unwisely laid, the whole superstructure must consequently be feeble, the course of instruction being continued in the same method in which it is begun; and it is common to see a boy capable of translating an eclogue of Virgil, or an ode from Horace, and deficient in every other qualification; not able to write his own name legibly, having no skill in arithmetick, and incompetent to speak his own language grammatically, or to write an English sentence correctly. Instances of this kind, too numerous to be detailed, have been noticed by me, and I therefore argue that the present mode of tuition is not defective only, but also pernicious. Let us refer to the female sex, and it may with propriety be said that the instruction which they receive is a mere burlesque upon education: it seems to be a commonly received principle, that they have no need of any knowledge at all; the ornamental being always considered of more importance with respect to them than the useful: thus a girl is taught to dance, to sing, and to dress; but of writing, reading, or the domestick accomplishments, sewing, cooking, and

the management of the houshold œconomy, she may be perfectly ignorant.

The plan which I have to submit to your consideration would remedy in some measure the defects of which I complain, and render our youth more useful than they generally are, more amiable, and more respectable.

Children of both sexes, after knowing their alphabet, should first be taught to join letters, and particularly those letters which are pronounced when in words in the same manner as in single letters; they should then read some book of easy pieces adapted to their capacities, and calculated to command their attention: the sacred volume they should be taught to regard as a book of the most ineffable worth, and at certain times they should be permitted to read some of the narrations, the tutor always aiming to imprint upon their minds proper ideas of its value. When they can read with fluency they should then commence their writing, and continue their attention to these two departments until they can read and write without much labour. Then the tutor should commence the course of arithmetick and the English Grammar; and never should a pupil attend to any other duties until he is versed in the principles of Grammar common to all languages, and able to write correctly his sentiments, however puerile they may be, in his own vernacular tongue. When these points are obtained, he may begin the study of the dead languages or the French; and I will venture to avow that his progress will be inconceivably more rapid than those who cleave to the old mode of instruction are disposed to allow. Experientia docet. A child is sent to a school where he is to be instructed in every thing which the tutor teaches; and whilst he is too young to perform even one duty happily, his mind is diverted by a variety of pursuits from duly succeeding in either.

But a greater defect than the ignorance stated, which naturally flows from the mode adopted to convey instruction, is the want of virtue in our youth; this, which ought to have the first rank in all tuition, is but slightly attended to or totally disregarded. The Spartans were so strongly impressed with the importance of nurturing their children according to the laws of Lycurgus, that they made the instruction of their children the business of the government; not willing to trust to private hands the forming of the minds and the habits of their youth. Yet we, who have so much more light, we, who are bound by innumerable obligations to train up our children in "wisdom's "ways," are careless respecting the principles and the practices of those committed to our charge. It behoves every man to whom are confided children for instruction, to make it his constant, his most important object, to repress the passions, to calm the tempers, to reprove the vices, to correct the follies, and to cherish the virtues, of those who are sent to receive all the information which he can give them. That tutor discharges but the most trifling part of his official duty, who imparts to his pupils the literary knowledge which their friends expect them to attain, and tries not to instil into their minds such opinions as shall fit them for the performance of the lesser duties of life, and to sustain a character irreproachable by the slander of envy, or malice, or revenge.

The personal advantages of a good education are very great. It will have a tendency to restrain those who have received it from the commission of vice; it will be an alterative with respect to the corrupt desires which they may possess; for those of all men are most culpable, who, taught to feel an abhorrence at guilt, persist in its practice. Experience and observation both teach us that nothing merely human tends to destroy the poison of illicit wishes and passions so much as an enlarged mind. The man whose soul is a perfect vacuum, who has no will to think, or matter to reflect upon, must turn to some trifling or sensual amusement "to kill his time," whilst he who has been taught to contemplate literary acquisitions as the highest recommendations of a rational creature. will constantly improve the leisure time which his avocations may give him, for the purpose of increasing his knowledge and augmenting his respectability. That book must indeed be indescribably worthless, which in the perusal aids the reader neither in forming his style, increasing his hatred to folly and vice, exciting his charitable sensibilities, nor invigorating the energy of morality; and if it will produce none of these effects, it ought to be thrown aside as only fit for fuel. Those alone who feel the benefits of a virtuous education, are capable of justly estimating its immense consequence to youth; and especially in a country like this, whose whole happiness and prosperity depends upon the degree of information its influential as well as its less distinguished characters may procure.

A virtuous education has not a tendency to diminish the influence of vice directly only, but also indirectly. "Quare quis tandem me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure "succenseat, si, quantum cæteris ad suas res obeundas, "quantum ad festos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum "ad alias voluptates, et ad ipsam requiem animi et cor-"poris conceditur temporis quantum alii tribuunt tempes-"tivis conviviis, quantum denique aleæ, quantum pilæ; "tantum mihi egomet ad hæc studia recolenda sumpsero? "Atque hoc adeo mihi concedendum est magis, quod ex

"his studiis, hæc quoque crescit oratio, et facultas. "Quod si non hic tantus fructus ostenderetur, et si ex his "studiis delectatio sola peteretur: tamen, ut opinor, hanc "animi remissionem humanissimam ac liberalissimam "judicaretis. Nam cætera, neque temporum sunt, ne- "que ætatum omnium, neque locorum; hæc studia ado- "lescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res "ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent; delec- "tant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, "peregrinantur, rusticantur. Quod si ipsi hæc neque "attingere, neque sensu nostro gustare possemus, tamen "ea mirari deberemus, etiam cum in aliis videremus."*

The continued perusal of valuable books on popular subjects begets, nourishes, and establishes a predilection for literature, so as in time to make it the most beloved species of amusement; and thus by obtruding upon the notice other objects, the heart insensibly contracts a fondness for a mode of spending time, which on reflection is not accompanied by the stings of a guilty conscience, or the conviction of having offended "the Judge of all the "earth." With respect to youth, no books more bewitching, more useful, or more likely to secure the end proposed can be offered to them to study than biographical, natural, or general histories, combined with voyages and travels; and which, whilst they impart sterling knowledge, will not raise in the bosom any improper emotions. Each hour occupied in reading deserving works is an hour gained; for it is an hour redeemed from the attractions and insinuations of worldly pleasure, "falsely so called;" it is an hour devoted to intellectual improvement; and in that hour some passage may be so engraven upon the heart as to operate like a shield repelling vice, and defending virtue.

* Who then can censure me, or in justice be angry with me, if those hours which others employ in business, in pleasures, in celebrating publick solemnities, in refreshing the body, and unbending the mind; if the time which is spent by some in midnight banquetings, in diversions, and in gaming, I employ in reviewing thes studies? And this application is the more excusable, as I derive no small advantages from it in my profession. But were pleasure only to be derived from learning, without the advantages we have mentioned, you must still, I imagine, allow it to be a very liberal and polite amusement. For other studies are not suited to every time, to every age, and to every place; but these give strength to youth, and joy in old age; adorn prosperity, and are the support and consolation of adversity; at home they are delightful, and abroad they are pleasant; at night they are company to us; when we travel they attend us; and, in our rural retirements they do not forsake us. Though we ourselves were incapable of them, and had no relish for their charms, still we should admire them when we see them in others. CICERO.

Another motive ought to induce all to try to rise as high as possible on the ladder of learning, and that is the respect which all the wise and the good pay to genius and intelligence. In the splendour of talents we lose sight of defects, and the whole of the character is included in the high opinion we have of its superiority. Were a man as poor as Job when bereft of his whole property, and immersed in the very greatest wretchedness, yet did he possess a mind luminous, cultivated, and well informed, we should feel additional pity on account of the brilliancy of his mental powers; and in the contemplation of his intellect, his situation would be perfectly obliterated from our minds. Great talents always command great respect, and where they are allied to great virtues, they call forth our admiration, and form the "noblest work of God." Such attainments as a good education with attention bestows, are highly serviceable, not to the individual only, but likewise to his friends and the world. He has opportunities of enriching the minds of all with whom he associates, and though he may be ridiculed for separating from the noise of riotous mirth, and the vanity of unmeaning amusements, the steadiness he evinces will ere long produce in the minds of all, exalted ideas of the worth and the talents of a man who will not be tempted from a life of virtue by the fascinations of wealth, the blandishments of pleasure, the allurements of popularity or power, or the solicitations of friends. It is to the unfolding of the intellect we owe all our comforts: every thing which contributes to the welfare of society or the happiness of individuals, is dependent upon good education. It is this which has softened our manners; it is this which has civilized our savageness, and refined our coarseness; it is this which has introduced the performance of numberless little kind offices, which constitute the greatest part of our delight, and are now universally practised throughout the polished world. To the influence of increased knowledge we owe the enjoyment of holding our own opinions on religious subjects; it is through this we have attained the possession of civil liberty unfettered; and it is this which must save succeeding generations from superstition, slavery, and barbarism. If these ideas be correct, if upon the knowledge and virtue of the members of society depend the comfort and prosperity of future ages, how anxious should all feel to have their children carefully instructed. And in this point of view, how loudly does it call upon all who have the care of youth to spare no pains to render them what they ought to be—well acquainted with literary and scientifick information, and too firmly rooted in the principles, habits, and love of virtue, ever to be shaken

either by the craft of wicked men, or the deception of their own hearts. G. B.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. POPE.

Whether the particular genius of each human being is innate, and brought forward by a suitable education; or whether acquired when the powers of the mind become capable of choosing their objects of desire and attention; is a question I shall not undertake to determine: but from an early period of my life I have cherished a love for literature, being taught by pious parents that nothing was more excellent than knowledge and virtue, and however small the progress I may have made in either, yet I esteem these acquirements above the gifts of fortune; and as I was musing in my mind and indulging many cogitations, why so many in comparison to the numbers to whom the beneficent Father of all has dispensed largely of the gifts of understanding and fortune should nevertheless be so regardless and deficient in these two excellent qualities; and why the writings of those who make these the objects of their attention should be productive of but little or no good; why so many distinguished by birth and fortune come upon and go off the stage of mortal existence, and unless some lasting monument of sin or folly mark their way through life, and describe the path they trod, when they are gone little more can in truth be said of them than that they were born, lived, and came to an end; the remembrance of them "is gone as of a guest that tarrieth but a day," or as "a ship that passeth over the waves of the sea," no trace of which is to be found after them.

As I was pensively musing on these things, and endeavouring to account why it should be so, I became abstracted from my usual scene of worldly cares, and absorbed in deep thoughtfulness, when I fell into the following reverie or vision.

I saw the figure of two persons coming towards me; sometimes they walked hand in hand, and sometimes they separated; one, which appeared the elder, exceeded in majesty and dignity; the other was beautiful and pleasing: as they advanced near me I arose and bowed reverently before them, when with a look of benignity and sweetness, they informed their names were Virtue and Literature. They bid me arise and follow them. I made no hesitation to obey their summons: we were quietly seated on an eminence, before which lay extended a vast plain, where I beheld an innumerable concourse of people of both sexes, from infancy to old age, all advancing towards the setting sun: after them followed a train of disagreeable looking beings, not unlike the figures presented to my youthful imagination of spirits, elfs, satyrs, &c. who came and very familiarly mixed among the people: upon first sight of which many were disgusted, and seemed inclined to banish them, because of their ugliness and deformity; but the creatures were so exceedingly complaisant and obliging that most became reconciled to them, and many took some one or other of them for their most intimate friends and companions, admitting them, even at their hours of devotion.

After these followed a more formidable host of a terrifick appearance, their resemblances were partly human, and partly of the most vicious, crafty, venomous, and disgusting of the brute, reptile, and insect creation; they were of various species, and some of such strange and uncouth appearances, and so wickedly disposed, that I concluded Pluto himself must have given them existence. The preceding company at first seemed to disclaim them, as beings of an inferiour rank, but the latter insisted they were all of one family, and that most if not all of them owed their origin to, or were the descendants of one common father.

I asked what these things meant, and was informed that the little deformed creatures which advanced foremost to this place of general rendezvous, are what are commonly denominated *venial sins*, or seemingly small inconsistencies which too easily gain admittance as trifles: and that the more tremendous host which followed after, was every one a *great vice*; by some one or other of which every mortal man and woman were beset and tempted, and many by several. On beholding the general onset which took place, I noticed that some of the Vices attacked with violence and open force, others by fraud and stratagem; some of the smaller ones gained advantage by being too much disregarded and neglected in their first attacks, till at length the contagion of their infused venom became of serious importance.

Upon a close view I discovered weapons placed within the reach of every person, sufficient for their preservation and defence, by the assistance of which some became conquerors, setting the whole host at defiance; many of these were *Valiants* in the cause of Virtue and Literature; others did not appear willing to conquer every Vice, tho' they dispersed and avoided the most desperate; yet they fostered some, of which they made use when they apprehended occasion required; these trimmed between Virtue and Vice, but to which they ultimately declined I could not learn; but whilst I observed them they leaned towards

either as happened to suit their humour or interest; many of these were conspicuous as Literary characters, but their writings were not always the most profound, some were plausible, but all erroneous and pernicious.

Others gave themselves up to the Vices, who tyrannised over them, robbed them of all their valuables, and rendered them a burden, a nuisance, and a pest, wherever they went; these consequently were enemies to all good.

Others, sensible of the disadvantage they would sustain by being overcome, they would at times foil, and at times be overcome by the Vices; again they would renew the contest, and again give way, till harassed and fatigued by a long and painful conflict, the powers of body and mind became exhausted, and at length nothing was left them but the wreck of time and talents; and if they could be permitted quietly to pass off the stage of action, and sink into oblivion, it was all they presumed to hope for.

CONFUCIUS.

The following extract from BISHOP HORSELY's charge delivered to the clergy, cannot be too often printed, too often read, nor too attentively considered by real Christians of all denominations.

A maxim has been introduced; that the laity, the more illiterate especially, have little concern with the mysteries of revealed religion, provided they be attentive to its duties; whence it hath seemed a safe and certain conclusion, that it is more the office of a Christian teacher to press the practice of religion upon the consciences of his hearers, than to inculcate and insert its doctrines.

Again, a dread of the pernicious tendency of some extravagant opinions, which persons, more to be esteemed for the warmth of their piety than the soundness of their judgment, have grafted in modern times, upon the doctrine of justification by faith, as it is stated in the 11th, 12th, and 13th of the Articles of out Church, (which, however, is no private tenet of the Church of England, but the common doctrine of all the first reformers, not to say that it is the very *corner-stone of the whole system of redemption*,) a dread of the pernicious tendency of those extravagant opinions, which seem to emancipate the believer from the authority of all moral law, hath given general credit to another maxim; which I never hear without extreme concern from the lips of a divine, either from the pulpit or in familiar conversation; namely, that practical religion and morality are one and the same thing: that moral duties constitute the whole, or by far the better part, of practical christianity.

Both these maxims are erroneous. Both, so far as they are received, have a pernicious influence over the ministry of the word. The first most absurdly separates practice from the motives of practice. The second, adopting that separation, reduces practical christianity to heathen virtue; and the two, taken together, have much contributed to divest our sermons of the *genuine spirit and savour of christianity*, and to reduce them to mere moral essays: in which moral duties are enforced, not, as indeed they might be to good purpose, by scriptural motives, but by such arguments as no where appear to so much advantage as in the writings of the heathen moralists, and are quite out of their place in a pulpit. The rules delivered may be observed to vary according to the temperament of the teacher. But the system chiefly in request with those who seem the most in earnest in this strain of preaching, is the strict but impracticable, unsocial, sullen moral of the *Stoicks*. Thus, under the influence of these two pernicious maxims, it too often happens that we lose sight of that which is our proper office, to publish the word of reconciliation, to propound the terms of peace and pardon to the penitent, and we make no other use of the high commission that we bear, than to come abroad one day in the seven, dressed in solemn looks, and in the external garb of holiness, to be the apes of Epictetus.

The first of the two, which excludes the laity from all concern with the doctrinal part of religion, and directs the preacher to let the doctrine take its chance, and to turn the whole attention of his hearers to practice, must tacitly assume for its foundation, (for it can stand upon no other foundation) this complex proposition: Not only that the practice of religious duties is a far more excellent thing in the life of man, far more ornamental of the Christian profession, than any knowledge of the doctrine without the practice; but, moreover, that men may be brought to the practice of religion without previous instruction in its doctrines; or in other words, that faith and practice are, in their nature, separable things. Now the former branch of this double assumption, that virtue is a more excellent thing in human life than knowledge, is unquestionably true, and a truth of great importance, which cannot be too frequently or too earnestly inculcated. But the second branch of the assumption, that faith and practice are separable things, is a gross mistake, or rather a manifest contradiction. Practical holiness is the end; faith is the mean: and to suppose faith and practice separable, is to suppose the end attainable without the use of means. The direct contrary is the truth. The practice of religion will always thrive, in proportion as its doctrines are generally understood and firmly received; and the practice will degenerate and decay, in proportion as the doctrine in mis-

understood or neglected. It is true, therefore, that it is the great duty of a preacher of the gospel to press the practice of its precepts upon the consciences of men; but then it is equally true, that it is his duty to enforce this practice in a particular way; namely, by inculcating its doctrines. The motives which the revealed doctrines furnish, are the only motives he has to do with, and the only motives by which religious duty can be effectually enforced.

I am aware, that it has been very much the fashion, to suppose a great want of capacity in the common people, to be carried any great length in religious knowledge, more than in the abstruse sciences. That the world and all things in it had a Maker; that the Maker of the world made man, and gave him the life which he now enjoys; that he who first gave life can at any time restore it; that he can punish, in a future life, crimes which he suffers to be committed with impunity in this; some of these first principles of religion the vulgar, it is supposed, may be brought to comprehend. But the *peculiar doctrines* of revelation, the trinity of persons in the undivided Godhead; the incarnation of the second person; the expiation of sin by the Redeemer's sufferings and death; the efficacy of his intercession; THE MYSTERIOUS COMMERCE OF THE BELIEVER'S SOUL WITH THE DIVINE SPIRIT; these things are supposed to be far above their reach. If this were really the case, the condition of man would indeed be miserable, and the proffer of mercy, in the gospel, little better than a mockery of their woe; for the consequence would be, that the common people could never be carried beyond the first principles of what is called natural religion. Of the efficacy of natural religion, as a rule of action, the world has had the long experience of 1600 years. For so much was the interval between the institution of the Mosaick church, and the publication of the gospel. During that interval, certainly, if not from an earlier period, natural religion was left to try its powers on the heathen world. The result of the experiment is, that its powers are of no avail. Among the vulgar, natural religion never produced any effect at all; among the learned, much of it is to be found in their writings, little in their lives. But if this natural religion, a thing of no practical efficacy, as experiment has demonstrated, be the utmost of religion which the common people can receive, then is our preaching vain, Christ died in vain, and man must still perish. Blessed be God! the case is far otherwise. As we have, on the one side, experimental proof of the insignificance of what is called natural religion; so, on the other, in the success of the first preachers of Christianity we have an experimental proof of the sufficiency of revealed religion to those very ends in which natural religion failed. In their success we have experimental proof that there is nothing in the great mystery of godliness, which the vulgar, more than the learned, want capacity to apprehend, since, upon the first preaching of the gospel, the illiterate, the scorn of pharisaical pride, who knew not the law, and were therefore deemed accursed, were the first to understand and to embrace the Christian doctrine.

Bishop Warburton was once in company with a militia officer who was fond of showing off his libertine sentiments against religion. Among other remarks, he said that nothing could show the want of faith more than prayer, and asked the bishop what could be the meaning of the writers of the Liturgy in drawing up this petition, "Give peace in our time, O Lord; Because there is none other that fighteth for us but only thou, O Lord." The bishop replied, "I suppose it was at a time when we had no standing army, but only the *militia to defend us.*"

A Cornish clergyman having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a London limb of the law to have some conversation with the witnesses, examine the title deeds, view the premises, &c. The divine very soon found that his legal assistant was as great a scoundrel as ever was struck off the rolls. However, as he thought his knowledge might be useful, he shewed him his papers, took him to compare his surveyor's drawings with the situation of the pits, &c. When in one of these excursions the professional gentleman was descending a deep shaft by means of a rope which he held in his right hand, he called out to the parson who stood at the top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to Geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to that in the infernal regions?"—"I cannot exactly ascertain the distance, (replied the divine) *but let go your hold and you'll be there in a minute.*"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some judicious criticks have asserted that it is possible for an author to write better on a subject which he understands, than on one which he does not: this we are much inclined to believe, notwithstanding the practice of several of our correspondents, and earnestly request they will not oblige us to dispute the matter with them; but if they will drive us to it, we believe we can produce sufficient authority to bear us out on this point, and also to support us

when we assert that sentences ought to be grammatically constructed, and the orthography correct, before they are offered for publication. And though we allow that much ingenuity may be exercised in discovering the meaning of a writer whose letters are indistinctly formed, and whose hand-writing is extremely careless and bad; yet as we are not covetous of praise on that account, we would rather wish communications to be written legibly.

If those of our friends to whom these observations do not apply, would favour us oftener with *their* productions, our editorial task would be delightful instead of being troublesome.

The remarks on that voluptuous dance called the *Waltz* are deferred till we see whether it is intended to be exhibited in all its parts. We know to what lengths it is carried in those countries from whence it came, and believe those who introduced it here would wish to render it as complete as possible. The source is excessively depraved; but we hope this notice will be sufficient at present, to put virtue on its guard.

PANGLOSS is unfortunately mislaid. We shall be much obliged if he will take the trouble to send us another copy.

CLEON has afforded us much pleasure, and we shall take the earliest opportunity of introducing him to our readers.

NEMO shall also be attended to.

The FARMER'S eggs and chickens will not do for our market.

CLARA'S pretty epistle to the *Invisible girl* shall have a place as soon as possible. This specimen induces us to hope she will favour us with more of her productions, before she "*dies for Lysander.*"

CAROLINE is requested to give us further information concerning the *Club* she speaks of.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

We are happy in being able to let our readers partake with us the pleasure of reading the following beautiful composition, and we feel grateful for that friendship which has at last procured permission to publish it.

It was written in March 1764, *by a Gentleman of this state.*

The subject is founded on a novel, called Letters from Lady Catesby *to* Lady Harriet Camply.

An Epistle from Lord Ossory to Lady Catesby.

While sorrows pierce my soul, and dim my sight,
These mournful lines with trembling hand I write.
Once my fond letters happier tidings brought,
Joy held my pen, and mark'd each rising thought;
Luxuriant then my raptur'd fancy rov'd
Thro' scenes of pleasure with the fair I lov'd,
And as I told each gay poetick dream,
Unchanging love, was my unchanging theme.
Unchanging love, that like the vestal's flame,
Forever burns and yet remains the same;
Then thou wast pleas'd my tender strains to view,
And smiling bade me the fond theme pursue:
But ah! alas, I feel a sad reverse,
And tales of woe these mournful lines rehearse,
No beauteous scene transported fancy paints,
Grief scowls with tear-swoln eye and genius faints.
In vain I strive reluctant to impart
The tender feelings of the lover's heart—
For how can such a wretched faithless thing
To thy pure shrine a welcome offering bring?
And if I dare of love's soft joys to speak,
The guilty blushes crimson o'er my cheek;
The gush of anguish intercepts my sight,
And conscious baseness chills me while I write.
Or if reflection points some happier hour,
When all my soul confess'd thy beauty's pow'r,
When from my bosom stole the unbidden sigh,
When trembling accents, and the downcast eye,
And the warm glow that o'er my features mov'd,
Told thee, and truly told thee, that I lov'd—
My heart, unable to sustain the thought,
Sickens and shuns what once it only sought.
Then think, dear Catesby, what a scene of woe,
What tortures, racks, thy Ossory must know;
E'er such a change could come, e'er to the wind
He gave his vows and left his love behind.
But Oh! a tale unfitting thy fond ear,
Contains my crime, and prompts th' eternal tear;
Know only this, and too, too much 'twill be,
Montford was weak, and I was false to thee.
But ah, what pangs my wretched bosom prov'd,
Ere honour tore me from the fair I lov'd.
While the soft passion warm'd my melting breast,
And painted pleasures when with Catesby blest,
Then honour domineer'd without controul,
And injured Montford's sorrows pierc'd my soul.
The cred'lous fair who innocent in heart,
Fell in my snare the guiltless prey of art,
Yet no, no art I us'd, no snare was laid,
'Twas fatal accident undid the maid;
No more shall honour stop me, guiltless I
To Catesby's arms will with fresh raptures fly.
What pleasing scenes did now delude my mind,
My stars propitious, and my Catesby kind;
With her each day new pleasures seem'd to bloom,
And rising joys dispers'd th' intruding gloom:
But ah! how soon the dear delusion flies,
And in its place what clouds of horrour rise.
For lovely Catesby, Montford I survey'd,
And in her lap a helpless babe was laid,
Whose piteous tears with its fond mother's join'd,
Reproach'd its father cruel and unkind;
By whose curs'd deed a helpless babe was born,
And by its birth expos'd a prey to scorn;
Expos'd to hardships, friendless and unknown,
Foredoom'd to feel for errours not his own.
While the sad mother blushing droops her head,
Her virtue lost, her innocence betray'd,

Now sends to pitying heav'n her sigh-mix'd prayers,
Or calls on me, the author of her cares;
Shall she in vain pour forth her plaintive cries,
And I unmov'd behold her streaming eyes?
To soothe those woes can I require a pause,
Those woes of which I know myself the cause?
Forbid it, Heaven! fair Montford, I am thine;
Oh! stop thy grief; thy sorrows now are mine;
Whate'er I can I'll do, to hide thy shame,
Though marriage' self but ill repays thy fame.
Yet hence the bus'ness of my life shall be
To rear thy infant and to comfort thee.
But ah! what Pow'r thus fills my ait'ring breast,
What beck'ning angel calls me to be blest!
'Tis she! ye Gods, 'tis she! I know each charm,
My Catesby's voice, her gesture and her form;
She seems to tread gay Fancy's favourite scenes,
Fresh-springing flow'rs, and intermingled greens;
What heav'nly beauties in each feature shine,
And on her tongue what melody divine:
For hark! she speaks, "Dear youth, I come to find
Thy gladd'ning presence to relieve my mind,
When thou wert gone, no joy thy Catesby knew,
On lagging wing the tardy moments flew;
The torch of Hymen lights the sacred dome,
The bridal bed unblest till Ossory come:
Haste then, dear youth, to happiness and love,
If passions warm thee, or if charms can move."
Could I, ye Pow'rs, my bounding heart restrain,
Hear Beauty's voice, and let it plead in vain;
Could I the graces of her form behold,
My pulse unruffled and my bosom cold?
At such a sight e'en age itself would glow,
And its dull blood in brisker currents flow.
Then would a youth, fond, loving, and belov'd,
Behold the fair, and hear her voice unmov'd?
E'en Honour's self says No, my purpose fail'd,
Passions return'd and Catesby's charms prevail'd.
Love fill'd my breast, I listen'd now no more
To honour's dictates, or to schoolmen's lore,
Who gloss their speech, and all their art employ,
To prove that honour is a source of joy;
That Heav'n's own hand the gen'rous meed prepares
To soothe our labours, and reward our cares:
But tell me, ye whom finer passions move,
What can reward me if I lose my love:
Should the dear maid, for whom from earliest youth
I still have sigh'd with unremitting truth,
Smiling grow kind, and fix my happy day,
And honour force me from her arms away,
And give me in return what wealth could buy,
What knowledge could impart, or pow'r supply;
My love would scorn this ill-requiting meed,
My eyes still weep, and still my heart would bleed:
But blest with her what circling pleasures rise
In fond pursuit, and sport before my eyes.
How blissful is the happy husband's lot;
Youth's wild extravagances all forgot.
No more his heart unsettled blindly strays
Through flow'ry wilds of vice, or folly's maze.
His love is fix'd on her, whom smiling Heav'n
To share the blessings of his life has giv'n,
The tender wife; whose sympathetick breast
Weeps for his sorrows, and enjoys his rest:
For them the Fates unlock their golden store,
And all their bounties on their fav'rites pour.
The father pleas'd beholds his prattling boy
Hang on his knee and tell his little joy.
Where'er he turns some smiling babe he views,
Whose youthful grace its parents' bloom renews.
On such a scene delighted Heav'n looks down,
Completes their bliss, and marks them for its own.
But cease, my muse; no more thy art employ,
To paint those pleasures I must ne'er enjoy:
A life of woe by honour is decreed,
And my fond heart for injur'd love must bleed!
Oh! rather let me through yon gloomy grove
Of baleful yew trees solitary rove.
Or let me sit beside some murm'ring stream,
And trembling listen to the night-owl's scream.
Or dreary raven's, on yon river oak,
Its branches scatter'd by the lightning's stroke.
In which an emblem of my joys I see;
Whirl'd in the storm and blasted like the tree.
There, Fancy, there in all thy horrours rise,
And bring the bleeding Montford to my eyes;
Present the dagger with her blood defil'd,
Grasp'd in her hand to plunge into her child:
The laughing infant innocently plays
With the keen point, and the bright blade surveys.
The voice of nature bids the mother feel;
She views her babe, and drops the lifted steel.
Affecting scene! shall I with tears deplore
Their weight of woe, and not their peace restore;
Can I behold that snowy bosom gor'd,
Where once I thought immortal pleasures stor'd;
Can I behold my eldest offspring's breast
Bar'd to the wound, and not the stroke arrest?
No! injur'd fair: deserted offspring, No!
Grief melts my soul that Pity's tears may flow:
Henceforth my heart, compassionating you,
To love and Catesby bids a long adieu.
And thou, dear maid, who taught'st me first to feel
The soft emotions I dare not reveal;
Who my young bosom first with ardour fir'd,
Who first my voice to sing of love inspir'd,
Who still, though honour separates our hands,
My soul and all its faculties commands:
For whom my love must e'en to death extend,
Nor till my latest breath my passion end:
With pity view these melancholy strains,
Nor add reproaches to my present pains.
In me behold a wretch accurs'd by fate,
Bending beneath misfortune's heaviest weight;
Who by a gust of guilty passions drove,
Gave up his peace, his innocence, and love;
And now a sad example stands, to show
On faithless men what direful evils flow.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

" O mortal man ! who livest here by toil,
" Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
" That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
" Is a hard sentence of an ancient date :
" And, certes, there is reason for it great ;
" For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
" And curse thy star, and early drudge, and late,
" Withouten that would come an heavyer bale,
" Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

THOMSON.

Mr. Easy,

I perused your paper of the 19th ult. with uncommon satisfaction. You have traced the various causes of dissatisfaction in society with much perspicuity, and have evinced that your opportunities for observation have not been neglected. It is a subject which has much occupied my mind ; as it interests every individual, and as the points of view in which it may be considered are probably innumerable, I shall beg leave to offer my sentiments concerning it.

Happiness, or misery, may be said principally to consist in the good or the bad use we make of our reason. Reason is that faculty of the mind by which man is enabled to judge of the real and of the imaginary value of every thing that becomes the object of his contemplation ; and he is the most reasonable who accurately discerns between the one and the other, and who at all times gives due preference to the first, and is careful not to be biassed by the last beyond the limits of strict propriety.

Man is not only endowed with the gift of reason, but he is likewise possessed with a disposition to admire certain objects, either on account of their external appearance, or their internal properties. In this he is distinguishable from every other animal, and this propensity commences with a very early period of life. Present to the eye of an infant of a month old an object of gaudy colours, pleasure will be displayed in the countenance, and an attraction by it will be perceivable, which is not to be discovered in any other creature, young or old.

It is this propensity to admire which is continually at war with reason, in all the ordinary concerns of life, and which often seduces it to give a preference to the imaginary over the real value of things. This propensity, however, is not given in the same degree to all the human race ; it more especially belongs to that description of them who are most favourably circumstanced for multiplying ; and to such it is not less essential than the gift of reason in its utmost excellence.

Men, in common with all other animals, increase in proportion to their facility of procuring food, and those who pursue agriculture have this facility much more than those who live by fishing and hunting ; because the labour of a few in tilling the ground, will secure subsistance for a great number ; whereas in fishing and hunting the means are often so scanty and precarious, that each individual can procure very little more than is sufficient for himself ; the increase of the species, therefore, with such, (being nearly in the ratio of the excess of food procurable, above what absolute necessity requires,) must needs be very small : it being evidently contrary to the order of things that any being should be brought into the world for which no food is provided.

But the Author of all things has not exercised more astonishing power and skill in the construction of life, than in the care of providing occupation for all who possess it. The lower order of animals have ample employment in procuring food, and in providing for the necessities of their progeny. Those of the human race who derive their chief sustenance from fishing and hunting have in this way abundant avocation, but although they possess in common with every other of their species, the propensity to admire, it can be indulged but in a limited degree,

from their having so little leisure to bestow upon the objects of it.

The agricultural part of the species is differently circumstanced. The labour of the husbandman is abundantly productive, and these people therefore multiply rapidly. In a short time the increase necessarily exceeds the number that can be employed in tillage, and if some occupation were not provided for those that thus become superfluous, their condition must be wretched. The all-seeing eye of Supreme Wisdom has obviated even every inconvenience that could possibly attend any part of his works: In possessing the human mind with a propensity to admire, he has secured the whole so completely against idleness, that it is justly considered as a crime, which seldom goes unpunished even in our present state.

Reason suggests that we should endeavour to obtain every thing necessary to the preservation of our being; the propensity to admire urges us to adorn the several necessaries in such a way as may render them more conducive to our ease, or more pleasing to our senses.

A much smaller portion of labour is sufficient to obtain what is absolutely requisite, than to add the trappings of ornament, for of this last there is no end: Here there is an unlimited scope for industry and ingenuity. It is from our propensity to admire that we derive our solicitude to be elegantly cloathed, sumptuously fed, and superbly lodged. Every thing, in short, that exceeds what is absolutely necessaryfor the preservation of our being, originates in this faculty: And an important faculty it is, if so it may be called. It is to this we owe our promptitude in affording assistance to each other. It is to our desire of possessing objects of admiration, that we are alert in supplying the wants, and even the wishes of each other, whether good or bad; for both, alas! are gratified perhaps with nearly equal eagerness. Hence it is, that the farmer toils with unremitting care to accumulate the productions of the earth, necessary for supporting those who may be in want, at the distance from him of hundreds of miles. On the same principle the dangers of the ocean are braved, the most deadly climes are resorted to, and for the attainment of luxury and ornament, danger is encountered, and health and life is hazarded without regret.

Those things which command admiration are to be procured by all who pursue the right method; but amongst the vast variety of candidates, there are very few who are exactly fitted for the pursuit Every one, at the commencement of his career, supposes himself adequate to the task. There are few who discover their errour before it has terminated; and thus all persevere, whether successful or otherwise; and hence, the great design of occupation is fulfilled. The few, who pursue the right method, succeed in the attainment of every thing that most commands admiration in the circle in which they move. But it is consonant to the wisdom by which the whole scheme was devised, that only a few should be completely successful; because it requires the work of great numbers to adorn a house, and if many possessed the means, there would be neither materials sufficient, nor the necessary labourers to manufacture them. For the exemption from labour is in itself one of the objects of admiration; and the man who can command the labour of others, will himself be unwilling to work; the freedom from such necessity having been one of the ends he aimed at, in the commencement of his career. Just as many succeed as can be spared from labour, and these serve the same purpose as the high prizes in a lottery; all who purchase tickets hope they will be allotted to them; but the greatest proportion must have blanks, in order to provide for those who obtain the prizes. If there were no blanks, there could be no prizes above the original value of the tickets, and if there were no high prizes there would be no adventurers. So it is exactly with those who are candidates for wealth.

But admiration is not confined to what is requisite for giving employment to the body. It extends also to the operation of the mind. To be admired by our fellow creatures, some aim at empire, and some essay to climb the heavens. It is this that animated Cæsar, and exalted the imagination of Plato. There is no possibility of accounting for the ardour with which speculative enquiries are pursued on any other principle. Perhaps we may despair of commanding the suffrages of our cotemporaries —This does not deter us—We hope to secure the approbation of succeeding ages: This is sufficient to engage every power we are possessed of in the bewitching pursuit. The more I contemplate this transcendent design, the more I am led to adore the Divine Contriver. It is this principle which conducts me to Him, and in Him every thing that is admirable terminates. Here we have no limit to the exercise of this divine emanation, and here the propensity may be encouraged to the utmost bounds of imagination. It is not so with respect to the gratifications of sense; in our indulgence of these, reason must effect restraint, or misery and destruction is inevitable.

I have before said that there is a continual warfare maintained between reason and the propensity to admire. Experience justifies this conclusion. Reason dictates the attainment of what is necessary; the propensity to admire, that which is imaginary: the acquisition of both depends

upon the exchange of product between the labour of one individual and that of another. This leads to the true determination of what is competence in every station of life. The labour required for what we really want, is inconsiderable; but for the supply of our imaginary wants, there are no bounds to exertion: a competency, then, in the eye of reason, is just so much as by our industry we are enabled to give an equivalent for. If the product of our exertion exceeds in value what we necessarily require, wisdom dictates that we should abstain from the gratification of imaginary wants, in such a proportion as may enable us to provide for sickness and old age, and for the education of our children: for they must have instruction in order to effect their own support, when arrived at a proper age. It is no objection to this explanation of competency, that in the more advanced stages of society, some men acquire so great a portion of riches, that their descendants for several generations are able to enjoy the necessaries and luxuries of life without labour: this, in itself, is a great excitement, and is indeed, the great aim proposed by those adventurers whose situation in life renders large acquisitions the result of their successful endeavours: but the expenditure of their wealth secures occupation to numbers, and though it is attained but by few; yet, circulating from the few to the many, it answers every purpose originally designed.

These, sir, are a few remarks on a very interesting subject, hastily thrown together, and perhaps, not so well digested as they might be. On some future occasion I will take it up again, and send you the result of my reflections. I. C.

MATRIMONY.

There is something so sacred in the institution of marriage; it is so powerfully recommended and so strongly enforced by the precepts of morality, as well as by the mandates of nature; and contributes so much to the good of society and the happiness of individuals, that the greatest reluctance accompanies the observations I am about to make.

I consider persons who have entered into this state, as reposing under the solemn shade of authority; and while they preserve a due regard to their own dignified station, as equally exempt from the glance of enquiry, and the frowns of censure. But when, in open violation of every law of decency and decorum, they proclaim to an insulted world, that they rise superiour to those customs which the advocates of delicacy and refinement have deemed it expedient to adopt; when they.....

I was about to conclude this serious preamble, and was preparing to enter with warmth and interest on the subject, when my door creaked upon its hinges, and exposed to my view the lovely, gay, and sensible Adelaide. Perceiving my employment, she extended the fairest hand in the world, and reached the unfinished sheet with such an inexpressible air of graceful freedom, that it was impossible for any thing human to resist it. I suffered her to peruse it, and waited in agreeable suspense for a comment, in which I knew would be united the charms of good sense and good humour.

"I know," said she, seriously, "the intention of your essay, and the manner in which it will be executed. Excuse my freedom. You have been mortified by the conduct of some married pair of your acquaintance, and intend to expose their foibles to publick ridicule and censure. You have been injudicious in your choice of a subject to exercise your talents. The ablest writers have condescended to expatiate on the reciprocal duties of husband and wife, and to expose every possible folly, impropriety, or vice, in matrimonial conduct; they have left little room for any future speculations that are not dictated by passion, stupidity, or ill-nature. I myself have met with instances of matrimonial indiscretion that merited the keenest stings of satire, and called aloud for the pointed censure of the advocates of propriety. My cheek has often been suffused with the crimson blush of indignation at the weakness of my own sex, and the baseness of yours. But what could I do? Dare I express my feelings?—the wretches are abandoned or stupid. Should I publish my sentiments for the perusal of future husbands and wives?—they are already published, and will never be read by the persons they ought to reform: The contemplation of this subject, therefore, I am forced to conclude, is alike painful and useless. I turn with pleasure from it, and preserve my good humour, as well as spare my sensibility, by suffering my imagination to disport itself amid the visionary scenes of ideal purity and excellence: I banish from my mind the disgusting reality of matrimonial discord and strife, and contemplate with delight an attachment, whose warmth is corrected by purity of sentiment, and whose pleasures are enhanced by elegance of thought, which unite those whom the mandate of heaven appropriates to mutual felicity.

"You" continued Adelaide more gaily, "have passed most of your time in the perusal of books that were written before the birth of Columbus. You know more of ancient than of modern times. I dare say you have read the story of Penelope, all in Greek, and the history of Dido in the

original Latin. But the world is strangely altered since their days. For a lady to be industrious is now very vulgar; to be in love is the height of imprudence; and to be constant would set the whole world a-laughing. In the United States, this last retreat of exiled simplicity and frugality, a young lady, as soon as she enters her 'teens, is taught by her mother to think seriously of a husband. It is frequently and strongly inculcated, that he must have *something handsome*, sufficient to support her in indolence, keep a carriage, and decorate her for the Assembly and Theatre. She learns to read novels and write nonsense; to dance, if she is not born lame; to sing, if nature has given her a voice; and to charm, if heaven has endowed her with beauty: On the richness of her conquest, she is taught to believe her future happiness depends. Wealth in a suitor is beauty, talents, and worth. The tender mind is susceptible of any impression; and many a female that might have participated and heightened the sweets of domestick felicity, is thus rendered lastingly and splendidly wretched. A marriage conducted under such circumstances, is generally the commencement of a life of vexation and misery. And what reason have we to expect it should be otherwise? Who can be surprised that persons, who have no real attachment to each other, whose dispositions are dissimilar, whose souls are entirely uncongenial, should, when united, exhibit to the world the affecting picture of connubial folly and infelicity?

"I should not wish," continued Adelaide, "to defend those of my sex, who, in the common dialect, *throw themselves away*.

Poverty is not only a terrible sound, but it is a distressing reality. No man, who loves a woman as he ought, will ask her hand, unless he can support her with decency; and no woman who truly esteems a man, will consent to be an incumbrance to him. What can be more afflicting than the ineffectual struggles of a man of refined and noble sentiments, to support a woman of sensibility and worth, whom he tenderly loves? Hence the broken hearts of which we sometimes hear! and hence the helpless families of dereliction and distress! But let it be remembered that there is a wide difference between exposing ourselves to the highest bidder, and throwing ourselves into the arms of a man whom our unkind generosity would plunge into the extremes of misery and want.

"In justice to my own sex I must observe, that this substitution of avarice for attachment, ought not to be attributed to them. Early in their education, as I have observed, lessons of venality are instilled; and it often becomes necessary that they should be practised. I firmly believe they are naturally much more disinterested in this respect than men. There are some, who in spite of custom and education, yet remain so: May you be fortunate enough to meet with such a character, and make her as happy as she deserves to be."

Here Adelaide ceased. The interesting nature of her subject had imparted to her manner all the warmth and vivacity of declamation. As soon as she recollected the unusual length of her discourse, she blushed an apology, and glided away in an instant. Pleased with her observations, I have endeavoured to perpetuate them; and, though divested of the graces of her delivery, I flatter myself they will be deemed worthy of a place in the Companion.

CLEON.

Mr. Easy,

Having occasion a few days since, to visit a family some miles in the country, I was struck with the difference of the scenery exhibited then, and when I last travelled the road. At the former period, Nature, bedecked in her guadiest attire, rendered every part of the way agreeable. Extended fields of verdure, the bubbling brooks, the forests of majectick oak, clad in their vivid garments, conduced to please the eye, and shed a delightful rapture o'er the soul. Here and there you might observe the violet with its beautiful petals unfolded to the view of the passenger, and as you passed the rippled stream, the wild honey-suckle regaled you with its fragrant odours. The feathered tribe caroled from the neighbouring branches, and every thing evinced nature in her most enchanting form.

How reversed are those scenes which not long since inspired me with pleasure. The wintry blast has disrobed the lofty trees; the warbling songsters have deserted their habitations to seek a more genial climate; old Boreas raging from the arctick regions, with his frigid key has locked the meanderings of the stream, and every thing assumes a dreary aspect.

I could not forbear remarking to my companion, a young peasant, this change of nature, and for a considerable time it engrossed our conversation; while at intervals the woodman's axe resounding from afar, echoed through the extensive forests, until it was lost in distant reverberations.

Night came on apace, and the lowering clouds portended a darksome road. My companion entertained me with a description of the various places through which we passed. On crossing a stream of water he recounted the dismal phenomena which had there occurred, the tradition

whereof he had received from his ancestors; and I frequently observed he spurred forward his horse at such places as he deemed *haunted*. There were many of this nature that he pointed out, and notwithstanding my arguments to persuade him of the nullity of his doctrine the force of early impressions was so strong upon his mind, that he could not prevent shewing a consciousness of fear, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary.

These circumstances led me into a series of reflections. *Superstition* is revered by many in all nations as a deity; and but few, who have been educated in this doctrine, have either resolution or perseverance enough to divest themselves of its prejudices. The cause of this is very obvious: for amongst the worshippers of this creature of the imagination, we find the majority of the guardians and tutors of youth. Hence in their puerile years those pernicious principles are instilled into them, which maturer age, aided by reflection and the most philosophical reasoning, can never completely deface: for though by these means the person may be persuaded of their nugacity, yet the effect of a previous association of ideas will never be effectually eradicated. Superstitious tales are too often related by parents and nurses to excite the wonder of children; and from them the authenticity of those narratives is derived, which serves to impress them the more deeply upon their minds. In fact, by perverting the judgment and moral faculty, superstition will often render virtue and true reason forever strangers to its votaries.

NEMO.

Mr. Easy,

The benevolence of the citizens of Baltimore, in so readily coming forward to the relief of those whom the iron hand of Poverty has, at this inclement season, so cruelly oppressed, is truly praise-worthy; the approbation of their own bosoms, the respect of the virtuous at home and abroad, the pure and unfeigned offerings from hundreds of grateful hearts, to the throne of Him who views the actions and intentions of men, is surely a sweet and ample reward for their laudable generosity. The noble emulation of softening the lot of this wretched part of the community, is displayed by every class, from the *independent* down to the *day-labourer*, who perhaps is not many steps above those for whom he throws in his mite—that mite, oh chearing thought! is recorded above with the pen of angels, to meet its final reward.

Amongst the many donations, I know of none which has given me more pleasure, than that given by a Society who stile themselves the *Harmonick*. I had repeatedly heard of this Society, and without taking the trouble to enquire much about it, supposed it to be a meeting of gentlemen, at a publick tavern, to spend a jolly evening, which too often ends in riot, the loss of time, money, and health: but hearing of their handsome donation to the poor, and being led to enquire further respecting it, I am very much pleased to say, my hasty opinion was quite erroneous. I have been told by one of the members, that each one pays the small sum of 25 cents per night, and from a fund thus accumulated the Society has given 50 dollars. This act of benevolence I think should not pass unnoticed. In my opinion it demands the highest encomiums, and fully proves that *revelry* and *dissipation* form no part of their amusement. By this they have added strength to the justness of the title they have assumed; for what *harmony* so sweet as the soft whispers of an approving heart, and the delightful unison of man with his Maker? They have contributed to make the *widow's heart to sing for joy*, and the naked shivering orphan shakes off his rags, and capers about; views with delight and pride his little form dressed decently; forgetting his recent misery in his present comfort. How grateful to the feelings of those friends to humanity, to reflect that they have joined to effect this happy change. In rags and wretchedness they crowd into the *Soup-house*; hunger, that pinches the very soul, and leads to desperation, is there satisfied with wholesome and nourishing food; and the keen blast loses half its severity, when they return protected by the hand of Charity.

AN OLD LADY.

If the philanthropick sentiments so handsomely displayed in the preceding letter were confined to the old ladies, we are not without apprehension that the relief afforded to the suffering part of our community would be small indeed. Old ladies, we presume, form but a small part of any society, and that small part is seldom the most able or influential. Let us then render the merited thanks to this benevolent old lady, and appeal to the rising and youthful generation of the fair sex, for their assistance in the same cause.

Every thing that relates to compassion, pity, generosity, and sympathy, is justly supposed to belong to this amiable part of the creation.

Let not, then, the kind and fostering hand of charity be clouded by the contracted and mean desires which gaming creates; let not the liberal and thoughtless hand of unbounded profusion, be bounteous only to milliners and jewellers. Reserve a portion of your superfluity for the houseless shivering female, the helpless orphans, and un-

fortunate labourer, now deprived of employment; and when you conclude on being benevolent, be also prompt in your assistance.

When I look around this gay city and daily behold the thoughtless and useless expenditures and vacant gaiety of many of its inhabitants, the following energetick lines of Thomson recur again and again with increased force and effect. The city has been generous; but numerous are the comforts which can be still bestowed by the compassionate female to the wants of the destitute infant and its unhappy mother. The aid so liberally imparted by publick subscription must go to pay house rent, to buy food and fuel, to promote future views of maintenance; small indeed is that portion which can be devoted to the immediate wants of the mother, with her children, deprived of cloathes, shoes, and a warm and comfortable bed and covering.

"Ah! little think the gay licentious crowd,
"Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
"They who their thoughtless hour in giddy mirth,
"And wanton, often cruel, riot waste!
"Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
"How many feel this very moment, death
"And all the sad variety of pain.....
....."How many drink the cup
"Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
"Of misery. Sore pierc'd by *wintry winds*,
"How many shrink into the sordid hut
"Of chearless poverty."....

Let it be remembered, that charity, like mercy,

..."Droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
"Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed...
"It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

ON CALUMNY—No.I.

"*Who steals my purse, steals trash;*
"*'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;*
"*But he that filches from me my good name,*
"*Robs me of that which not enriches him,*
"*And makes me poor indeed.*" SHAKSPEARE.

A spirit of defamation in society is the most baneful and prejudicial in its consequences. The tribunal of publick opinion to which every individual is amenable for his conduct and deportment, should never be swayed by contracted, envious, or partial considerations. Candour should ever animate its decisions, and teach those who pronounce them that they themselves are no less exposed to the shafts of envy and malevolence, than their neighbours. Men, who are prone to censure, and an uncharitable interpretation of actions perhaps the most innocent, soon feel, that though their attempts may occasionally overwhelm a guiltless victim, they will not fail in most instances to recoil on their authors. No disposition is more justly odious, than an eternal and insatiable propensity to scandal. It perverts the finest feelings of the heart, corrupts the soundest understanding, and renders those who labour under its influence incapable of contemplating the most common actions of life, through any other than the jaundiced medium of passion and prejudice.

The insidious back-biter, who assassinates his neighbour in the dark, is but a few grades more detestable than those male or female gossips who, with industrious malignity, collect the tittle-tattle of the tea-table, and retail the same in other circles, wonderfully distorted and disfigured by their manner of narrating it. Such characters are driven to those little arts, in order to arrest the attention of the company, unfortunately too often as well disposed as themselves to join in the sarcastick sneer at the expense of unsuspicious innocence. The growing tale soon gathers strength, and under the protecting care of its foster parents frequently assumes a volume and magnitude, big with mischief, and fraught with consequences of the most serious nature. The Cannibals and Hyænas in human shape, who delight in propagating these mischiefs, and disseminating scandal, calumny, and detraction, merit a punishment that no words are capable of expressing. The beast of prey who prowls the desert, attacks not the animals of his own species; but the assassin of reputations is never more gratified, than when he has immolated on the altar of Slander, a creature that bears his own image, and whose whole life may have been one uniform tenour of propriety and rectitude. On the other hand, the man whose benevolent heart palpitates with affection and candour to his fellow man, is ever slow to construe their actions unfavourably: until urged by demonstrative and strongly presumptive evidences, that bring home conviction to the judgment, he does not pronounce sentence of reprobation; he never breathes the accents of censure on slight or superficial grounds.

A word uttered in a moment of unguarded levity is as little to be recalled as its mischievous effects are oftentimes to be obviated. What is said with no meaning may inflict an incurable wound on the feelings of an innocent individual. Every one should study to keep that unruly member, the tongue, in strict subjection to the authority of reason, moderation, and common sense. When once indulged, the appetite for calumny and scandal increases in force. Its licentiousness must be early corrected, or it will soon baffle all the arts of the physician. Fortunately this evil, like most others in the physical and moral world,

contains in itself a remedy, to a certain degree, for the excesses it generates; since a man of a censorious and calumniating disposition cannot long escape being overwhelmed by the publick detestation and abhorrence.

Feb. 3, 1805. CAROLINE.

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.

There lived not long since in our city, a young gentleman called Michael Scalza, who was one of the most agreeable and pleasant companions in the world; for which reason his company was much courted by all the young people of Florence, whenever they could be favoured with it. Now he was one day with some friends at Mount Ughi, when the question happened to be started: Which was the noblest and most ancient family in Florence? Accordingly one named the Uberti, another the Lamberti, some preferring one, and some another, according to their different humours and interests; upon which Scalza smiled, and said, "You are all mistaken; the most noble, as well as the most ancient family, I do not say in Florence, only, but in the whole world, is that of the Baronci; in this all philosophers are agreed, and every one that knows them as well as myself. And lest you should think that I speak it of some other family of that name, I tell you that I mean the Baronci, our neighbours, that live by great St. Maria. When the young gentlemen, who expected he would have mentioned some other, heard this family named, they made the greatest jest of it that could be, and said, "You impose any thing in the world upon us, as if nobody knew the Baronci but yourself."—"Indeed," quoth he, "I do not, I speak nothing but what is truth, and if there is any one among you that dares lay a wager of a supper for six of his friends, upon that head, I will stand to it; nay, more than that, I will be set down by the judgment of any person whom you shall nominate." Hereupon a young spark, called Neri Vannini, said, "I am your man." It was also agreed, that one Piero, a Florentine, in whose house they were, should be judge. Accordingly the case was stated to him, whilst the whole company bore hard upon Scalza, making themselves very merry with his expected treat. Piero then, who was a good sensible man, having heard Neri's story, turned to Scalza, and said, "Well, how do you make good your assertion?" Scalza replied, "I prove it by such arguments, that not yourself only, but even my antagonist shall confess to be just. You know that the more ancient any family is, the more noble it is deemed; this was agreed among us at the beginning. I have then only to shew, in order to gain my question, that the Baronci family is the most ancient of all others. You must understand, therefore, that they were formed when nature was in its infancy, and before she was perfect at her work, and that the rest of mankind were all created afterwards. To convince you of this, do but examine the figures of one and the other, you will find art and proportion in the last, whereas the first are rough drawn and imperfect: among them you will see one with a long narrow face, another with a prodigious broad one; one that is flat nosed, another with a nose half an ell long; this has a long hooked chin, that one eye bigger, and set lower down than the other. In a word, their faces resemble, for all the world, what children make, when they first learn to draw. Nature then, you will allow, was in its first and earliest state, when they were created, consequently they are the most ancient of all others, and therefore the most noble." Both Piero, who was to determine, and Neri, who had wagered the treat, and the whole company likewise, on hearing this pleasant argument, agreed, that Scalza was in the right, and that the Baronci were the noblest and most ancient people in the whole world.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maria's artless lines would certainly have appeared in this number, if we could have found room for them.—They shall not be delayed longer than our next.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

We ought to apologize to the author of this spirited composition for not inserting it sooner; it had a just right to claim immediate notice, but the truth is, it lay hidden for a time under a mass of inferiour matter; an emblem of the too common fate of genius. But F. *may be assured his future favours shall be as promptly attended to, as they are earnestly requested.*

CRAZY HARRY.

Poor Harry's craz'd! Misfortune's child!
His ruin'd fancy wanders wild,
Or anger fires his breast;
And though confirm'd the mania's grown,
There's sometimes method in it shewn;
And sense and truth confest.

Victim of love and Stella's wiles,
No scenes, no circumstance beguiles
The grief he's doom'd to bear:
He would forget—but ah! his soul,
Like the touch'd needle to the pole,
Still turns and trembles there.

"See'st thou yon rose," he sternly said,
"Which proudly rears her flaunting head
"Conspicuous o'er the vine?

"The morning's mitigated ray
"Woo'd her coy beauties to the day:
"I saw, and wish'd them mine.

"Approaching nigh, I mark'd their bloom;
"Stoop'd and enjoy'd their rich perfume;
"Sweet flow'r! I cry'd, thou't born
"To be belov'd, admir'd, caress'd...
"Its slender stem I gently press'd;
"And press'd its keenest thorn.

"At pain malignantly to sport,
"Why didst thou fondly seem to court
"The hand that felt thy sting?
"Dissembling rose! for thee no more
"Shall dewy Eve her treasures pour,
"Or Zephyr wave his wing.

"Call'd by my potent voice, the blast
"Of ruffian Winter back shall haste;
"His terrours thou shalt know;
"Or Phœbus shall, at his return,
"With more than torrid ardours burn,
"And lay thy pride full low.

"And *thou*, the cause of all my woes,
"Still more perfidious than the rose,
"Proud Stella! why for me
"Wast thou so fair? thou didst beguile
"With softest speech, with sweetest smile,
"The heart which erst was free.

"Deluded fool! I hugg'd the chain
"Whose gilding fair hid cold disdain,
"Thy bosom's slumb'ring guest;
"Too late, alas! I saw the snare;
"Hope, flying, gave me to Despair,
"And Madness tells the rest.

"Though Beauty's empire now is thine,
"And pangs unfelt before be mine,
"The bitter tear, the frequent sigh;
"Such pangs thy throbbing heart shall feel;
"Till, loathing life, from scorn thou steal
"An envied hour to die.

"No flow'rs, no verdure e'er shall grace
"Thy dark, thy last sad resting place;
"No turtle there shall mourn;
"But there be heard the screaming owl,
"And maniack spectres' nightly howl,
"Around thy hated urn. F

TO THE MYSTERY, OR INVISIBLE GIRL.

Little fairy, prithee tell,
Whisper from thy magick cell;
Tell me in what careless hour
Wast thou stolen from thy bower?

Bower with sweetest myrtle bound,
And with blushing roses crown'd;
Where thy little sportive train,
Dance each night upon the plain.

Or beside the chrystal stream,
Where pale Luna sheds her beam;
In lov'd gambols pass the night,
Hidden from all mortal sight.

Lovely little prattler, hail!
Oft I meet thee in the vale;
While by Fancy's side I rove
Through the mazes of the grove.

There thy well known voice I hear,
Sweetly whisp'ring in mine ear;
Whilst my bosom feels relief,
And forgets its wonted grief.

Tell me, air-fed phantom tell,
Whisper from thy magick cell;
When Lysander visits thee,
Does he ever speak of me?

Does he tell thee of the art
He employ'd to win my heart;
And when once he found it won,
Left it broken and undone?

Oh! when next he does appear,
Softly whisper in his ear,
Tell him while from her he flies,
Clara, for Lysander, dies! CLARA.

ROSINA.

As glitt'ring on the brow of heav'n
With chasten'd ray and sober grace,
Quivers the lovely star of ev'n
On the smooth wave's transparent face;

So gently sweet, so mildly bright,
Rosina's sparkling eyes appear,
When beams their rich and radiant light
Through the soft veil of pity's tear. CLEON.

SELECTED POETRY.

EPITAPHS.

My name...my country...what are they to thee?
What...whether base or proud, my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpass'd all other men.....
Perhaps I fell below them all...what then!
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb.....
Thou know'st its use...it hides...no matter whom.

At three-score winter's end I died
A cheerless being, sole and sad,
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! AKENSIDE.

MR. EASY,

IN treating upon a subject so intricate as a successful direction to *Taste*, I am well aware of undertaking an herculean task: My only consolation is, that if I fail, it may be possible to elicit a few thoughts, that may furnish materials for the reflection of a more master hand. However facile in idea, it certainly will not be found so in execution; and however easy in appearance, its texture is interwoven and pregnant with difficulty. Properly directed, it furnishes a pure and unfailing source of delight to the human mind, and no moment can ever prove insipid, no period of existence ever be vapid. It is the best solace of retirement; and whilst it enhances the pleasures of independence, is equally calculated to sooth the evils of a less fortunate allotment of the gifts of fortune. There is no errour in the pursuits of rational beings more prominent than the tasteless, trifling distribution of time: it is a truth that flashes conviction upon the feelings of every individual, but how few possess resolution competent to the correction of the evil? We envy the fascinations which spring from, and are concomitant with, intellectual attainments, the foundation and source of the virtue I am recommending; but whilst we admire, we exhaust our time in irresolute resolves, and ultimately wonder at our frigid indifference. The everlasting pursuit of pleasure engrosses our thoughts, and like the ignis-fatuus, the nearer we approach it the farther it leads us astray. I cannot avoid thinking much of the mischief thus prevalent, may be traced to the absurd system of novel reading, and the false taste thus engendered; for unless a book or an essay introduces the lives of a Henry or an Emma, blended, intermixed, and interlarded with hair breadth 'scapes, unforeseen disappointments, or an unexpectedly sad catastophre, few have courage to take it up, or perseverance to analyse its merits. It is the intention of this essay to correct the germs of *false taste*, and to furnish at once the definition and direction of *true taste*. It has been well remarked by an ingenious writer, that "refined taste depends upon sensi- "bility for its acuteness, and upon judgment for its cor- "rectness. Sensibility may be compared to the quickness "of the eye, which extends its rapid glance to the largest "objects, and yet can discern the most minute. It renders "the mind alive to all the impressions made by external "objects, as it is powerfully affected by every surrounding "scene. This amiable quality is the source of the bene- "volent affections, and animates the soul with pity, love, "friendship, and benevolence." How interesting is a mind thus constructed, and what a contrast does it not present to that dull, inanimate, monotonous mass of insensibility, which is too frequently encountered. A mind thus fraught with cultivation and improvement, can never be insipid or uninteresting. If conversation flag, as it necessarily must occasionally with the best informed, the countenance will still be illumined, the eye will ever sparkle. The irradiated mind may relax from active exertion, but will yet be found intuitively and pleasingly employed. That vacuity of intellect which is too prominently conspicuous in modern days, affords an ample field for reflection to the moralist on the waste of time: and it too frequently occurs that the solace of the bottle is required to supply the deficiency of the head. For a correct direction of taste, it may not be unavailing, if we contemplate the subject as extending to an admiration and fondness for the sister arts, *musick*, *painting*, and *poetry*, and the cultivation of their various beauties. I am far from contending that these

qualifications are indispensably necessary to all, well knowing that leisure and opportunity are afforded to few for their acquisition; but where circumstances and leisure justify their acquirement, who, that had any conception of their value, could neglect the opportunity.

The review must necessarily be cursory, as the subject would furnish ample matter for a book.

For a description of the powers of musick, recourse can best be had to the sister art, to which sound is so frequently indebted for the most pleasing alliance of sense; and perhaps it will not be found easy to produce a short description of its application to the various situations of life, and different feelings of the heart, more beautiful and just, than the following verses.

"Queen of ev'ry moving measure,
"Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
"Musick! why thy pow'rs employ
"Only for the sons of joy?
"Only for the smiling guests
"At natal or at nuptial feasts?
"Rather thy lenient numbers pour
"On those whom secret griefs devour;
"Bid be still the throbbing hearts
"Of those whom death or absence parts;
"And with some softly-whisper'd air
"Smooth the brow of dumb despair."

Supposing that after reading these beautiful lines any one were to remark their being very pretty, should we not be reminded of the man who, seeing the sea for the first time, observed, La! it is very pretty.

Of painting—it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the perfection to which it has been carried. To appreciate its powers it would be necessary to visit Europe, and see the productions of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Rubens. Portrait painting, however, has its intrinsick excellence; and the power that can preserve the countenance of a once affectionate wife, a tender husband, a fond child, or an intimate friend, comes under the influence of the principle I am recommending.

Of poetry—insensibility must attach to all not tremblingly alive to its charms. Should any be so devoid of taste as to be insensible to, and feel no relish for, the beauties of Shaksneare, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Shenstone, Cowper, and many others; cold and inanimate are their souls. Let me to supply my imperfect description, call in the aid of the former.

"The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling,
"Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
"And as imagination bodies forth
"The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
"Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
"A local habitation, and a name."

Of the nature and effects of this art, the sweet and original strains of the *Minstrel* may give no imperfect idea.

"But hail! ye mighty master of the lay,
"Nature's true sons, the friend of man and truth!
"Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
"Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth:
"O let your spirit still my bosom soothe;
"Inspire my dreams, and my wild wand'ring guide;
"Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;
"For well I know, wherever ye reside,
"There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide."

The contemplation of the works of nature form abundant and inexhaustable sources of gratification. The construction of a flower, the progress of vegetation, the innumerable tribe of insects, the plumage of the birds, and last, not least, the spangled heavens, supply such a field for admiration, instruction, and amusement, that a heart must be adamantine, if insensible to the joys of contemplation and reflection. It may be contended, that the situation of few, as human nature is constituted, would justify the pursuits it has been the object of this essay to recommend. The objection, though specious, is in a great degree fallacious, and the observation of every man must prove it so. Our purest pleasures must emanate from taste; and we all know that, though the opportunities of cultivation are not equally bestowed, yet the seeds of it are sown in the breast of the peasant as well as the prince.

Let us analyse the qualifications of those supposed to belong to the inferiour classes of society. An ample field is left for the direction and enjoyment of the pleasures of taste. Feeling springs from it; and where can parental affection or the maternal duties be more forcibly displayed? In the affectionate, I had almost said devotional, attachment to their offspring, and which every Sunday will prove to the most inattentive observer: instances are shewn that the powers of affection and love are equally distributed. In the neatness of apparel, the smile of a mother, the solicitude of a husband, taste, though in a humble garb, is apparent: and as an individual, I feel a pride in observing it. This principle is equally distributed, and equally within the reach of all. In the pleasures of life, in dress, in the intercourse of society, it is equally observable, equally necessary, equally commendable. Suffice it to say, without the pleasures of taste, life is a vacuum; with it, valuable and desirable. G.

Go thou, and do likewise.

Men of speculation have long disputed the question, whether we derive most happiness from expectation or en-

joyment? Common sense, the terrour of *philosophists*, has wisely answered the question, by asserting, *from both*. All allow that there is in the mind a constant tendency to look forward, to anticipate, to expect: and as musical sounds uttered at a distance, are modulated and sweetened by the intervening air, so approaching objects of pleasure are heightened by the medium of expectation.

We were lately in the luxurious season of autumn, and enjoyed largely of its fruits and profits; but even then, we contemplated the wintry scene that we now enjoy: we promised ourselves rosy health, retirement from business, blazing fire-sides, convivial evenings, and a thousand sports connected with the new year. We have now possessed them, and whilst I thus remind those who are capable of enjoying themselves of their great pivileges, let me ask, how they can see that *a brother hath need?* Shall we not add to these pleasures of sense the supreme moral delight of relieving those, whose industry and foresight have been outstripped by some of the many misfortunes that await mortals.

Talking with a friend of mine, a few days past, on the great obligations we are under, to a gracious providence; of the insoluble tie that binds us to our fellow men; and of the disparity between those who are well provided for, and those who have neither expectation nor enjoyment in this world; it brought to my mind a recent transaction which I shall take the liberty to relate.

Eusebius was one of those who had gained a handsome income, from his industry and good fortune; he looked forward to the new year with delight, to entertain his cotemporaries with a delicious repast: When the time arrived, he strewed his table with all the delicacies of the season, and cordially pressed his friends to partake of his liberality. His viands were not neglected, nor his taste unpraised. Supper being ended, he was filling up, as he thought, the measure of his duty, by praising his wife for her display and order, and having finished his encomiums, Go thou, said he to Eusebia, and examine our sleeping babes; and return, that we may give thanks to a gracious providence for his liberality to us. Eusebia soon returned from the chamber in a flood of tears—We have mispent an evening, said she; I have just learned from my nurse, sufferings that will embitter our repast.

Ariana, the widow of Mercatus, is in great distress. She has been left with seven small female children, delicate and even sickly: she has endeavoured by various honest means to procure a livelihood, but all in vain. Her children have no other clothing than what are now upon them, which are very thin, and scarcely entire. They have long been suffering these evils, which have at length accumulated so fast, and press so heavily, that she has at last, though reluctantly, unfolded her condition to me. Poor Ariana can afford but one fire-side, round which her dear little children croud, and from the scantiness of fuel, are rather mocked with the promise of warmth, than comforted by the reality: they have too often been under the necessity of retiring supperless to the cold thin-clad bed, where sleep alone has come to their relief. O my dear husband! think of this, whilst we are actually incommoded at this moment with the relicks of our entertainment, and the heat of our room.

Here tears eloquently ended the tale, and disclosed the feelings of Eusebia. After a deep pause, Eusebius replied, Make thou, my dear, a calculation of the expenses of this evening, above that of a plain entertainment; and with the amount, purchase as soon as possible, all things needful, and furnish our needy sister and her children: 'tis a duty we owe to God, as well as our fellow creatures. Relate her case in every company where you think it will have a good effect; but shun those miserable wretches, who will instantly begin to excuse themselves by blaming all who have not succeeded in the world as well as themselves; I say, shun them, for they will soon transfer the insult to you. In future, at every time that we design an entertainment, take the same steps, for I have no doubt there still remain many wanting your aid: and your example may induce others to be œconomical, that they may be enabled to be charitable. A. Y.

THE TRIFLER—No. VI.

Mr. Easy,

[Many Triflers there are—and very different are their characters.—Some trifle away their time—some deal in trifles; while other some (excuse my vanity) lash their brethren into action.

In the capacity of a Trifler I often gain the applause of young ladies—the entire confidence of some of whom I now possess. But I would not insinuate that they are pleased with the empty drolleries of a mere trifler; I know them better. I am well aware that a sensible woman must laugh in her sleeve at the Fribbles and Shallows, who, at the expense of their own veracity and understanding, labour hard to keep a girl at tittering. High on my list of female acquaintances I long have held the intelligent and amiable Lavinia, whose taste for epistolary correspondence has produced great mental improvement. Calling in last evenig, I found her reading the following (from a gentleman at Philadelphia); she handed it to me for pe-

rusal, and finished her reply while I transcribed this. You may publish it (if deserving a place in the Companion) on these conditions: Leave out the names, or any thing that might lead to a discovery—and tell no one how you came by it.

" *A soul without reflection, like a pile*
" *Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.*" YOUNG.

Much esteemed,

....Your favour of the 5th inst. I opened with pleasing expectations; but on reading the first sentence, there ran a chill through my veins, which I then thought discovered, to my great vexation, that I had mistook the character of my correspondent. It was further a cause of vexation, inasmuch as I thought I was capable of forming a tolerable opinion of an acquaintance's turn of mind—and having had almost every opportunity for proper speculation on the subject, had long since drawn a conclusion which I found (as I *then* supposed) shaken to the centre on reading the first sentence, above alluded to. You thus begin: " *My friend, I am afraid you will be-* " *gin to tire of this eternal letter-writing of mine,*" &c. Here I stopped short, laid down the letter, and commenced a study. The reflection of the learned Dr. Young, which I have chosen for a motto to this paper, immediately presented itself with great force: For, in this respect at least, I profess to be one among his disciples; convinced that "*a soul without reflection*" must eventually become vicious. Which I would suppose might be proved in this way: The human mind is ever active—always employed on something or other; and it is liable, (nay certain), to be warped in some measure to a similarity of quality with the matter on which it acts—the nature of the subjects which occupy or cause its speculation.—Thus, if a man make philosophy, history, legislation, or pleasure, his constant study; and he has the proper books or means, and any tolerable capacity, he will ultimately become a philosopher, historian, statesman, or man of pleasure: If he be fond of reading, and reads only good and useful authors, he will be a good citizen; but if immoral and useless books, after a little practice he will be the reverse: If a man is attached to literary pursuits, has proper opportunities, and uses them, he must naturally rise superiour to sin or meanness: for he has that within him which makes him ashamed of whatever is wrong, not for fear of the bad opinion of his acquaintances and fellow-men, but for the sake of his own peace of mind—for, I insist upon it, there is no external applause equal to an approving conscience: On the other hand, if a man despise books; and is eternally fooling away his time with trifles and nonsense; he must of necessity want a change at times; his capacity being adapted only to sensual gratification, this change will, of course, be from trifles to vice; having no just sense of his own consequence, or of the dignity of the human character, he is not afraid when out of others' view, to commit such acts as the enlightened and well disposed man would shudder at: he is not ashamed of dissipation, or afraid of disease; because the former he glories in as his highest pleasure, the latter his ignorance, and "*want of reflection,*" prevent his seeing till too late—nay, after painful experience proves, to his "*heart's content,*" (as some express it) that such is the result; yet he is no sooner out of the difficulty or pain, than his former life is again renewed; the fact being this, he never did reflect, consequently never thinks of *cause and effect*, or that his evil practices will operate as a *cause*, whose certain *effect* is pain. Thus the want of *reflection* keeps a man in a state of ignorance; in which state he cannot cultivate or keep in good repair his better part:—this it is that renders him like a house without an inhabitant;—his soul goes to destruction, as sure as a house to ruin, for want of proper attention.

....It will not be understood that I am contending against *pleasure*. I am only opposed to pleasure in its excess—or, when it is dishonest, immoral, or unlawful. I am fond of good eating and drinking; yet I would not surfeit myself because there were placed before me a whole ox, and a pipe of wine. Nor am I obliged to take any thing belonging to another, merely because I could wish it were mine.....

From the motto I have taken, and the manner in which I have here handled the forepart of yours, you may guess what would have been the consequence, had not the whole tenour of your epistle shewn that you are not averse to *reflection*;—that you had not, as I feared that sentence indicated, determined to drop a correspondence, your part of which affords me so much pleasure.

You will, I am sure, pardon these remarks on the two first lines of that very acceptable epistle. Indeed, from a similarity of sentiment, I am persuaded you would have treated it, (had it been mine,) much in the same way; for I well know you would not court an intimate acquaintance with a man whose soul was void of *reflection*—whose knowledge only embraced the slander of the day, and whose literary pursuits extended no farther than the pages of a "JEST BOOK."....

Yours, &c. ——]

T

As quarelling and fighting are so much in fashion here, it cannot but be acceptable to our heroes, to read the following statement from the original publication at *Edinburgh*, in 1768.

To the Publisher.

SIR,

"Having seen some pretty lively remarks in your's, and other news-papers, on the present fashionable way of dressing ladies' heads, I take the liberty to send you some advertisements which appeared in the Dublin Universal Advertiser about twelve years ago. Signior Florentini and Mr. St. Laurent were the two rival Frizeurs, and had practised some years with pretty equal success and reputation. The Frenchman, however, by his talent at agreeable satire, with which he entertained every lady under his hands, at the expense of her absent acquaintance, during the time of his operation, had manifestly gained a great ascendant over the Italian. This induced Florentini to make a bold effort to raise his own reputation, and ruin his rival, whose great character he envied, and whom he wished to be undone.

Advertisement 1.

"Signior Florentini, having taken into consideration the many inconveniencies which attend the method of hair-dressing, formerly used by himself, and still practised by Mr. St. Laurent, humbly proposes to the ladies of quality in this metropolis his new method of *stuccowing* the head in the most fashionable taste, to last, with very little repair, during the whole session of parliament. Price only five guineas. FLORENTINI.

"N. B. He takes but one hour to build up the head, and two for baking it."

Answer by St. Laurent.

"Wereas dere have appear vone scandaleuz advertisement of Signior Florentini, much reflecting on Mr. St. Laurent's capacite in de art of dressing; he defy said Signior Florentini to show de inconvenince dat do attend his method, odervise he shall consider said Florentini as a *Boute-seu* and calumniateur. ST. LAURENT."

Florentini, who was not so good at English as the other, replied by his interpreter:

"Whereas Mr. St. Laurent has challenged Signior Florentini to produce an instance where his (St. Laurent's) method of hair-dressing is inconvenient to the ladies; he begs to observe that three rows of iron pins, thrust into the skull, will not fail to cause a constant itching, a sensation that much distorts the features of the face, and disables it so, that a lady by degrees may lose the use of her face; besides the immeuse quantity of pomatum and powder, laid on for a genteel dressing, will after a week or two breed *mites*, a circumstance very disagreeable to gentlemen who don't love cheese, and also does afford a fœted smell not to be endured: from which, and other objections too tedious to mention, Signior Florentini apprehends his new method is entirely free, and will admit of no reasonable exception whatever. FLORENTINI."

St. Laurent *replies:*

"Hah! hah! hah! Dere is no objeshon den to Signior Florentini's vay of frising de hair of fine ladie? I shall tell him von, two, tree: in de forst place, he no consider that his *stuccow* vill be crack, and be break by de frequent jolts to vich all ladies are so sobject, and dat two hour baking vill spoil de complekshon, and hort de eyes. And os to his scandaleuse aspershon, dat my method breed a de *mite*, so odious to gentleman who don't love de cheese, I say 'tis false and malitieuse; and to make good vat I say, I do envite all gentlemen of qualitie to examine de head of de countess of....., (vich I had de honour to dress four week ago) next Monday at twelve o'clock, through Monsieur Closent's great mikroscope, and see if der be any *mite* dere, or odder ting like de *mite* vatever.

"N. B. Any gentleman may smell her ladyship's hede fen he please."

The controversy ended in a duel; but no hurt, as the combatants behaved like Flash and Fribble; but, whatever was the cause, it is certain the monstrous fashion soon ceased, and in a few months the ladies' heads recovered their natural proportion, and became a piece of themselves. Yours, &c.

FROM BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

Exercise, if opportunely used, contributes greatly to the preservation of health; but if it be unseasonable, violent, or excessive, it is extremely prejudicial. "Over "exercise and weariness," says Fernelius, "consumes "the spirits, refrigerates the body, stirs up the humours, "and enrages such of them as nature would otherwise "have concocted and expelled; thereby causing them di- "versely to affect and trouble both the body and the "mind." So also, if exercise be unseasonably used, as upon a full stomach, or where the body is full of crudities, it is equally detrimental; for it corrupts the food, carries the juices, yet raw and undigested, into the veins, and there putrifies, and confounds the animal spirits. Crato particularly protests against all such exercise after eating, as being the greatest enemy to concoction; and therefore it is not without good reason that Salvianus, Jacchinus, Mercurialis, Arcubanus, and many other ce-

lebrated physicians, set down immoderate and unseasonable exercise as a most forcible cause of melancholy.

Idleness, which is the opposite extreme to immoderate exercise, is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases: for the mind is naturally active; and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy. As immoderate exercise offends on the one side, so doth an idle life on the other. Idleness, as Rasis and Montaltus affim, begets melancholy more than any other disposition: and Plutarch says, that it is not only the sole cause of the sickness of the soul, but that nothing begets it sooner, encreases it more, or continues it so long. Melancholy is certainly a familiar disease to all idle persons; an inseparable companion to such as live indolent and luxurious lives. Any pleasant company, discourse, business, sport, recreation, or amusement, suspend "the pains and pe-"nalties of idleness:" but the moment these engagements cease, the mind is again afflicted with the torments of this disease. The lazy, lolling race of men are always miserable and uneasy. Seneca well says *Malo mihi male quam molliter esse:* I had rather be sick than idle. This disposition is either of body or of mind. Idleness of body is the improper intermission of necessary exercise, which causes crudities, obstructions, excrementitious humours, quenches the natural heat, dulls the spirits, and renders the mind unfit for employment. As ground that is untilled runs to weeds, so indolence produces nothing but gross humours*. A horse unexercised, and a hawk unflown, contract diseases from which, if left at their natural liberty, they would be entirely free. An idle dog will be mangy; and how can an idle person expect to escape? But mental idleness is infinitely more prejudicial than idleness of body: wit without employment is a disease, *Ærugo animi, rubigo ingenii:* the rust of the soul, a plague, a very hell itself: *maximum animi nocumentum.* "As in a standing pool," says Seneca, "worms and fil-"thy creapers increase, so do evil and corrupt thoughts "in the mind of an idle person." The whole soul is contaminated by it. As in a commonwealth that has no enemy to contend with, civil wars generally ensue, and the members of it rage against each other, so is this body natural, when it is idle, macerated and vexed with cares, griefs, false fears, discontents, suspicions, and restless anxiety, for want of proper employment. Vulture like, it preys upon the bowels of its victims, and allows them no respite from their sufferings.

> For he's the Tityus here, that lies opprest
> With idleness, or whom fierce cares molest:
> These are the eagles that still tear his breast.

Idle persons, whatever be their age, sex, or condition, however rich, well allied, or fortunate, can never be well either in body or mind. Wearied, vexed, loathing, weeping, sighing, grieving, and suspecting, they are continually offended with the world and its concerns, and disgusted with every object in it. Their lives are painful to themselves, and burthensome to others; for their bodies are doomed to endure the miseries of ill health, and their minds to be tortured by every foolish fancy. This is the true cause why the rich and great generally labour under this disease; for idleness is an appendix to nobility, who, counting business a disgrace, sanction every whim in search of and spend all their time, in dissipated pleasures, idle sports and useless recreations: and

> Their conduct, like a sick man's dreams,
> Is form'd of vanity and whims.

Pharaoh reasoned philosophically on the subject of this disease: for when the children of Israel, for want of sufficient employment, requested, with murmuring and discontent, permission to offer up their sacrifices in the desart, he commanded the task-masters to double the portion of their daily duty; conceiving that as the cause of their discontent proceeded from their want of employment, their murmurings might be appeased by additional labour. "Ye shall no more," said the king, "give the people "straw to make bricks; let them gather it for themselves: "but the tale of the bricks which they did make hereto-"fore, shall not in aught be diminished; for they are "idle, and therefore it is they cry, Let us go and sacri-"fice to our God." *Otiosus animus nescit quid volet:* An idle person knows not when he is well, what he would have, or whither he would go; and being tired with every thing, displeased with every thing, and every way weary of his existence, he falls by degrees into the deepest melancholy.

MEDICAL CONSULTATION—AN EXTRACT.

> *"For man's relief the healing art was given;*
> *"A wise physician is the boon of heaven."* POPE.

The following humourous scene, between a learned, a cheap, a safe, a musical doctor, and a literary quack, took place in a town of the United States.

A drunken jockey having fallen from his horse at a publick review, was taken up senseless, and extended up-

* Neglectis urenda silex innascitur agris. Hor. Lib. i. Sat. 3.

on the long table of a tavern. He soon recovered his breath, and groaned most piteously. As his head struck the ground first, it was apprehended by some, unacquainted with its solidity, that he had fractured his skull. The faculty hastened, from all quarters, to his assistance. The learned scrupulous physician, after requesting that the doors and windows might be shut, approached the patient; and, with a stately air, declined giving his opinion, as he had unfortunately left at home his *Pringle on Contusions*.

The cheap doctor immediately pronounced the wound a compound fracture; prescribed half a dose of crude opium, and called for the trepanning instruments. The safe doctor proposed brown paper, dipped in rum, and cobwebs to staunch the blood. The popular physician, or musical doctor, told a jovial story, and then suddenly relaxing his features, observed, that he viewed the groaning wretch as a monument of justice: that he who spent his days in tormenting horses, should now, by the agency of the same animal, be brought to death's door, an event which he thought ought to be sent home upon our minds by prayer. The literary quack pressing through the crowd, begged that he might state the case to the company; and with an audible voice thus began:—The learned doctor, *Nominativo-hoc-Caput*, in his Treatise upon Brains, observes, that the seat of the soul may be known from the affections of the man. The residence of a wise man's soul is in his ears; a glutton's in his palate; a gallant's in his lips; an old maid's in her tongue; a dancer's in his toes; a drunkard's in his throat:—By the way, landlord, give us a button of sling. When we learned wish to know if a wound endangers life, we consequently enquire into the affections of the patient, and see if the wound injures the seat of the soul: if that escapes, however deep and ghastly the wound, we pronounce life in no danger. A horse-jockey's soul, gentlemen—I wish your healths—is in his heel, under the left spur. When I was pursuing my studies in the hospital, in England, I once saw seventeen horse-jockeys, some of whom were noblemen, killed by the fall of a scaffold, in Newmarket, and all wounded in the heel. Twenty others, with their arms, backs, and necks broken, survived. I saw one noble jockey, with his *nominativo caret*, which is Greek for a nobleman's head, split entirely open. His brains run down his face like the white of a broken egg; but as his heel was unhurt, he survived, and his judgment in horses is said not to be in the least impaired. Come, pull off the patient's boot, while I drink his better health. Charmed with the harangue, some of the spectators were about following his directions, when the other doctors interfered. They had heard him with disdainful impatience; and now each raised his voice to support his particular opinion, backed by his adherents. Bring the brown paper—compound fracture—cobwebs, I say—hand the trepanning instruments—give us some tod, and pull off the boot, echoed from all quarters. The landlord forbade quarrelling in his house. The whole company rushed out to form a ring on the green for the medical professors, where they had a consultation of fisty cuffs. The practitioner in sheep, horses, and cattle, poured a dose of —— and molasses down the patient's throat, who soon so happily recovered as to pursue his vocation, swap horses three times, play twenty rubbers of all-fours, and get dead drunk again before sun-set.

The late Dr. Leland, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, chanced one day, at a commencement in that University, to put a few questions to a young man of very moderate capacity. The Doctor asked him his name—"*Scarlet*, Sir," answered the trembling candidate.—"It may be so," said the Doctor, "and yet you are not *deep read*."

When the late Dr. Lucas, the John Wilkes of his day in Ireland, was returned to serve in Parliament as a representative for the city of Dublin, the facetious Counsellor Costello happened to meet with Mrs. H. a lady of high spirit, whose family had supported the interest of the unsuccessful candidate. "Well, Counsellor," said the lady, "your *friend* Lucas has gained the election!"—"Yes, Madam."—"No wonder, Sir; *all* the blackguards voted for him."—"*No*, Madam; your *two sons* did not." The lady flew off in a violent rage.

When Counsellor Costello was told that Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Sheridan, author of the Pronouncing Dictionary, and father of Richard Binsley Sheridan, were pensioned, he observed, that it was a curious age, when one man received three hundred a-year for *inventing hard words*, and another two hundred a-year for teaching us *how to pronounce them*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The productions of *Clara's* muse shall never be delayed longer than is absolutely necessary.

Caroline's second communication on Calumny is received, but came too late to be inserted in this number.

What is intended for immediate publication must be put in the *Box* on or before the Tuesday preceding.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following interesting verses, though not recommended by any glaring novelty, or adorned by fancy's gaudy flowers; yet contain what is in reality far more estimable; the simple, but strong expression of virtuous affection.

ON THE ABSENCE OF A BELOVED HUSBAND.

The anguish'd hour of parting now is o'er,
And thy lov'd form has faded from my view,
My aching eyes are stretch'd to catch once more,
One glance, to lengthen out this sad adieu.

My soul still lingers on that last embrace,
I feel thy throbbing bosom press'd to mine;
Thy faultering tongue entreats me to erase
The fears my frighten'd fancy doth combine,

How short, how transient, flits this life away!
How many sorrows cloud th' uncertain scene!
Then why in anxious torment waste each day,
And mark with sighs the hours that intervene!

When sweet affection glows within my breast,
And hope's soft pinions hover o'er my heart,
A sudden pang expels this cherish'd guest,
My throbbing bosom asks, "Why did we part?"

But hush, my soul! nor vainly now repine,
The fiat's past, his absence cease to mourn;
Remember well his parting words divine,
"Think on the blessed hour of my return."

Yes, thou ador'd, thou centre of my soul!
Extatick joy runs through Maria's heart;
The sweet idea reigns without controul,
Hope whispers we shall meet, no more to part.

And when bright Sol's last streak of glory fades,
When Silence wooes creation to repose,
I fondly kiss and press my sleeping babes,
Then sighing seek the soother of all woes.

Soon as my form the lonely couch doth press,
My active fancy flies on rapid wing,
First to my God a fervent prayer address,
My heart's pure homage to his throne I bring.

Protect, Great Ruler! then, a life so dear,
Oh! shield the breast where Virtue loves to dwell;
Grant the lov'd wand'rer thy peculiar care;
His lisping infants shall thy goodness tell. MARIA.

SONG.

Cease those soft murmurs, gentle rill,
Nor strive to sooth my troubled breast;
And thou, hoarse water-fall, be still,
Nor strive to lull my cares to rest.

Ye gales that waft the sweets of spring,
Soft whispering through the trembling grove;
No more your dulcet treasures bring,
Until ye safe restore my love.

No more your thrilling notes prolong,
Ye tuneful warblers of the grove;
Untasted is the sweetest song,
When thou art far away, my love!

Why, William, didst thou ever stray
O'er yonder wide and stormy main?
O when will come the happy day
That gives thee to these arms again? N. S.

In life's fair morn, how swiftly run
The hours of mirth and glee;
Ah! then I thought the glorious sun,
Shone bright alone for me.

And next I wake to love's alarms,
And childhood's toys resign;
Bask in the sun of Anna's charms,
And fondly think them mine.

But now, the glorious sun doth prove
To shine for more than one;
And Anna's sighs, her looks, her love,
Are emblems of the sun. THEODORE.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS ——

When forc'd from love and thee afar,
If e'er my heart should roam;
Though fate our meeting long may bar,
Thou still shalt be the ruling star
To guide the wand'rer home.

When toss'd amid Atlantick storms,
The sigh that heaves my breast,
Each joy that for a moment charms,
Each rising hope fond fancy forms,
Shall fly to wish thee blest.

And may the sigh that rends my heart,
Steal oft to thee unknown;
May sympathy no grief impart,
Nor make the pitying tear to start,
But let *me* feel alone. CLEON.

SELECTED POETRY.

IMPROMTU

On a cold day in a bleak room, at the fire-side of a man who had made a large fortune in India, but was too niggardly to live comfortably on his large estate.

Here Canada's snows, and there Afric's warm coast,
On this side you freeze, and on that side you roast;
With domains as wide as all Russia to rule in,
Your back is in Lapland, your front in Bencoolen.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1805. No. 17.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Learning itself, received into a mind
By nature weak, or viciously inclined,
Serves but to lead philosophers astray,
Where children would with ease discern the way.

COWPER.

The following dialogue between Dr. Johnson and William Godwin may be supposed to have taken place in a London Coffee-house, by adding a few years to the life of the former.

JOHNSON.

Sir, I am a member of one of those literary associations, which modern refinement has established for colloquial improvement, and a reciprocation of knowledge.

A series of essays upon education, men, and professions, have been noticed amongst us, as the most extraordinary productions of the age, for ignorance and impudence; and your name has been stamped with every opprobrium that sound policy, indignant virtue, and unsophisticated reason could produce. The charges are various and weighty, and of so strange a nature, that I am induced, as becomes a philosopher, to suspend my anathemas, until a repetition of some of your doctrines in propria persona confirms the irritation which I can scarcely repress.

Innovation is your means, and perfectibility your end: but by a strange mode of procedure your innovation appears only destruction, and your perfectibility is yet in embryo; for though you have attempted to destroy, I can perceive nothing of a substitute.

GODWIN.

I see you are warm and prejudiced; but what else could be expected from Dr. Johnson. He is both a bigot and a monarchist; and I could not suppose he would approve of the productions of a philanthropist of the most sublimated kind. My works are intended to disseminate light, and dissolve those abominable charms which have hitherto dimmed the sight of unenquiring man.

The glorious fruits of my labours, and such as mine, are already apparent. The barrier to be overthrown was powerful; but it is cast down. I do not care what the *smaller* consequences have been. In the great sum of mortal happiness, the largest part will and must preponderate; or, in the words of a brother philanthropist, when the wretched situation of suffering humanity calls for interposition, we find applied one of those grand *remedial processes*, which are probably within the moral plan of providence. A consideration that such events are necessary, and that they are kindly intended as remedies of greater evils than they immediately occasion, is the only consideration that can tranquillize the heart of a benevolent man *(here the Dr. rolled his body about, much agitated, and muttered something about tranquillity, benevolence, guillotine, proscription, &c.)* who lives in a period when these awful operations have in a peculiar manner been carried on.

JOHNSON.

Sir, I perceive our personal communication will not be long protracted: I am now satisfied that our opinions of your honest and wise exertions were not erroneous. The blood of thousands, the devastation of property, and the uproar of pillage, rape, and assassination, for several years, are denominated smaller consequences. You would gratify me by depicting what the greater consequences have been. You seem to have forgotten, most sophistical Sir, that these grand remedial processes terminated in the perfectibility of despotism; but I will endeavour to suppress the irritable of my constitution, and listen to some more of your jargon. Repeat a few of your most prominent discoveries detailed in the collection I have mentioned.

GODWIN.

Every thing in society is precisely the reverse at present of what it should be. From infancy onwards, every sys-

tem is radically wrong. And first, forgetting that the minds of children are as sheets of blank paper, liable to receive the impression bestowed by a good or bad education; we have foolishly considered genius as innate; as a something born with us, and not to be acquired. Nothing is more certain than parity of genius and capacity in the first instance: education is all that is required to make the student what we please. Where equal motives and equal external advantages prevail, the acquirements must be precisely the same.

JOHNSON.

It is enough to excite one's risible faculties to listen to the finespun nonsense of you and your shallow conceited progenitors of the French school. Sir, I assert that genius is inherent, in opposition to the cavils of interested ignorance, spurious benevolence, and ridiculous mummery. Homer, Sir, was a man of genius, though born in a rude age, and destitute of all those aids now imparted; his knowledge was that of nature. His poem has stood the test of time, without successful competition or a diminution of fame; though the learning of Greece, the wonderful genius of Rome, and the astonishing improvements and discoveries of modern Europe, would have warranted a successful emulation and rivalship. Milton was a man of extraordinary genius; but when his imagination soared into heaven and plunged into hell, for the scenes and objects of his poem; the most erudite brain would have availed him little, without that principle of real genius, composed of ready invention and correct judgment, which produced his L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Comus. Sir, there is more sterling genius in twenty lines of any of these pieces, than posterity will find in all your writings.

Did the ploughshare impregnate Burns with the talent for poetical excellence? or did Gifford imbibe that uncontroulable tendency, which at length distinguished him, in the cabin of a collier, or the shop of a shoe-maker?—I perceive you are a little confounded, and I will suspend my remarks by appealing to your rational powers divested of chimeras and distortions, whether education can give a perfect memory, a fruitful invention, or a sound judgment? We know that men of the best education are often destitute of the whole of these requisites; and others of none at all, possessed of them in the most extensive and apparently unaccountable degree.

GODWIN.

Excuse me, Sir, I can by no means abandon my premises. The rights of man, the success of revolutions, and the prostration of what the deluded call order and subordination, depend upon them as first principles. Abandon this equality in the first instance, and these precious lucubrations of mine, upon which I have calculated so much, & which tended to inspire the amiable Wolstoncraft with an attachment, not altogether platonick, for me, will no longer be comprehended by my numerous disciples.

This original parity of genius then being taken for granted, I have to reprobate the present order of things in every respect, from youth throughout all the stages of mature existence. At school and at home the poor humiliated objects have no voice or appeal; they are ever kept in terrorem, by some tyrannical demagogue or parent; and their fine sensibilities and native energies destroyed by controul and superintendance.

In manhood, society is a state of grievance and suffering, as at present constituted. Why should there be rich and poor; superiours and inferiours? why should there be any laws, but the laws of nature? Why should the opulent and ennobled be permitted to insult the sacred presence of poverty with their ostentatious profusion and luxury? Why should the unhappy artist be compelled to "ply the sickly trade," while his fellow man is lost in the syren charms of indulgence and dissipation? In short, to sum up the whole, why cannot there be a state of society in which all shall be equal?

JOHNSON. *(with an appearance more of pity than anger.)*

Sir, if I did not consider that your intellectual faculties were labouring under some monstrous derangement, I do not know but I should prostrate all your incomprehensible nonsense by prostrating your corporeal being with my muscular energies, for insulting my understanding with such school-boy declamation, incoherent jargon, and silly assertion..... Will the experience of ages be of no avail? How long did the agrarian principle remain in ancient Italy? Place men in a state of nature, and how long will they remain equal? Superiour genius, superiour courage, and superiour industry and acquirements, will immediately destroy the equilibrium of universal equality, and we shall soon perceive that eminent intellectual endowments, superiour boldness, and the industrious exertions of some, contrasted with the indolence and incapacity of others, will directly and consequently produce all those inequalities, superiorities, and variations, so conspicuous in every clime from time immemorial. Sir, the French people tasted the sweets of equality, but they did not relish them; for they soon voluntarily surrendered them, to become once more dependant upon the will of an individual.

I confess I do not want to be pestered with any more of

your absurdities; but as my time is not yet exhausted, I will, (though my patience is almost so) attend to what you have still to propound.

GODWIN.

I know, most dignified Doctor, that however well you have inculcated the dominion of reason over the passions; you have not always had a due and philosophick controul over them yourself. You have been spoiled by the sycophantick adulations of many of your associates; and by none more, than those of Jemmy Boswell; yet I must tell you, Sir, that though these condescending satellites have been often terrified by your dogmatical vocifieration, and boisterous rudeness; my conscience and philosophy are of too trusty a nature, to be awed by either the one or the other. My principles are founded in incorrupted nature, and are as certain and true, as that the needle points to the north. As I still hope to convince you of your errours, I shall proceed still farther in developing them. Of what dignity are any of the self-styled professions of society? of what pleasure and utility? The clergyman is a distorter of the plain dictates of morality, and whilst imposing upon the world superstition for true religion, imposes also upon the the poor and humble, thankfulness and humility; whilst his incomes are exuberant and intolerably oppressive. "His profession is peculiarly unfortunate, for he cannot exchange it for another. It is the singularity of his office, that its duties principally consist in inculcating certain opinions. It is a strange and anomalous species of existence, when a man's days are to be spent in study, with this condition annexed, that he must abstain from enquiry. If he should enquire, he may perhaps arrive at sceptical or incredulous conclusions, and from necessity be compelled to play a solemn farce of hypocrisy during his existence. But infidelity does not belong to the conscientious clergyman. It more frequently happens that he is insensible in the midst of evidence. He is in the daily habit of making contradictions consistent. He receives a system with the most perfect satisfaction that a reflecting savage would scoff at for its grossness and impertinence."

The lawyer perverts justice, and strives to prove that wrong is right. The glorious uncertainty of the law is his boast. Broils and contests which might be amicably settled, he foments and cherishes.

The soldier is a licensed assassin, and plunders his fellow creatures and cuts their throats, for he knows not what, nor does he care. He is a mere machine, and made to move for the most dreadful purposes, by unknown springs and influence.

And what can we say of the medical profession? Death and misery are the doctor's harvest; it is enough to say, that he would starve was it not for the wretchedness of his fellow creatures; a miserable source indeed of maintenance.

As for the mercantile part of the community, especially the cringing shopkeeper, who stands double behind his counter, language is wanting to express my indignation and contempt. He is destitute of every dignity and superiority that attaches to man over the brute creation.—"Shall I destine my child to the exercise of a trade? Shall I not rather wish that the custom of antiquity was revived, and that I was permitted to expose my new born infant to perish with hunger, sooner than reserve him that he may afterwards exhibit himself a spectacle that I cannot think of without moral loathing, and appear in a character that is the opprobrium of rational nature?"—It is the corruptions of society that have originated these ridiculous and melancholy varieties of it. Society, Sir, is fruitful of abuses; and there is no greater example of it, than the matrimonial institution. What folly to confine those bodies whose hearts are alienated?—and "how ridiculous to require the overflowing of the soul to wait upon a ceremony, and that which, wherever delicacy or imagination exist, is of all things most sacredly private, to blow a trumpet before it, and to record the moment when it has arrived at its climax."

JOHNSON.

Sir, you may thank heaven and your own insignificance, for the security in which you at this moment stand in my presence: my emotion of contempt and disgust for you and your wretched jargon, will supersede any serious investigation of the propriety and necessity of those institutions which your ignorance, or rather idiotism, has attempted to vilify and destroy. I would not insult the understanding of the publick by an open exposition of your impertinence, villany, and ignorance. Your doctrines, Sir, are miserable abortions, and if they could have claimed any merit, its influence would have unhinged and destroyed whatever was sacred, decent, beautiful, and happy in society. They are the wild babblings of a madman, and would not have been noticed by me at all, was I not conscious that this colloquial intercourse would descend to posterity by means of Bozzy.

Your sacriligious rhapsody, therefore, has my reprobation.

The various grades of society, with their numberless links; and the proper regulation of each, present to us an idea synonymous to what we conceive most perfect, con-

stituted as we are. When men are created otherwise than they are, we may dispense with the received systems; at present, they arise out of the very nature of social institutions; and experience proves, that though some evil ensues, still the balance of good is in our favour. It would be vain to quote books of authority on these subjects, to him who is either totally illiterate, or whose head was too weak to bear what little he has read: besides, you are unworthy of any further consideration; but before our interview terminates, let me ask, whether you have attentively viewed that country, where some of your sublime speculations have been reduced to practice. We see, notwithstanding all attempts to the contrary, that the people will not be equal. All the professions and grades of society exist as heretofore; but the most delicate and important institution has not yet recovered from the shock. Matrimony is no longer venerated. The consequence is, that we hear of universal depravity; the banishment of domestick confidence and happiness, and of numberless suicides by the unhappy females, who with many lovers, wanted a provider and protector for themselves and children.

You seem, egregious fool that you are, to have forgotten that your own immaculate associate, *the best of heaven's works*, who indulged in amatory enjoyments without the connubial tie, became so transcendantly happy from that and other elevated improvements suggested by her extraordinary genius, that she nearly perfected the whole, by drowning herself in the Thames: and at last was content to take refuge in the matrimonial union. O tempora! O mores! when such fellows as these presume to publish their nonsense to the world: when such wretches dare to profane the blessed religion of Jesus—

(Here the Doctor looked so angry, made so many contortions, and threatened with such emphasis, that the terrified philosopher, seeing him stretch out his arm towards a huge folio laying on the table, fled precipitately, dreading the fate of the bookseller, whom Johnson had formerly knocked down.)

A

Mr. Easy,

It has long been my wish to come forward in vindication of my character, and place myself in a more respectable point of view than I am generally held; but knowing the difficulty of overcoming long standing prejudices, and being conscious of my own inability to do myself justice, I have till now been deterred: your respectable paper offers so fair an opportunity, that I will no longer hesitate.

My origin, Sir, may be traced to the beginning of the world, and unfortunately for me, my very birth occasioned the wretchedness of the human race; that mighty mischief, 'the fall of man,' is but too justly attributed to me, with all its consequent evils. After this acknowledgment, you will wonder at my audacity in attempting a defence.

My kind mother Eve, like many other kind mothers, could not deny her darling any thing; to gratify and see me happy for the moment, was so delightful to her, that a thought of the consequences never entered her mind, until it was too late; the mischief was done, and the fatal effects could not be prevented; so to the foolish indulgence of a fond mother I owe all the indignities I have since suffered. I am so sensible of the evils I have occasioned mankind, that it has been my constant desire to make all the reparation in my power. So indefatigable have been my endeavours, and successful my labours, that my usefulness cannot be questioned. I materially assisted the *immortal Newton* in enlightening the world; I was his constant companion; his most profound researches were instigated by me; his sublime and penetrating genius by me was hurried on, almost beyond a mortal's ken; my restless spirit was ever on the wing, enticing, urging, and impelling; artfully lifting the veil of obscurity, just sufficient to raise desires unconquerable; I must be satisfied, and thus the world was benefitted. I am by nature ardent and persevering, not to be withheld by any obstacles; the more difficulties I encounter, the more anxious and determined am I to overcome them; I stimulate the wearied student, stepping from page to page before him, holding out allurements irresistible. My sylph-like form is fascinating, and he is all eagerness to overtake me; the labour of study is lightened, and instruction imperceptibly steals into the mind; the ardour of youth and wisdom of age are continually employed to satisfy me; the philosopher, naturalist, and chymist, will own my power. Patience and perseverance would have a weary journey, did I not lead the way. Thus I prove the world indebted to me for its most valuable acquisitions. Authors of every description owe more to me than they are aware of, particularly those who range the wilds of fancy, painting unreal bliss and unreal woe. Should the mighty magician of Udolpho once more wave her magick wand, and enchant the senses, unbounded indeed would be the impetus of my power. Prompted by me, the eye pores over pages by the midnight lamp, that would otherwise lie neglected. In fact, I am the leading principle in every art and science.

Notwithstanding all this, my merits are never acknowledged, the dark side of my character is ever held up to

view, the most mortifying and degrading epithets are bestowed upon me, such as "mean, idle, impertinent," &c. &c. Now, my good Sir, it is my misfortune to be too often disgraced by falling into unworthy hands, which unhappily for me, is not in my power to prevent; it is then I am abused, but is it not so with every good under the sun? are not the greatest blessings converted into the greatest curses, and the noblest virtues debased by rendering them subservient to the meanest vices? surely then, a character so prominent as mine, cannot hope to escape.

It must appear a very strange contradiction in me, after describing the boldness and energy I am possessed of, to say that my actions are not at my own disposal, but it is even so, and the disgrace of any evil I may occasion, attaches entirely to my employers. I lose nothing of my ardour, because my pursuits are dangerous and mischievous, the application of my talents rests with them, and it is their fault if they are not both benefited and ennobled by me. By making known my usefulness, I hope to induce those who possess my services to direct them so as to insure our mutual honour.

You may rest assured, Mr. Easy, that I have been and still continue, one of your most powerful friends; in return, I only ask a place in your paper for the defence of

CURIOSITY.

Mr. Easy,

The question, how America was at first peopled, has been long before the publick; and various conjectures have been made. For the amusement of your readers I have taken my pen to add a new conjecture on the subject. Several reasons induce me to believe that the Indian race who possessed this country on the discovery of it by the Europeans, were not the *Autochthonoi*, or Original Possessors. I shall produce them to you and submit them. There still exist in the interiour of this country the ruins of many fortifications, scattered over a great extent: these no doubt, were constructed in time of some imminent danger from an encroaching enemy. It does not appear (as far as I am informed) that there is any tradition among the Indians who were the constructors of them, nor on account of what danger they were erected; all memory of it is lost, and sunk in eternal oblivion: hence it wil follow that many years have passed over, and many ages of men intervened before the memory of it could be thus obliterated. They are built of earth, and no part of stone: from this I infer that the builders were not possessed of iron, and that they were, or wished to be, a stationary people; both laborious and judicious: this is not the character of our savages. They never build forts; on a defeat in the field, their custom is (I hear) to leave the country, and this custom I hope to show they brought with them from *Asia*.

There neither is, nor can be any doubt, whether the ancient *Scythians* of *Europe*, and *Asia*, and the ancestors of our Indians were the same people; the world has admitted it, and I need say nothing on the subject. The only question that can arise, is, whether this race emigrated from the old world to the new, or from the new to the old? *Herodotus*, a very ancient historian, in his Book *Melpomene*, among many other things relating to them, tells this—Chap. 64. "A *Scythian* carries the "scalps of all he kills in battle to the king: having car- "ried a scalp, he has a part of the booty taken; if he "carry no scalp he is not admitted to a share. The scalp "is taken in this manner: he cuts the head round by the "ears, and takes off the skin; which he works and softens "with his hands, and then adorns with it his horse's bri- "dle. The more scalps he possesses, he is esteemed the "braver man." The same author, in the same book, chap. 7. relates a tradition of the *Scythians*, which I add because curious rather than useful. "The Scythians say "they were the last created of all nations; that their first "man was named *Targitaus*, that he had three sons, *Li- "poxais*, *Arpoxais*, and *Colaxais*, &c. and that this cre- "ation was not more than a thousand years before they "were invaded by Darius." And we learn from *Helvecus and others* that invasion was about 500 years before the christian æra.

Herodotus lived about 2250 years ago, he is an author of great candour and credit: if the *Tartars* had come from America, there would have been some tradition left of it, and our traditions reach back as far as *Cecrops*, 1300 years before *Herodotus*. But there is no such thing, no Historian, no Poet, nor any other person has mentioned it. The Tartars are a restless people, and troublesome to their neighbours. Eighteen hundred years ago the Chinese built their great wall against them; which they surmounted, and conquered the country notwithstanding. Five hundred years ago, the cruel *Gengiz* enacted that law, or rather reduced an old custom into law, to kill the prisoners of war; which is now in force in China, and was adhered to by his successors, till lately that they have been reduced by the *Muscovites*. Permit me to add an anecdote or two of *Timur*, vulgarly and ignominiously called *Tamurlan*.*

* The Turks changed his name *Timur Bec*, i. e. *Lord Timur*, into *Timur Line*, *Lame Timur*. Though he was no lame man, but the strongest man of Asia, as was supposed in his day.

(but no name was bad enough for him.) This conquerour in his war with *Tocatmith*, emperour of *Capchac*, (in the N. W. of Asia) having defeated him in a great battle on the banks of the *Tick*, pursued him seven months through that country, without seeing a house, a spot of cultivated land, or a human creature. He had before driven Sultan *Camariddin* to the N. E. extremity of Asia; and had he overtaken him, would not have left a single *Gete* or *Mongli* alive. I quote from *Cherefeddin Ilaly Yesdi*, the Persian historian. No doubt, many conquerours have been in that part of the world before *Timur* and *Gengiz*. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*. Some of these have chased the vanquished enemy to the extremity of Asia, and forced them to save their lives by flight to islands, and thence into *America*. Tartars may flee any distance from an enemy; carrying their horses and cattle to subsist on, they may flee in a body thus provided; but in America, where there were no horses nor cattle, the thing is impossible to keep in a body. They must scatter to hunt, and the more numerous the body, the more they must separate to procure subsistence; and to cross over into Asia in single families, or small parties, was going to immediate death. Beside, a savage could have no good cause impelling him to pass over into Asia to save his life, when a single day's travel through the forests of his own country would secure it more effectually.

Therefore I conclude, that our savages came originally from Asia, and in time becoming a numerous people, they have quarrelled with the *Aborigines* of America, the builders of the fortifications before mentioned, and have exterminated them; unless those be the remains of that nation, who now inhabit the N. W. coast of this country. They are surrounded by ranges of mountains, very difficult (as I learn) of access, and 300 miles wide; it is possible these have saved them from the fury of the invaders.

Baltimore County, February 4th, 1805. X.

Mr. Easy,

Should you consider the following bagatelle within the province of your useful publication, its insertion will oblige your humble servant, QUIZORUM.

Baltimore, Feb. 13, 1805.

Whereas some serious misunderstandings have lately arisen among the beaux of this city, of such a nature as to demand a decision in the field of honour; and whereas considerable difficulties have occurred in adjusting the rank of the parties at issue; to obviate those inconveniences in future, it is proposed to establish an office in this city, for the conduct and arrangement of affairs of honour, where gentlemen may be accommodated on the shortest notice with all the appendages of duelling, viz. pistols, seconds, &c. adapted to the nature of the case, and the taste of the parties, from the determined assassin to the most timid man of honour, who may wish to settle the matter with perfect safety both to his person and reputation. It is also proposed to keep a set of regular tables compiled from an old Maltese manuscript, with considerable improvements, adapted to this meridian, where the rank of individuals is clearly defined and methodically arranged, where gentlemen, by inspection, at one glance may satisfy themselves respecting the propriety of either accepting or refusing a challenge, without the trouble of a moment's reflection. The proposer will always be prepared with an extensive assortment of high seasoned challenges and elegant apologies, in blank, on wove paper, hot pressed, embellished with emblematical engravings, &c. As the business of this institution will be conducted by gentlemen of the strictest honour, it may perhaps be unnecessary to remark, that the most inviolable secrecy will be observed.

A further prospectus of this undertaking will appear, should it receive the patronage of an enlightened publick.

N. B. Advice will be given gratis.

ON CALUMNY—No. II.

"Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
"Is the immediate jewel of their souls." SHAKSPEARE.

The immortal bard, whose knowledge of human nature and of the avenues that lead to the heart, was equalled only by his skill in inculcating the finest precepts of morality, has borne witness to the importance of preserving through life, by every means within our power, a reputation unsullied by the breath of slander and obloquy. In proportion to the inestimable value of a fair and spotless character, must be their guilt, whose chief delight is in levelling the barbed shafts of detraction at innocence. One of the principal rewards of well-doing in this life is the approbation of mankind. A person must be dead to every social principle, whose feelings are not wrought up to rapture, at the recital of a well merited encomium. Unfortunately few are insensible to reproach, even when least deserved; and when the arrows of calumny are shot in the dark, when it is impossible to confront the assassin, and ward off his insidious attacks, the wound inflicted on innocence rankles with much greater inveteracy. A conscience void of offence towards God and towards man is the great prop of the good, when assailed by the malignity of the wicked. The machinations of envy may for-

a time eclipse the brightest excellence, until the irresistible force of truth exposes the arts of the slanderer in all their native turpitude and deformity, while it displays the charms of rectitude in more than pristine splendour. It is infinitely to be regretted, that a wish to detract from the merit of others, possesses such extensive influence in society: that many of those, whose information, intelligence, and rank in the world, should make them soar above so degrading a passion, are tainted with its effects: that the bosoms even of the fair are not exempt from the contagion. Surely those, who reflect such wanton and indiscriminate censure on their neighbours, fancy that by depreciating their worth they enhance their own, or at least bring them down to the same level of moral character with themselve. This mistaken conception must have a tendency to foment the spirit of detraction, or it could not rage with such wild-fire fury. Selfishness must be added to a malignant disposition, in order to constitute a slanderer, systematically prone to put the worst construction on the most innocent actions of life, and to magnify those venial errours and inadvertencies incident to the most correct persons, into crimes.

A moment of spleen or transient ill humour may occasion a gust of passion and invective against the whole human race; but they, who are at all times equally disposed to vilify and backbite, and embrace all occasions of giving vent to their malignant passions, can have no possible foundation for such undistinguishing malice, unless it be that they seek to prop their own tottering reputations by the spoils of their neighbour. A woman of true rectitude and propriety of deportment requires no such extraneous aids in order to command the homage and admiration of mankind. She moves in a sphere infinitely beyond the reach of low defamation. The satellites that attend upon her are Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude; and the gloomy form of envious Detraction is eclipsed by the effulgence of her charms. That these are the ornaments of the greater part of the sex to which I have the honour to belong, is indisputably true, though no doubt too many violate the softness of the female character, and abuse the high privileges they enjoy under the sun of civilization, to exercise a licentiousness of remark, highly improper and unbecoming. To expose those, who thus deviate from their proper walk in society, appears to me, Mr. Easy, to be a task well adapted to your judicious pen.

CAROLINE.

'*Squire Easy*——It is no uncommon case, to hear of or witness the awkward rencounter of two people on the pavement in Market-Street. I have before now experienced disagreeable sensations on barring the passage of a genteel person, without being able to shew cause why I would not let them pass: doubtless they have had similar feelings. Then why does not FASHION, so busy in useless institutions, establish some rule by which we might pass and repass with ease. As you seem to be so fond of *ease* and convenience, I wish you would take up this subject. I will assist, Sir, to sound your praise, if, by proper instruction, you prevail upon the perambulators here to adopt some rule in walking the pavements. I am told that in some great city—perhaps London—it is a general rule to take the right, let who may come to the wall. Now I am of opinion, that were you to recommend this practice (or some better one) in the Companion, common politeness, assisted by a desire to please, so characteristick in the Baltimorean, would induce us to follow your advice. Do try, Mr. Easy, and you shall receive the thanks of a number of young ladies, as well as those of your constant reader,

EDITH.

SPOUTERS—AN EXTRCAT.

The race of spouters differ much from other people. Their minds are so absorbed in their imagined genius, as to lose sight of its substantial interest, and dwell upon a shadow. Among them, there are certainly some young men of sense: they remind you of DON QUIXOTE, who, abstracted from his knight-errantry, displayed a refined taste and an enlightened mind; but whenever he touched upon his *foible*, he was mad indeed; and it is the same with them. No people expose themselves so much; they talk loud in the streets, are overbearing in publick company, and at the theatre break out into all the insolence of self-importance. There they erect their tragick crest, and in despite of sense and manners, vaunt their own opinions above the sober audience.

ANECDOTICK GLEANINGS.

A young pert prating lawyer one day boasted to the facetious Counsellor Costello, that he had received five-and-twenty guineas for speaking in a certain case. "And I," said Mr. Costello, "received *double* that sum for *holding* my tongue in the same case."

A whimsical mistake was lately made by a country schoolmaster, who was employed to pen a petitionary address to a chief magistrate, whose circumference is at least six feet seven inches in the girth. Thus was the petition to this very great man addressed—"*To the Mare and boddy corpulent.*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

And is it so! and must I bid adieu;
Still, lov'd *Lysander*, must I thee resign?
Oh say, what breast could boast a heart so true,
Or say, what heart was half so fond as mine?

Bereft of thee, what now remains to cheer,
What now can please, or what can make me blest?
Devoid of joy must pass each ling'ring year,
While care and pain corrode this tortur'd breast.

And can *Lysander* thus to sorrow leave,
Thus to despair thy wretched maid consign;
This heart of all its former bliss bereave,
That ne'er would give one moment's pain to thine?

CLARA.

TO MISS ANNA——

For Valentine's Day.

Gentle Anna, come away,
Laughing Loves the wreath entwine;
Hymen weaves the chaplet gay,
For my lovely Valentine.

Humble is my little cot,
But thy smiles can banish care;
Ev'ry wish shall be forgot,
Love alone shall harbour there.

Brightest of the youthful train!
Lovely maid, for thee I stay;
Haste and bless thy doating swain,
Gentle Anna, come away.

LEANDER.

ON CENSURE.

"Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure:
Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breathes at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit;
All others who inferiour sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie.
Alas! they would not do you wrong,
But all appearances are strong.
Yet, whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For, let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger, ache;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Nor put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink,
By what they speak, or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred-thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
The most effectual way to balk
Their malice, is——to let them talk."

EUGENIUS.

THE SMILE.

When Grief with all her rueful train
Sits scowling in my breast;
In vain I strive to ease the pain
Which throbs at her behest.
My pangs still more tumultuous grow,
Nor from my bosom flee;
No soothing hope my heart can know,
Till Mary smiles, and smiles on me.

If in the dreary sad abode
Where Mis'ry builds her cell;
Where dire Misfortune points the road,
Or sounds the awful knell;
I strive to check the rising sigh
Which wishes to be free:
No more the tear bedews my eye,
If Mary smile, and smile on me.

If forc'd my native cot to leave,
And o'er the ocean roam;
For pleasures once possess'd I grieve,
And sigh to be at home.
The fond idea will impart
A transient ray of glee,
There, void of all deceptive art,
My Mary smil'd, and smil'd on me.

Whene'er she kindly calls a smile
To chase a frown away,
No grief I know, I feel no toil,
I must be ever gay.
Life's current on will smoothly glide,
From storms and tempests free;
If Mary, seated by my side,
Will fondly smile, and smile on me.

YELSE.

IMPROMPTU ON A BATTLEDOOR.

Swift from the parchment, through the yielding air,
The feather'd cork with force impulsive flies;
But swifter, Mary, sweet angelick fair!
Flew Love's wing'd arrow from thy matchless eyes.

YELSE.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1805. N°. 18.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

"Get money—honestly, if you can—but get money."—
Edward Easy, Esq.

AMONG the many flagrant abuses in society, which very properly come within the province of your paper, is the usurious practice commonly called *shaving*. That no notice has hitherto been taken of this growing evil, I feel both regret and astonishment. To enumerate the various and complicated ills, arising from this abominable traffick, equally in defiance of law, and subversive of good morals, would fill a volume; I shall only touch on a few of its most prominent features. In the first place, shaving steels the heart against the feelings of humanity, inasmuch as its gains are drawn from the distress of a neighbour, whose misfortunes the shaver is hereby brought to view with careless apathy, if not with pleasure. In the second place it encourages laziness in the monied man, who without exertion or enterprize amasses endless wealth, and wallows in luxurious ease through this nefarious practice; ever ready, like the lurking tiger in the forests of Africa, to spring on his devoted victim, and doom with the imprudent father, the helpless infant and affectionate wife, to want and misery. Nay, so unfeeling and unprincipled has this horrid avarice rendered many, that the utmost finesse is made use of, to raise these premiums of *iniquity*; the shaver, knowing from his agent, the broker, when cases of extreme urgency will take place, becomes invisible till bank hours (3 o'clock) are almost up, when lo! he steps forward with his money bags, like the *arch tempter*, conscious the unfortunate applicant *must give* whatever he *thinks fit to ask*. Let it not be said that many speculations will justify extraordinary interest, and that borrower and lender find mutual benefit; the men generally *shaved* are of a very different description. They are not those who have speculations in view, but who having already outstepped their resources, are obliged to ward off impending bankruptcy and ruin, by borrowing money of those *harpies* at exorbitant interest, in hopes their distant property may arrive, or some casualty may turn up, to save their credit. Illusive hope! like the decoying meteor to a benighted traveller, it leads to sure destruction. Let the prudent merchant calculate the amount of 3 per cent. discount per month, and say whether any known trade will warrant the sacrifice. Look round this city, and see what *fortunes* have been suddenly acquired by this infamous traffick, which like Aaron's rod swallows up all the rest.

> Pleas'd with the dirty gain of cent per cent,
> Usurious monsters find a short content.

To say such a man is a good citizen, would be paradoxical, because he is in the constant practice of *evasively* violating the laws of his country; to call him a good member of society, is impossible, for his mind is selfish and contracted, meanly availing himself of another person's distress, and extorting beyond what either reason, justice, or law, allows. It is alledged by the advocates of this system, that as the act is voluntary on the part of the borrower, the bargain is fair; and moreover, that *money* is no ways different from any article of trade, in which, according to the mercantile phrase, "*a thing is worth just what it will bring.*" To this it may be replied, that the act is involuntary, inasmuch as necessity compels the measure. Let us state a case by way of illustration; suppose a man in possession of a loaf of bread, meets another in a desert almost famished with hunger, the last mentioned has a valuable jewel, which the first person demands as the price of a piece of his bread, would this be humane, fair, and reasonable, on the one part, and voluntary on the other? On the shaver's principle it would, because, says he, "a thing is worth just what it will bring, and the man had an option to pay or starve." In this case the sufferer would most probably prefer ruin to death, but

would *he* deserve the name of man, whose bowels of compassion would be thus shut up against his fellow mortal? I conceive not: *monster* would be too good for him.

Whilst I expose to merited ridicule and detestation the character of the *shaver*, permit me to address a few observations to the *shaved*. If we trace the causes of these necessitous applications to their sources, sorry I am to say it, we shall too frequently find them originate from wild speculations, founded on ignorance, and unsupported by either capital or credit to sanction the hazard. Were traders satisfied to carry on a business commensurate to their means, and confine themselves to rational adventure, they would seldom have occasion to resort to shaving discounts; it is true, immense fortunes could not be acquired by a single voyage, nor should we see the *mushroom nabob*, dazzling the astonished croud with a gaudy display of clumsy profusion, substituted for fashionable decoration; nor would the glare of inordinate wealth, often obtained by dirty means, fascinate the vain, or sap our plain manners by its contaminating example. Perhaps *beauty* might not sport the meretricious aid of Brussels lace to shade its *dimples*, nor the midnight mysteries of loo be so frequently celebrated at the expense of health, temper, pecuniary ease, and domestick comfort. But this may be safely asserted, that female charms would not be less attractive to the eye of unvitiated taste, when arrayed in simple elegance; and disgraceful bankruptcy would often be avoided, unnecessary and unbecoming dissipation would cease, and we should exhibit to the world the characteristicks of a free, *honest*, and enlightened people. F

My correspondent has with great propriety and justice explained the nature of *shaving*, and exposed the conduct of those who practise it; he has shewn that however rich such men may become, and however high they may hold themselves, they cannot, on the principles of reason and humanity, be deemed useful or honourable. But the utmost power of language and cogency of argument will be exerted in vain, against a crime excited by interest, and which may be committed with impunity. That every one engaged in this traffick is not fully sensible of its moral turpitude and pernicious tendency may be readily allowed; when tempted by opportunities of gaining large and sudden profit, we are not much inclined to examine the means, and test them by the strict rules of honour and rectitude; still less does it appear necessary to do so, when so many of those whom we have been accustomed to respect, scruple not to set the example. What has been long practised, what has become very prevalent, and has not been rigidly scrutinized into, men are unwilling to condemn; and on such occasions not only suffer their notions of justice to lie dormant, but often succeed in deceiving themselves into a belief, that they are acting fairly at least, if not beneficially to others.

The hacnied sophism, that money may be considered as an article of commerce, and used as such, is too flimsy for any but an illiterate *shaver* to use, and hardly worth any man's while seriously to detect. All commodities produced by human labour and ingenuity, may be made articles of commerce, and in order to facilitate its operations they are represented by pieces of gold and silver. The representative and the thing represented cannot be the same, nor have they ever been considered so by any commercial people, or set of regular and intelligent merchants, in any part of the globe. Neither does the value of this representative (i. e. the interest of money) depend upon the large or small quantity which a country possesses, for the rate of interest is lower by one half since the discovery of the mines in South America; but it depends upon the great or small portion of industry in that country, and the product thereof. The same quantity of money which at one time represents one day's labour, or one bushel of wheat, may, in process of time, as men increase in numbers and industry, represent two, five, or ten days labour or bushels of wheat; notwithstanding the increase of the precious metals, which have never kept pace with the increase of men and labour. The value of this representative in commercial dealings is regulated on principles of general benefit, and is fixed by law: it follows then, as a necessary consequence, that exorbitant interest is only given by illicit traders, desperate adventurers, those who gamble with other men's property, and sometimes those who by mismanagement or misfortune wish to prolong decaying credit, that must ultimately fall: thus what is given to the shaver is taken from the honest creditor, and proves highly injurious to the general interest of well regulated commerce. These are plain and undeniable facts, which every moderate capacity may comprehend, which all may know that are not wilfully ignorant. Shaving, therefore, must be acknowledged to rest upon no other ground than avarice, and can only be practised by those who prefer great gains quickly acquired by improper methods, to moderate profit and the slower progress of fair dealing.

This abandonment of principle in some, and laxity or carelessness about it in others, is productive of the most baleful consequences to society: it brings down the liberal and enlightened merchant, to the ignominious rank of a

sordid usurer; it as effectually contributes to confound the distinctions between vice and virtue, and place them on a level, as the dreams of *Condorcet*, or the specious fallacy of *Godwin*; it makes wealth the only object of attention and respect, renders talent useless, and worth of no estimation; it hardens and contracts the heart, holds genius and learning to be superfluous, blunts every delicate feeling, damps all the generous ardour of a noble mind, and, while it aggrandizes a few individuals, degrades the character of a people.

The following characters of the eloquence and oratorical powers of Mr. Burke, Lord North, and Mr. Fox, were drawn in 1788 by the masterly, though partial hand of Dr. Parr. As every reader has not seen his *Preface to Bellendenus*, these extracts may be acceptable.

Athens was the parent and patroness of science; but an Athenian audience would have listened with delight to Burke; would have admired his inventive copiousness of diction; would have thought the goddess Suada herself enthroned upon his lips.

There were some amongst the Romans who considered a dry style, and poverty of sentiment, as Attick, provided the language was polished, courtly, and elegant; and who disdained the lofty, magnificent, copious style of oratory. But many who prided themselves on their taste, their learning, and their judgment, were ignorant of the gradations, the inequalities, and the variety of Attick eloquence. Cicero himself was, by some, insolently termed diffuse, Asiatick, and tumid. In these days also there are not wanting those who insinuate that Burke is destitute both of energy and modulation. I am proud to speak a different language: I do not hesitate to aver, that such affected sentiments proceed from an inability to bear the lustre of his eloquence. He who imitates Burke, may be assured that his model is marked by Attick excellence; he who hears him with delight, may be satisfied that his own progress in literature is far from contemptible.

That man requires no studied panegyrick as to his moral character, whose manners are conciliating and agreeable, and whose actions are directed by the rules of virtue. But the rectitude and integrity of Burke have been so obviously conspicuous, that, defying all scrutiny into his own, he may be justified in exacting a rigorous account of another's conduct.

The second character of whom I would speak, has not enjoyed a fortune correspondent to his integrity or his genius. Great as are his claims to praise, our admiration is principally attracted to the firmness with which he supported adversity; to the dignity which, in the midst of danger and of difficulty, he preserved pure and undiminished.

Cicero has remarked, with a degree of truth which experience corroborates, that the most momentous changes of circumstances frequently take place in the shortest periods of time; both as to affairs of policy and of war, but more particularly in civil contentions; which are not only influenced, but almost entirely governed, by fame and by opinion.

Lord North possesses great natural acuteness, which he has improved by art and experience. With considerable dignity, he unites those powers of wit which are both agreeable in adorning a narration, and particularly fertile and happy in exciting ridicule. His memory is rich in the knowledge of antiquity, and happy in applying it to his purpose. His speeches distinguish him as an individual most amiably resolved to bear with the infirmities and follies of mankind; and often has his polished urbanity restrained the ill-humour and asperity of others. His style, though not much ornamented, is certainly not mean; he comprehends a subject readily, and explains it with success. It is not his smallest praise, that he not only says all that is necessary to his purpose, but that he never says more. Upon all occasions he discerns the proper limit, and would rather conclude to avoid exciting tediousness, than hazard the failure of obtaining attention, by speaking too long. Considering him as a civilian, we cannot think him deficient in any one quality necessary to form the politician. To these accomplishments of the orator, possessed from nature, or acquired by diligence, is added, the genuine and the greatest love of his country, whose ancient forms and discipline he not only understands to admiration, but defends, whenever they become subject matter of dispute, with vigour and with firmness.

If we investigate more minutely the character of his mind, we shall have occasion to observe, that when in possession of the highest dignity, and opposed by a powerful competitor, he conducted himself with the extremest moderation. We shall find him steady in his attatchments, placable when offended, successful in inspiring that confidence which he never disappointed; never using his power to the depression of the weak; without the very appearance of criminality; unless it be imputed to him, that, in the prosecution of the American war, he did not keep pace with the ardour of publick expectation.—That war, originally occasioned by measures in which he had no concern, was undertaken by him with hesitation and reluctance.

My third illustrious character possesses a mind great and lofty, and at the same time full of candour and simplicity; who alone claims the singular merit of excelling in every species of eloquence.

But as on this subject there are a variety of sentiments, both amongst the vulgar, and amongst men who have obtained some small tincture of learning; I shall discuss it somewhat more at large, and with all the perspicuity I am able.

I have seen many orators discomposed and distracted from their extreme solicitude in the choice of words. But the mind of Mr. Fox is so continually exercised in the contemplation of various subjects, that the expressions most appropriate to each, seem to present themselves spontaneously. He well knows that there is no word without its own peculiar force and propriety; so that many which, abstractedly considered, may seem mean and vulgar, acquire, from his application of them, consequence and beauty. If the occasion demand it, he can at pleasure adopt ornament, or energy, with every variety of modulation. He has the faculty of expressing the most difficult things with a certain ease and perspicuity, which does not appear the result of previous meditation. Whilst he speaks, he communicates universal animation. Every one who hears him, participates his spirit; and is impressed, not as by the mere image and representation of things, but as if interested by the view of present and new-created objects; the qualities therefore of ardour and of energy no one can deny him. Some there are, however, who, from a disposition hard to be satisfied, declare that he is entirely destitute of those happier powers of oratory, which skilfully select and display the more florid beauties of eloquence; but these inferiour, though pleasing ornaments, he avoids from judgment, not from their difficulty of attainment. Those sentiments which are introduced with propriety, and expressed with a force which captivates attention and impresses conviction, have, upon recollection or perusal, an appropriate beauty; not perhaps gaudy or meretricious, but what Cicero admires as genuine and permanent. *To be continued.*

DISCOURSERS.*

"Your talk to decency and reason suit,
"Nor prate like fools, nor gabble like a brute."

There is a great variety of discoursers. We will notice, first, those buffoons in society, the ATTITUDINARIANS and FACE-MAKERS. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twist of the neck; are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins, and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master.—These should be condemned to converse only in dumb show with their own person in the looking-glass, as well as the smirkers and smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je ne-scais quoi*, between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of mimicks, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance; though they are such wretched imitators, that, like bad painters, they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, to discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the PROFESSED SPEAKERS. And, first, the *emphatical*, who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression; they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*, which they seem to hawk up with much difficulty out of their own throats, and to cram them with no less pain into the ears of their auditors.

The WHISPERERS, or low speakers, seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the exhalations of a powerful breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery.

The WITS*, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a bon mot, and the WHISTLERS or TUNE HUMMERS, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals I would

* The ingenious author of this fragment has not mentioned those *discoursers* we meet every where, who eternally talk about themselves: their conversation is a looking-glass that always presents you with their impertinent figure: they will hold you a discourse about the least accidents that ever befel them. There is nothing but what they have done, seen, said, or thought; they are the universal model, an inexhaustible subject of comparisons. How wretchedly insipid is praise when it bounds back to the place it comes from! Nothing but fools will eternally give you their own characters, and bring every thing home to themselves.

* They generally buy some jest books, written for the use of those who have no wit at all, but would seem to have a great deal; thus they can hold a conversation of an hour long, made up of nothing but jests.

also add the sounding brass; the BAWLER, who enquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The TATLERS, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft part of the conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty musick from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as rash and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation, nor dwell particularly on the HALF-SWEARERS, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's-but*, *ad's-fish*, and *demme*—On the HUMBUGGERS, and on those who 'nick-name God's creatures,' and call a man a cabbage, a crab, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter—On the SENSIBLES, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences—on the WONDERERS, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes—on the PHRASEOLOGISTS, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars, with *this*, *that*, and *t'other*—And, lastly, on the SILENT MEN, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only *yea yea*, and *nay nay**.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should, therefore, endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative.

* There are some more singular than these *silent people*, and who have a very extraordinary talent. These are such as can talk without saying any thing, and furnish a conversation for two hours together, and all the while it is quite impossible to come at their meaning, and consequently to steal from them, or retain a word of, what they have said. These sort of men are adored by the women; but yet not quite so much as some others who have been endowed by nature with the agreeable talent of smiling *apropos*, that is every moment, and of receiving, with approbation and pleasure, every thing that proceeds from the mouth of the fair.

HIGH PRE-EMINENCE OF GREAT POETS.

"Primum me illorum dederim quibus esse poetas
Excerpam numero." HORACE.

"The nobility of the Spencers," says the great historian, Gibbon, "has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the *Fairy Queen* as the most precious jewel of their coronet." If this lively metaphor is just in every point of view; if poetical excellence reflects a pre-eminent lustre on a coronet, it is also true to say, that it is not in the power of any title to reflect an additional lustre on the memory of a departed poet. So high is poetical distinction, when obtained by genius, piety, and benevolence, that all common honours appear to be eclipsed by a splendour more forcible and extensive.

Great poets have generally united in their destiny those extremes of good and evil, which Homer, their immortal president, assigns to the bard he describes, and which he exemplified in his own person. Their lives have been frequently chequered by the darkest shades of calamity*; but their personal infelicities are nobly compensated by the prevalence and extent of their renown. To set this in the most striking point of view, let us compare poetical celebrity with the fame acquired by the exertion of different mental powers in the highest department of civil life. The lord chancellors of England may be justly regarded among the personages of the modern world, peculiarly exalted by intellectual endowments: with two of these illustrious persons the late justly celebrated poet, Cowper, was in some measure connected; being related to one, and being intimate, in early life, with a chancellor of the present reign, whose elevation to that dignity he has recorded in rhyme. Much respect is due to the legal names of COWPER and of THURLOW: knowledge, eloquence, and political importance conspired to aggrandize the men who added those names to the list of English nobility: yet, after the lapse of a few centuries, they will shine only like very distant constellations, merely visible in the vast expanse of history! But at that time the poet, relation and friend of the above-mentioned lord chancellors, will continue to sparkle in the eyes of all men, like the radient star of the evening, perpetually hailed by the voice of gratitude, affection, and delight. There is a principle of unperishable vitality (if the expression may be used) in the composition of Cowper, which must ensure to them, in future ages, what we have seen them so happily acquire and maintain in the present—universal admiration and love! His poetry is, to the heart and the fancy, what the moral essays of Bacon are to the understanding, a never cloying feast!

"As by increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on."———

* Poets may be said to realize, in some measure, the poetical idea of the nightingale's singing with a thorn at her breast, as their most exquisite songs have often originated in the acuteness of their personal sufferings.

Like them, it comes "home to the business and bosom of every man;" by possessing the rare and double talent to familiarize and endear the most awful subjects, and to dignify the most familiar. His works must interest every nation under heaven, where his sentiments are understood, and where the feelings of humanity prevail.

AN AFFECTED ITALIAN FAMILY.

Lodovico, walking into the apartment where the party was assembled, introduced to it his friend Claudio.

Signora Clementina was reclined on a sofa, and, extending her hand to Lodovico, without attempting to rise, she said, in a languishing tone, "Signor, you must excuse my getting up to receive you, my nerves are shattered with the journey—I hope your friend won't think me *affected* for not rising."

Claudio bowed in silence.

"He is too well bred, you see," answered Lodovico, "to speak the truth; but you know I always think you horribly affected."

One of the daughters shrieked, snatched a bottle of perfume from the table, and ran and held it under her mother's nostrils. "Exquisite child!" cried Signora Clementina, "how well did I divine your sensitive nature, when I gave you the name of *Sensibilla*. This dear girl feared my spirits would experience a shock from your abrupt accusation of affectation, because she knows it to be what my nature most dislikes to be suspected of, and flew to me with this essence of roses to arrest my senses in their fall." She kissed her daughter's neck, then added, "Don't be alarmed, dear child; I don't mind Signor Lodovico's raillery."

"Come," replied Lodovico, "I will deal fairly too by you, Signora; I'll tell when, I dare say, you were not affected at all, not half so much as even I could have wished to have seen you."

"Pray, let me hear when that was?"

"When you saw your pretty daughter take the veil; if you had been half so much affected at that sight as I should have been, you would have rescued her from the gloom of a convent's walls before it was too late."

"Oh, Signor!" rejoined the lady, "Delicatilla was of too tender a composition to move in the world at large with comfort to herself; for that reason I placed her in the happy seclusion to which she has just retired. You may conceive what a convulsion rent my nerves, when I heard her pronounce the vows of eternal separation from her affectionate mother—but I suppose you call both that and the tears which now rush into my eyes, *affectation*."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, but there was little doubt that it returned from them without moisture.

"Well," resumed Lodovico, "and are these young ladies to pass their lives in the same happy seclusion from their fellow-creatures?"

"Oh, no!" replied Signora Clementina; "I study the disposition of my children, and am convinced the gloom of a convent would affect the senses of Sensibilla: delicately alive to the tenderest touch of feeling, she would expire when she was deprived of animated objects to give her the bliss of calling forth her sensibility; her soul of exquisite sensation expands over a romance, and her heart feels all the warmth of friendship and affection for this little dog Luppetto. It is not long ago, that she neither slept nor eat for six and thirty hours, because she thought the dear little creature had got the tooth-ache."

"Then, as to Languillila," Signora Clementina went on, "you see in what a waking slumber, what a trance of languishment the sweet girl now reclines upon that chair; nothing but musick can raise her soft powers;—strike the lute, my dear Sensibilla, and invite your sister to cast her soft blue eyes upon us for a moment."

Sensibilla complied with her mother's request, and Languillila raised her head, half opened her eyes, and sunk into her former position.

It was evident that these young ladies had been tutored to assume characters corresponding with the names given to them by their ridiculous mother. The folly of the one was to be despised; the compliance of the other to be pitied; and it was difficult to suppress a laugh at both.

Mr. Easy,

As the design of your paper is to expose folly, and to designate the path of virtue and of wisdom, I hope you will give publicity to a sketch of my own life, which I am now about to write, as it may have some tendency to enlighten the incautious and inexperienced maiden.

When I entered on the stage of the gay and fashionable world, my person was adorned with every grace and accomplishment, and my innocent simplicity excited envy and malice, in one sex, and love and esteem in the other. Every attractive virtue seemed to form in me a concentration; as no youth of the smallest spark of sensibility, could see me without being affected by my transcendental excellencies, which infused into his soul thoughts of romantick enterprize; by which he was prompted to undertake the conquest of my heart, which was ably guarded by every instrument of defence, inherent in my sex.

Thus were my affections besieged in a castle strongly

fortified, by heroes of the first magnitude in the region of gallantry; but my unbounded vanity could not endure the idea of matrimony, as then I should be no longer an object of adoration and love, to those who move in the orbits of quixotism and convivial pleasantry. I was therefore determined to protract a surrender to the last extremity, still under the impression, that, at any time, I could obtain an honourable and advantageous capitulation, as so many sprightly assailants were contending to be foremost to scale the walls, within which so much treasure was secured.—Contenting myself with these delusions, I made frequent sallies, in which I never failed of putting a warriour to flight; and my prowess in this mode of skirmishing was so evident that in a short time I found myself perfectly unmolested and free, and not a beau could I persuade to come within the sphere of my influence. I at first thought they kept at a distance, for fear of meeting the fate of many who had gone before them; for they had heard of the havock and desolation I had made. But I soon discovered that this dereliction was attributable to no other source, than the faint lustre of my once unrivalled and effulgent glories. Knowing I had no time to lose, I now attempted, by all the seductive arts of female ingenuity, to decoy the first youth, of whom I could promise myself the easiest conquest: but alas! I was unsuccessful, and met with such a multiplicity of mortifications, from the studied indifference of the beaux, that I resolved to encloister myself, to make some rational improvement; as I now began to feel much inconvenience from inattention to study, in those days, when I exercised uncontrouled dominion. I then depended on my external power to please, but my beauty having in a great degree taken its flight, has left behind it so large a vacuum in the mental regions, that I am now totally neglected, both on account of my loss of beauty, and my inadequacy to converse as a rational being; and the only mode by which I vent my spleen, is in abusing those who had the superintendance of my education. I am now verging fast to the brink of that precipice and unmensurable gulf, when maids, at a particular age, hold converse with the tyrant of the infernal shades. Thus you see, sir, to what a situation I am reduced, by the practice of so much coquettry, when my beauty was in its meridian splendour, and when I could have felicitated my condition by selecting a companion with whom I might have navigated the stream of time, as long as the lamp of life should continue to burn. I hope this short narration will warn those of my sex, who are just emerging into the clime of gallant gaiety, to avoid the path which I have trodden, but to accept the first good proposal to marriage, rather than trifle as I have done.

I am, &c.

February, 25th. FLAVIA.

INHABITANTS OF THE WORLD.

The inhabitants of the world may be classed under the respective heads of *good*, *bad*, and *indifferent*.

The *good* may be divided into the active and the indolent; the former are a real blessing to society; they relieve the wretched, support the oppressed, and justify the innocent—whilst the latter are prevented, by a lassitude, from exerting themselves to drag Truth from the bottom of the well, where she is said to take up her abode—seldom visiting those who laugh at her obsolete maxims, and treat her with so little attention, that the few beings who know her value, are apprehensive that she will soon banish herself altogether—abdicating her sovereignty to her sister, Falsehood, who has long received the homage of her ungrateful subjects. Nothing but a thorough revolution in our minds & manners can restore us the blessings of *Truth!*

Of the second order of society, the *bad*, which are, perhaps, more numerous, they take a malevolent satisfaction in hearing, believing, and promulgating every evil report raised by envy against the good and virtuous, that can level them to their own standard; hence the encouragement given to those scandalous reports that inflict a pang on the heart of the husband and the father—the scurrilous pamphlets, daily issuing from the press, propagating the lie of the day, which strut and fret their hour upon the town, and then are heard no more. It is envy of the world's approbation, and private worth, that rouses these obscene harpies to poison merit with their filth.

The third and last order, that composes that way-faring world, is the *indifferent*. We only use this word in respect to others, for to what concerns their *own* interests they are tremblingly alive. Let but DEAR SELF be happy, and the misery of this earth, and its inhabitants, will not move a muscle of their countenance—let empires fall or rise, their friends die or marry, it is all the same to these non-entities. They are better described by Prior, in the following lines, than we can do in volumes:

No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe;
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never rais'd themselves a friend.

Plain Honesty is the best politeness—and Temperance the best physician.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO DELIA'S ATTENDANTS.

I've heard, that sprights in mystick fairy dance,
Round lovely Delia oft are seen to fly:
Yet guardian sylphs of love cannot enhance
The vivid lustre of her bright'ning eye.

Minds fram'd within the same celestial mould,
In kindred forms, together oft may meet,
And converse, man with purest angels hold,
E'er finds life's trembling breath a last retreat.

Then 'tis not strange that round the beauteous maid
These forms unknown, in airy pleasure join;
In her, we see each softer grace display'd;
In her, united all the charms combine.

But oh! ye kind protectors of my fair,
Whisper my love to Delia's tender heart,
Attempt for Selim what he cannot dare—
He loves—but still he wants a lover's art.

YELSE.

Oh! how lovely smiles the morning,
When no care the bosom knows;
But alas! how dark and frowning,
When the heart is fraught with woes.

View the wretched mother languish,
Doom'd from her lov'd home to sigh;
What can heal her heart's sad anguish,
What bring gladness to her eye?

Bounteous Nature's choicest treasures
Cannot one fond joy impart;
Nor can all the world's vain pleasures
Give sweet solace to her heart.

Happy they, on whom the morning
Smiles unclouded by despair;
Pleasure all the scene adorning,
Pleasure unalloy'd by care.

CLARA.

THE FISHERMAN.

The dusky shade of twilight's parting ray
O'er *Severn's* margin clos'd the busy day,
Deep shades and gath'ring mists obscure the shore,
And the loud laugh of joy is heard no more.
No echoing voice of mirth, nor jocund strain,
Break the long pause nor glad the silent plain;
O'er the deep waves, the rising rocks among,
Reflected moon-beams wake the angler's song;
Happy, contented, on a rock he stands,
Which of his cot a distant view commands;
While from the casement yet a gleam of light
Gives charms to fancy and renews delight:
His wife! his children! treasures of his breast,
For them he toils, he labours while they rest;
For them his night is pass'd in anxious care,
For them he scorns all danger, braves all fear.
What though the scene now desolate appears?
To-morrow's welcome shall reward his cares.
Joy fills his breast, attunes his soul to peace,
And bids repining thought forever cease.
Imagination fondly paints the scene...
Yon light illumines where his wife serene,
Smiling on all their little infant throng,
Courts for them slumber, in a soothing song.
"Ye little darlings! tranquil be your sleep,
Ah! for your fate let not a mother weep;
May no sad sigh to your pure hearts be known,
May joy with sweet content be all your own!
Ye guardian spirits! that preserve the good,
Watch o'er my husband, save him from the flood;
Oh! safely give him to my arms again,
For he can sooth and banish ev'ry pain."
Ye powers of sympathy! how sweet your reign,
How soon upon the tender heart ye gain;
Dear are the pleasures that ye teach the mind,
When love is once with virtuous love combin'd. X

A NEW SONG ABOUT LOVE.

Little Cupid's quite a stranger
To his native home, the heart:
After wealth a constant ranger,
Trucking with a pedlar's art.

Nature's language, plain and simple,
He no longer deigns to prize;
Seldom sports he in the dimple,
Seldom visits sparkling eyes.

Tracts of land, and bags of money,
He knows how to estimate;
And e'er you taste hymeneal honey,
You must learn to calculate.

Would you marry? tell the *crier*
To proclaim it...never fear...
Clara's your's, if you can buy her...
But perhaps you'll buy her dear! NOT I.

TO SENSIBILITY.

Sweet inmate...Sensibility!
How pure thy transports flow;
When even grief that springs from thee
Is luxury in woe!

Without thee...where's the sigh of love,
Or blush by grace refin'd?
Where friendship's sacred tear, to prove
The triumph of the mind? OTHELLO.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1805. N°. 19.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's *the specious* trifling *of the mind;*
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chace for sport *alone, and not for* game. YOUNG.

Edward Easy, Esq.

I HAVE followed you through the different numbers of your entertaining *Companion*, and find your essays replete with amusement and instruction. The plan you commence with is excellent, and the obvious intention of the work, merits the applause of every *real* philanthropist. When the prominent follies and vices of the day call for powerful correctives, to counteract their baneful effects on social life and moral conduct, the man who has fortitude to step forward as the champion of virtue, to warn thoughtless folly, sordid avarice, or hardened villany, of their dangerous situation; deserves better of his country, than *he (misnamed a hero)* who wades through seas of blood to guilty eminence, and founds his claim to publick favour, on what ought to be his eternal disgrace. The various productions of the amiable Addison, who was an ornament to Britain, and an honour to human nature, will ever be read with profit and delight; because, exclusive of the elegance, taste, and chasteness of composition, with which they are written, their direct tendency has for its object, the refinement of manners, and the improvement of the heart. The Companion originates from similar motives, and it is hoped will be crowned with the success such useful exertions are entitled to. I am aware, that in the execution of the laudable purpose you have undertaken, you will have to combat ignorance, prejudice, false taste, and mistaken habits, rather than natural turpitude. For the honour of mankind, we may probably conclude, that there is an innate rectitude in the mind, when not vitiated by bad example, and the indulgence of evil propensities, which disposes it to discharge its duty uprightly, both to God and man; but so frail are our best resolves, so strong our passions, and so weak our fortitude, that we fall an easy prey to the sneering ridicule of *modish fashion*, and *imposing artifice*. In truth, many give into scenes of depravity for which they have no inclination, to avoid the imputation of singularity: to such, you have only to shew the absurdity of their conduct, and the baseness of those, who with demoniack malevolence attempt their delusion, and you instantly annihilate the talisman, by which they have been misled. The sudden influx of wealth, and the grimace, frivolity, and affectation, of sundry exoticks (injudiciously) allowed an asylum amongst us, and imitated with sedulous attention, have nearly eradicated our plain manners, introduced a dissipation heretofore unknown, and led us to ape fashions foreign to our character, in which we figure with *nearly* as much grace as a bear in a minuet. In addition to fantastick follies, sincerity obliges me to add, the reigning immoralities which have taken deep root in our cities; irreligion, a sordid boundless avarice, an unfeeling apathy for the distresses of our fellow-creatures a malicious backbiting spirit of detraction, an attempt made by purse-proud upstarts to establish an *aristocracy*, unsupported by genius, education, or liberality; and a fatal itch for hazardous speculation in business, and deep play in private society. To lash *these* with an unsparing hand, is fair, just, and meritorious; nor can any person, unless lost to candour, shame, and goodness, object to a measure of such general utility, especially as in correcting the vice, you spare the individual; and if there are some who take the caricatures exhibited, as personal allusions to themselves, it can only be from a consciousness that they deserve them. From all personalities, however, your good sense and knowledge of life are sufficient safeguards. It would be almost superfluous to hint to you, my estimable friend, that even *patriotism* demands your utmost efforts to stem this over-

whelming torrent. Mild, unobtrusive, and averse to discord as he may be, the real patriot, when the welfare or protection of his country calls forth his energies, is like the generous lion in its defence—

"Backward to mingle in detested strife,
"But foremost, when engag'd."

The unimpassioned observer on men and manners, may render his country infinite service, by holding up the mirror of truth to publick view, and shewing in their true colours, those imperfections and enormities, which *business* and *pleasure* are too apt to overlook. As every individual is *morally* bound, to contribute what he can to the general weal, the mutual chain of dependence pervading society universally, so ought *all* in their different stations, to lend a helping hand in the reform, by openly and avowedly encouraging virtue, and repressing vice. The purpose of the present address is, to suggest the advantages which may be derived from a publick paper, conducted on proper principles, and patronized and aided by the assistance of men possessed of leisure and literary endowments. The keen shaft of satire has often succeeded, when preaching and counsel have failed. In Europe, as I have before said, essays similar to the *Companion* have produced acknowledged benefit; in this country the experiment remains to be tried, but there is every reason to conclude, that they will be equally availing. Besides, those who may occasionally furnish a *paper* for this work, will derive personal improvement, by the train of reflection it induces, the style and arrangement necessary in the composition, and the regular and sedate habits which will follow from the precepts inculcated. Our national character is not fully established, and as example will ever flow from the more elevated situations in life, it is doubly obligatory on those, on whom nature and education have conferred their choicest gifts, to render a fair account to the all-bountiful Giver, by dedicating a part of their time to the instruction of others, less highly favoured.—Forbid it! that with them, those blessings should become the *hidden talent*, so forcibly described in the New Testament: may they rather improve an hundred fold; and as we are told in Scripture, "that he who turns away *others* from sinning shall shine like the stars in the firmament," may such be their lot. I shall conclude with an old Latin phrase:

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

F

To receive praise for endeavouring to do well, from those who are best able to discern motives and appreciate exertion, is the best, and only recompence desired by him that writes, not for profit, but to amuse and improve himself, and create a spirit of emulation in others; and advice is never so likely to be attended to, as when accompanied by commendation: but however sincerely I may wish to follow the counsel of a friend, it is certain that the employment of one man's leisure hours can do but little towards the accomplishment of the various objects for which a periodical paper is calculated. I am happy to acknowledge that several communications have been received which would do honour to any publication; and if such examples were occasionally followed by only one half of those in this city, who possess learning and talents, the consequence and utility of the Companion would answer the expectation of its most sanguine well wishers. In the hope of such assistance was it undertaken, nor will that hope be easily resigned. The few numbers already published, though not made up entirely of original matter, nor enlivened by much variety, yet, at least evince that the work is conducted on proper principles, and that nothing is admitted which has the remotest tendency to mislead the judgment, to inflame the passions, or deprave the heart. It cannot be justly said to have fallen short of its pretensions, because it pretended to nothing more than an humble attempt, and rested its hope of respectability on the aid of others; if it cannot yet compare with productions of a similar nature, those who are best able to raise it up, and have beheld its struggles with indifference, have no right to complain; and if in its future progress there should not be many signs of improvement, the cause must be sought for in the neglect of men qualified to dignify its pages with the results of science, correct principles of taste, and reflections strengthened by observation, and matured by experience. Yet notwithstanding the *busy* pass it by, the *idlers* call it trifling, and the *dull* say it is stupid; while the number of subscribers continues to increase, and they whose suffrages deserve most regard approve the design, and wish it may be successful; I cannot but entertain a belief, that it will ultimately receive such assistance as shall establish its reputation, and realise the beneficial purposes for which it was instituted.

THE TRIFLER—No. VII.

[A SORE IN THE MORAL SYSTEM, SELDOM TOUCHED, YET MOST IN WANT OF PROBING.

Gambling, so ruinous, yet so fashionable, continues to gain upon us: notwithstanding the reasoning of the philosopher, the lectures of the moralist, and the strong argument of sad experience, still does the sickened eye of the benevolent christian behold the daily increasing propensity of the *rising stock* to such destructive pursuits.

What man of feeling, that has a son, a brother, but must reprobate that system of education, whose tendency is moral turpitude—what patriot, zealously contending for his country's welfare, but must regret that the evil ways of domestick life, by debasing the character of its citizens, should ultimately destroy the dignity, the energy of the state?

As it is a sin so flagrant, so abominable, so self-evident, as to admit of no dispute, I shall not insult the good sense of your readers, by adducing here any arguments to prove that gambling is directly contrary to the principles of the religion we profess, & inconsistent with the character of the "noblest work of God;" but that it is essentially opposite to the interests of its votaries. And, as all men lend an eager ear to arguments for the furtherance of their *own interests*, I am not afraid but this will be attentively read.

What does man seek here? Happiness. What means does he prefer the use of, for the attainment of this great prize? The most easy and agreeable. These replies, all will grant, are proper. It becomes us, then, as men, as accountable beings, to discover, if possible, the road to *happiness;* not only here, but hereafter.

If all the wrong roads in a traveller's way were blocked up, he would readily keep the right. So, if all the avenues to wretchedness and discontent were, by some peculiar mark at their entrance, made known, it is most likely we should go by. Amongst these, gaming is a conspicuous, a vile one. Though it may have the appearance of a much-travelled, agreeable highway, and pleasant to the sojourner, yet he will most certainly find, as *all his predecessors have*, that the further he proceeds, the more hateful will be the prospect before him; until, like his infernal urger, his career terminates by falling into an abyss of misery inconceivably great.

It is a false principle in education, to instil into the minds of youth an inordinate desire for money, money, money! A young man sets out in life with this object constantly in view—if he is successful in trade, 'tis well; if not, he becomes impatient; but soon discovers, or thinks he has, in gaming, a certain mean by which to gain his point. He enters, with eagerness into this untried traffick. Soon flushed with momentary *good luck*, he settles down to the character of a professed gamester. It is now his daily pastime, his common business—varying a little in form, to be sure, from cards to billiards, from billiards back to cards, but essentially the same, whether at the private party, or in a house kept for the purpose. Unhappy indeed is the man who has imbibed this passion, for so powerful is it, that every consideration of friendship, affection, and honesty, falls before the all-destroying monster, the offspring of sordid avarice, which, swallowing all the nobler feelings of our nature, "robs Justice of her balance, Valour of her sword, and Pity of her tear." The gamester feels no commiseration for the hapless fellow-mortal whom by his villany he ruins. He can view with callous indifference, or fiend-like pleasure, the man he has robbed, ("won" from) writhing under the tortures of self-condemnation, agonized by the stings of remorse, that urge him on to desperation.

What more despicable gang than half a dozen filchers round a card table, lying, cursing, robbing!—It is the last company into which an honest man's most distant relative ought to think of entering. The hardened rascality of these wretches cannot be viewed by the lover of moral rectitude and honest industry, but with the greatest pain. An attachment to gaming, considered as the foundation of many other vices, we should strive hard to avoid: it gives rise to more prophane language, than almost any other habit—it leads to excess in drinking—to an aversion to any honourable profession—to the most abandoned haunts of moral depravity——To say nothing of the barbarity of breaking one anothers noses—mauling the face and body—or the subsequent murders, stylishly termed shooting a man politely.

If our young men were not permitted to visit scenes of dissipation—if they were taught to spend their leisure time in some more rational way, would there not be readily brought about a general reformation in our manners, our morals, and our respectability as a people? It may be thought by some, that to prefer the rigid discipline of Friends to the too fashionable laxity of many others, were to deviate from one of the principles laid down in your prospectus—But, sir, the person who, with that deference due to your superiour judgment, and the modesty becoming one of his humble talents and short experience, would here hint at the purity of their morals, and the simplicity of their means, is bold to say, that did the people of this country all hold the tight reign over children that Friends do, our young men would be more healthy, infidelity and irreligion would be less prevalent, add our old men would be better citizens: And I think the pleasing hope might be well founded, that this country would rapidly advance to that glorious preeminence so much to be desired by every true American, and by every enlightened Christian.] T

Mr. Easy,

It has been the practice of your predecessors to attend to the complaints of the ladies, and as I have seen several

productions with female signatures in your paper, I make free to unfold my hard case to you, in hopes it may be a caution to the young and unsuspicious, as well as a ~~hint~~ to parents and guardians.

I cannot introduce my story without letting you know something of my birth and education, that you may not think me entirely unworthy your notice.

I was born of respectable parents, but whether they were descended of ancient or noble families, I know not, neither does it avail in this land where merit is supposed to be the true touchstone of quality. However, they possessed a good house to reside in, and kept a good table to live on; and I was always clothed with handsome neatness. I was sent to school from my earliest memory till the age of sixteen. I was taught needle-work, reading, writing, arithmetick, geography, history, and something of moral philosophy. At home I learned the œconomy of house-keeping; at church, and from the bible, I imbibed the principles of religion, which were often enforced by my dear mother. The accomplishments of dancing and musick were purposely omitted, as interfering with the many other branches that occupied my attention, and to this seeming restraint I was not averse, as I perceived their application to be very limited, and in general laid aside by all my acquaintances as soon as married.

I rejoiced at the age that constituted me a woman, and had no doubt but my parents would still direct my steps, at least in the negative way. From sixteen to eighteen I spent my time in visiting and receiving visits; at the turn of eighteen, I perceived an encroachment on my short life of happiness; by the extension of sympathy from a heart I had long since observed to be in the pain of love: in fact, I was addressed by a handsome well-bred young gentleman, for whose name you will please to receive that of Edward. Not being checked, I received his addresses, and doubted not but my choice would be approved; for I could not believe but that my parents, as well as all my acquaintances, saw the expressions of his affection which I so easily discerned in every glance of his eye, and in every feature of his countenance. After three months courtship it became necessary to explain by utterance what was so well understood in silence: and being one day conveniently situated, Edward offered me his hand, which I accepted, conditionally, with my parents' consent. This he approved of, and promised an immediate enquiry into. This evening cemented our affections so completely that we could not permit a second day to separate us, and I shall forever recollect the ensuing evening. When I spied him advancing, I slipt away almost unobserved, to the room above, leaving him to enter where he would find my father alone. Fear, hope, and anxiety, by turns possessed my mind for one long hour; when I was called down stairs. My father had withdrawn, and I too soon saw the unhappy issue of the conversation; my weeping Edward detailed it to me in bitter anguish. My father had enquired into his prospects in life, which Edward, with all frankness and candour, instantly disclosed to him. Alas! it was Edward's misfortune to be worth but little before hand; he depended upon his industry and activity in business, to maintain a family. A father-in-law he conceived would not be loosed from the parental obligation towards his daughter, even though she was married; but in this he was mistaken; for my father very sternly informed him that he thought his daughter good enough for any man, without a dowry; and that unless Edward's friends would put him in such circumstances as to ensure his never being called upon, he must instantly desist from his attention to me, and even cease visiting the house. The anguish at our parting was unutterable. His image is still fresh in my mind, but thank God, by a happy constitution of our frames we are not made to weep for ever: the most solemn and interesting subjects soon die away, if not repeatedly pressed upon us. It certainly is not my place to upbraid a parent, but it is a parent's duty to prevent by a timely interference the unhappiness of his child; and as to the mode of calling their attention to this evil, I leave it to you, my friend Easy.

From your afflicted

ANNA.

Anna very justly observes, "that by a happy constitution of their frames," the sex was not made to weep forever; and it may also be remarked, that the effects of this happy climate, joined to the happy, judicious, and careful mode of female education, is most happily calculated to prevent their heads from aching with too much thought, and their hearts from breaking with any sudden paroxism of feeling. We therefore see no evil to be remedied.

DOCTOR PARR'S CHARACTER OF MR. FOX'S ELOQUENCE

Concluded.

Mr. Fox possesses one admirable distinction; he is never known to violate the purity of the English idiom. Many who, in their attempts to shine, introduce foreign expressions—and, disdaining the unaffected language of simplicity, acquire a strange and offensive dialect—are overpowered by his raillery, conveyed in the chaste terms of his own language. He well knows that the oratory

which is obscure, can never be admired: he knows also, that those expressions which convey most information, have always most dignity, and frequently most beauty. He is sensible, withal, that the thunder of his eloquence can never be successfully employed, unless under the direction of a certain regulated force; for which reason he sometimes uses such full continuity of expression, as seems in a manner to disdain the preciseness of connection, but in reality defies the torture of the severest criticism. Sometimes he separates his speech into minuter sentences, which have nevertheless a certain order and rythm. In these instances he may be thought negligent, but they excite no prejudice against him; they mark a man more solicitous to satisfy the judgment, than captivate the ear. Yet is he particularly careful not to maim or weaken his sentences: he never violently inserts pompous but unmeaning words, to fill up, as it were, some cavity. He never fatigues and oppresses the attention by vain and idle ornaments; a subterfuge which the judgment rejects with all possible disdain. He is consequently neither diffuse nor confused, neither impotent nor disjointed.

When he is about to conclude, he varies his powers with uncommon dexterity; and is either open or reserved, as circumstance requires.

So much has Mr. Fox been benefitted by thought, and by experience, that his knowledge appears to extend to every place; and he not only perceives in a moment what is worthy his pursuit, but he discerns where it is to be obtained: to which we should add, that he is perfectly familiar with all the forms of law, the subtleties of logick, and the application of both. Whenever any subject involving them is to be discussed, we have to admire his genius and sagacity; he can either explain or discuss them copiously, or dispute minutely and perspicuously concerning them. What is separate and disjointed, he can connect and contract; what is abstract and obscure, he can scientifically unfold: not with imperfect, unconvincing hesitation; not by the aid of pompous and ostentatious language; but in a manner prompt, clear, satisfactory; and in terms adapted to every judgment, and intelligible to the meanest capacity.

If he does not forcibly impress his audience at the commencement of his speeches, his strong and varied power, as he proceeds, progressively rouses and fixes attention. His introductory skirmishes, if we may so term them, are so contrived—not for insulting parade, in imitation of the Samnites, who did not use in battle the spears which they brandished before—but so as to be of the greatest advantage to his purpose, when he appears more particularly anxious after victory. When strenuously pressed, he retreats, not as if he had thrown away, or even dropt his shield; but he seems wholly collected in himself, and merely to be making use of a feint, whilst selecting a better situation. When his object is to refute his opponents, he accumulates all his powers. Sometimes he applies the more compressed weapons of logick, and with their extreme acuteness harasses those who are most versed and most obstinate in contest. Sometimes he expands himself, and lets loose all the reigns to that species of eloquence, which is more diffusive, more magnificent, and more splendid. But all the superiour greatness of his genius is then apparent, when unresisted he takes possession of what seemed capable of a vigorous defence; when he describes the opinions and manners of mankind; when he applies examples; when he alarms his adversaries with apprehensions of the future; when he denounces vengeance against crimes, or renders praise to virtue; when he passes the limits which restrain ordinary speakers; when he expresses the emotions of supplication, of hope, of detestation.

Wisdom, as of all the other arts, is the foundation also of eloquence; but the man whose scientifick attainments have received the maturity of experience, will not be retained where the obscure streamlet of eloquence meanders, but rushes forwards to where the full torrent of the tide bursts forth. But Mr. Fox, and in a manner which exceedingly becomes him, frequently assumes the humbler part of minutest explanation. Whenever he condescends to this, he obtains all that he can wish; but he can in a moment resume his dignity, and ascend, through every gradation, to the height of all which claims admiration. His oratory is at times so very rapid, that it appears somewhat obscure, from its extreme acuteness and celerity; but it still would not be easy to adopt expressions more significant, or more full of meaning: yet, in all that he says, there is an obvious vigour and beauty, peculiar to himself. He seems withal to exhibit that artificial shade, which makes such beauties more conspicuously observable: he possesses, in common with Demosthenes, the faculty of keeping his object constantly in view, and of impressing it, with the wished for effect, on the minds of his audience.

I would wish such to understand, who have been misled by erroneous representation, that the very circumstance which is urged in diminution of Mr. Fox's excellence, is equally a proof of his skill and of his genius. His sentences, if minutely examined, are so exquisite, and so profound, that they seem rather the result of philosophical investigation, than borrowed from the schools of Rheto-

rick. They are sometimes confined to disquisitions of a personal nature; at others, they involve the history of past, or the occurrences of modern times; occasionally they comprehend subjects of an universal nature. The better to excite and fix the attention, he disposes them in various points of view. With infinite skill he accommodates his speeches to the different tastes and prejudices of different hearers: he introduces so much novelty, calls to his aid such strong and unexpected arguments, and applies them so admirably to the occasion, that he fascinates even those who are prejudiced against him, or hurries them unresisting along with him.

I have before remarked, that the abilities of Mr. Fox are adequate to every possible occurrence. But whenever a subject presents itself, which claims the full exertion of his talents, he stands forth with a kind of luminous activity, and shews how vast are the powers of eloquence. He then seems like a torrent hurrying the mountain rocks before it, and disdaining all restraints of bridges and of banks. This force and celerity in speaking, Eupolis formerly admired in Pericles; and the most violent opponents of Mr. Fox hear, confess, and are astonished.

THE COMPASS,

AN ORIGINAL INVENTION OF THE CHINESE.

The present system of Chinese navigation is to keep as near the shore as possible; and never to lose sight of land, unless in voyages that absolutely require it; such as to Japan, Batavia, and Cochin China. Knowing the bearing or direction of the port intended to be made, let the wind be fair or foul, they endeavour, as near as possible, to keep the head of the ship always pointing towards the port by means of the compass. This instrument, as used in China, has every appearance of originality. The natives know nothing, from history or tradition, of its first introduction or discovery; and the use of the magnet, for indicating the poles of the earth, can be traced, from their records, to a period of time when the greatest part of Europe was in a state of barbarism. It has been conjectured, indeed, that the use of the magnetick needle in Europe was first brought from China by the famous traveller Mario Polo, the Venetian. Its appearance immediately after his death, or according to some, while he was yet living, but, at all events, in his own country, renders such a conjecture extremely probable. The embassies in which he was employed by Cublai-Kahn, and the long voyages he performed by sea, could scarcely have been practicable without the aid of the compass. Be this as it may, the Chinese were, without doubt, well acquainted with this instrument long before the thirteenth century. It is recorded in their best authenticated annals merely as a fact, and not any extraordinary circumstance, that the Emperour Chung-ko presented an ambassadour of Cochin-China, who had lost his way in coming by sea, with a *ting-nan-tchin*, (a needle pointing out the south) the name which it still retains. Even this idea of the seat of magnetick influence, together with the construction of the compass box, the division of the card into eight principal points, and each of these again subdivided into three, the manner of suspending the needle, and its diminutive size, seldom exceeding in length three quarters of an inch, are all of them strong presumptions of its being an original, and not a borrowed invention. By some, indeed, it has been conjectured, that the Scythians, in the northern region of Asia, were acquainted with the polarity of the magnet, in ages antecedent to all history, and that the virtue of this fossil was intended to be meant by the flying arrow, presented to Abris by Apollo, about the time of the Trojan war, with the help of which he could transport himself wherever he pleased.—The abundance of iron ores, and perhaps of native iron, in every part of Tartary, and the very early period of time in which the natives were acquainted with the process of smelting these ores, render the idea not improbable, of the northern nations of Europe and Asia, (or the Scythians) being first acquainted with the polarity of the magnet.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following lines were written many years ago, and before the author had seen or heard of Mr. Merry's poem on the same subject.—The pains of memory are certainly susceptible of much more amplification; and might be a fruitful source of exertion for the abilities of a real poet; one whose boundless imagination would place the subject in every point of view to produce effect, and exhibit the extent of its powers.

" Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?
" Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow!
" Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
" And with some sweet oblivious antidote
" Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
" Which weighs upon the heart"?

MACBETH.

Oh memory! thou busy source of pain!
Thou actor of our miseries o'er again!
Thou harsh intruder! whose tormenting pow'r,
Iustilling thought embitters every hour;
Forego thy bitter unrelenting sway,
Nor doom to horrours every coming day.
Ah what avails imagination's powers
With fancied bliss to cheat the tardy hours,
Whose sweet delusions banish care away
And to the mind bestow perpetual day;

If the sad soul is wrapp'd in joyless gloom
And sighs and lingers for the welcome tomb.
The sun with boundless glory fills the skies
And myriads joys where fair Hindostan lies:
Yon silver orb with fainter beams invite
The pensive muse each phylosophick night,
Those heavenly spheres resplendent gild the pole
And tell what hand supports and rules the whole.
Springs verdant charms now deck the joyful land,
And bounteous nature spreads with lavish hand,
Whilst ev'ry grove with feather'd choirs resounds
And richest paintings fill the smiling grounds,
When Summer heats prevail, the clown oppress'd,
Hies to the shade and lays him down to rest;
Whilst the dark wood a sweet asylum shows
Where the rap't soul with inspiration glows:
And Autumn next displays her reapen'd plain
Crown'd with rich fruits and fill'd with golden grain.
All, all, in vain.—The universe bestows
No charms, no pleasures, to deceive his woes.
The woodland warbling jars his sated ear—
* The country lies a desart—wild and drear—
He wisely shuns the silent solemn glade
For harsh reflection haunts the gloomy shade.
Autumnal riches no new bliss supply;
They nothing yield to please the mental eye,
See, icy Winter chearless reigns around
And cities throng'd with mirth and joy abound;
The bliss which from the social mixture flows,
No gaiety, no happiness bestows;
Forlorn, unhappy, wretched, does he feel;
And prove how hard the task an anguish'd mind to heal.
Say from what source, can memory impart,
One pleasing sense to sooth the murderer's heart?
When busy fancy brings the injur'd shade
To haunt his solitude, his peace invade?
The guilty wretch, who waded to the throne
Thro' kindred blood, from danger conscious grown,
Now by the trembling limb and bloodless cheek
Betrays his crimes; nor can a refuge seek
From bleeding forms, who bare the mangled breast,
And to his frighten'd vision stand confest—
† Behold that wretched tyrant youth expire;—
His frame consumed by more than mortal fire;
Stung by remorse, not all the charms of art,
Could hush his cares, or ease his aching heart:
Each hour recalls, the bloody dreadful day,
When by his mandate thousands slaughter'd lay,
When in cold blood confounding youth and age
His wretched subjects felt his bigot rage.
O, friend to Virtue! whose all powerful aid,
Sooner or later owns the heav'nly maid;
In terrours cloth'd, the villain's mind assail;
And with just vengeance tear aside the veil,
That from himself his hideous portrait hides
And for his crimes a lasting scourge provides.

* This goodly earth seems to me a sterile promontory. HAMLET.

† Charles IX of France, the infamous cause of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, when 40,000 protestants were slain.—For an account of the transaction and his horrid death; see Voltaire's Hist. and Henriade and Sully's Memoirs.

See the proud monument and marble bust,
With useless pomp insult the humble dust;
Whilst gorgeous pageants more supremely show,
That all parade is mockery of woe;
Unheeded by the father, lover, friend,
Who o'er the grave in silent anguish bend—
Will no kind genius watch the fatal hour,
And blunt the invidious tyrant's baleful power?
Lull with a syren's spells the aching sense,
And to the mind lethargick aid dispense?
Ah no—for all is horrour and dismay;
While yet the husband hugs the breathless clay.
Ten thousand thousand sad illusions rise
To aid his anguish and increase his sighs—
Now is recall'd each hour, each happy day
That smooth'd life's passage of the dreary way;
Now do contrasted pleasures mock his woes,
And to impending grief, lost virtue's charms oppose.
When the loud gale's tempestuous force descends,
And sharpest light'ning heav'ns vast concave rends;
Whilst thro' the crackling rigging howls the storm,
And naught prevails but tumult and alarm;
Then to the youthful breast of him who roves,
Far from the mistress whom he fondly loves;
Malicious mem'ry proves her hated art
And emulates the vile tormentor's part,
O, cursed gold! the source of various woe;
From whom our sorrows more than pleasures flow:
In search of thee, I brav'd the faithful seas,
To gain by added fortune future ease:
For visionary wealth I wildly roam,
And madly leave my plighted love and home;
Fool, not to know, that competence was bliss,
And certain happiness exchange for this!
Let me again behold my native shore,
And I will tempt th' uncertain waves no more.—
But most when madness rules th' unhappy hour
Must wretched man sustain thy keenest power;
All other sense of joys or sorrows gone,
And the whole soul absorb'd with one alone.
Hail! thou great master of the magick pen!
Whose piercing eyes beheld the hearts of men;
Hast thou not forc'd the sympathetick tear
With the keen horrours of thy frenzy'd *Lear?*
When to his comfort ev'ry door was clos'd,
And bare he stood to pelting storms expos'd;
The fretful elements contend in vain,
They hurt not him whose agonized brain
Dwells on a father's violated right,
And tells his sorrows in the ear of night,
While rain, and storm, and lightning, all conspire
To aid "th' unnat'ral hags" against their sire.
Remembrance, ever constant, points the pain,
Shews him his wrongs, and tells them o'er again;
For when in lonely hovel he descries,
In seeming madness where sad Edgar lies,
Poor wretch, says he, thy fate is hard indeed;
Naught but ingratitude has done this deed.
Where far remote some desart island lies,
Midway in seas, and curs'd by wintry skies,
Some shipwreck'd mariner perchance now strays
A hapless wand'rer, doom'd to pass his days

'Midst barren rocks, where hideous monsters roar,
And tempests rage forever round the shore;
From mankind banish'd he must ever weep,
And curse the fate which sav'd him from the deep:
Happy would sweet oblivion prove but kind,
And blot remembrance from his wretched mind:
Oft at the ling'ring close of cheerless day,
What time is seen afar Sol's parting ray
Gleam o'er the deep: the scenes long past arise;
His throbbing bosom heaves with struggling sighs;
Sad, in despair, he views th' extended main,
And thinks on joys he ne'er must see again.
But oh, what bliss! when on the farthest verge
Of distant horizon, the faithless surge
Wafts towards his ravish'd sight a distant sail;
Oh! with what extacies he feels the gale
That onward brings the long, long wish'd for aid,
So long to his unceasing prayers delay'd.
Alas! stern Fate relentless heeds no sigh;
For see, the unconscious vessel passes by
With rapid motion, leaves the aching sight,
And all is lost in one unbounded night.
Say, who to dulness' stupid sway consign'd,
All pleasing thoughts of happiness resign'd?
Reflecting, dwells on scenes enjoy'd before,
And not laments those scenes to come no more?
Thus the poor exile from his native home,
By ruthless force, abroad compell'd to roam;
Whether from Afric or from Gallia driven,
Sees for his portion naught remain but heav'n:
In foreign countries doom'd to beg or toil,
With heart-corroding grief reflects the while
On his dear native land, and former ease,
And those lov'd scenes where all was wont to please:
Whilst this with unavailing grief complains,
Of ruin'd fortunes, and usurp'd domains.
For such, Compassion heaves the sorrowing sigh,
Whilst social tears suffuse soft Pity's eye.
But say, ye grasping avaricious fools,
In whom the love of money only rules;
Who with insatiate wants forever curs'd,
Behold the doom of prosp'rous fate revers'd;
Say, can you claim of sympathy the meed?
For your distress what pitying heart will bleed?
The proffer'd boon of competence was naught;
Unbounded wealth your greedy purpose sought,
Yet bless'd with all that mortals could implore,
Your narrow, sordid hearts still grasp'd at more;
Still for superfluous riches spent those hours,
Ordain'd to exercise far nobler powers—
Now doom'd in poverty your days to close,
And with departed joys contrast impending woes.
Thee! sad Remembrance, we then fly in vain,
By thee reflection brings continuous pain,
Thy constant power the art of man defies,
Times past incessant to his thoughts arise:
Alas! how few th' intrusive view can bear?
How oft excited, starts Contrition's tear?
Yet not alone art thou to self confin'd;
With other woes th' historian wrings the mind:
'Tis but to seek the thicket's inmost shade,
Possess'd of Clio's stores implore their aid;
Instant we pierce the distant maze of time,
And view the ills of ev'ry age and clime;
O then what gloomy objects rise to view!
In the long lapse of time, behold how few
The friends of virtue and of good appear,
With casual joy to check the constant tear.
Life's varied scenes delusive seem, and vain,
Producing naught but sorrow, grief, and pain;
And this sad truth forever wounds the mind,
That man's most deadly foe is human kind.
In vain the eager eye with ardour pores
On classick pages, and the time explores,
When Roman virtue and the patriot's pride
To gods above, the human soul ally'd.
Ages of crime and wretchedness succeed,
The wicked triumph, and the virtuous bleed;
Whilst monster tyrants in succession show
The sad varieties of human woe;
And long old Rome is seen in sullied state,
Her freedom sacrificed to factious hate.—
Extend our views; regard the christian world;
The crescent, and the cross, behold unfurl'd;
The red-cross banner waves o'er Europe's land,
And christian rage and folly now command:
Still human blood in streams perpetual flow,
The baleful flames of persecution glow,
And Heav'n's meek child, Religion, sacred maid!
To desarts flies, and seeks Retirement's shade:
There with her God in peace secure remains,
Whilst all the world her sacred name profanes.
The tyrant's pretext, and the Impostor's aid;
See for destruction drawn the murd'rous blade.
In Gallia's land, on Belgium's hapless shore,
Holy fanaticks lavish human gore.
A bigot woman—Britain's lasting shame,
There, points the sword, or blows the cruel flame.
Now warriour monarchs peaceful realms invade,
To gain those laurels which may never fade;
The battle ended, and the millions slain,
Say, is the victor's brow entwin'd in vain?
Long shall they flourish?—Yes, the tyrant's name,
Th' indignant page will damn to lasting fame.—
The bloody thirst of gold contemn'd the waves,
And ravag'd shores the southern ocean laves;
The name of *Cortez* pains the sorrowing mind;
Pizarro's fame to ages goes consign'd.—
Hence, dismal visions! leave my wearied soul—
O come, some pow'r, the baleful thoughts controul—
Leave me not wrapp'd in one eternal night,
But with enchantment charm my blunted sight—
It comes—it comes—propitious to my view;
'Tis no deceit, great WASHINGTON, 'tis you!
O ever present to the wond'ring mind,
Be all *thy* virtues, all *thy* deeds confin'd:
So shall fair nature boast one brilliant light
To cheer in history's page the constant night.

A

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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"Biography is, of the various kinds of narrative writing, that which is most eagerly read, and most easily applied to the purposes of life." JOHNSON.

THE following sketch of the life and character of EDMUND BURKE, is with pleasure laid before my readers, as a happy specimen of the talents and industry of a young friend and correspondent. The style is at once a proof of the application and taste of the writer: chaste, clear, and perspicuous; totally free from the common fault of young men; who appear studious to make up for paucity of matter and indistinctness of meaning, by turgid language, and pompous phraseology.

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The contemplation of those great and exalted characters, whose efforts in the cabinet, the field, or the turbulent popular assembly, give direction to the movements of the soul, and determine the destinies of empires, affords the most instructive lessons, and tends to cherish every generous and noble sentiment. In their talents, their foibles, their whims, and their caprices, are to be seen the springs that put in action the vast engines of government; the causes that agitate and give motion to the political concerns of the world. While in historick detail is displayed the grand succession of events, we must seek in the more sociable converse of the biographer, for the secret movements that gave them birth, and that minute intelligence which enables the political investigator to trace the steps that lead to the advancement and decline of nations. The lives of the illustrious are not less interesting, when we view them as exhibiting the fairest models of human perfection; on the contemplation of which the soul awakens to an ardent enthusiasm, to emulate their greatness, and rival their fame. The cold dictates of the moralist, and the fine woven texture of metaphysical declaimers, however lofty their pretensions, afford no powerful incentives to engage in the career of glory, and soar above the gross attractions that captivate the vulgar: example is superiour to precept; the simple narration of a great man's life more strenuously aids the cause of heroism and of virtue, than all the florid lectures of the schools.

Of Greek and Roman grandeur we have had enough. It is now time to contemplate the illustrious of our own days, and vindicate the character of modern times against the declamations of those, who seek for dignity and excellence only in æras of antiquity. Happily, we are able to select from the numerous personages who adorn and do honour to the present age, a man, on whose private and publick worth panegyrick may exhaust itself without overrating his virtues, or painting too highly his intellectual endowments. The name of Edmund Burke stands in the foremost rank of modern worthies. Amidst a constellation of great men who flourished his contemporaries, the respect and admiration of Britons were in a peculiar degree exerted towards him, as a distinguished ornament of their nation, the firm supporter of her rights, and one of the chief ministers to her glory. Foreign approbation has sealed this honourable tribute to his worth;—and while virtue and patriotism shall find an advocate, while mankind shall admire vigour of genius and splendour of talents, the name of BURKE will survive, to impress posterity with favourable sentiments of his age and country. Chance, that imperceptible agent, which so often thwarts our honest efforts, and baffles the plans of wisdom and experience, not unfrequently compensates for the evils it produces, by presenting opportunities for the display of genius, and calling forth powers, that, in the ordinary state of things, would otherwise have lain useless and unawakened. It was chance that led the great Corneille to the path that conducted him up the slippery steep of fame to immortality: The poetick talents of Cowley were dormant, until he casually met with Spencer's "Fairy

Queen;" and the sublime genius of Newton was first roused from a state of lethargick torpor, by an accident of the most trivial nature. It is to chance also that we stand indebted for the great effects that have resulted from the cultivated powers of Burke, as directed to the advancement of sound political doctrine, and rational philosophy. It is well known, that after becoming a proficient in academick learning, he offered himself a candidate for the vacant chair of Professor of Logick in the University of Glasgow: his application came too late; and that fortuitous event, perhaps, led to the security of the British empire.

The family of Burke has been held in estimation among the ancient Irish; and the honour of the name is not less vindicated in modern times, by the refinements of cultivated excellence, than in feudal ages by the superiority of savage prowess. It was the good fortune of their great modern representative to have possessed a parent, whose liberal mind knew how to estimate the value of education, and whose easy circumstances enabled him to realize his wishes. Early in life, he introduced him into the college of Dublin; but the acquirements of Burke afforded an unpromising presage of his future greatness. His fellows far outstripped him in the collegiate exercises, while he was treasuring up a store of information, though less showy, yet of equal value: it was here he laid the groundwork of a dignified philosophy, and acquired the elements of various learning. The pursuits of Burke, between the close of his college life, and the commencement of his literary career, afford no interesting matter for reflection, except his disappointment in obtaining a professorship at Glasgow; an event that led to the most important effects. It was this disappointment that determined him to shape his course to the metropolis of the British Empire, that vast scene, which, both to the virtuous and the profligate, holds out every allurement, and where enterprize and steady exertion seldom fail to obtain their object.

His essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, which he published here, powerfully attracted the attention of the literati, and at their head, the great Johnson, whose penetrating mind saw at once the whole merit of its author, and whose influential opinion soon exalted him to a high pitch of eminence and celebrity. It was not, however, the destiny of Burke to move merely in a literary sphere; his active mind sought for a more various field, where he might unfold every great endowment he possessed—and he succeeded.

Amidst the turbulence of British liberty, fostered by the freedom of enquiry, the able vindicator or the acrimonious censurer of publick acts, is not slow in arresting the notice of every individual in the kingdom. The pen of Burke, exercised on the merits of administration, introduced him to its members, and opened the way to those future political efforts that were to charm and enlighten the world. The parliament of Great Britain saw in him one of its most splendid and dazzling ornaments. Possessed of an extent of learning and information that qualified him to decide with promptness on every subject; of a judgment, sound, vigorous, and discriminating; of an extraordinary depth of political sagacity; of a fancy ever on the watch to seize similitudes, and enliven the tedious dulness of debate by sparkling allusion and witty replique; —these qualities, added to a clear and quick perception, and a rapid, magnificent elocution, contributed to the formation of one of the greatest orators and statesmen that England had ever beheld. Living in a period of great political agitation, and contemporary with individuals whose superiour talents called forth the utmost efforts of his genius, Burke cultivated with assiduity the study of eloquence, that arduous but certain road to high and honourable fame. Application joined to a great mind is adequate to any thing. The exertions of Burke astonished and confounded, while he displayed at every point in the circle of debate, the profoundest knowledge, set off with the most sublime and argumentative powers of oratory. Administration never thought themselves secure when he was in opposition; and when he sat with them, the weight of his opinion and the persuasiveness of his tongue gave popularity to many of their exceptionable measures. The speeches pronounced by him at the commencement of the American War are a monument of his penetrating sagacity, and the goodness of his heart: he reasoned like a philosopher, spoke like a prophet, and felt like a man. He exhibited in most glowing colors the impolitick measures of government, and vindicated the American character with all the warmth of a man who respected justice, and abhorred oppression. He foretold every disastrous event that would follow a rupture with the colonies—the coalition of Europe in their favour, and the final dismemberment of the British empire. But powerful and irresistible as were his arguments, and though seconded by the opinion of the illustrious Chatham, the mischievous policy was adopted, the consequence of which was, the full accomplishment of the predictions of Burke. In every interesting period of parliamentary history, this great political comet shone with a resplendent lustre. The applauses of his friends were loud and incessant, while his enemies stood confounded and abashed.

The monstrous scenes that followed the frenzy of revolutionized France, awakened the sensations of every nation. While some were disposed to consider them as necessary evils, productive in the end of publick good, they appeared in their full deformity to the mind of Burke, who saw in them the baleful effects of a detestable spirit of licentiousness and depravity, that would agitate and convulse Europe, and extend their pernicious influence to the most remote corners of the world. He warned the universe to beware of the projects of those hideous fiends who were already desolating a delightful country, and to Great Britain recommended the immediate application of salutary measures, to counteract those noxious exhalations that were issuing from the neighbouring shores. Amidst the rage of popular fury, and the bickerings of unprincipled jacobins, his firm and steady sentiments continued to gain strength, until at length their justness has produced complete conviction: This is a resplendent æra in the history of Burke: his unexampled penetration and foresight received their full reward, and his patriotick ardour led to the most grateful admiration of Britons: in fact, his oratory was considered as surpassed by his literary efforts; the Reflections on the French Revolution were read in every quarter of Europe; and, viewed as a master-piece of political composition, rendered its author as eminent in the department of publick law, as his philosophical essay had in the walk of rational criticism.

It is unfortunate, that most great men are such, only when viewed at a distance; approach them, and you behold monstrous disproportion, and total want of symmetry. Not so with Burke—his private character was as distinguished as his publick worth. The members of his family were objects of his most assiduous care and attention: he discharged the duties of a parent and a husband in a manner truly exemplary. In the circle of his friends no man acquitted himself with greater honour;—with astonishing versatility, he adapted himself to every society; nor did he ever lose sight of those minutiæ in ceremony, which tend so much to alleviate the embarrassments that arise in inferiours, from the presence of more exalted worth. The character of Burke, in fine, was of the most amiable cast. His political talents did honour to the legislative assembly of the British empire. The schools have been instructed by his literary labours—in him, taste, judgment, and imagination contended for superiority with equal success—his social and domestick virtues are an example for the imitation of future worthies; and his suffrage for christianity, and the attention he paid to the injunctions of religion, outweigh whole columns of scoffing infidelity, and put to shame the sneers of laughing levity. He had his failings—prejudice sometimes warped his judgment, and his irritability was somewhat too sensible; but these foibles were lost in the blaze of his virtues;—in admiring the splendour of the sun, who stops to tell of spots that dim his surface.

COSMO.

Mr. Easy,

Looking over the Companion the other day, my eye rested on the page containing the grievances of *Flavia*; my own sad case induces me to point out the fatal source from whence we both draw our discontent; we have both provided for ourselves a cheerless uninteresting old age, by grasping at universal admiration in our youth.

So heartily sick am I of solitude, that I rejoice to have a companion even in misfortune; this splenetick humour is one of the blessed effects of a single life, and I cannot help feeling a selfish pleasure at knowing I am not the only one who has dashed happiness away by trifling too long with it: there is but this difference between Flavia and myself;—she is a deserted *maiden*, I, a forlorn *old bachelor*.

O Vanity, Vanity! what shall I liken thee unto!—art thou like the towering eagle? No; for he soars with majesty and descends with grace; whereas thou climbest by a step-ladder over the heads of thy betters, nor thinkest of descending till hurled from the eminence against thy will. Thou art more like a beautiful but ungovernable horse; thy groom is *Flattery*, who is ever ready to assist the deluded mortal to mount; he is scarcely seated when thou art off. *Pegasus* is but a pacing pony when compared with thee; he would kick, snort, and tremble, at the tremendous heights to which thy arrogance aspires; it is impossible to say where thy course would stop, for thy rider would never check thee, but thy journey is ended before thyself or rider art aware. *Disappointment*, impertinently crosses the road; thou wilt combat with her for some time, using all thy skill and agility to leap over her; she at length summons to her assistance a wrinkled withered hag, whose name is *Age*. *Disgust* is close at her heels. Alas, poor *Vanity* dare not encounter such formidable foes; but treacherously contrives to throw the luckless equestrian in the midst of this relentles trio, decamping in search of another victim. I happened to be one of the foolish jockeys his artful groom provided; *Flattery* extolled the grace and elegance of my person, and mounted me almost without my knowledge; I rode on at a merry rate for a long time; sometimes I would meet with interruptions, but the assiduous groom was ever near;

should my bridle, saddle, or stirrup, be out of order, *Flattery* would soon set all to rights again, and the momentary check would but add fresh vigour to the mettlesome steed, and he would dart forward with the swiftness of an arrow. Oh! fatal delusion, to what hast thou brought me! I am, as I before observed, a forlorn *old bachelor*. I frequently sit before my fire, with a foot resting on either andiron (for, alas! I incommode no person by thus occupying the whole hearth) and meditate, "aye, even to madness," on the blessings, the comforts, the heart-soothing interests I might have enjoyed, and which I disdained when within my reach. If I return to my solitary home earlier than usual, my servant is out, poor dog, to seek society like his master; for the domestick hum of a kitchen belongs not to my lonely dwelling, which in fact is nothing more than a lodging house; it is now too late to pay a second visit, the key is in the servant's pocket, and there is nothing left for me but to wander up and down the pavement till he returns to let me in. If I stay out beyond the usual hour, I find the poor fellow stretched along the hearth, before a few dying embers, snoring away the time of my absence, for want of a companion to beguile the heavy hours with "goblin tale or merry jest." Cheerless and comfortless, I go shivering to bed, with icy feet and aching head; and now imagination contrasts what I am, with what I should have been. My home a little commonwealth, devoted to its head; obedience to my laws resulting from affection; my little representatives climbing round my knees, "the envyed kiss to share," a lovely smiling wife and cheerful fire-side —should my head ache, her soft hands would press with tenderness my temples, and sooth the pain; her lovely bosom would be my pillow, and anxious affection watch my slumbers. Oh fool, fool! all these blessings were before me, but forsooth, I mounted *Vanity*, and rode over them all.

I was introduced to society with many advantages; my person and face, were both called handsome; an uncommon share of vivacity and good humour rendered me a great favourite with the ladies; my company was very much sought; I soon discovered my consequence, and was determined to increase it by every possible means. I was invited to all fashionable parties, and the ladies, sweet creatures, would declare it was quite stupid until I made my appearance; they vowed the beaux in general were the most inattentive animals in the creation; instead of chatting with them, they would form themselves into a knot in one corner of the room, discussing the effects of war or peace on the price of coffee, sugar, flour, tobacco, &c. &c. as if the rude wretches had not sufficient time throughout the day to transact business. I always made it a point to make my entreé pretty late, offering a thousand apologies with the greatest rapidity, to the lady of the house, for not being in time to take tea with her; I assured her I was previously engaged, but could not deny myself the felicity of spending a part of the evening with her and her charming circle:—then darting to that part of the room where the young ladies were gathered, a half dozen fair hands would be instantly held out, with, "Bless me, Mr. *Love-all*, where have you kept yourself all this time?" —after complimenting them on their charming looks, I would occasionally whisper in the ear of each, that nothing could have induced me to quit the delightful circle I had just left, but the irresistible attraction of the brightest eyes in the world, and the superiour charms I was then viewing. I declared it was with the greatest difficulty I could get off, and was apprehensive I had given offence by so doing; but what was all the world, when put in competition with *her* society, or a heavenly smile from *her* ruby lips. Thus each believed herself the magnet, and each strove to excel the other in playing off coquettish airs, and fascinating smiles; every smile acted as a spur to *Vanity*, and in this way I rode on triumphant, 'till *Disappointment*, *Age*, and *Disgust*, showed themselves in battle array;—the ungrateful beast did not long contend, his deceitful groom sneaked off as soon as he discovered this inveterate clan. Judge of my mortification, when looking timidly around, I saw *Vanity* was leaving me, and *Flattery* was quite out of sight. *Disappointment* took me by the hand, and we walked sullenly on together, frequently this tormenting fiend would stretch her hideous foot directly across my path; vexed to the heart, I would anxiously look round for assistance; but the first objects that met my eye, were *Neglect* and *Indifference*. At length a venerable figure slowly advanced, who, upon a nearer view I discovered to be one of the three that had so terrified me when *Vanity* threw me; her name was *Age*, and the nearer she approached, the more I became reconciled to her; I was pleased to observe she had a companion; as soon as we met, she informed me, it was at my option to retain as an attendant the person beside her; this offer greatly delighted me; his countenance beamed with an indefinate expression, that inspired me at once with self-esteem, my bosom glowed with some of the delightful sensations I felt, when mounted on *Vanity*. *Age* whispered me, to be very circumspect in my conduct to this august personage, for he is extremely tenacious, and if once offended so as to retire, no art or persuasion would

induce him to return. His name is *Respect*, and I have still the good fortune to keep this honourable attendant; but I am often obliged to sacrifice my passions in various ways to prevent his leaving me; for *Age, whom I see every day*, tells me if I part with *Respect*, his place will be instantly filled by *Neglect*, an abominable wretch, whose very name chills my blood.

I have been induced to use a metaphorical description of vanity, to shew the more forcibly the danger of granting it an ascendency over us. An unbounded indulgence must not be allowed to any passion; it is absolutely necessary to curb even the best of them; if we do not *guide* them, they will too surely *drive* us, and the consequences must be fatal. Vanity is, I verily believe, the most innocent, inasmuch as it involves none but the possessor; *envy, desire, fear, ambition*, &c. often carry in their train wide-spreading ruin. Vanity concerns not others; *self*, adored *self*, is its only object. A total suppression of vanity is by no means advisable, nor indeed do I think possible; a spark exists in every human bosom, but we must be watchful not to suffer it to kindle into a flame; while it only glows, it may be considered as the basis of self-esteem, which is certainly of the utmost importance to every person; it is a sacred barrier that excludes many vices. Should a wretch exist, so abject as to be debased in his own opinion, where would his enormities end? the secret wish inherent in all, to appear well to the world, may be called the seeds of vanity; the smiles of the world are to it, as the dew of heaven to the verdure of the fields; in proportion as it receives this nutritious aid will it grow, but the hand of discretion must be employed to prune it, else will it gain the ungovernable height I have described, and for which, poor *Flavia* and myself have so severely suffered.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

Mr. Easy,

Man is a being so complicated and inconsistent, that at one time, he is elevated to the pinnacle of human perfectibility; and the next moment reduced to a level with the meanest of the brute creation. We now behold him climbing, with unabated ardour, the path that leads to virtue; he sinks, presently, either into listless apathy, or without consideration, is hurried, by the empire of his passions, to the miserable abodes of vice and destruction. At one moment we view him in a state of negative felicity, or diseased with political lethargy; and soon after we are amazed to behold him, without chart or compass, braving the conflicting elements, on the roaring billows of an overwhelming sea of politicks. We again find him actuated by the genial glow of benevolence, his mind dilated by the calorifick influence of humanity, and his liberality unbounded as space; but suddenly the chilling frosts of avarice, condense and cramp the atmosphere of his soul; by which, pity, charity, and every other virtue, are forever refused admission into his bosom. If we recur to the historick page, how many instances shall we find of the greatest revolutions, which had been only in embryo, kindled into a flame by incidents, in themselves the most insignificant. There have been governments oppressive and cruel in the extreme, without meeting opposition or remonstrance from those, over whom they have been exercised, until some trifling circumstance is seized by a pretended patriot, who infuses his factious and disorganizing venom into the infatuated and ductile minds of his too credulous and ignorant countrymen. The rape of a woman was a sufficient stimulous to the Romans, instigated by the intrepid courage of Brutus, to demolish their monarchical system of government; upon the ruins of which they erected a despotism of a higher species, as it is evident, that two were more able to wield the rod of tyranny than one. When a people are disaffected to their rulers, the slightest incident tending to a change of government, will afford a pretext for resistance to authority, although they have groaned a long time under the most oppressive measures, without any secret or avowed hostility. Thus we have seen the Genevese live peaceably under the form of government imposed upon them in the year 1782, by the united forces of France, Berne, and Sardinia, till the year 1789, when by the publication of an edict to enhance the price of bread, the embers of insurrection were stirred up, and kindled to a flame, which afterwards spread with electrick velocity, through Swisserland and all Europe. The discovery of the figure of a cross, stained with blood, in the heart of a potatoe, and the perfect resemblance which its flower had to the tricoloured cokade of liberty, was a sufficient cause to the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud to declare their rights, and overturn the tyrannical government of Berne. The introduction of tobacco, by Peter the Great, into Russia, and a few other slight innovations in their manners, gave rise to frequent insurrections, when real oppression was overlooked. Such inconsistencies proceed from prejudice, which has been an inexhaustible source of human infelicity. To support this proposition, many examples might be adduced from the history of past ages; and by a minute investigation, we should discover the dominion of prejudice to be as flourishing in the civilized as in the savage world. Thus, some christians are averse to undertakings on a Friday;

the Kamtschatkains will not assist a fellow creature when his life is in danger; because they have been taught to believe, they ought not, in any thing, to oppose destiny.

February 24th. JUVENIS.

Juvenis has assumed a very proper title, and has established his cl im to it, by the exercise of his memory and fancy, with little appearance of judgment, and no deductions of reason. It is, to be sure, all very true, that we are inconsistent beings, that we are right and wrong by fits and starts, that there is much prejudice in the world, and that important events are frequently brought about by causes apparently inadequate and accidental: but what are we to infer from all this? *Juvenis* does not say.

This remark is not made to discourage the attempts of one who would write well, if he did but give himself the trouble to think; it is only intended to shew him that when a man sits down to write, he should propose to himself some aim, and keep some useful end in view; that he should draw some rational conclusion from the statements he thinks necessary to make, and prove he means something more than to tantalize us with barren propositions.

Qui capit ille facit.

Mr. Easy,

Churches are erected in honour of the Deity, and the worship performed in them is of the most solemn kind: when, therefore, we enter a church, sentiments correspondent with the awful majesty of the place, should be impressed upon our minds. Even should a person of deistical tenets visit them, though he despise the form of their ceremonies, and scoff at the doctrines that are taught within their walls, still the idea of its being dedicated to the Great Supreme, the Creator of the universe, should inspire him with respect for the sanctuary, and enforce a *decorous* behaviour.

How different is the case with some giddy youth of both sexes, who are in the habit of frequenting those places of publick worship. I have observed them during divine service: one makes wry faces, the others laugh; then a topick of conversation is entered upon, and in chatting, giggling, and ogling, they spend their time, frequently to the great annoyance of their neighbours. Were a Chinese to be in church at such times, he would really suppose the wry-face-maker, when in the act of grimace, to be a *baboon,* and the *rest* of the group a parcel of thoughtless children, enjoying themselves with his antick capers.

It is a galling reflection that young men and women grown up to the years of maturity, behave themselves so unbecomingly, not to say indecently. Whether it is owing to ignorance, or impudence, or perhaps a combination of both, I cannot certainly tell, but think the cause is to be referred to *this* source.

I would advise them in future, either not to visit a church at all, or while they are there, to conduct themselves according to the principles of propriety and decorum.

NEMO.

CHARACTER OF SHERIDAN'S ORATORY, BY DR. PARR.

Each of the three characters, of whom I have made frequent mention, is accomplished in his own way nearly to perfection; but not one of them possesses a recommendation which is common to them all—I had almost said that Sheridan has attained whatever individually distinguishes them, and supplied what they respectively want of perfection. The golden tide of eloquence which Burke pours forth; the urbanity, the easy and unstudied elegance of North; the subtelty, the vigour, the variety of Fox—all these qualities are conspicuously united in Sheridan.

In the late publick cause instituted against a certain Governor, how extensive were his claims to favour and to fame! With what energy of voice and spirit did he attach the attention of his hearers, of all ranks, ages, and parties! In how wonderful a manner did he communicate delight, and incline the most reluctant spirits to his purpose!

To the discussion of this cause he came admirably prepared—all was anxious expectation and attention. From the very beginning he appeared to justify impatience. That subject, so various, complicated, and abstruse, he comprehended with precision, and explained with systematick acuteness. He placed every argument in that particular point where it had the greatest energy and effect. Throughout a very long speech he was careful to use no imprudent expression, but was manifestly and uniformly consistent with himself; his style was dexterously adapted to the contingence of the occasion: in one part he was copious and splendid; in another, more concise and pointed, and gave additional polish to truth. As he found it necessary, he instructed, delighted, or agitated his hearers. He appeared to have no other object in view but that of giving the fairest termination to the business; to prove the guilt of the accused by the most indisputable evidence; and to confirm the object of the investigation by strong and decisive reasoning.

At that time Sheridan discovered a spirit of wit and humour, not mean and vulgar, but consistent with the purest eloquence. His oratory was often rapid and diffused, but in no one instance crowded or redundant; it was, as

contingence required, vehement, indignant, and expressive of the justest sorrow: its impression, its splendour, its copiousness, and variety, were in all respects responsible to the greatness and dignity of the occasion.

With how great applause he was heard by an attentive senate, is universally known. His most determined adversaries were compelled to render tribute to his excellence. A large portion was added, not merely to his ingenuous and honourable popularity, but to his solid and unfading glory. Posterity will again and again, with renewed delight and wonder, peruse that composition; and, with heartfelt animation, will often apply to him the words of Æschines, 'Oh that we had heard him!'

FROM THE REPERTORY.

THE CARAVANSARY.

Criticism has been generally supposed to require more taste and judgment, than most branches of literature, and to be correct, only when founded on the deep knowledge and elaborate examination of the politest authors both ancient and modern. But so lavish, in her prodigality, has Nature been to the distinguished inhabitants of this enlightened country, that they are criticks from the very cradle, by the mere force of native genius, without the assistance of learning. Nor is this happy gift of criticism confined to individuals of education, but pervades all classes of the community; so that a blacksmith will decide upon an oration, a carpenter upon a poem, and a hackney-coachman on a moral or political essay.

Foreigners are struck with astonishment at this apparent universality of knowledge, which is greatly increased, when they are informed that these able criticks can barely read and write.

In other countries, no man gives an opinion on subjects, which he has not considered, and which he does not in some measure understand. But here such is the natural superiority of genius, emboldened by the freedom of our government, that no previous knowledge is necessary to enable us to decide peremptorily on the merits either of a man or of an author. Any claim to superiority in the art of criticism, by individuals, would be resented as aristocratical usurpation, and incosistent with the sacred rights of liberty and equality.

Without questioning, then, this distinguished prerogative of the *only free nation on earth*, or reflecting, in the smallest degree, on the *good sense of the people*, of which our honest friends so continually and laudably remind us, I shall merely claim the same privilege with my fellow-citizens, and remark on some criticks of my acquaintance.

Garrulus is a critick, universally given to admiration. Whatever issues from the press, is sure of meeting with his warmest applause, and the last production he always considers the best. Swift observes, that wherever he sees a note of admiration, he always skips that passage, as containing nothing to the purpose. Garrulus, on the other hand, will dwell with rapture on an oh! and be thrown into extasies at an ah! He will point out as beauties, passages most distinguished for their fustian and bombast, and quote the feeblest and most trite, as specimens of ease and simplicity.

As a writer, Garrulus is turgid and sesquipedalian, more attentive to the rounding of a period, than to the justness of a sentiment. He searches assiduously for the hardest words he can find, and tortures his faculties to discover phraseology, as remote as possible from common use. Sometimes he will attempt a piece in imitation of the Spectator, and in his pursuit of ease and elegance, will degenerate into meanness and vulgarity. But the absurdities of Garrulus rather amuse than offend; and we pardon his loquacity, in consideration of the goodness of his disposition.

Curio is a critick of a very different turn of mind. He has consumed his whole life in search of faults, and prides himself in his skill and readiness in detecting them. But though his critical cobweb is too slight to hold a common-sized fly, you will be astonished at the number and smallness of the insects which he entangles in it. In criticising a poem, he pays no attention to the regularity of the plan, the spirit of the composition, or the harmony of the numbers. But his critical microscope will be employed in hunting for an inaccurate rhyme, or some similar trifle, which, in his judgment, is sufficient to condemn the whole poem. If he undertakes the examination of prose, he confines his attention to particles and monosyllables. The misapplication of an *a* for a *the*, excites his utmost indignation, and will induce him to abuse the author, for a blockhead, and a murderer of English and grammar.

Without genius to write a paragraph himself, he will ostentationsly boast of his numberless corrections and improvements on the language of the best authors. In a word, Curio is a contemptible pedant, a mere verbal critick of the lowest order, with a head and heart equally contracted, a mere word-catcher, who lives on syllables, whose utmost knowledge extends to the pointing of a comma, or the placing of a semicolon.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

Written in the Spring of 1800.

Lovely, gay, delightful season!
Once again we hail thy bloom;
Frost departs, and surly winter
Quits the plains to give thee room.

Rich in beauty, sweet in fragrance,
All creation smiles around;
Blushing gardens own thy presence,
Living verdure decks the ground.

Dark, tempestuous days no longer
Fright the warblers of the grove;
Vernal winds each vale caressing,
Wake them to the song of love.—

Ev'ry heart beats gay and cheery,
Lightly trips the youthful throng;
While a sweetly rising echo
Tells the village maiden's song.

Pleasure ev'ry bosom filling,
Care and pain fly far away;
Love, in one delightful measure,
Sweetly crowns the vernal day.

CLARA.

WRITTEN IN 1802, DURING SICKNESS.

TO BACHELORS.

Tell me, who scorn hymenial ties,
Who of your much lov'd freedom boast,
Where is that happiness you prize?
Or what's your recompense for pleasures lost?

Say, when by dire misfortune prest,
And fortune scowls upon your fate,
What then can ease your troubled breast?
Will friendship then participate?

When to the bed of sickness doom'd,
And fierce disease your life assails;—
Say, will your lot then be presum'd
Envied: because no fair one wails?

When time has silver'd o'er your locks,
And age decrepit liv'd out life,
Reason your choice then loudly mocks,
Asking the balmy comforts of a wife.

Or, when th' impetuous flow of health
Rolls through the blood its warmest fire,
Are not th' unsocial joys of wealth,
But phantom forms in rich attire?

Confess, then, that you long have stray'd,
Devious led by pleasure's glare;
True happiness you've long delay'd,
Own, 'tis deny'd without the fair.

FLETA.

BENIGNA.

"Blow on, ye loud winds, and ye rains fiercely pour,
"Less cruel are you than the youth I adore,
"Less fierce is your rage than his hate;
"For a few fleeting weeks to creation will bring
"Its former delights; and again on the spring
"Shall love and tranquility wait.

"But ah, thou sad bosom, so pregnant with woe,
"Nor comfort, nor pleasure again shalt thou know,
"All, all with false *Percival* flies;
"No more for *Benigna* shall nature look gay,
"No more shall the mild cheering aspect of May
"Bring gladness again to her eyes.

"Then welcome, kind Death! oh! how welcome to view!
"False *Percival*, cruel deceiver, adieu!
"Soon, soon shall the grave hide my woes"—
She ceas'd—wretched girl, thy complainings are o'er,
Friendly Death has releas'd thee, and sorrow no more
Shall trouble *Benigna's* repose.

LEANDER.

TO DELIA.

Hope told a fond, a flatt'ring tale,
While rapt attention chain'd my list'ning ear;
I little thought her pictur'd scenes so frail,
Nor deem'd her promises so insincere.

'Till late, like giddy fortune flown away,
She left the dupe of her capricious wiles,
With fruitless sorrow to lament the day
When first he trusted her deceitful smiles.

Yet should she chaunt again her syren songs,
And *Delia's* angel form assume once more;
Not sad experience of my recent wrongs,
Nor prudent fear, nor reason, could restore.

My captive senses from her sweet controul—
Oh! if I once more own her magick sway;
Wilt *thou* speak comfort to my wounded soul,
And chase despair's dark-threat'ning clouds away?

Z

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS N. M. B.

Accompanying a pack of Visiting cards.

Tho' fickle fashion, various as the clime,
And still more varied by revolving time;
Contemns all laws, and reason boldly spurns,
And e'en while changing still for change she burns:
Yet to her sanction'd follies we must bend,
Or 'gainst the sense of all mankind offend:
Thus to her wanton caprice we must yield,
And thus to tyrant custom leave the field;
But is there *one* who does not deem it hard
That sweet M...a visits with a card.

EUGENIUS.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1805. No. 21.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

"*Happy the bard——*
"*Whose lines, uniting, by an honest art,*
"*The faithful monitor's and poet's part,*
"*Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,*
"*And, while they captivate, inform the mind.*"

COWPER.

Mr. Easy,

WHATEVER tends to relieve human nature from the degrading reflection made by those, who are familiarized to perpetual contemplations upon the dark side of it, is commendable and meritorious; inasmuch as the more generous and liberal feelings of our nature are roused and kept alive, and their contraries repelled.

The amiable Gesner did not consider the interesting but shocking tale related in one of the Spectators, of Ynkle and Yariko, as complete. He could not bear that the "beautiful Indian should remain a prey to the horrors of her destiny;" and not discovering any signs of humanity, any traits of repentance, in the perfidious monster who betrayed her; he was determined to remedy the defect, and represent human nature in a manner less disreputable. He has accordingly, from a scanty dry narrative of a few facts, produced an highly fascinating story, which (as I am sure your readers will approve of his intention as well as execution) I have translated for your useful paper.

A

YNKLE AND YARIKO.

I love the poet whose tender and delicate imagination could not suffer the beautiful Indian to remain a prey to the horrors of her destiny. Not finding in the cruel man who betrayed her, any sign of repentance, any trait of humanity, my soul does not experience emotions less unpleasant. Yes, pity is never so far removed from the heart of man, but the terrors of remorse can seize upon, and restore it to virtue. This spark, which heaven has implanted within us, is never entirely extinguished; it is visible through the intoxication of the passions; and shines out sooner or later. Muse, if thou art propitious to me, feeling hearts shall learn the deliverance of Yariko, and the repentance of her lover.

The unfortunate woman was sold by the barbarian to the governor of the island, who had no sooner learnt the story of her misfortunes, and the dark perfidy of Ynkle, than he ordered his superintendant of the slaves, to hasten after him, and bring him to his presence. I intend, said he, that this monster shall suffer five years of slavery, as a just punishment for his crime. Ynkle in the mean time had remained motionless upon the shore. Recovering all at once from a profound reverie, What have I done, cries he! Have I basely sold her who saved my life, her who loves me so tenderly! With indignation he throws down the money which had been paid him, and becomes again absorbed in thought. Wretch! what is to become of me! the crime was horrible! yes: but it is completed. The master to whom I sold her is good, she will be treated with gentleness. I feel, nevertheless, ah, too much I feel that this cruel remembrance will destroy my peace forever.

Regret eternal!—and useless!—At this word he was preparing to pick up the vile money he had just thrown upon the ground, when a shuddering of horror suddenly seized him. Do not give me to others, said she weeping: do not abandon me to strangers! Thus she spoke to me—these were the last words her trembling lips uttered.

O wretch that I am!—I do not refuse to follow thee as thy slave: without complaint thou shalt behold me support the most severe labours; let me remain only near thee: let me always enjoy thy looks: yes, take me for thy slave, and the unhappy fruits which I carry within me, the unhappy fruits of the tenderest love.——Turning pale, he is silent—a cold sweat covers his face; he trembles; he shudders like the wretch who, attempting the honour of youthful and beautiful innocence, beholds suddenly the

lightning strike close by him and shatter the tree whose shade was to have been the witness of his crime. Such was the terror of Ynkle when the superintendant came to seize him.—Wretch! said he, if thou comparest it with thy crime, thy punishment should seem mild to thee. The governor condemns thee to five years servitude. Lay aside thy garments immediately; here are what are destined for thee.—Ynkle dresses himself, and whilst assuming the garb of slavery, he weeps bitterly.

Yes, the punishment is mild, said he, for the blackest of crimes; I bless the hand which avenges it; perhaps I shall support with less pain the weight which oppresses my heart. Habited as a slave, the wretch is dragged to the labours which are henceforth destined for him. However hard his labours may be, the unhappy man feels more tranquility since he suffers the punishment due to his crime.

Yariko, in the mean time, ceased not to weep for the infidelity of her lover.

The master who purchased her took pity upon her misfortunes, and some time being elapsed, having loaded her with attentions and kindness, he sent her on board a vessel destined to conduct her to her native shore. Sad and melancholy, on board the vessel which passed rapidly through the water, her eyes fixed on the shore, which with regret she saw lessen every moment, the unfortunate woman kept a mournful silence; when one of the navigators approached and addressed her in these words: Young and beautiful Yariko, whence proceeds then this gloomy chagrin? should you not rather rejoice at beholding yourself carried to your native land, far from that fatal shore where thou wert sold for a slave? Yes, replied she, without doubt I should rejoice, if upon that strange land I had not abandoned a faithless lover, without having even had the consolation to drop one parting tear on the bosom of the perfidious man. Ah! I would have embraced him; perhaps his cruelty would have repulsed me: I should not the less have held him in my arms. Where is he? Ah, tell me where is the most ungrateful, the most cherished of mortals? The governor of the island, replied he, has condemned him to five years slavery; a punishment light for a crime like his. I have seen him in the midst of a croud of slaves partake of their painful labours. —Ah, poor Ynkle! exclaimed she, why hast thou ever known me? Thou wouldst not now suffer punishment for the cruelty thou wert guilty of. But, my friend, tell me, how does he support his sad fate? Tell me, what was he doing? what did he when you saw him with these slaves? When I beheld him, replied the man, he was at work, his body bent towards the ground; then all at once raising himself up, and contemplating his badges of slavery, and the implement which he held in his hand, Wretched habit, said he, you are now dear to me; and thee I prefer to the sceptre of kings. If any faint ray of joy could still enlighten the sad night which remains for me to live, I am indebted for the happiness of it, to the punishment which I have too well merited. Oh Yariko! Oh my well beloved! but what, wretch! how dares my mouth still utter the name of her whom I have so cruelly outraged! This is what the unfortunate man said, and the slaves who surrounded him, leaning upon their implements of labour, suspended their work to listen. My friends, said he, to the companions of his misfortune, my friends—but no, I no longer merit to be called friend by any man—despise me, detest me, all; I am a disgrace to humanity; I have nothing human about me, but these features whose sacred character I have dishonoured. Men, abhor me as a monster who no longer belongs to your species. Hear and shudder.

Forced by the winds upon a savage shore, a young and beautiful woman took compassion upon my misery: Her tender cares preserved my life; her sweet caresses made me experience all the transports of love. I promised to carry her to my country, to make her enjoy there in the arms of the most faithful of lovers, every happiness which her tenderness and kindness merited. Happy to confide in me without reserve, she abandoned, for my sake, the hut of her father, and her young companions. The vessel on board of which we had embarked arrived here, and it was at this very place—shudder at the confession of such black ingratitude! at this very place, I have sold her to slavery, and with her, the pledge of our loves, the unfortunate infant she bears in her womb. How bitterly she wept! with what despair she raised her hands towards heaven and towards me!——Detest me, all of you. I am unworthy to live amongst men. Ye innocent birds, no longer sing in my presence. Shun the place where I am, as a desart, infected with the hideous spoils of some ferocious animal.

Yariko weeps whilst listening to this fatal recital. She covers her face with her hands; her complaints, her sighs still vented themselves towards the shore which was retreating from her view.—My much beloved Ynkle! thou weepest for thy infidelity; thou repentest it! Ah! is any thing more wanting to assure thee of my forgiveness! Why am I sent from thee? Shall I never more behold thee? Shall this infant never smile in thy paternal arms? never call thee by the sweet name of father?—Ah! why

cannot I share by thy side at least half thy misery; and when thou art overcome with fatigue, wipe the sweat from thy brow?

Such, tender Yariko, were thy effusions!—But soon the fatal coast disappeared from her sight. No longer was any thing perceptible but the immense circle of the liquid plain; and now the paternal shore appearing from a thick mist, seems to approach.

Ynkle in the mean time continued to suffer the misery and the labours of slavery. It was not fatigue; it was the overwhelming remembrance of his wickedness which had deeply furrowed his brow. Repentance, solitude, and devouring remorse, recalling incessantly to his mind the tenderness and virtues of Yariko, had rekindled in his heart all the ardour of that love which should never have been extinguished.

Where art thou, Yariko! I have lost thee forever! thy child and mine! What do I say? alas! he will never call me father; until he is acquainted with my cruelty, and then he can never pronounce the sacred name of father, but with horror. How much am I to be pitied! what I hold most dear in this world can retain no remembrance of me, but of despair: and when my name shall escape from their plaintive voices, it will be to impress with grief and fear every surrounding object.

Such for a whole year was the situation of the unhappy Ynkle. One night, whilst reclining under a tree, at a late hour, by the light of the moon, devouring alone his despair and his tears, the slave-keeper approached, and desired him to follow: he was conducted to the governor's garden. Ynkle, said he, thy remorse and repentance have prevailed with heaven. Rich presents have just been made me for thy ransom. Ynkle listens without the least emotion; no sign of joy appears in his countenance. What! says the governor, have you no pleasure at regaining liberty? My lord, replies Ynkle, his eyes cast down, and filled with tears, how is it possible that my heart can be ever open to joy? Can I hope to find grace with heaven, the avenger of innocence? Wretch that I am! the sighs of a wife betrayed, the cries of our child! how dares my mouth profane names so sweet! Will not their tears, their despair accuse me incessantly? ah, what emotions of joy can he feel, who abhors himself? where seek for some oblivion, some appearance of tranquility? There is none for me. Deign, my lord, to let me suffer the punishment of my crime; permit me to die your slave. Ynkle had scarcely finished his mournful prayer, when a person hitherto concealed behind a neighbouring tree, advanced eagerly. It was Yariko herself! superbly dressed, as if for the altar of Hymen; feathers of various kinds covered her robe, and her hair was entwined with flowers; an infant was laying in her arms. Ah, my dear Ynkle! cries she, sobbing—then running up, presses him with the child to her bosom. Do not, my dear Ynkle, refuse thy liberty:—'tis I who have come to restore it:—behold thy faithful spouse, behold the lovely child who owes his life to thee! Ynkle falls at her feet, embraces her knees, and for a long time his trembling lips could not utter a single word—Yariko! says he, at last—tender Yariko, hast thou no dread at beholding me again? Is it thou who hast just restored my liberty? Canst thou still love me, who was guilty of the greatest treachery? me, too unworthy to merit a single look from thee; unless of hatred and horror? Rise, my well beloved, says Yariko; no longer debar thy wife the pleasure of embracing thee—thy child, of the first paternal kiss.

A SERMON IN PRAISE OF SWEARING IN CONVERSATION.

Deut. vi. 13. The latter part of the verse.
And SHALL *swear by his name.*

There is a set of men in the world, who need only be known in order to be despised; men, who are a constant subject for ridicule, and justly the derision of the gay and more refined part of the human species: men who are so stupid, as to be more enamoured with the pleasure of a benevolent action, more charmed with giving joy to the helpless and miserable, with drying up the tears of the distressed, or soothing the agonies of the bursting heart, than with the lordly pride of wanton power, than in rendering the wretched more wretched, than with spurning at patient merit, or even the satisfaction of racking tenants, hoarding wealth, or all the high gratification of a debauch; more delighted with the visionary pleasure of indulging their own reflections, and the applause of a good conscience, than with the charms of a bottle, the transports afforded by the lascivious wanton, or all the high-wrought indulgences of a luxurious appetite. And, in one word, to sum up their character, more afraid of a false, or even an unnecessary oath, than of the point of a sword.

It is with these poor mean-spirited wretches, that I am now to combat, in order to shew the great advantages that attend a strict compliance with the injunction in my text, *And thou shalt swear by his name.* I shall not here take up your time in examining the context, or even in considering what is meant by the command in my text, which some would confine to the necessary oaths, taken in a court of judicature; but, like all sound divines, and in com-

pliance with the custom of all good commentators and disputants, consider the passage before us, in that latitude, which is most adapted to answer my particular design.

In treating this subject I shall consider,

I. The many advantages attending the frequent use of oaths, curses, and imprecations: in which will be sufficiently proved, the falseness of that assertion, that swearing is attended with neither pleasure nor profit.

II. Answer some objections. And,

III. Make a suitable application.

I. I am to consider the many advantages arising from a frequent use of oaths, curses, and imprecations.

In the *first* place, this genteel accomplishment is a wonderful help to discourse; as it supplies the want of good sense, learning, and eloquence. The illiterate and stupid, by the help of oaths, become orators; and he, whose wretched intellects would not permit him to utter a coherent sentence, by this easy practice, excites the laughter, and fixes the attention, of a brilliant and joyous circle. He begins a story, he is lost in a vacuity of thought, and would instantly, to his eternal dishonour, become silent, did not a series of oaths and imprecations give him time to gather up, or rather seek the thread of his discourse: he begins again, again he is lost, but having complimented his friends, by calling for etetnal damnation on them all, he has thought what to say next, and finds himself able to proceed with a sentence or two more. Thus he still talks on, while thought follows slowly after. Blest expedient! by the use of which, polite conversation glides on uninterrupted, while sound is happily substituted in the place of sense: by this, mankind communicate familiar noises to each other, with as little intellectual ability and labour, as a pack of well-matched hounds; so often the object of their delight and admiration! O how preposterously absurd then! how false, and contrary to experience, is that ridiculous assertion, that swearing is attended with neither pleasure nor profit! For what higher pleasure, what greater profit and advantage can a man enjoy, than to find, that, *in spite of nature, who has directed him to be silent*, he can hear himself talk—talk without stammering, or drawling out each heavy sentence, that lags behind to wait on thought. Ye ideots rejoice! ye coxcombs, whose costive brain ne'er dictated the flowing sentiment, be glad! Ye, whom learning never fired, in stupid ignorance lost, exult! Blest with ease and indolence, you talk, and those, like you, admire; while listening dæmons clap their wings, and grin applause.

Forgive me, Sirs, if, fired with my subject, I lose my usual moderation; for who can help being warmed at the mention of such glorious advantages as these? Advantages, which level the conversation of the mighty, and raise the oratory of the carman and porter. Here the lowest frequently excel; the ploughman, with clouted shoon, outvies his competitors, and practises the vices of the gentleman, with more success than the lord of the manor, or the splendid courtier, though adorned with star and garter. Here no abilities, no learning, are necessary, no studious hours are required to attain perfection. Tropes and figures, all the flowers of oratory, all the pedantry of the schools, are vain and useless trumpery, compared to these ornaments: they require pains and study, nor can be applied without judgment, and the toil of reading, what are foolishly called, the ingenious and polite authors: but swearing is, as I have said, learning to the ignorant, eloquence to the blockhead, vivacity to the stupid, and wit to the coxcomb.

Secondly, Oaths and curses are a proof of a most heroick courage, at least in appearance, which answers the same end. For who can doubt the valour, the intrepidity of him, who braves the thunder of heaven, who affronts the most formidable being in the universe, and treats, with contempt, that all-enlivening principle, which sustains and animates the whole creation? To what a noble elation is the heart of the coward conscious, when he thus defies the Almighty, and imprecates the fires of Hell! let the blustering bully domineer, let him roar out his curses, and threaten all who dare provoke the vengeance of his potent arm; let him terrify by a surly frown, and intimidate when, with portly gait, he vents ten thousand oaths and curses on the wretch, who, impudently, presumes to oppose his mighty will—who dares doubt his courage? Who can believe, that the cane, or the toe, when duly applied, have such magic power, as to make him twist, and writhe himself like a serpent, till, with this exercise, his joints, and his mind, become so supple, that he can bend and cringe and ask pardon? Let the meek soldier boast his deeds in war, and, with oaths and execrations lace the self-flattering tale; who can believe that so great a hero should have an antipathy to the sight of steel? Or that he, who challenges the blasting lightning to fall on his head, would tremble, and turn pale at the flash of a pistol? No, this must never be imagined; for can it be supposed that he has less bravery in the field than in the tavern? With these blustering expletives, then, the coward may strut and look big, and every minute give fresh proofs of an invincible courage: he may bravely sport with that being whose frown would make the heavens and earth to tremble: he may seem to snatch the vengence

from his uplifted hand, and throw it on his foe: he may invoke the wrath of heaven; and who can imagine that he is afraid of death, when he is continually calling for all the horrors of hell?

THIRDLY, he hereby not only gives a proof of his courage, but informs the world, that he is entirely divested of all the foolish prejudices of education and has unlearnt

"All that the nurse, and all the priest have taught;"

that he has not only shook off the shackles of enthusiasm, but has banished from his mind, that reverence of the deity, which is the foundation of every system of religion. He is not suspected of being such a fool as to want instruction, since it cannot be imagined, that he has so dull a taste as to go to church, unless, if he be a gentleman, to ogle the ladies; if a clown, to sleep; or, if a tradesman, in complaisance to the sober old women of both sexes, who happen to be his customers: & he has this additional advantage, that he will never be taken for a pious churchman, a presbyterian, a quaker, or a methodist. And, in reality, he is so far from being a bigot to any religious principles, that he belongs to no religious society upon earth. That he is not, nor cannot be a christian, is evident; for what is christianity? It is extensive benevolence, humanity, and virtue, to which he bids defiance with every curse. He cannot be a deist, because they openly profess the utmost reverence for the deity; and, for the same reason, he can neither be a Jew, or a Mahometan, or a follower of Confucius. No, nor even an atheist; since we cannot conceive, that he would so often call upon God, if he was thoroughly convinced there was no such being in the universe; however, he every minute lets us see, that he does not fear him. How unlicensed is his freedom, how glorious and unconstrained! Let the wretches, who meanly bend their wills, and regulate their actions, by the sage dictates of reason and conscience; who stoop to follow the rules of religion, and call them sacred; let these bridle their tongues, let these confine themselves within the narrow limits prescribed by reason and good sense: the swearer knows better, sense, and reason, and religion, are all subservient to his will, he disdains their fetters, and rules those which rule all the world beside. (*To be continued.*)

Mr. Easy,

If the following thoughts which occurred to me during the rise, continuance, and dispersion of a *Thunder Storm* claim any merit, be so kind as to give them an insertion in your useful Companion.

Behold yon cloud just rising in the west whose pinions darkened by its aqueous bulk, portends the coming of a dreadful storm. See in what little space of time it spreads its midnight shades quite o'er the firmament, eclipsing the beauteous lustre of the planets, converting starlight into total darkness. It near approaches. The winged lightnings flash with fury irresistable, athwart the sky! its glaring light struck full upon the eyes of a spectator, for a while illuminates his optic chambers, and though the cause is gone, he fancies still he sees it bright as day: a momentary dimness then assails his tender visual organs. Then again, another moment past, he looks about him, with recovered vision. Flash succeeding flash, the same effects from the same cause ensue. Meanwhile the awful-sounding thunder roars thro' the heavens; & its lumbering peals striking the summits of the lofty clouds, is reverberated through the vault of heaven. The bursting clouds, discharge the vapours which suspended high in air they bore, and down the pearly drops do gravitate (the bounteous gift of an all-gracious God:) giving joy to the husbandman. Not so with those who plough the trackless seas. Tempestuous gales first seen to rise, the ship is well prepared, her sails close reef'd or else securely handed, and every thing which may conduce to safety, is well attended to. Huge roll the waves propelled each by other: they lash the sides of this firm "wooden world," but all in vain. In vain, the foaming sea in mount'nous billow attacks the ship. She gently mounts its crest, and with top-ga'nt-mast seems to touch the skies! the anger'd wave, (as 'twere) frothing with rage, hurls fromthis pinnacle the quiv'ring ship, and plunges her into a gulph below, apparently as deep as Tartarus. She again ascends the approaching billow, and again is hurried away precipitately.

Rough Boreas next, exerting all his force, attacks the nebulous host. Those which he cannot by his power reduce to pristine æther, he drives pell-mell before his furious blast. The clouds disperse, and to our view disclose the glorious, awful scenery of heaven. NEMO.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Although performers neglecting the study of their profession deserve reprehension, yet I must exempt such from censure as have been neglectful from their endeavours proving unsuccessful. In this situation was the late facetious George Alexander Stevens, at Lynn, in Norfolk. Having played there several nights to empty benches, he neglected to study the part of Lorenzo, in the Merchant of Venice, which he had to perform before the company left the town. He, however, bustled through it tolerably

well until he came to the last act, where he should have said to Jessica—

"In such a night as this, Leander swam the Hellespont, and brav'd the winds and waves for Hero's sake," &c. &c.

Instead of which he began thus—

"Oh Jessica! in such a night as this the—man—swam over the water—and he div'd and he duck'd—and he duck'd and he div'd—'till he got to the other side—and—there, you know, he met with his—sweetheart—and there Jessica, you know, they met each other.

This was intolerable! The audience perceiving the cause, expressed their disapprobation by a general hiss from every part of the theatre.

Stevens, greatly irritated by this, resolved to quit the town—as he termed it, in a blaze. He took, therefore, Jessica by the hand, and—leading her forward, addressed the audience thus—

"O Jessica, in such a night as this we came to town,
And since that night we've touch'd but half a crown;
Let you and I then bid these folks good night,
For if we longer stay, they'll starve us quite.
Damn me.

ANECDOTICK GLEANINGS.

HEATHENISH MYTHOLOGY.

A rich citizen having invited an old friend to take a Sunday's dinner with him at his villa, wishing to shew his guest his leaden images, took him into his garden, where they had the following dialogue:

"Pray, sir," (pointing to one of the statues at the end of the walk) "what figure is that?"

"That, sir," answered the citizen, "that there statute I take to be,—let me recollect—yes, I take that to be either Venus, or Vulcan; but, upon my word, I cannot exactly tell which. Here, you, James," calling to the gardener; "is this Venus, or Vulcan?"

"That is Venus," answered the man; "Vulcan is lame of a leg, and stands upon one foot in the next alley."

Yes, yes; this is Venus, sure enough, (said the citizen) "though I was not quite certain at first."

"Perhaps it is not an easy matter to distinguish them?"

"Why, they are both made of the same metal, Sir," said the citizen.

"She ought to be bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, for you know Venus was Vulcan's wife."

I am bound to believe she was, (replied the citizen,) since you say so."

"You have so many of these gods, that it is difficult to be master of their private histories."

"It is so, Sir, (said the citizen) I was a good while in learning their names—but I know them all pretty well now. That there man, in the highland garb is Mars; and the name of the old fellow with the pitch-fork is Neptune."

"Sir, you are now very perfect."

ONE THING AT A TIME.

When Lord Howe was captain of the *Magnamime*, a Negro sailor was ordered to be flogged. Every thing being prepared, and the ship's company assembled to witness the punishment, Captain Howe made a long address to the culprit on the enormity of his offence. Poor Mungo, tired of the harangue, and having his back exposed to the cold, exclaimed, "Massa! if you floggee, floggee; or if you preachee, preachee; but *no preachee and floggee too!*"

When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened with great attention, and then interrupted him saying, "Is there not "a fair side also to the character of the person you are "speaking of? Come, tell me his good qualities."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As *Nemo* has *laboured* so hard to raise a storm, we have exhibited it before the publick, but fear it will only be called a little *flurry*. Crouding together a parcel of hard, long, or uncommon words, and inverting their arrangement in the construction of sentences, will as certainly reach the sublime in description, as that a man can acquire additional grace and dignity, by standing on his head with a great cocked hat on his feet.

We hope it will not be long before we hear again from the *Old Bachelor* who appeared in our last. Whatever dress he may put on, or whatever title he may bear, he will always be as cordially welcomed by us, as we believe he has been by all our readers.

Several pieces of poetry have been received, and shall be attended to as early as possible. All *original* effusions, if possessed of any merit, shall be respected; but we are sorry to say, that several attempts have lately been made to palm upon us, for original, what has frequently been published before. Once we have been deceived, and perhaps may be again; for it is neither reasonable to suppose, that we remember all we read, nor read every piece of poetry that is published in every book and paper in the world: but whenever such disingenuous attempts are made, they shall be publickly noticed, and if repeated, exposed in a manner yet more pointed, if their real names are as well known to us, as those who have used the signatures of *Lubin*, and *Leopold*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

On reading the tenth satire of Boileau, I was not less charmed by the keenness of his wit, than surprised at the description he has given of the dangers of matrimony. As no good reason, however, can be shewn why the morals of his countrywomen have undergone any material reformation, it may not be uninteresting to some of your readers to know the author's sentiments respecting them at the time he wrote. The following translation, which includes not more than one-third of the satire, I am well aware will be considered imperfect, by all who are acquainted with the original; but if you think it can afford any pleasure to those who are not conversant with the French language, you are at liberty to insert it in the Companion.

BOILEAU'S Xth SATIRE.

Are you, Alcippus, then resolv'd to wed,
And quit at last th' immoral life you've led?
The gen'rous father of your future wife
'Tis said, will make you amply rich for life;
The notary, too, has scrawl'd the marriage deed,
And ev'ry point of settlement 's agreed.
Since nought but marriage in the way remains,
Then share its pleasures and o'erlook its pains.
What unfelt joy, what soft delight we prove,
Wrap't in the circling arms of one we love:
How sweet the name of *husband* to the ear,
To see our wives their prattling offspring rear,
And ere to manhood when the boys have grown,
How sweet to *think* the little rogues *our own!*
How charming, too, should e'er misfortue low'r,
For wives to weep as if they fear'd its pow'r,
Fly to our aid with blessings on our head,
And swoon at dangers which they do not dread.
But you I know, you hate the jealous throng
Who think their wives forever in the wrong;
E'en when they weep declare it feign'd distress,
And swear they love some other to excess.
But whence that frown, why check my faithful strain,
And ask if Juvenal has turn'd my brain?
Or if, like him, I mean to vent my rage,
"And search the records of the darkest age,
"To prove how Chastity with crimson'd face,
"Blush'd for a while, but met at last disgrace.
"How curs'd Injustice, too, in former times
"Arose with Discord, and begat new crimes;
"And fallen Constancy, long since allur'd
"By tempting pleasure, was to vice inur'd."
Say, why so pale? why start you with affright?
'Tis Juvenal who speaks; from him I write:
To such authority some credit's due,
For, trust me, what the poet says is true.
E'en under Adam, vice with fell controul,
Despotick rul'd, and darkl'd in the soul:
Not innocence itself her pow'r withstood,
And thousands knew her long before the flood.
Some little honour still on earth remain'd,
For though a Läis was by lust enchain'd,
Yet more than one Penelope abhorr'd
The raging passion which on virtue warr'd.
Look round the globe, in spite of modern taste
You still may find some woman who is chaste.
What, do you doubt me? I myself can name
Even three in Paris of unblemish'd fame:
Your wife may make the fourth some future day,
At least, my friend, I really wish she may—
However sacred, though, the name of wife,
Howe'er you love, howe'er demure her life,
Should bus'ness call you from your native shore,
When you return, knock loudly at her door.
For once a husband* who was forc'd to roam
On some great call that urg'd his leaving home,
With sudden speed returning to his house,
Intruded rashly on his faithless spouse,
When in her arms he found—you guess the rest—
The story's old—perhaps you know it best.
Again I hear you interrupt my strain,
Declare it time and proper to explain
Your views for marrying, and maintain it right,
In spite of all the satires I can write.
By me instructed, at an early age
You say you ventur'd on this worldly stage,
And found that marriage was the standing joke
Of fools and libertines who spurn'd its yoke;
That all mankind united in the laugh,
While half the cuckolds rail'd at t'other half;
That fables, rondeaus, epigrams, and songs,
And ev'ry jest to satire that belongs,
With all those folios and accurst archives
Of witty authors who aspers'd our wives,
Were base inventions, aim'd at man and wife,
To kindle discord and enjoy their strife:
But yet, in spite of all their vile abuse,
We find that marriage is not less in use;
E'en those who swore they never would endure
Its hateful yoke, are caught within its lure;
And now they feel their happiness at stake,
Confess all rests upon the choice we make.
In fact, you say, turn where or how you will,
Your greedy nephews seem to haunt you still:
With hungry looks survey what wealth you have,
Your treasure covet, and prepare your grave;
Yet feigning pity, wipe their tearless eyes,
Because, alas! their poor dear uncle dies!
But in revenge, ere many days glide by,
You hope to give them real cause to cry.
You say, moreover, that you cannot bear
To live alone, a constant prey to care;
To range forever up and down your hall,
With only servants, traitors at your call;
That scarcely in your bed are you reclin'd,
Before some fearful dream distracts your mind,
Presents a murder'd spectre to your sight,
And haunts your slumbers all the live-long night.
That man for social intercourse was born,
Not proudly here on earth to dwell forlorn:
For had the founder of the human race
Possess'd in solitude the world's whole space,
Not e'en the joys which paradise could give,
Had long induc'd him thus alone to live:
That therefore satirists should not instil
A false disgust to nature's settled will,

* See La Fontaine's tale of Joconde.

The social ties of purest love asperse,
And blast affection for the sake of verse.
In fine, though marriage binds its vot'ries fast,
You say you really must be yok'd at last,
That erring man whom guilty passion fires,
Needs some restraint to check his wild desires;
For left at large, he runs a mad career,
But if controul'd, will sober down from fear.
That thus, we see how providence extends
Its fost'ring care to man when danger pends.
Well said, ALCIPPUS!—e'en a learn'd divine
Could not compose a sermon half so fine!
But jesting all apart, attend my speech,
And learn how I on marriage too can preach.
The gentle fair one whom you mean to wed,
Of spotless morals, and to virtue bred,
Within a holy convent's pure recess
I hear was taught her passions to repress.
But who can tell how long she will maintain
Her virtue pure, her innocence from stain;
To ev'ry artifice of life a prey,
To constant dangers that oppose her way.
Soon at the play invited to appear,
There, do you think your little saint will hear
Those strains unmov'd, expressive of delight,
Behold the dance, those heroes for the night,
Whose sole discourse on love incessant turns,
While her quick pulse with kindling rapture burns:
Who teach her that the only god above
To whom she owes a sacrifice, is Love,
And that the heart is sacred heav'ns own boon,
Which cannot love too well, nor love too soon.
With what emotions will the fair one hear
Those dulcet notes which melt upon the ear?
With musick charm'd, she may at last make choice
Of some musician, merely for his voice;
And from the ravish'd impulse of her heart,
Reward the master to be taught his art.
But grant, ALCIPPUS, that your wife be pure,
Her virtue proof against past danger's lure;
Amid th' attentions of a treach'rous world,
In dissipation's giddy circle whirl'd,
Can you in earnest think she will not trip,
Yet run the dangerous round, nor ever slip;
That sagely callous to th' impassion'd praise
Of ev'ry rake who flatters and betrays,
Her prudence still will guide her on her way,
And that she cannot ever go astray?
Observe her well, how soon she learns to call
Each lover, friend—sure prelude of her fall.
With smiles their cautious liberties receive,
Which, bolder grown, they take without her leave;
Then down the stream of guilty pleasure glide,
And swim at large amidst the passions tide.
Honour is like an island's craggy steep,
That overhangs the wide-surrounding deep;
If once you plunge within the edying main,
You ne'er can reach the lofty cliff again.
So if you ponder on the verge of sin,
Your head grows dizzy, and you tumble in:
Step leads to step, until you gain the brink,
'Mers'd fathomless in vice at last you sink.
Before two years perhaps are fairly spent,
Pall'd with disgust and on revenge intent,
Within some lewd young fellow's warm embrace,
She soon may yield her person to disgrace.
Deprav'd in mind, with vice familiar grown,
Frequenting ev'ry brothel of the town,
You next may hear her to your face proclaim
Her honour blasted, and expos'd to shame.
Recount how many for her favours bled,
How many dying, and how many dead.
E'en boldly triumph in your wild despair,
And prove her conduct natural and fair.
Admit her virtuous, grant her heart be good;
Yet vain of flatt'ry, in some flirting mood,
Suppose you see her wantonly coquette,
Can you look on, and look without regret?
Behold her too, with calmness and repose,
Surrounded daily by a troop of beaux,
To all display her fascinating grace,
Smile first at one, then in the other's face,
On each some token of regard bestow,
On all but you her tender glances throw?
Alone for them the richest lace is bought,
On them bestow'd each fond endearing thought;
For them is raised with artificial care,
The graceful structure of a head of hair;
In fact, each action and each look implies,
For them alone she paints, she smiles, she sighs.
Then ne'er intrude unwelcome on her sight,
And only seek her when alone at night:
But patient wait, nor on your life presume
Uncall'd to enter rashly in her room.
First let her face of rouge be gently clear'd,
Nay more, the towels too with paint besmear'd,
Must all take secret refuge in the press,
Ere you can be permitted to undress.
Beware e'en then, nor for the world expose
The least suspicion how her money goes.
Out with your purse, indulge her in expense,
For if you scold, the fair may take offence:
Nay, bath'd in tears, declare it vastly hard
Her prudence meets so cruel a reward;
For that no woman ever squander'd less,
Or car'd so little as herslf for dress.
By such affecting tenderness reprov'd,
Could you behold her piteous tears unmov'd?
No; rather, if you seek to live in peace,
Bid her each item of expense increase;
Your coffers freely of their treasures drain,
'Till not one solitary *sous* remain.———— X

THE NEW STYLE.

BY JOHN HACKETT, OF BALIOL COLLEGE.

That ruin, quoth Roger, as I ha'e been told,
Is near, if not quite, Sir, three hundred years old;
And I heard my lord, t'other day, say to John Pratt,
He'd soon build one two hundred years older than that.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1805. No. 22.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Domestick happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter. COWPER.

Mr. Easy,

AS you have been assailed with the grievances of an Old Maid, and the torments of an Old Bachelor, I shall now depict my situation as a Married Man; each will prove the respective situations pregnant with inconvenience, still however with this consolation, that previous prudence would have warded off the disadvantages attendant upon all. I set out in life with an education above my fortune, and it was my lot to marry a worthy woman, with habits suited to the situation in which we then moved: but success having crowned my exertions, from a decent competency, I have now attained an handsome fortune. We have four children, two girls and two boys, and my great grievance is, that insensible to the original station in which we were placed, it too often occurs, they treat us with indifference, and I fear from our advanced stage of life, and consequent old fashioned habits, they are sometimes even ashamed to own us. With increased means, I felt it my duty to be as liberal as possible in giving my offspring an education superiour to what I had, and the false indulgence of the mother sanctioned an attachment and fondness for dress, which I in vain remonstrated against, but which she in common with myself now feel the inconvenience of. It was my primary object to have the boys well instructed. I wished to give them a knowledge of the dead and modern languages, and to cultivate a taste for literature, that they might be competent to that association which their own merit added to my means might afford them, and knowing I could give them a decent set out in life, I must candidly acknowledge I felt some share of vanity, they should make a respectable figure in company, still intending to rear them in habits of industry, and making them useful to me in my old age. For the girls I felt equal solicitude, with this difference, preparing them for a suitable match, but at the same time anxious to bring them up with habits of œconomy, and competent to the discharge of the various domestick duties suited to their sex. Melancholy to relate, I am disappointed in all my views. The boys are eternally rioting with their acquaintance whom they designate as fashionable and genteel; the girls incessantly occupied to be sure, but it is in laying out money, which, heaven knows, I have dearly earned, talking about dress, preparing for balls, and are so followed by a new order of men denominated by the appellation of beaux, that my house more resembles a place of publick resort, than the orderly appearance of a respectable tradesman. As to their conversation you may be assured I scarcely share in, for I really do not understand one half the words they use, and if occasionally I hazard an opinion, it not unfrequently occurs that I receive a hint not to expose my ignorance or betray my prejudice. One of the bitterest nights this winter, I could not approach my own fire, so crouded was the room with, forsooth, some genteel ladies, who must necessarily have the warmest seats; so that by setting in the draft of the door for their accommodation, I caught a violent cold, which terminated in an asthma that nearly brought me to death's door. Even in this melancholy situation the numerous and indispensably necessary engagements of some of my children, and carelessness or indifference in others, left me not the least consolation arising from any soothing attentions from them. Many a time did I converse with my old woman upon the sad mistake we had committed, and she, poor soul, could only answer with tears in her eyes, trusting it would please God to awaken their minds to sensibility and gratitude. It has

not unfrequently occurred to me, how much the cast of a die might have altered the situation of these children, and I have almost been tempted to wish adversity had assailed me, that I might not have exposed them, not only to the temptation, but to the ridicule and remarks they necessarily incur by such conduct. My boys think nothing of going out to what they term in their slang (for that is the fashionable word I understand) a *jollification*, and coming home perfectly intoxicated at two o'clock in the morning; I ventured to remonstrate with them upon the impropriety of their conduct, and to use another set of fashionable phrases, they *quizzed* me by saying *I belonged to the old school*. I had just got to sleep a few nights since by the aid of laudanum, after a very severe attack of my complaint, when I was awakened by a violent knocking at the door, which in the morning I found to have originated with my girls, who had arrived from a dancing party, and when the eldest was informed the consequence, she very coolly observed, she was very sorry, but it was high time for old folks to be asleep, and was afraid such promptitude in waking looked like suspicion at her conduct. Now, Mr. Easy, without depicting my misfortunes, which I certainly could do in terms much more agravated, but which I avoid lest I should momentarily sanction an idea hostile to matrimony—which by the bye, prudently entered upon holds out the best, I might almost say the only, chance for comfort in this life, let me warn others from incurring my vexations by reflections springing out of my own situation. I feel much is attributable to myself, and if I had exerted a proper influence and had been less absorbed in mercenary views, I might have avoided much of the misery I experience. I am occasionally so irritated with my children as to be almost disposed to consign them to the care of that world they so much confide in, when they would soon learn to appreciate its real value by understanding the term indifference, when protections ceased, were I not afraid the remedy would prove worse than the disease. As I take in the Companion, I shall so contrive that this paper shall be read by the whole family, when I hope and trust reason will resume the helm, and reflection be awakened by the similitude. If not, as I shall be the concealed author, I shall at least have the advantage of witnessing the effect produced by this species of remonstrance; and if ineffectual, I am resolved from the moment to turn over a new leaf, and boldly insist upon the adoption of that conduct which I deem suited to their situation.

Being engaged in the subject, I shall avail myself of the opportunity to give a general view of education and habits as adopted in this country. I mention this country, as I understand the plan pursued in Europe nearly accords with the ideas I am about to recommend. I shall from sad experience begin with the obligation of parents, and I must here observe, we commit a great fault in neglecting our infants in early life, and turning them over almost exclusively to the care of servants. The situation and dependance of those servants is obviously unfavourable, inasmuch as custom has sanctioned an overbearing conduct, which, to say the least, is unfavourable to the future habits of the child. I well know the delicacy of the ground I am now upon, and I purposely forbear enlarging, as enough has been already said to awaken reflection in the sensible mind. By the allowed habits I have adverted to, children not only contract many pettish and domineering habits, but by the inculcated inferiority of their dependants, a self consequence is generated, and a habit of authority extremely dangerous in riper life. Were the mother more attentive, many little unhappy germs that gradually undermine the temper, might be avoided. It ought to be the duty of the parents to give them the first rudiments of knowledge, to watch and stop if possible every peccant humour, to gratify their little wants by furnishing them with interesting employment, supplying such amusements as may at once gratify and improve. Let it be farther laid down as a rule, for no child to be turned over to the care of a servant when the parent can with any degree of propriety be with them, for nothing can be more true than that children nourished by strangers and incessantly separated from their parents, cannot retain that filial love which forms the true cement of affection. Children and parents equally throw their feelings into extraneous, not to say unnatural, channels, and during the remainder of their lives, the original course is never regained. In this truth, I unfortunately have the sanction of experience, and could I retrace my steps, very different indeed should be my conduct. How enviable to me in the few instances that occur within the sphere of my observation are those families where a consolidation of feeling and an union of interest prevail. The parent solicitous for the welfare of his offspring, the children in their turn undoubtedly attached to their parents; one thought, one wish, one interest, one undissembled love. By the conduct I have recommended on the part of parents, affection, regard, and veneration, are engendered, which no time can annihilate, no occurrences or change of circumstances eradicate. Let me hope, sir, the situation I have depicted as expressive of that in which I am placed will awaken attention to my remarks. Let others

profit by my misfortunes, and may the lesson be a buoy to prevent others stranding upon that shore which greater vigilance and circumspection would have prevented my striking upon.

Matrimony thus engaged in will be a blessing; without it, proves a curse. It is a situation designated by providence; it is susceptible not only of the best, but the only valuable enjoyment we can possess in this world. It occurs to me the happiest picture the most successful artist could paint would be the situation of a parent sinking after a due lapse of years "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns," enjoying the endearing attentions of an affectionate offspring. A MARRIED MAN.

STRIKING REMARKS ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TALENTS AND GENIUS—AN EXTRACT.

Little minds are fond of examining parts; to see things in the whole, to judge of them in the great, requires genius, and though talents and abilities are frequent, genius is infinitely rare. This man has elocution; that has wit; another possesses learning and knowledge; and a fourth is eminent for those small arts which captivate the confidence of mankind: in highly polished society, such qualifications are not confined to a few, and the situations for which they are requisite, may always be supplied out of the common herd; but that transcendent power of intellect, that rapidity of intuition, which pervades and illuminates the whole of the darkest subject at a single glance; comparing at once every possible combination, and invariably selecting the best; those high feelings of the mind by which right is impressed on the heart as a sentiment, at the same instant that it is received into the understanding as a truth, where there is a soul to animate, as well as a head to direct—this is genius—equally rare in all ages, seldom understood at first, because above the times which it is destined to enlighten and improve, and therefore undervalued; but sure sooner or later to find its level in the estimation of mankind. Of such men it has been said, with very little of poetical fiction, that they hold a middle station between men of the common standard and the higher order of intellectual beings.

NO SYMPATHY FOR LOVERS.

Mr. Easy,

Of the passions derived from the imagination, those which take their origin from a peculiar turn or acquired habit, though they may be acknowledged to be perfectly natural, are, however, but little sympathized with. The imaginations of mankind, not having acquired that particular turn, cannot enter into them, and such passions, though they may be almost unavoidable in some part of life, are always in some measure ridiculous, and sympathy is not awakened by them.

I have always remarked, and believe it is only to be accounted for as above, that there is no grief, trouble, vexation, or embarrassment in life, so little sympathized with, as that of love. Though the friendship, which we may bear towards any particular individual in life, operates so immediately upon our passions and inclinations, as to force us into a participation of all his joys and sorrows; though, when a friend whom we hold dear to us is lingering on the bed of sickness, untimely and fortuitously snatched from the grateful intercourse of his fond companions, we feel an ungovernable sympathy for his misfortue; we exert ourselves to the the utmost extent of our ability to effect some alleviation of his trouble; our most unremitted exertions are called forth to rescue him from his impending danger, and shield him from the calamitous and threatening stroke; though, in a word, we sympathize with all mankind, when labouring under the pain of bodily or mental disasters, who have not by some overt act of inhumanity, or other conduct incompatible with the principles of religion or morality, brought upon them the general odium of the world; yet, Mr. Easy, as universal as is the sympathy of mankind, we find no one, however closely connected to us by the strongest ties of friendship and affection, who will heed the agonizing sighs of the distracted lover, will "feel as he feels," and condoling with him, humanely disburthen him of a portion of his grief.

If by the rude outrage of some disorganizing member of society we conceive a friend aggrieved, we readily sympathize with his resentment. The same desire of revenge burns within our bosoms that has lighted the vindictive fire in his. If, in needy and pinching circumstances, benefits have been conferred upon him by the liberal hand of some generous witness of his necessities, our friendship enkindles in us a like feeling of gratitude, and we conceive the same sense of the merit of the benefactor. But if our friend is *in love*, if his mind is convulsed with the exquisite distress and apprehension of disappointment, if melancholy, with vulture-appetite, hourly corrodes his substance, engendered in his bosom by the excruciating racking reflection of his inability ever to attain the object of his wishes; if unjust capricious fortune has rudely and most unfeelingly driven from her threshold the abject petitioner for mercy, alas! what friend to administer the invigorating potion, to infuse into his heart the healing balm

and raise him from his dejected state. None! Sympathy has banished from her menial train this passion, so offensive to the ear and sight of man when felt by any but himself.

It is true, in some instances he becomes an object of pity, but that *pity* is plundered of her attribute, which, though it might have glistened in the eye of the inexorable opposer of his happiness when the sad catastrophe was complete, scorned to interpose, when interposition might have saved him. Is it the love of Castalio and Monimia which renders the Orphan so interesting? No! It is the distress which that love occasions. The many perilous situations in which they are placed works upon the feelings of an audience, and not the representation of two persons in love, without imagining them baffled and exposed to all the perils which ingenuity could devise. Would the author have been able so happily to lower down our feelings from the immense pitch to which they had been raised had Romeo accomplished his desires? Impossible! The author who should introduce two lovers in a scene of perfect security, expressing their mutual fondness for each other, would excite ridicule and laughter, not sympathy. So it is in life, two lovers appearing to enjoy the society of each other become ridiculous to the view of disinterested spectators, and subjects for the envious to vent their spleen and malice upon. LEOPOLD.

—

Believing this is not the same Leopold who attempted to palm a song of *Thomson's* upon us as original poetry, we have given his piece a place in our paper. We agree perfectly with him that happy lovers generally appear ridiculous to disinterested persons, and that there is very little sympathy for them when disappointed or distressed. A young pair engaged by mutual affection, deserve the jeers and censure of others when they toy and fondle in company; and as distressed lovers are much given to whining, dispassionate persons, who think it folly to grieve for one, while there are so many more in the world out of which to make a choice, seldom sympathize in distress which is generally believed to be imaginary. If *Leopold* should be in this most distressing of all distressing situations, we promise to rake up all the sympathy we possess; but fear it will not be much. We would not advise him to hang himself; that is too like a dog's death: nor drown; for that is like a puppy: nor shoot himself; that is such a noisy swaggering way of strutting out of the world: nor take poison; for that is sneaking. As for leaping off a cliff or promontory—it 's an old hacknied trick: and for stabbing—why it might do well enough on the stage; but what applause could any man get by sticking a dagger in his gizzard in a private room? Upon the whole, therefore, we would advise him to live; at least till we can devise some kind of novel, romantic, and truly lover-like death, as shall extort the admiration of all the sighing, dying, rhyming, whining, folded-armed, melancholy tribe that exist under the moon.

THE TRIFLER—No. VIII.

["Sit you down, sir," said the complaisant Lavinia, to a young man of her acquaintance, who entered the room in the middle of a very entertaining discussion between Lavinia and myself.

"Sit you down, sir."—Perhaps it was proper she should thus invite him, when I was certain she did not wish him to do so. But how should Leander know that by his unfortunate visit—nay, a *formal visit* it was not—but an accidental "call"—how should he know that at the moment he entered, we were pleasingly engaged in sober conversation, of that kind which necessarily must be dropt on the interference of a third person.

I examined closely the countenance of Lavinia, in hopes I might discover something that would contradict the invitation—but in vain. For, though I was fully convinced that she was not pleased at being compelled, from common usage, to suffer this privation, yet the uncommon sweetness of her disposition, added to a thorough knowledge of polite etiquette, veiled the sentiment that would have been read in her bewitching eyes.

I am a plain man, and little skilled in fashionable manners; from which, no doubt, the disappointment was more severely felt; but questioned with myself, whether one person might not, with propriety, intimate to another in a friendly and delicate way, either by word or by look, that their company was not, at all times, desirable. Now Lavinia, Leander, and myself, are intimate acquaintances, and extremely agreeable (I may say) one to the other.—Yet such is the effect of habit, or education, that neither of us can at all times speak our mind to the other.—Could Leander have known that the peculiar turn the conversation between us had taken, rendered his company, or that of any other person, particularly oppressive, no common inducement could have brought him. His noble nature would not permit him to mar the happiness of a fellow-mortal, or in anywise disturb the peace of friends he loved.

Disappointed by his intrusion, a long evening was droned out, in despite of the lively mood Leander was in.

Not all the flashings of his wit, nor his agreeable vivacity, could again raise us.

After we had quitted the house of our friend, I could not help making known to Leander the pain he had unknowingly given me. "Is it possible," cried he, "that I am that wretch?—Why did'nt you tell me—why not give me a frown—a wink—some sign of my unwelcome? Zooks! Rario, you are indeed a *rare* man!—You must know—"

I do know, my friend, (interrupted I) that one of my description would make a ludicrous figure enough in attempting to batter down the restraints in society, which the world say are necessary and proper. Do you forget, Leander, that FASHION says we must bear with the company even of a fop and a fool—though his want of intellect should render him more contemptible in the eyes of a man of sober sense, than his brother monkey?—It may be, Fashion here wisely says too—for were these animals banished the company of rationals, the ladies would not half enjoy their risible faculties.

Leander would listen no longer to my philosophy; he was again beginning to accuse himself, as we turned the corner—where we found three very indifferent looking persons scuffling on the foot-way. They were black—the watch had called eleven—but the night was uncommonly fine—and the bright full moon seemed to laugh as she shone kindly on these thoughtless sons of Africa.—Alas! thought I, how happy would these be, with but half the rags which now hang between their shivering frames and this keen air, were they at liberty in their native wilds.—"O Slavery! thou art a bitter draught."—

I was getting fast beyond my depth, in such reflections, when I started at the ravings of Leander. He had stopped to enquire the cause of their quarrel. Though constitutionally one of the best men living—and possessed of the greatest humanity—yet, on hearing that one of these fellows would go along with the other two, contrary to their desire, repeatedly expressed—it appeared so rascally to Leander at the time—when his feelings were so worked up on a similar occasion—that he seized the astonished offender in an instant with such fury in his eyes, and such awful threats, as caused me to apprehend a fatal result. But I fortunately came up in time to catch the falling staff. I had now time to view their positions:—Leander, back to the moon, his left hand entangled in some rags, apparently intended for a cravat, whilst his right, containing a frightful bludgeon, was raised high in the unopposing air,—seemed to threaten the very existence of poor blacky, whose fear choked all utterance—and whose enormous eyes rolled wild despair, whilst they almost rivalled in size and brilliancy, the peaceful orb above.—Had I commanded a full view of Pompey before I caught the staff, laughter must have robbed me of the power, and Melpomene herself would mourn over the tragic issue.

It was curious to witness the rage of Leander, occasioned by his having disturbed me. At any other time, he would have taken no notice of the playful scuffle between the sable gentry. But now, he would have quarreled with his best friend, did he see him backward in leaving a company where he could possibly suppose he was not wanted.

He was no sooner convinced of the impropriety of attempting to beat intelligence and good-breeding into the heads of the vulgar, with such unmerciful weapons, than, happy that my intervention had saved him additional painful reflections, he cooled down to a peaceable investigation of the subject in hand.

"You observed, (said he) that it would be a laughable scene, to view you demolishing those impertinent barriers to ingenuous sociability which frequently place even the greatest intimates in such awkward situations. For my part, (continued Leander) I am decidedly for *no restraint*, except the bounds of delicacy and veracity.—I could wish that we might be privileged at least to hint to a visitor, at particular times, that we did not at present feel willing to break the thread of our discourse—and, though his, or her, company was generally very acceptable, yet it could at the present time be conveniently dispensed with."

I fully agreed with him here—but then what did this amount to?—Just that Leander and Rario were pleased to allow that society was not, in every particular, as Rario and Leander thought it should be. This conclusion, so amicably formed, was no compensation to me, for the loss of a happy evening. I had rather have one kind glance, or sprightly remark, from my sweet Lavinia, than clear titles to a score of these "castles in the air."

My friend, said I, you have a talent for writing—in this city we have a paper, whose editor stands, though the self-created—for which I like him the more—yet the able champion of morality, politeness, and decorum—suppose you address a letter to him on the subject—I'm sure he would give us his advice: or, if he be too prudent to decide, he will at least lay our grievance before his numerous readers—and as few people know the obscure Leander or Rario, we may perchance hear the case debated in some company.

"Not I, indeed. I don't know MR. EASY—nor do I think a whole number of the COMPANION on this subject would influence the city. For no person could be

found to set the example—and if they did, I am persuaded the person who received the *hint*, would not soon afford a second opportunity in the same house. Besides, every person is not calculated to handle every weapon. The indiscriminate exercise of this privilege might be productive of greater evils than the one desired to be removed."

In vain I endeavoured to convince him that a proper use could be made of the privilege, and that it would tend to the ultimate ease and satisfaction of intelligent circles, without ever affecting the inferiour members of the community. I asked, how could it injure the vulgar—did we not just witness that the black fellows, so far from standing on ceremony, were about to chastise their companion because he would not heed plain telling. Now I did not contend for the necessity of throwing off all reserve—but I did contend, that it was hard for ladies or gentlemen to be at all times obliged, rather than come to an open rupture, to bear with the company of whatever friend chose to call in.] T

A Sermon in praise of Swearing—Concluded.

Fourthly, and lastly, another advantage which attends this vice of the gentleman, this noble accomplishment, is, that it sometimes raises him to dignity and honour.

Under this head, indeed, I take a greater latitude, and advert to a remote consequence of the practice of swearing: but, as there is such a close concatenation in all our habits, and virtue and vice are progressive in their very nature, I should not do complete justice to my subject, if I omitted the consideration of it in this particular view. When a man, therefore, by a happy association of ideas, joins to the other advantages of this vice, ideas of wealth and grandeur: when he sees no argument, that appears of any weight, to bind him down to the unthrifty rules of honesty, and his regard for his own private advantage is too strong, to let him have any for the private property of his neighbour; what should hinder him, when a fair opportunity offers, from raising himself, by the ruin of his neighbour, his companion, or his dearest friend? He has swore to a thousand lies in company, without any view of private advantage; what should prevent him then from taking one false oath, when the advantage is so considerable? Surely, neither conscience, nor reason, nor religion, can do this: no, that is impossible; for I, who am infallible as any bigified priest, that ever mounted a pulpit, have asserted, that these are all subservient to his will.

Here the swearer, with an unbounded ambition, aspires to seize on wealth, and boldly to grasp at those riches, which fortune has foolishly given to a more deserving person; and this in spite of JUSTICE and EQUITY; who are his professed enemies. Thus he rises above the multitude, and gains a lasting fame; not by blood and slaughter, but by cunning, deceit, and artifice; by bursting through the most solemn engagements, breaking in sunder the bonds of society, and only violating what all honest men hold sacred. Suppose, that he fails in his attempt, and the property of the person he has attacked remains inviolate: he is conveyed to a castle, strong as that of a crowned head; where no impertinent intruders dare appear to disturb his repose: for in the day time he has a porter to stand at his gate; in the night his faithful attendants lock and bar his doors.

Surrounded with guards, he pays a solemn visit at the seat of JUSTICE; he has the honour of being admitted to the royal bench; he converses with that sovereign personage herself, and, for a considerable time, takes up the whole attention of her prime ministers, the lords of her court, who, assiduous to pay him all due respect, wait his coming, in their proper habiliments; and, though it be ever so early in the day, he is never received with the disrespectful negligence of undress. The ceremony being over, he is reconducted by the same guards who brought him thither, and who dare not presume to leave him, till he is safe within his palace. He now soon recieves the reward of his baffled dexterity, the glorious fruit of his ambition. The day arrives, devoted to mirth and jollity; business and care are laid aside, and every labouring hand has now a holy day. He walks, or rides in his triumphal car, attended by a numerous throng of gazing spectators; he is mounted above their heads, and his neck, not his temples, adorned with a civic wreath, and his wrists with an embrasure, composed of a matter, something coarser, indeed, than that of pearls and diamonds. This is no sooner done, than gaping thousands send forth shouts of joy, and bending low, even to the ground, pay him homage; then rising up, with loud acclamations, present their tribute, striving who most shall pay, who oftenest bend. He is covered, he is loaded, with their gifts, and sensibly touched with their bounty. The more he gains, the more unenvied here he stands, while all rejoice, and give the applause that is his due. But, let his modesty be ever so great, let his blushes be like the trickling drops of crimson, painting his bashful cheek, and prompting a willingness to retire from these honours; yet one hour, at least, he is restrained to stay, to receive the willing offers of the multitude. Thrice happy man! had conscience, or had reason swayed, thou never hadst thus been blest; unknown thou mightest have lived, unknown have died.

II. I come now in the second place, to answer some objections: but as these, after what has been said, must appear extremely trifling, I shall be as concise as possible, and hasten to a conclusion. It is said,

In the *first* place, that the swearer acts in direct opposition to all the rules of right reason.

But how can this be called an objection against swearing? What have we to do with right reason?—We leave it to the dull wretches, the men of reflection: and yet there are some of these, who attempt to mimic us: but if they act inconsistently with their own abilities, let them look to that. An upright man is a downright fool, if he swears at all. Let those who can talk without, extol their wonderous talents; they have no need of this polite vice to recommend them to the world. The squeamish wretch, who is afraid of a lie, has no need to swear to what he says, for he is certain that his word will be readily taken. But away with these *yea and nay* wretches, men born to be pointed at; the sheepish, the sober fools, who, regardless of the boundless liberty we enjoy, talk of rectitude of manners, religion, and conscience.

Secondly, and lastly, it is objected, that it is one of the most senseless, unnatural, rude, and unmannerly vices, that ever was invented.

This, it must be confessed, is paying a fine compliment to, at least, half the polite world. How can that be *rude* and *unmannerly*, which gives such a grace to conversation? 'Tis true, we express ourselves strongly, and use none of those languid, sneaking, epithets in our discourse, which your modest men, your men of humanity make use of: but as we talk without meaning, nobody can say that we mean ill. And indeed, it is a very injurious expression, to say that this is *unnatural*, when so many of us have the houour of being universally deemed to be litte better than *naturals*.

And now, Sirs, I have proved, so effectually, the great advantages, attending the practice of this genteel and fashionable vice, that there needs but one word by way of application.

Consider, O consider, how inestimable are the advantages I have mentioned! If there is any one here desirous of obtaining these, and yet is troubled, and intimidated, with the impertinence of a restless conscience flying in his face, and threatening to haunt him, like a ghost, let him follow my advice, and conscience will fall asleep. Would he steel his heart against compunction, let him advance by degrees; if he is afraid of an oath, let him come as near it as he can, let him cry, *Egad*, *ramnation*, and *o dram ye*; let him thus chip & carve a few common-place expressions, to fit them to his conscience, and the business will be done. This practice will render familiar, and the coward, who first trembled at the thought of hell, will soon have the courage to call for damnation.

And now, ye, who have long indulged this vice; who have arrived at perfection in this great accomplishment, and, by this mean, have gained that applause, which nature would have denied you, which reason refused, and conscience condemned: you, I say, who, by the assistance ot this vice, have distinguished yourselves, either as the orator, the pimp, or the bully: you who, with more distinguished glory have graced, the lofty pillory; and you who, under specious oaths of speedy marriage, have violated virgin innocence, and rewarded the maid, that loved you, with eternal infamy; consider these noble advantages, applaud, congratulate yourselves, and rejoice: you have not stopped at the most flagrant impieties; you have challenged, and defied the blasting power of heaven to do its worst, and with a disinterestedness, peculiar to yourselves have generously sold the reversion of eternal, inexhaustible happiness, merely for the pleasure of affronting that great beneficent being, who has prepared it for you; your indulgent creator, and almighty friend. How nobly ungrateful! how unselfish your conduct! Boast your bravery, and consider the wisdom of the exchange: for how blind must you be to every self-interested view, how deaf to the calls of self-love, while infinite unbounded felicity has no charms, when standing in competition with the delight of affronting a benefactor, with the pleasure of a curse, and the satisfaction of hearing your own impertinence! STUPIDITY, IGNORANCE, and FOLLY, are on your side: act, therefore, like men, who profess to be their friends, and like the true enemies of REASON, RELIGION, and COMMON SENSE. You have seen your practice justified with advantages, which you have never before thought of: if these have any weight, if these have any charms, let them have all their influence. To sum up all, let every man act consistently with his real character, and, by his indulgence of this practice, or his forbearance, let his abilities, or his follies, stand confessed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Longinus is received, and shall appear in our next. Judicious strictures on those performances, which, whether for their wit or learning, their moral or their vicious tendency, have acquired celebrity, are highly necessary to correct the hasty judgment of many readers; and we have seldom seen one which we can with more pleasure present to our readers than *Longinus* on *Rosseau's Eloisa*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TRANSLATION

OF HORACE'S 3D. ODE—LIB. 2—AD DELLIUM.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.

Tho' through lifes adverse storms you sail,
Or breath kind fortunes balmy gale;
What e'er thy fate excess controul,
Let equal conduct rule the soul:
For whether life is past in tears,
Or from thy breast are banish'd fears;
Reclining in the shady grove,
Of Bacchus quaff, or taste of love:
Thou seest from death 'tis vain to fly,
For fate has doom'd that thou must die.
Where poplars and the lofty pine
Their branching shady boughs entwine,
While gently murmuring streams below
In mazy currents swiftly flow;
There wine, perfumes, and flow'rs convey;
At ease contented pass the day,
Nor fortune heed, nor idly grieve
At threads the fatal sisters weave.
Thy house no longer will be thine,
Thy costly groves thou must resign,
And rural seat which Tiber laves
As roll along the yellow waves.
That wealth amass'd with so much pain,
Thy heir will circulate again:
For tho' illustrious race we claim,
Or plebian like devoid of name;
It nought avails—'tis destin'd all
To cruel death shall victims fall.
Mankind are trav'ling t'wards one bourn,
Whilst always moves the the constant urn—
Ah, soon or late, the lot is drawn,
And we in endless exile gone.

Lo, to this favour'd place I send
A trusty and an easy friend,
To cheer the virtuous heart;
Who ever ready with a frown,
Will knock both vice and folly down,
And sense and taste impart.

Come then ye favour'd of the nine,
Be kind and liberal, friends of mine,
Impart your learned store;
With moral essay fill my page,
Or let the critic's skill engage,
Or yield poetic lore.

And ah! what tributes greet mine eyes;
Behold, what numbers seek the prize!
Of honest well earn'd fame:
But foremost in the ranks is seen
One who excels—of modest mien—
Maria is her name.

A MUSE.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. J. B.

Who died in the West Indies.

In vain for me the breathing spring appears,
And new drest Nature hails returning May;
No pleasing hope my drooping bosom cheers,
I feel my spirits with my health decay.

Consign'd in early youth to pain and woe,
I'm doom'd the remnant of my days to mourn;
To taste no happiness, no joy to know;
But weep o'er scenes that never must return.

For he, alas! my brother, and my friend!
Is gone—nor could fraternal influence save,
Nor all my fond solicitude portend
His doleful fate; or snatch him from the grave.

In pride of health, in life's most flatt'ring bloom,
With ev'ry generous sentiment inspir'd;
He sunk, regretted, to an early tomb,
And far from ev'ry tender tie, expir'd.

No friend stood near, his dying eyes to close,
T' inhale the accents of departing breath;
To pour sweet consolation o'er his woes,
Or smooth his passage to the realms of death.

As the expiring lamp inconstant burns,
The lingering blaze unwilling to depart,
Fondly delays—then flies—nor more returns;
So fond endearments still withheld his heart.

Far from his weeping friends, and native shore;
Ah could just heav'n his cruel fate decree!
In death's cold arms he sunk to rise no more,
"And left the world to sadness and to me."

But why, my soul, thus impiously complain
Against the will of heav'n—or mourn his fall?
He's snatch'd in pity from a world of pain,
And only paid the debt impos'd on all.

And though no pomp or honour graced his bier,
Nor pride adorn'd his modest grave with art;
Yet o'er his fate shall friendship shed the tear,
That speaks the mournful language of the heart.

And o'er his tomb the melancholy muse,
The fond protectress of the good and brave;
Shall many a sympathetick strain diffuse,
And cull the fairest flow'rs to deck his grave.

Baltimore. B

ON A VALETUDINARIAN, BY BEN ALRUMI.

So careful is Isa, and anxious to last,
So afraid of himself is he grown,
He swears through two nostrils the breath goes too fast,
And he's trying to breathe through but one.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1805. No. 23.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

" Ye writers of what none with safety reads,
" Footing it in the dance that fancy leads :
" Ye novelists, who mar what ye would mend,
" Sniv'ling and driv'ling folly without end ;
" Whose corresponding Misses fill the ream
" With sentimental frippery and dream,
" Caught in a delicate soft silken net
" By some lewd earl, or rake-hell baronet :
" Ye pimps, who, under virtue's fair pretence,
" Steal to the closet of young innocence,
" And teach her, inexperienc'd yet and green,
" To scribble as you scribbled at fifteen ;
" Who, kindling a combustion of desire,
" With some cold moral think to quench the fire ;
" Though all your engineering proves in vain,
" The dribbling stream ne'er puts it out again :
" Oh that a verse had power, and could command
" Far, far away, these flesh-flies of the land ;
" Who fasten without mercy on the fair,
" And suck, and leave a craving maggot there.
" Howe'er disguis'd th' inflammatory tale,
" And cover'd with a fine-spun specious veil ;
" Such writers, and such readers, owe the gust
" And relish of their pleasure all to lust." COWPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COMPANION.

Sir,

FROM the ardour of curiosity which the Eloisa of Rosseau has excited, and the avidity with which it has been read, it is a task of no small use & importance to examine its high pretensions to literary reputation. Upon a candid investigation of its merits, it is a question not very easy of solution, whether the good or bad of that celebrated composition predominates ; whether the author intended to enlist it as an auxiliary in the service of virtue, or dressed it in a disguised habit to promote the cause of irreligion. Characters are held up to our view as complete models for imitation, polluted with crimes that in some instances are palliated and in others defended. They profess allegiance to virtue, pay her homage, and avail themselves of her name to accomplish designs which are no sooner effected than they desert her shrine and transfer their adoration to the goddess of love. When persons destitute of principle profane the sacred name of virtue by making her their constant theme of declamation without practising her maxims in the busy scenes of life, what are we to conclude but that she is exhibited for the purposes of mockery ? To explain the probable design of the author it will be necessary to make a concise analysis of the characters introduced into this singular romance.

St. Preux, (with whom we will begin) though a youth himself, undertakes the education of Eloisa, and in the capacity of preceptor enjoys the unbounded confidence of all her relations. He becomes enamoured of his pupil, and instead of openly addressing her or flying from his danger, secretly corresponds with her, and cherishes a passion to the gratification of which the pride of family presented an insufferable barrier. While in this situation he is loaded with a profusion of kindness and generosity, he has the baseness to betray his charge and dishonour Eloisa. This event prepares for her a poignancy of remorse which is destined to embitter the remainder of her days ; and her family are overwhelmed with affliction and disgrace. After this perfidious conduct he is compelled to renounce for ever his claims to Eloisa. When we next enquire after this philosopher, whose soul we are informed was purified by a chaste and noble passion, we find him encircled in the arms of an abandoned courtezan. Candour and friendship demand that he should transmit his mistres an accurate detail of the circumstances attending his seduction. With this subject and the favourite one of adultery, he entertains the modest Eloisa in a long epistle. Adopting the vices of every country he visits, we can calculate his conduct by the parallels of latitude. He who at Paris with the sanction of custom and opinion tries to throw a gloss over the scandalous crime of adultery, does

not fail when at London to step forth the champion of suicide. In its defence he exhausts all the arts and resources of sophistry. Overcome by the solicitations of his friends, he submits to live. To recover his wonted tranquility of mind he accompanies Anson on a voyage of discovery, and after an absence of six years he revisits his native country. Here he finds Eloisa a wife and a mother; and enjoying all the sweets of connubial felicity. Mr. and Mrs. Wolmar invite him to Clarens, entreat him to reside with them, load him with caresses, and are even desirous of making him preceptor to their children. In return for all this confidence and cordiality, he seizes the first opportunity to endeavour to add fresh wounds to the afflicted heart of Eloisa, and to enlarge the catalogue of his crimes by a new offence. In quest of innocent recreation Eloisa and himself embark on the lake of Geneva; here they exercise their benevolence by decoying the finny race, to enjoy the rapture of restoring the captives to freedom. Overtaken by a storm, they take refuge in the village of Meillirie. After dinner he prevails on her to accompany him in a walk to a romantick spot in the neighbourhood of that town. Circumstances attending their early acquaintance rendered this place peculiarly interesting. He now with symptons of eagerness and transport recalls to her memory scenes that it was criminal to recollect, and tries to awaken emotions that should have slumbered forever. In hopes she will yield again a prey to her weakness, he paints in lively colours the soft endearments in which they once indulged with so much rapture. Discovering his object, however, she escapes the insidious snare. After this adventure he persists in residing at a house where his presence was a source of continual disquietude. Under the pretence of friendship he keeps her in a constant state of alarm; and exposes her to conflicts which were not only useless, but which he knew she was not very likely to sustain with success. Such was the conduct of the philosophick, the virtuous St. Preux. High encomiums are lavished in his praise. Many of the actions I have mentioned the author treats as trivial foibles at worst, in an amiable character. St. Preux himself no where shews signs of penitence; and why should he repent of what he deemed laudable? How far this man is entitled to our admiration cannot be esteemed a very difficult problem. The world must consider him as an infamous seducer, that under the mask of virtue was a perpetual terror to innocence.

Let us proceed to Eloisa. This lady not only carries on a surreptitious intercourse by letter with her lover, but consents to interviews and assignations. Perceiving that she could not by ordinary methods prevail on her father to humour her inclination, with an unparallelled generosity she makes a deliberate offer of her chastity to St. Preux, in hopes that the fruit of their loves might effect what all other means were found inadequate to accomplish. This offer her paramour is too grateful to reject. Thus she sports with that modesty, the loss of which sinks the female character into contempt, infamy, and degradation. The scheme proving abortive, she repeats the experiment; but in vain. St. Preux being detected in his amours, is discarded, and formally relinquishes his title. Thus frustrated in her projects, her hand is solicited by another; and though her heart was estranged from him, she consents to marry Mr. Wolmar, to enable her father to fulfil a promise that never was obligatory. The same virtuous Eloisa who had resolutely surrendered her own honour to obtain the object of her affections, now submissively unites herself to one who could not but excite her aversion, for the sake of the imaginary honour of her father. She feels no compunction at the palpable imposition on her husband. When brought to the altar of Hymen, she suddenly forgets her *Abelard*, and (amazing to tell!) with the utmost sincerity vows eternal fidelity to Mr. Wolmar. After being married she discovers in her husband a confirmed atheist; and this reflection mars every enjoyment. It is not long, however, before she is willing to believe that the doors of mercy will not be shut against him; and it cannot be otherwise than that when his soul separates from his body, and wings its flight from this transitory state, his virtue will entitle him to a seat in the mansions of bliss. She is made to advocate the monstrous doctrine, that a man's works without faith will ensure his salvation, though he is bred in a christian country, and though he does not believe in a *saviour*, or even in a creator. Purity of motives, however, has always been deemed indispensibly necessary towards constituting the merit of an action. But what motive to influence him in doing good can he have who entertains no idea of an hereafter? What kind of virtue can that be, which has not for its basis a belief in the immortality of the soul? On consoling herself for the infidelity of her husband, she does not hesitate to say, that he does not avoid truth, but that truth hides itself from him. What is this but impiously to accuse Almighty Goodness of injustice? This virtuous woman, this pattern of christian morality, must have been at all events but little conversant in holy writ, or she could not be ignorant that "whosoever seeks shall find, and to him who knocks it shall be opened unto him." Among the duties of a mother, in the discharge of which we are told Eloisa

was so eminently exemplary, it is matter of surprize that the reading of the scriptures is no where mentioned. On the contrary, she did not approve of children committing the catechism to memory. To finish her character, it is thought proper she should entertain on the subject of religion doctrines heterodox and schismatic. She possesses peculiar notions of the resurrection. Though on the brink of futurity, a situation usually highly interesting to christians, she never lifts her eyes to the Deity to implore his mercy or forgiveness. Notwithstanding her life was far from being unstained with guilt, she feels confident of everlasting happiness. Whence did she derive her assurance? Though her understanding was too feeble to discourse profoundly on religion, yet she could treat the subject of education with temper, accuracy, and depth. Such is the virtuous, the amiable Eloisa. She is proposed for our imitation, and is represented to be a paragon of excellence. Is there not too much reason to think that she does not merit the lofty panegyricks that are bestowed on her?

The next person that challenges our attention is Mr. Wolmar. This man is called the great, the virtuous Wolmar. The first atchievement of virtue which this gentleman performs is his marriage to a girl whose heart is previously engaged. Though aware that he could not calculate on her love, he does not scruple to jeopardize her peace and tranquility of mind during the rest of her life. He would extort from her that homage which was due to another, and which he had no reasonable ground to expect. After marriage he entertains the former lover of his wife, and by exposing her virtue to reiterated struggles, cruelly and ridiculously sports with conjugal fidelity. Had she fallen by his indiscreet confidence, he might justly have accused himself of being an accomplice in her guilt. The virtuous Wolmar in a short time discloses himself to be an atheist. He refutes all the arguments in favour of christianity, and reads no other volume than the book of nature. He is ashamed to shed tears at the distresses of his wife, resolves never to be guilty of that weakness in future, and invites his friends to his house to indulge in that grief of which he laments his constitutional deprivation. I pity the person on whom M. Rosseau can palm this man as a model of virtue.

Let us now attend to the redoubtable Lord B. From his chivalric spirit this gentleman would have made a distinguished figure in the 14th century. It is to be regretted the damsels of those ages could not have the benefits of his services. His adventures are deemed so exquisite, that they are comprized in a separate account. On his first introduction to us, we find him projecting the magnanimous design of tearing an infatuated girl from the bosom of her parents. To render two lovers independent, he generously offers to surrender to their use his paternal estate. When we pursue this great man in his virtuous career, we detect him in Italy in adultery with the wife of a marquis. His scandalous behavour brings the unfortunate marquis to an untimely grave. When he discovers the marchioness to be married, with an unparalleled controul of his passions, he denies himself the gratification of his libidinous propensities by continuing the connection. The marchioness, neglected by Lord B. dies in distraction and despair. Scarcely disengaged from this infamous woman, this peer of England is intently occupied in the extravagant enterprize of reclaiming a notorious prostitute from the paths of vice. He had first solicited of her a share of those favours which she had been accustomed to dispense with a profuse liberality; but, wonderful to hear! he was denied. To enhance his value, he is a celebrated duellist. His intimacy with women of bad character never subjects him to the slightest reprehension. Under such dishonourable circumstances, in such disgraceful and humiliating situations, has Rosseau thought proper to represent a peer of the kingdom of Great Britain: not satisfied with insulting a respectable and enlightened peerage, he has the face to call this man the great, the virtuous Lord B. How he was calculated to promote the cause of virtue, I am at a loss to conceive.

The next personage which claims notice is Clara. This lady on her first appearance distinguishes herself by a pious zeal in fostering the passion of Eloisa for St. Preux. We then behold her uniting herself, though under no restraint, to a man for whom she does not even pretend to entertain an affection. Whether a maid or widow, she is meritoriously employed in practising the delightful arts and wiles of coquettry. She, too, is a phenomenon of perfectibility: but wherein it consists is not very obvious.

M. and Madame D'Etange are certainly no great prodigies. We see nothing commendable in the excessive indulgence of the one, or the bigoted prejudice of the other.

What moral would Rosseau have us deduce from his romance? Would he teach children to pay unlimited deference to parental authority? to avoid the formation of attachments with persons of inferiour rank? Eloisa obeys her parents, and marries a man in the same condition of life. But she is unhappy, and in the bloom of life dies a violent death.

Eloisa and Clara marry, yet feel only a species of friend-

ship for their husbands. What are we to conclude from this? Is it that we cannot expect true and permanent happiness in a union founded on love?

Mr. Wolmar indeed presents us with a moral which is much less equivocal. Though an atheist, the author considers him as an instance of the most sublime virtue. Then infidelity inspires its votaries with incentives to great good actions, equally with the united and rational precepts of christianity. This arrow though oblique in its direction, seems aimed against our holy religion.

The unlawful intercourse between the sexes so far from being reprobated in this romance, is indirectly justified. Is there not something singularly ridiculous in Eloisa's continually prating about virtue, at the same time that she gratifies gross appetites and cannot persuade herself to condemn the indulgence? In the cant about reason and its almighty power, observable in this performance, there is too much of that false philosophy which disgraced the latter part of the last century. The characteristic of the style of Eloisa may be considered as that of a studied elegance. It is however very unequal, being alternately easy, negligent, laboured and voluptuous.

This whole performance bears strong marks of being the production of the same pen. The same sentimental language, the same disposition to philosophize, the same fine-spun thoughts are apparent in all the letters. It appears however in some instances rather a collection of essays, than letters. We are presented with long dissertations on duelling, on the management of servants, and the education of children. Sometimes it assumes the appearance of dialogue. Some of the letters are more adapted to the understandings of children than men; others are so exceedingly dull as to defy reading. The author appears frequently to forget that circumstances which are interesting to the parties concerned are many times in the narration insupportably insipid to others.

The characters in Eloisa are not strongly marked. The nice traits, the delicate features, the slight shades, the fine tints that discriminate from each other, individuals whose manners, habits, dispositions and understandings are in a general view the same; are not delineated in a masterly manner. When so many persons are constituted peers in virtue, they cannot do otherwise than speak and act alike. There is no point in the whole circle of perfection which they do not occupy jointly. It is not extraordinary therefore that they should be confounded with one another. The character of Clara is well pourtrayed in the 121st letter but it is not supported. Her coquettish sprightliness soon turns to insipid sentiment. Eloisa contradicts herself respecting the dishonour that happened to her person. Sometimes she represents it as arising from the violence of a passion she could not resist. But in the final account she renders to St. Preux, she alledges it to have been wilful.

The narrative in this romance repeatedly languishes: we sometimes, it is true, are treated with a letter whose beauty of composition encourages us to proceed. The interest is by no means well supported. Too much room is occupied with trite aud frivolous remarks, common place observations, hackneyed arguments and exploded sophistry. The eagerness of the reader is seldom excited; and when it is it soon abates. He often grows impatient, weary, and fatigued with his author. It is with extreme difficulty that he can prevail upon himself to accompany him to the conclusion. He is often disgusted with bombast. When St. Preux tells Eloisa that the whole world should pay her homage, what reader can preserve the gravity of his muscles? when he informs her he would forego happiness in the next world to be united with her in this, who is not shocked with his impiety?

In a romance it is surely no great presumption in the reader to expect the incidents to be numerous, lively and agreeable. In all these respects however, in Eloisa we have to endure the chagrin of disappointment. We are doomed to undergo the mortification of encountering perpetual sterility, flatness and dulness.

It would be a violation of candour not to confess that in Eloisa there are many passages exquisitely fine, and that many of the brightest virtues which adorn the human character are inculcated. But I cannot resist the impression that the book upon the whole has a pernicious tendency, and that he is indifferently rewarded who gives it a perusal.

LONGINUS.

March 21st, 1805.

Mr. Easy,

The piece signed *A Married Man*, in your last, I read with great attention, expecting every moment to meet with something that would lessen my regrets, and give me cause to congratulate myself on having made a fortunate escape. Now, thought I, shall I see matrimony pourtrayed in true colours, by one who has been initiated: this Married Man will undoubtedly expose its vexations and inquietudes; perhaps the marriage state is not fraught with as much happiness as my imagination paints; there may be many secret troubles that I am not acquainted

with, and which may more than balance the show of pleasure and content I witness when passing an evening with a domestick circle. The families I visit do but confirm the high opinion I entertain, and serve as so many examples to illustrate the truth of my observations. But I was greatly disappointed; the *Married Man* has no complaint whatever against matrimony; on the contrary, he acknowledges himself as a husband extremely happy; his wife (he says) was a worthy woman, with habits suited to their situation; it is as a *parent* he suffers, but not because he is a parent; I scarce ever heard of a married couple who did not view their children as their greatest blessings; though to make them so in a great measure rests with themselves. No, his being a husband or a parent does not cause his unhappiness; but if we sift the matter, we shall find the primary cause is his growing *rich*, without at the same time growing more capable of giving his children the true direction in their pursuits through life. It was his wish that they should make a figure in the fashionable world, that they might display his wealth; and was willing to sink his consequence in *their* eyes, to raise *theirs* in the circle of fashion: this erroneous education filled their heads with the most absurd ideas of their superiority over their parents, and taught them to treat with contempt, those whom nature, religion, and every moral duty would bind them to love and respect. Youth requires a skilful guide; when left to itself tt will not resist the flowery paths of pleasure; the allurements of gaiety and fashion will lead far from the sober walks of useful and solid pursuits. Had virtue and morality been instilled into their minds before they were of an age to mix in what is called the gay world, the unfortunate parent would not have to complain of their insensibility and ingratitude.

It is not to be supposed that an old bachelor can know much about young children: the little I possess is gathered from observations I have made in families I am intimate with; the children seeing me so often feel no restraint from my presence; I therefore witness their passions as exhibited in their intercourse with each other; but no sooner does the parent appear, than they all run to prefer their complaint; his or her judgment they think infallible, and are quite satisfied that the decree, be it what it may, is just. Thus it appears to me that nature implants in the bosom of a child, obedience, veneration, confidence, and the truest affection, towards the parent: the sentiments are strengthened by habit: we often see persons beloved and respected by their children, who are despised by every body else. Your correspondent mistakes very much when he supposes the *superiour* education he has bestowed on his children is the cause of their ingratitude; a *good* education would have been the true mean to ensure their good conduct, and would have been a more valuable legacy to them, than all the wealth he has accumulated; instead of neglecting and despising them, the most sacred obligations would live in their hearts; filial affection and tenderness would smooth their passage to the grave, and with the memory of them they would cherish gratitude and respect.

You see, Mr. Easy, I have gathered nothing from the complaints of the *Married Man*, that renders the matrimonial state less enviable; his troubles proceed from his own errors, and not from matrimony; beside, I think the picture he has drawn is too highly coloured, it might apply to the licentious manners of Europe, but in this country, I am induced to believe, the evils he complains of do not exist. As I still view matrimony as comprising the most desirable blessings within the reach of mortal man, I must still regret that I am

AN OLD BACHELOR.

MONTESQUIEU.*

Thus has the renowned Author of the Spirit of Laws drawn his own character.

I have rarely experienced chagrin or listlessness. The temper of my mind is so happily framed, that all objects strtke me with sufficient force to excite pleasure, but not with sufficient force to excite pain. I possess ambition enough to interest myself in the affairs of this life, but none to be disgusted with the situation wherein nature has placed me. Study has been the sovereign remedy against all the disquietudes of life, having never experienced any anxiety which an hour's reading did not dispel. I am almost as well pleased with fools as with men of sense; for there are few men so tiresome, as not to amuse me; and very often there is nothing so entertaining as a silly fellow.—I have always had a puerile fear of the generality of great men; but, when I have known them, there have been scarcely any bounds to my contempt of them.—I had naturally a love for the good and honour of my country, but little for what is called glory.—When I travelled into foreign parts, I felt the same attachment to them as to my own country. I took a lively interest in their welfare, and wished they had been in a more prospe-

* He was born near Bordeaux, in 1689.—He published, in 1721, *Persian Letters*, and, in 1734 a much esteemed work on *The Causes of the Grandeur and Decline of the Romans*; but his greatest performance is *The Spirit of Laws*.——He died in 1755.

rous state. I have thought that I discovered talents in men, who are reported to possess none. When angry, which rarely happens, I show it without reserve. I have never seen a tear fall without being sensibly affected. I am passionately fond of friendship. I readily forgive, because I am not vindictive. When any one wishes to be reconciled to me, I have felt my vanity flattered, and have no longer considered as an enemy the man who has done me the favour of giving a good opinion of myself. I have never suffered my temper to be ruffled by tale-bearers; and would not take the trouble of hating. It is as impossible for me to pay a visit with an interested motive, as for me to stand on the air. When I mingled with the world, I enjoyed it as if I could never endure retirement; when on my estate, I thought no more of the world. I believe I am the only man who has published books without being anxious of obtaining the reputation of a wit. I never wished to appear so in company. I have preserved all my friends, with the exception of one. I live with my children on the footing of friends. Bashfulness has been the bane of my life; it seems to extinguish my senses, to tie up my tongue, to throw a cloud over my ideas, and to derange my expressions.*——I am a good subject, and should have been the same, in whatever country I had been born, because I have been always satisfied with my condition and fortune, have never been ashamed of them, nor envied those of other men; because I wish for no other favour than the inestimable advantage of sharing in its blessings in common with the rest of my countrymen; and I thank Heaven, that, having given me mediocrity in all things, it has been pleased to endue my mind with a spirit of moderation. I wish to have unaffected manners, to receive as few favours as possible, and to do as many as are in my power. If the immortality of the soul *be* a delusion, I should be sorry not to believe in it; for, I confess, I am not so humble as the atheists: I know how *they* think; but, for myself, I will not compromise the idea of my immortality against that of the enjoyments of a day. I am delighted in believing that I am immortal as God himself: and, independently of revelation, metaphysical ideas afford me a very strong hope of everlasting happiness, a hope which I will never renounce.*

* Two anecdotes, recorded of Montesquieu are, however, instances of his presence of mind in conversation, and of his talent for repartée. Being at Luxemburg, in the hall where the Emperor dined, Prince Kinski said to him: "You, Sir, who come from France, are greatly astonished to see the Emperor so poorly lodged." "Sir," replied Montesquieu, "I am not sorry to be in a country, where the subjects are better accommodated than their master."...Dining, when in England, at the Duke of Richmond's, the French Envoy, a stupid fellow, insisted that England was not so large as the Province of Guienne; but Montesquieu soon silenced the gentleman. In the evening, the Queen said to him, "I know you have taken our part against your countryman."—"Madam," replied Montesquieu. "I cannot imagine that the country over which you reign, is not a great one."

FROM THE HIVE.

To the Right honourable the Lord Chancellor, and my Lords the Judges.

The petition of a much abused, yet very innocent person, humbly sheweth, That your lordships' unhappy petitioner, though heretofore caressed, and acknowledged the most useful and valuable servant of mankind, is of late, through some unnatural prejudices of education or corruption of manners, become either shamefully neglected, or notoriously abused. And though on all hands his abilities in teaching, and bringing to perfection the greatest and most useful designs, are acknowledged; yet it is astonishing to see in what useless and trifling concerns he is engaged by some, and what vile and infamous drudgery he goes through for others. Some have employed him many years together in teaching them the art of managing a pack of cards to the best advantage: the consequence of which is ruin, if they do not succeed, and infamy, if they do. Others drag him at their heels from one place of idle amusement to another, never considering how he exhausts his spirits, and consumes himself in following them; nor suffering him to do them any substantial service, though they know him to be so well qualified for it. Nay, it can be proved that daily attempts are made upon the life of your said petitioner: some being so abandoned as to confess their barbarous and unnatural design to murder him, and openly and without shame, solicit their vile companions to join with them in the wicked design: insomuch that your petitioner is obliged to keep constantly armed with a formidable weapon: the terror of which, though it serves to keep some in awe, is yet not sufficient to deter these desperate wretches from their determined and constant attempts to kill him. The many cruel wounds your petitioner has received from the hand of these ruffians have brought upon him numberless evils and calamities; which, together with the weight of years he now labours under, render his present state a scene of misfortunes and misery.

* Montesquieu could not have closed his portrait with a more exalted or sublime sentiment! A few such writers would be of no small importance in the present age of Jacobinism and infidelity.

In the midst of his distresses, however, it is matter of great consolation to your said petitioner, that the wise and virtuous, some few of whom remain to comfort his old age, take every opportunity of cherishing and making much of him, and agree in commiserating his misfortunes, and lamenting the ill usage he receives from the aforesaid foolish and abandoned profligates. But notwithstanding these noble examples, such is the force of custom, and the prevalence of fashion, that every possible outrage still continues to be committed with impunity against the person of your abused petitioner, the most ancient and most useful servant of mankind.

It is therefore most humbly prayed, that your lordships will take the premises into your serious consideration, and in your great wisdom contrive some effectual means or laws to prevent or punish these gross insults, and unpardonable outrages, committed against an old man, past the best of his years, hourly declining, and daily expecting to resign his being to one who will never forget the injuries done to his predecessor.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall pray for the increase of your happiness to the end of

TIME.

GLEANINGS.

The celebrated Lord Lyttleton asked a clergyman in the country for the use of his pulpit for a young man he had brought down with him. I really know not, said the clergyman, how to refuse your lordship; yet if the young man preach *better* than me, my people will be dissatisfied with me afterwards, and if he preach *worse*, I don't think he is fit to preach at all.

NATURE'S MISTAKE.

Nature, in some people, seems to mistake the head for the heart, and makes the former soft, and the latter hard.

THE INVALID SAILOR'S CABIN.

A jovial and good-humoured lieutenant of the navy, who, after having served his country for thirty years, without having been able to get any higher promotion, and who had retired, to spend the evening of his life, in a little cottage in Wales, used to call it a cabin, which he would explain in this pleasant way:—I have heard, somewhere or another, that there was once a philosopher, who compared the world to an animal; its rivers were its veins, and so on:—now, I liken it to a first rate, in which I am sailing to another world.——I bustled about in it a good deal in the early part of my life; but now my infirmities won't let me visit deck as usual: therefore, I have retired to the cabin for the remainder of the voyage."

In the *Prospectus* of this Paper we promised to "point out the purest sources of religious knowledge;" and we are happy to find so good an opportunity of performing some part of it, by giving publicity to the following

PROPOSALS

FOR PRINTING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

LECTURES ON THEOLOGY.

BY CHARLES NISBET, D. D.

Late President of Dickinson College—in Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

TO WHICH WILL BE PREFIXED,

An account of the

Life and Character of the Author.

BY THE REV. DR. SAMUEL MILLER,

OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

.....

To those who are acquainted with the character of the late DR. NISBET, no recommendation will be necessary to engage their patronage of the publication above proposed. It is well known, that his profound erudition, his eminent talents, and his fervent piety, rendered him, for many years, a distinguished light in the Church of Scotland, and a principal leader of what is there denominated the *Orthodox Party*. His high reputation induced the Trustees of *Dickinson College* to call him from the conspicuous and honorable sphere of usefulness which he occupied in his native country, to take the Presidency of that Institution. This important station he held for near twenty years, with a degree of honour to himself, and of advantage to the Seminary under his care, which those who have attended to the progress of American Literature well know. The LECTURES now proposed to be published, were delivered at *Dickinson College*, to a select class of Theological Students, who heard them with so much gratification and instruction, that manuscript copies were eagerly sought after, and by a few obtained: and application was made to the venerable President, on his deathbed, for his consent to have the whole laid before the public, in a more correct and perfect form.

ALTHOUGH the body of Theological Instruction, now offered to the world, was not originally formed with a view to publication, and although it did not receive the advantage of the Author's last corrections; yet, unless his friends have formed a very partial and erroneous estimate of the work, it will be found to contain a rich fund of Theological Learning, which will abundantly repay the reader, and form a lasting monument to the honour of the Author.

.....

CONDITIONS.

I. THE *work will be comprised in six octavo volumes, of about 500 pages each; and will be put to press as soon as a subscription offers sufficient to defray the expence of publication.*

II. IT *will be printed on a handsome new Type and good Paper; and executed with neatness and accuracy.*

III. THE *price to Subscribers will be* Two Dollars a Volume, in boards, *payable on delivery. A volume will be published every two months, after the work is put to press.*

IV. THOSE *who become accountable for Ten Copies, will be entitled to a Copy of the work.*

☞ *Subscriptions are received at the Office of the* COMPANION, *at the Baltimore Library, and at the different book-stores in this city.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SEXTON.

See o'er the lone church-yard the sexton slow plods,
With spade on his shoulder to dig up the clods;
To measure the space where a brother's to lay
In tranquil repose till the last awful day.

With a countenance harden'd by dint of his trade,
He sweats o'er his mattock, his crow-bar and spade;
Turns up the green sod and scoops out the deep cell,
And hears with indiff'rence the toll of the bell.

Not a corps resteth here in his mould'ring remains,
But a nitch in his journal he freely obtains;
He can point out the place where the jester lies hid,
And can tell you a tale of the tricks that he did:

Can trace the dark spot where the murderer doth sleep,
Where three headed monsters their vigils do keep,
In fierce howling murmurs the night pass away,
And shrieking quick vanish at opening of day.

He can shew you the grave all unweeded and wild,
Where lies freed from vexation, the sorrow-born child;
Where covered with scars the worn soldier can rest,
And the babe that ne'er hung on a mother's fond breast.

Can shew you the corner gen'rosity scorns,
O'ergrown with foul weeds, and all matted with thorns;
Where lies the lean miser oppress'd by their weight,
The curse of the widow, the orphan's fell hate.

Can lead to the tomb 'neath the cypress's shade,
Where oft the kind breeze with its branches has play'd;
There silently slumbers *Olinda's* fair form,
No longer the victim of life's troubled storm.——

Now Time's rolling chariot hath silver'd his head;
For three-score long years has he number'd the dead;
Toll'd their knell as they pass'd to the regions above,
To be shrouded in bliss by the Father of love.

ALONZO.

TO J. W. M.

How oft, *Amandus*, did you say,
I was your dearest friend;
Oft vow'd your love would ne'er decay,
'Till life itself should end.

And while you spoke, in smiles so sweet
Your countenance was drest;
That more than language can repeat,
Was in your looks exprest.

You then with joy each passing day,
With me your hours would spend;
Your actions prov'd you ev'ry way,
The Lover and the Friend.

'Twas then my fond believing heart,
From ev'ry care was free;
And my first wish was to impart,
Like happiness to thee.

O happiness! thou fleeting shade,
If mortals can be blest;
'Twas then by outward show betray'd,
I felt thee in my breast.

For then I thought *Amandus* true,
As my own heart sincere;
I thought myself beloved by you,
As most beloved yon were.

And happy would I still remain,
Were you but what you seem'd;
O sad reverse! 'tis now too plain,
That I have only dream'd;—

For Oh! *Amandus* shuns me now,
The fond illusion's o'er;
He has forgot each friendly vow,
He thinks of me no more.

No more I see that smiling face,
Priz'd ev'ry joy above;
Indiff'rence now supplies the place,
Of friendship and of love

If chance conduct you to my sight,
No more your looks are gay;
My presence gives you no delight,
And transient is your stay.

With eager feet I oft repair,
To where we used to meet;
Alas! *Amandus* comes not there,
To join in converse sweet.

Yet still to you my faithful heart,
Is constant as the dove;
Your coldness can inflict a smart,
But can't destroy my love.

That love of one I thought the best,
And the sincerest friend,
Reigns undiminish'd in my breast,
And but with life shall end.

O friend once loving still so dear
Would you but faithful prove,
What endless pleasures would we share,
From friendship join'd with love.

A

INSCRIPTION FOR AN OBELISK.

PATRIA REMINISCENS, PATRI HONORATO

GEORGIO WASHINGTON;

QUOD IN BELLO FULMEN, PACEM QUÆSIVIT;

IN AUCTORITATE SUPREMÂ,

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1805. No. 24.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

"*To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,*
"*To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;*
"*To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,*
"*Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;*
"*For this the Tragick Muse first trod the stage,*
"*Commanding tears to stream through every age.*" POPE.

Mr. Easy

IT has been said that *Shakspear* stands unrivalled in dramatick composition; not by that correct but frigid adherence to what may justly be called the subordinate parts of such composition, consisting in a rigid adherence to rules; but by that accurate knowledge of human nature, which from a strict imitation rouses to the utmost extent, what is the end of the Tragick drama, terror and pity.

Setting aside the Grecian models of this kind, it may justly be pronounced that the remark is true, with the exception, in my opinion, of one example of modern date, which realizes all that can be allowed to that great master. Notwithstanding the censure under which the German theatre has laboured, there is one production from the pen of *Schiller*, which has just claim to come into a competition with *Shakspear's* best pieces: This is the Tragedy of the ROBBERS; a play of avowed merit and reputation—The writer of this has felt its influence, and has endeavoured in the following observations to substantiate the parallel he has imagined, by an examination and developement of what he conceives to constitute its merits and excellence.

There is a species of favoritism in the conduct of parents towards their children which is by no means productive of salutary or pleasant consequences: That a father may, from penetrating accurately into the characters of two sons, be induced to prefer and love one more than the other, is no doubt common and unavoidable; but great prudence is requisite to prevent such peference being known, or perceived to such extent as may render an amiable and virtuous mind wretched; or stimulate a vicious one, from principles of hatred, jealousy and revenge, to the perpetration of acts of cruelty and horror. This appears to be the groundwork of the *Robbers*: and the strongest interest is created in the mind, by a faithful and accurate imitation of nature in the characters and actions of two brothers, diametrically opposed in their pursuits, tempers, and qualities of the heart. I will endeavour to trace these separately throughout the play, and trust it will be seen that in the delineation of both, *Schiller* has well exhibited his knowledge of the human mind, and is thoroughly acquainted with the art of interesting and commanding the passions of his readers. The character of *Charles de Moor* is unquestionably a natural one—possessed of all those generous and noble qualities, which elevate and command our love and admiration when matured by experience and age; his youthful years are marked by ebullitions and exuberances which occasion him often to overstep the bounds of prudence. History as well as common observation will furnish many instances of this noble character: A tame spirited creature, though ridgidly is but coldly correct in the performance of the duties of life; and this not always from a conviction of their necessity or propriety. You must not look to him for extraordinary acts of benevolence, heroism, or magnanimity; he has no capacity for any such exertion. *Moor* was a favorite from his youth; his generosity, openness, and manly qualities were the delight of all, gained him the affections of Amelia, and the love of his father, who considered him as the meritorious representative of his estate and honour.

Francis to a deformity of body, united a heart devoted to vice in every shape: He perceives the preference given to his brother, is conscious of his own unworthiness, and becomes desperate: He upbraids nature with the stamp she has personally fixed upon him, and threatens to be re-

venged upon her by a contempt of all moral restraint whatever. It will be easily recollected that *Shakspear* has precisely put the same chain of thoughts and reasonings into the mind of *Richard* from a similar cause: . The soliloquies of these two are counterparts of each other, and indeed so are the characters in all the essential qualities, but that of courage. He contrives by a specious story to deceive the old man as to the character and actions of *Charles*, who is absent; and by artfully acting upon the progression of feeling, and passion in his mind, to gain his consent to a communication of disapprobation by the pen of *Francis*. Notwithstanding the great art exhibited in the whole of this interview, we shall take our leave of *Francis* for the present and contemplate *Charles* who has just received his letter; in which his father's malediction and renounciation are villainously declared by this wretch as all the portion and regard henceforth to be expected. *Moor* receives this letter in the society of a set of profligates, who had been his associates in arms; nay they were in fact worse than profligates, and I can see no possible reason why the author placed him in such company, was it not to elevate him in our eyes by the perpetual contrast in the first instance, and rendering them the daring and bloody instruments of his vengeance in the second.

The consciousness of his love and veneration for his father, the sincere contrition and appeal upon reformation to a parent's forgiveness for faults that were venial, must have encouraged the possessor of such generous and noble qualities, to have contemplated nothing else than a return of affection, accompanied with forgiveness and joy at a prodigal son's return, which he felt conscious he merited.

In proportion to such liberality of mind, and such sanguine hopes, must be the shock, and disappointment; and in proportion to the proximity of connection, and the sensibility of the heart to the most genuine and delightful feelings of our nature, must be the sensations of despair, and those harsh and misanthrophical emotions proceeding from a heart turned to gall. "I loved him" says he "with such unutterable affection: no son ever loved a fa-"ther so! I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for "him! ha! where is he that will put a sword in my hand "to extinguish this viperous race!" This is worthy of *Shakspear*, these are the true feelings of such a soul as *Moor's*; and this expression is not dissimilar or unequal to *Lear's* exclamation at the ingratitude of his daughters. Nature alone was resorted to by these great masters; for in both examples the genial current of the soul was frozen. In the midst of such heart-rending and distracting feelings, when every generous and benevolent propensity was checked; the proposition to become the *Captain* of a band of *Robbers*, is introduced with great art, an dconsummate skill, by *Schiller*. It exactly unites the mournful and dreadful purposes of *Moor's* soul: It was congenial; and he was impatient to give vent to his misanthropy. *Lear* says,

——"I will do such things—
"What they are, yet, I know not: but they shall be
"The terrors of the earth."——

And *Hamlet* exclaims,

"Now I could drink hot blood, and do
"Such bitter business as the day would
"Quake to look on."——

Moor's intentions are similar—"Man had no humani-"ty when I appealed to humanity! pity and compassion! "here let me throw you off forever! I have no father no af-"fection more! come death and murder be my masters! "and teach me to forget that this heart ever knew what "fondness was!

But the intentions and conduct of *Moor* assume a more terrible and awful aspect from the impression made upon his mind, that he was by a fatality appointed an instrument of vengeance for an offended Deity: It may possibly be looked upon as a species of madness to indulge such an infatuation. As the result of distorted faculties; it notwithstanding, has the effect of rendering his actions more dignified: there is something terrible in the idea of a human being, having the power and carrying into execution, the most shocking schemes; as if conformable to the intentions of the Divinity. Though this might have been the mode *Schiller* chose to adopt to soften the atrocities committed by *Moor* and the band though they were influenced by different motives; yet he does not seem to have considered it sufficient; for finally he represents him as suffering under the pangs of an upbraiding conscience and invoking his father's curse upon him for having been the associate of robbers and assassins.

Suicide, retirement from amongst men, and open acts of hostility against them, are natural consequences when the heart suffers that kind of disappointment and shock which deprives it of every generous and humane sentiment. It would appear derogatory to the noble nature of *Moor*, to be the daily perpetrator of deeds which would disgrace the needy plunderer, devoid of any sense of honour or honesty: The destruction of such numbers of innocent persons, from the infant to the aged, in the midst of th: exulting exclamation of a band of hardened villains; excites too much horror in our minds to justify such atro-

cities under any pretext. It was a lamentable and terrible idea taken up by *Moor*. The melancholy *Jaques* of *Shakspear*, had cause sufficient to drive him from society to the wilds of a forest, but he vented his spleen in moralizing, in remarks, and satirical reflections upon his brother man. *Schiller* however, has succeeded tolerably well in surmounting this difficulty, in the conduct of *Charles:* he has represented him as being frequently the prey to the keenest remorse, and to lament feelingly his own degradation, and the unhappy consequences of his determined vengeance.

The most beautiful scene in the whole play is occasioned by these painful feelings, and interests us so forcibly, that we cannot forbear recognizing the generous and amiable *Moor*, and feeling the strongest sympathy for his wretched situation. After the battle with the Bohemian dragoons, a highly picturesque scene is represented upon the banks of the Danube. The robbers reclining on the heights above, and their horses grazing on the plains below. There is a wildness and grandeur in the association of this romantic scene, with the ferocious personages who occupy it, not exceeded by the sublime genius of a *Salvator Rosa*. *Moor* is represented laying on the ground exhausted with fatigue, and overcome with thirst ; to allay which one of the men had gone to procure some water.

GRIMM.

" Our wine cantines are empty long ago. How glori-
" ous, how majestic, yonder setting sun !

MOOR.

" (*Lost in contemplation.*) 'Tis thus the hero falls !—
" 'tis thus he dies—in godlike majesty !"

GRIMM.

" The sight affects you, sir."

MOOR.

" When I was yet a boy—a mere child—it was my fa-
" vorite thought—my wish to live like him—(*pointing to
" the sun*) like him to die ! 'Twas an idle thought, a
" boy's conceit."

GRIMM. " It was so."

MOOR.

" (*Pulling his hat over his eyes.*) There was a time——
" Leave me, my friends, alone"——

GRIMM.

" *Moor ! Moor !*———'Sdeath, how his countenance
" changes !"

MOOR.

" There was a time when I could not go to sleep, if I
" had forgot my prayers. Brother ! brother !" (*resting his head on Grimm's bosom.*)

GRIMM.

" Come, come—be not a child, I beg it of you."

MOOR.

" A child ! oh that I were a child once more !"

GRIMM.

" Fy, fy ! Clear up that cloudy brow. Look yonder,
" what a landscape ! what a lovely evening !"

MOOR.

" Ay, my friend—that scene so noble ! this world so
" beautiful !"

GRIMM.

" Why that's talking like a man."

MOOR.

" This earth so grand—and I so hideous in this world
" of beauty !—and I a monster on this magnificent earth !
" the prodigal son !"

GRIMM.

" (*Affectionately.*) *Moor ! Moor !*"

MOOR.

" My innocence ! O my innocence !——See how all
" nature expands at the sweet breath of spring. O God !
" that this paradise—this heaven—should be a hell to me !
" When all is happiness—all in the sweet spirit of peace—
" the world one family, and its Father there above—who
" is not my Father !—I alone the outcast—the prodigal
" son !—of all the children of his mercy, I alone rejected !
" —the companion of murderers—of vinerous fiends, bound
" down, enchained to guilt and horror !"

RAZMAN.

" 'Tis inconceivable. I never saw him thus moved be-
" fore."

MOOR.

" O ! that I could return once more into the womb that
" bare me ! that I hung an Infant on the breast ! that I
" were born a beggar.---The meanest kind---a peasant of
" the field ! I would toil till the sweat of blood dropt from
" my brow, to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep,
" the rapture of a single tear !"

GRIMM.

" (To the rest) Peace, O Peace !---the paroxism will
" soon be over."

MOOR.

" There was a time when I could weep with ease, O days
" of bliss !--Mansion of my fathers ! O vales so green and
" beautiful ! scenes of my infant years, enjoy'd by fond
" enthusiasm ! Will you no more return ? no more ex-
" hale your sweets to cool this burning bosom !---Oh
" never never shall they return--no more refresh this bosom
" with the breath of peace. They are gone ! gone forever !"

Callous and insensible must be his heart, who does not acknowledge by his feelings, the hand of a master in this affecting passage.---The pathos of it has never been excelled ; and if he, who is in possession of the true knowledge of *Moor's* character, and his previous history, does not here pause, while Pity sheds the tear of sympathy ; he is only worthy to labour with the beasts of the field for animal purposes merely.

It is not obvious for what purpose Moor next appears to us in the disguise of a stranger, at his Father's Castle.—His most solemn pledges were given to adhere to the band of Robbers 'till death ;---They had given him the greatest possible proof of their attachment, by refusing a proffer'd pardon on condition of delivering him up ;—His firm determination, sick as he was of the sanguinary life he led, was never to desert them.—Such a visit then ; by once more exhibiting what sources of happiness he has forever lost, could only tend to excite additional regret and despair. The author has, however, gained one point, which still encreases his reputation, for a knowledge of the recesses of the heart. In the dialogue with *Amelia*, there are many exquisite touches of nature in her most genuine simplicity.

MOOR.

" Whose picture is that on the *right* hand ? He has me-
" thinks a countenance that bespeaks misfortune."

AMELIA.

" The picture on the *left* is the Count's Son—he who is
" now master here."

MOOR.

" His only Son ?

AMELIA.

" Come, come away.

MOOR.

" But whose picture is that on the *right* hand ?

AMELIA.

" Wont you walk into the garden ? come.

MOOR.

" But that picture on the *right* hand ? you are in tears,
" *Amelia ? (Amelia goes out with precipitation.)*

MOOR, *(alone.)*

" She loves me ! loves me still ! Her tears betray her !
" Yes she loves me !—O Heavens ! Is that the couch on
" which we so oft' have sat.—Where I have hung in
" rapture on her neck ? Are these my father's halls ? O days
" of bliss for ever past ! for ever ! ah ! how the dear re-
" membrance of those days shoots through my Soul, like
" the first burst of Spring ! O wretch ! here should have
" been my happy residence ; here shouldst thou have
" past thy days--honoured.-respected—lov'd—here shoudst
" thou have seen the years of thy blest infancy revive in
" the blooming offspring of thy *Amelia.*

Quotations are generally tiresome ; because it is supposed when a critical performance is read, that its object is either already known, or may be known —I shall therefore forbear from adducing any more passages of this play, except what may be absolutely neceassry to illustrate my remarks.

The part of *Moor* is now drawing to a close ; he discovers that his father is not dead, and learns the villainy of his brother.—Never was there a more highly coloured scene ever painted than this concluding one.—The celebrated final one in the *Oedipus* of *Sophocles* is not equal to it.—We are lost in the variety of images which seize upon our attention.—The mournful state of *Moor's* soul returning from the castle, the dead silence of the night ; the Robbers extended around asleep, and the trembling voice of his aged father issuing from a gloomy dungeon ; all cause a shuddering and horror that renders us feelingly alive to the solemn disclosure made by the aged *Count de Moor* of his misfortunes, and the solemn examination, and punishment of the treacherous and villainous *Francis.*

Horrible as is the catastrophe ;—*Moor* with all his ferocity and inflexible sternness, appears with considerable dignity.—The filial tenderness to his father ; the rapture with which he receives his blessing by stealth ; the severe and stern deportment towards his guilty brother ; and his dignified manner towards the Robbers, who threatened to be mutinous, on his apparent affection for *Amelia* ; which they dreaded would dissolve their solemn compact, all discover a consistent character, and an elevated mind. Tho' acting under the impression that he was decreed to be the chief of these foul Robbers, for the most bloody purposes, as the scourge of criminality : yet the enormities he was the cause of, harrass his conscience, he can never be happy, he devotes himself to death by surrendering himself to justice.—" The spirits of those I murdered in their sleep—
" or in the bed of love !—Hark yon dreadful explosion,
" which crush'd to death the mother and her infant ! the
" flames which lick'd the cradles of the babes !—oh ! *He*
" hath not forgotten—he knows to crave his debt—here is
" my doom and this my just reward ! 'Tis retribution."

A character so important in this drama and so well executed as that of *Francis*, has great claim to particular attention. The author has at least equalled *Shakspear* ; whether it is in *Richard*, or *Jago*. Indeed it resembles the former in so many particulars, that one would suppose, he had it constantly present to his mind whilst drawing it.

It unfortunately happens that the most consummate villains, have an intimate knowledge of the human heart :—They know how, and when, to excite its attention ; first by unaffected hints and surmises, to flatter its foibles or rouse its passions : They can always command these to their own advantage ; they can sever the most tender and rooted affections by the mysteries of their art : and produce many more direful consequences than if they were avowed and open assassins of humanity.

This monster's talent in this way, is displayed in numerous dialogues and actions. I think they are all masterpieces, and excite our strongest feelings of abhorrence and detestation for him, and compassion for the old *Count de Moor*, and *Amelia*. We tremble for the consequences when we read the portrait drawn by himself. I must again recall the reader's attention to the parable between it and *Richard's*, where he charges nature with his deformity.—After leading old *Moor* step by step, from the most doating fondness for *Charles*, to a determination to abandon him for ever ; he exclaims, as his father retires overwhelmed with grief and disappointment, whilst looking at him with an air of mockery—

" Ay be comforted, my good dotard ; never more shall " you press your darling to your bosom :—no, there is a " gulph between, distant as Heaven from Hell.

" These papers must not be seen—that might be dan- " gerous, if the hand writing were known. I should be " a pitiful bungler indeed if I knew not yet how to tear a " son from the heart of his father, were they linked toge- " with chains of iron. Courage my boy, the favorite's " removed :—that's a giant's step.—But there is another " heart from which I must tear that image ; ay were that " heart to break for it.—I have a heavy debt of hatred " against nature, and by my soul, I'll make it good !— " Why was that hideous burden of deformity laid upon " me alone ! *(stamps with his foot,)* Hell and dam- " nation ; on me alone of all my race ! she damn'd me " from my birth ! and here I swear eternal hatred against " her.—I'll blast her fairest works. What are to me the " ties of kindred ! I'll burst those bonds of the Soul.—I " never knew their force ; she denies me the sweet play of " the heart."

To such a wretch, the tortures of the feeling minds afford the most delicious repast ;—no epicure ever enjoyed half so much when gratified to his utmost extent :—selfish views predominate, and no attemps are too atrocious to prevent their accomplishment. *Francis* had succeeded in banishing his brother ;—the father was still in the way ; how to get rid of him in the most speedy manner is the question.—After a most diabolical calculation in his own mind upon the most effectual method, he resolves once more by deception to gain his point, and break his father's heart.—For this purpose, by flattering and stimulating the feelings of *Herman* ; he prevails upon him to detail the forged account of *Charles's* death to the old man ; as if occasioned by despair at his malediction.

The scene is highly interesting ; indeed it is scarcely possible to behold such a picture of distress with dry eyes.—It is needless, and would be tiresome to follow the actions of this wretch particularly throughout the whole play : he is a very prominent person ge and is always consistent, always a cold hearted, systematic villain.

As is the case perpaps with all villains of this discription, whose lives have been spent in defrauding and injuring innocence and virtue ; remorse and terror with slow, but steady pace, approach to embitter and destroy all their deceitful hopes of enjoyment.—*Buckingham* deserts his friend, and flies from his vengeance ;—for the tyrant, having succeeded by means of those abject instruments, begins to distrust and then puts them out of the way forever.—*Francis* is precisely a similar and as well drawn an example ; but destitute of courage, he is forced to coax and bribe, the others would have used violence.—If any preference can be given, I presume the character of *Francis* will have it ; as his vile and mean characteristicks, are by no means congenial with the nobleness of true courage.—Who does not remember the interesting camp scene prior to the battle of Bosworth field ? Let then a comparison be drawn between it, and the one where the robbers came to seize *Francis* ; and the latter will be found to possess equal merit. Restless, fearful of his own shadow, making frantic interrogations to his simple attendants, betraying thereby exactly what he wished to conceal ; and perpetually brooding over his atrocities ; discovers a mind unhinged and a prey to the most gloomy suggestions.—" My God," he exclaims, " I have been no common murderer," he wishes to pray, but acknowledges his incapacity : horrible as is his punishment, we feel a secret satisfaction at the destruction of a monster, undistinguished by one solitary good quality ;—we consider it as a just retribution for the misfortunes of those he has injured, and with whom we have already sympathized.

I have thus endeavoured to express my admiration, for this performance of *Schiller's*.—By the true criterions of judging, it should hold a high rank in the *Drama* ;—at least as it is understood by English tastes. That composition which wields at pleasure every emotion of the heart ; which rouses the passions and suffuses the eye with tears,

must be good.—Possessing merit of this description, we overlook faults which do not infringe upon the general effect and execution.—Was not this the case, what would become of many of *Shakspear's* best pieces? time and place seems to be almost always neglected in his performance; so they are in the *Robbers*. These according to the French models are heinous sins against propriety; but I have ever been of *Johnson's* opinion, that an attention to these is not essential, and that we can as easily conceive, a duration of more than a day and a change to remote places whilst we are looking on, as imagine the story or performance thus represented to us.—There is no more outrage against nature, or inconsistency in fancying the reality of the one, than of the other. The French writers are very correct in these minutiæ; but though I have read the master-pieces of Racine and Corneille; I confess I never felt the tranquility of my passions much disturbed.

The style of this play, though we can only judge of the translation, is simple and natural: turgid language, and bombastick expressions infallibly destroy the effect that would otherwise be produced by the Tragick tendency of the story.

The character of the old *Count de Moor* seems marked with too much weakness. Considering the general impression of *Francis's* bad character, and the consciousness of *Moor's* noble qualities, with the eager and interested manner betrayed by the former, whilst endeavouring to excite his prejudice and extort his malediction: his conduct must be pronounced too precipitate and void of judgment.

The conduct of *Moor*, notwithstanding the palliation made with much art, of misanthropy, fatalism, and remorse; is too extravagant.

It is not easy to conceive that a generous mind would deliberately destroy the innocent and unoffending, to gratify a revolted heart.—His assassination of *Amelia* appears cruel and unnecessary, and leaves an impression upon the mind of dissatisfaction, which might have been avoided.—These however do not affect our general interest in the production; whose merits throughout have been attempted to be illustrated. With what success, I leave others to determine.

THE HISTORY OF CYRILLO PADOVANO, THE NOTED SLEEP-WALKER.—AN EXTRACT.

It has often been a question in the schools, whether it be preferable to be a king by day, and a beggar in our dreams by night; or, inverting the question, a beggar by day, and a monarch while sleeping? It has been usually decided, that the sleeping monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the monarch, in reality, feels the various inconveniencies that attend his station.

However this may be, there are none sure more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniencies of want and of poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream. Of this kind was the famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed in the day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua in Italy, a little, brown complexion'd man, and, while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candour; but, unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality; for he every night walked in his sleep, and upon such occasions was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead:

The first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo was at the university, where he shewed no great marks of learning, though some of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion his master set him a very long and difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossble, as he supposed, to execute.—Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy: but awaking in the morning, to his great surprise he found his exercise completely and perfectly finished, lying on his table, and, still more extraordinary! written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up his task, who being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and more difficult task, and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly, Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly; but this did not continue long; for in about an hour after he lay down, he got up, alighted his candle, and sat down to study, where he completed his work as before.

A mind like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous, and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world, and turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a severe and abstemious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole Convent, and to shew that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole order. But this good fame did not last long; for it was

soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about; and though there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the Convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

Being carefully observed upon one of these occasions, the following circumstances offered. One evening, having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immoveable for about an hour; but then, turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard spoken; then snapping his fingers, to shew he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the next person, and made a sign with his fingers as if he wanted snuff: not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted; and pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he scraped the inside as if to find some: he next very carefully put up his box again; and looking round him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immoveable; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations; which so astonished and scandalized his brother Friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo went no farther, nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very busily up to the altar, and in a little beaufet beneath to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed that he wished to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned.—Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged; but not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments; and finding that he could carry still more, he put on one or two more over each other; and thus cumbrously accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell; there hiding his ill-got finery beneath his matrass, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him during this interval, were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

When Cyrillo awaked, he seemed at first a good deal surprised at the lump in the middle of his bed; and going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there: he went among his fellows of the Convent, enquired how they came to be placed there, and learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His last and greatest project was considered of a still more heinous nature. A Lady, who had long been a benefactor to the convent, happening to die was desirous of being buried in the cloyster, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expences great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincerer mortification. The society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honour, and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the whole convent the next day, when they found the vault in whic hshe was deposited broke open, the body mangled, her fingers on which were some rings cut off, and all her finery carried away. Every person in the Convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, on going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his matrass, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The Convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune; and, at the general request of the fraternity, he was removed to another monastery, where the Prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

He who is charitable from motives of ostentation, will never relieve distress in secret.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pericles has been recieved some time since, and would have been published before, but that we thought it too strongly and exclusively pointed at a particular place. On a subsequent perusal, we think, that with a little alteration it may be made to apply more generally. It shall therefore appear in our next.

We are much obliged to *Yelse* for the interest he takes in the cause we have undertaken; but the able assistance we have lately received, happily removes our cause of complaint, and renders the publication of his piece unnecessary.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following lines were written by a Lady of this state; and we believe, never published before.

TO LADY HARRIET ACKLAND, *on her coming into the* AMERICAN CAMP *to attend her wounded Husband.*

A sympathetic muse, illustrious Fair!
To thy soft sorrow pays a gentle tear;
Bright pattern of connubial truth! thy praise,
Insures some merit to my humble lays.
Fair Stranger, welcome to our western shore,
Tho' the same Bark rude war, and discord bore;
From purer passions beauteous *Ackland* came,
Than the fierce warrior's cruel thirst of fame:
From *Albion's* climes, impell'd by virtuous love,
O'er seas Atlantic fearless dar'd to rove;
In thy lov'd partner's dangerous toils to share,
To smile on woe, and smooth the face of war.
But ah! what sorrow to thy hope succeeds,
Thy lover by the chance of battle bleeds;
For *Mars* is deaf to pleading beauty's pray'rs,
Nor the dear Lover, nor fond Husband spares.
Yet Heaven indulgent, gives thy woes relief,
In fond attendance on thy wounded chief;
Sad luxury! which virtuous bosoms know,
When the heart melts with sympathetic woe.
Let *Ackland* triumph in his adverse fate,
See lovely *Harriet*! on his footsteps wait;
For foreign climes, the wounded, captive youth,
Exulting proves thy matchless love and truth:
Through hostile Camps the beauteous mourner goes,
For love is fearless of the fiercest foes,
And the stern warrior melts at Beauty's woes.
Methinks in Fancy's eye I view the fair,
Lovely in woe, exalted in dispair;
Near the sad couch where wounded friendship lies,
The pearly tear still trembling in her eyes,
She sits like Patience, with an Angel's smile,
That fain would seem her sorrow to beguile;
Suppress'd her sigh, her tender accents strive,
In her dear Lord to keep sweet hope alive,
Explore each wish, each rising murmur sooth,
With lenient love the bed of sickness smooth;
On her fond arm his fainting head sustain,
Or raised to heaven the pray'r ne'er breathed in vain;
The pray'r of virtuous Love—for with delight
Immortal powers will view the pious sight.
May hovering Angels catch thy virtuous tears,
Cousole thy sorrows, and dispel thy fears;
Health, and sweet Freedom, to thy love restore,
And safe conduct you to fair Albion's shore.
Ye generous Victors! your kind hearts, I trust,
Will be to worth and weeping beauty just;
The brave are gentle, and the helpless fair,
Still claim from warriors a peculiar care:
May this fair stranger's grateful tongue proclaim,
To hostile climes your spotless, better fame;
The fame which on humanity attends,
And far the boast of warlike deed transcends:
A brighter wreath sweet mercy's sons shall wear
Than e'er was won by valour's crimson spear.
Oh! soon may peace this cruel contest end,
Each country's right in lasting union blend;
So hostile fleets no more the seas shall sweep,
To bear Britania's thunder o'er the deep
To wound her sons; nor shall her daughters mourn
For their dear Lover's from their bosoms torn.
Daughters of *Albion*, let your prayers arise,
To waft this joint petition to the skies.

November 3d, 1777.

ALMIRA.

TO EMMA.

May this be the last kiss I ever shall take,
This morning the last that my fancy shall wake;
Ye Blisses adieu, that those lips now partake,
If ever I prove false to thee!
No more shall the lute wake the bosom to love,
No more shall the linnet delight in the grove;
Or cheer my lone steps as I carelessly rove,
If ever I prove false to thee!
May the sun beams of hope, sink to darkness and rest,
May thy fond little image withdraw from my breast,
And ne'er on this bosom be sweetly caress'd,
If ever I prove false to thee:

ALONZO.

Somebody tells, no matter who;
The story's all the same to you,
That *Cromwell* lik'd his glass;
Protector of the Commonweal,
He 'gan for Church to slack his zeal,
And jovial hours to pass.

One day at table quite content,
While round the bottle quickly went,
In glee he call'd for more;
But e'er the stubborn Cork he drew,
He careless chanc'd to drop the screw
Some where upon the floor.

Meanwhile a formal deputation
He heard was sent him by the nation,
Who for an audience prays;
But in cant terms he sent them word,
He had retired to seek the Lord,
So beg'd they'd go their ways.

Soon as the dupes their backs had turned,
The Hypocrite quite unconcerned,
Held up the thing to view;
Those fools says he, ne'er doubt my word,
They thought me seeking for the Lord,
Whereas 'twas this *Cork-screw*.

SOLILOQUY.

If with our infancy misfortune springs,
If youth and manhood are such wretched things,
And age begets from knowledge pointed stings;

Why should I grieve to live a life of woe,
To shun the cause, whence all my evils flow,
And rest in peace among the dead below?

But, if I am so very fond of *life*,
Where pain and disappointments are so rife;
Successive labour and perpetual strife;

Why should I dread to meet my coming fate?
Since death, which ends my cares, is but a gate
To *life* immortal, and a blissful state.

TEENS

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

" Honour and shame from no condition rise,
" Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

POPE.

IT has long been a question among mankind, whether this life has more happiness or misery attached to it.—In order to give this subject a candid discussion, we must begin with taking a view of the primary designs of Providence in the creation of the human race, duly consider how far our general pursuits correspond with, and where our aberrations detract from, and mar the universal plan, and lastly try whether our duty and pleasures are not perfectly reconcileable.—Creation, the production of unsearchable wisdom ; perfect symmetry, and infinite power ; in which neither confusion, nor error, has ever been discovered by the keenest perceptions of any human mind, must have been formed faultless on its completion, the different parts happily harmonised with each other, and the happiness of the *Beings* made, the ultimate aim of the grand Architect.—Man, Lord of this lower world, invested with sovereign sway over all the other Animals, placed as the shadow of Divinity here below, and endowed with the distinguished characteristic of reason, was made with strong & various passions, intimately blended in his system, the more amply to extend the sphere of his felicities ; and free will superadded, the more highly to raise the merit of his virtue.—Those passions although ardent, in order to fit him for the active energies of life, were placed under the control of the *small still voice of conscience*, the touchstone of his conduct, under whose guardianship they would have been secure against all attacks, had not a debasement and depravity, arising from several combined causes, confounded the intellectual light of reason, perverted plain sense, and misconstrued even revelation itself.—Thus the benevolent author of nature made all things *well* ; passions were given as the necessary stimulus to exertion, reason as the Judge how far they should be indulged ; and free-agency, to chuse at will ; without which, he could neither have acquired a title to praise, nor incurred the odium of blame. But man through his inordinate appetites, has deranged this fair fabric, wasted the hoard of blessings showered down on him by his benign Maker, and by mistaking the creature for the Creator, keeping futurity in the back ground, and bounding his hopes to the present state of existence, has entailed on himself a train of evils, which constitute the greater part of what is called the misfortunes of life.—Let us take a survey of human pursuits.—At the head of a numerous phalanx stands foremost the *Miser ;* behold that plodding wretch, with tottered garb, and haggard eye, whose brow seems wrinkled with anxious thought, as if the lives of millions were suspended on his nod.—War, famine, and pestilence, are by him unheeded, unless, as they may augment or detract from his darling wealth. His sordid soul is incapable of expansion ; the generous glow of friendly feeling never vibrated on his nerves ; like his kindred brutes, for him, the most common fare, devour'd with greedy haste, suffices ; the kindly and endearing relations of filial affection, the ties of husband and father, reach not his heart, or, but faintly, and for a moment, and it would seem, as if the sole purpose of his life, was to gather, but not to enjoy. Or grant, that this base grovelling reptile has natural affection for his family, what a horrid precedent does he set those who depend on him, he teaches them by example, that *money is preferable to talents, courage* and *patriotism*, that the Summum bonum of life is *gold*, that no other acquirement is worthy to be put in competition with it, and that to have lived *well* is to *die rich*.—This miscreant is unhappy, because his unsatiable avarice cannot grasp at once, the mines of Potosi, and the diamonds Golconda. Justly indeed is the passion made its own punishment and we may conclude with Doctor Arbuthnot in his epitaph on Chartres " of how little estima-

tion in the sight of God is exorbitant wealth, by his conferring it on the most unworthy of all his creatures."

Next in order, and bearing a close affinity to the foregoing, but of still more villainous aspect, is the scoundrel Gamester; lo! he has just completed the ruin of a wretch, on whom an amiable *wife*, and helpless infants, depend; by cloaked personal fraud, or the assistance of brother sharpers, he has carried his point, but a discovery takes place, and the loaded die or concealed card, unmasks the cheat, the poor dupe foaming with rage, calls for instant satisfaction, the Gamester, trained to murder, a necessary part of his profession, grasps the ready pistol, and his robbed deluded antagonist, *dies*. Perhaps the assassin escapes, either through the lenity of the laws, or the powerful protection of men of kindred principles; but the detestation of mankind pursues him like his shadow, and the curse of the widow and fatherless, together with the remorse of his own conscience, will break his midnight slumber, and appal his trembling soul on the bed of death.—Yet he too will probably complain of his hard fate, and charge what is but fair retribution, to the score of misfortune.

The drunkard follows in rotation, and claims no little notice in the annals of infamy.—Bloated and deprived of every grace, his once active limbs and manly form, seem a loathsome mass of scrofulous corruption.—His eye, which formerly beamed with intelligence, or gentle or commanding at pleasure, now rolls a vacant, ghastly stare, but above all, his mind, on which parental affections, had lavished all, that education, elegance, and accomplishments could bestow, now lies a blasted *ruin*, wild and waste.—This infamous and unnatural vice, often acrues from neglected morals, ill judged ambition, or improper society. Many other vices will operate their own cure, but this is almost always incorrigible, and seldom ends but with the life of its votary. In excuse, the Bachanal will alledge, that he too was necessarily forced to this remedy against his misfortunes, vile falsehood! common observation pointed out to him industry & œconomy, but they were too slow for him, and badly accorded with his pampered palate.—I could go on to marshal up a numerous host, the ambitious despot, the sensual voluptuary, the fawning sycophant, and factious demagogue, all equally keen in their chace, dishonest in their motives, and disappointed in their sanguine hopes of enjoyment, even if they succeed in their guilty aims.—Let us forbear to offend the ear of delicacy by being too minute on subjects, deplorable in their effects, and inexhaustible in their vanity.—It becomes necessary after the given premises, to mention some of the causes, which lead to a deviation from a track, apparently so plain, and so little liable to be mistaken.—In the shameful neglect, or preposterous education of Youth, we must search for the radical source of moral turpitude, and direliction of manners. The principal considerations of Parents in bringing up their children, are turned more to the graces of the person, than the improvent of the mind; the Dancing Master, Taylor and Boot-maker, all contribute their aid to finish a Fop; and a fantastic Milliner tricks out the Belle; the one a spindle shapeless shank into a huge *Suvarrow*, almost sufficiently large to hold the whole animal, and the other bedizens her person with gauze, lace and frippery, whilst both parties are equally regardless of the more useful decorations of the mind.—Thus equipped for the day, off scampers the Buck to a horse race; Cock fight, or Billiard table, and the Belle parades the street from morning to night, exposing herself to the idle gaze, and vacant stare of every simpleton who frequents the cross corners of our streets.—These paragons of perfection, so wonderfully fitted for each other, are sure however to rendezvous at night, over the elegant game of *Brag*, or the enchanting amusement of *Loo*. From these delicious entertainments of the rising generation, common sense, rational conversation, wit, vivacity, or sprightliness, are completely banished.—There the bewitching gaiety of the lovely Girl, is utterly lost to herself and society, in the dull insipidity of her foggy headed Partner, or obscured by the ferocious looks of some growling *Dutchess*, bewailing her losses in no very gentle accents. In short one would be sometimes induced to think, that the race of Amazons was not yet extinct, and at others, that chaos had again resumed his reign.—Youth would certainly prefer some pastime more congenial to its years, but Age sets the example, and glories in unfitting its progeny for the sweet endearments of domestic life; and then wonders how matrimony has become so unfashionable!—Without exaggeration, or the least wish towards detraction, I have frequently seen these scenes, & now notice them *precisely*, in order that they may strike others in the same forcible point of view, which they have done myself, that they may produce an investigation of their fatal consequences, in the minds of the giddy and unexperienced, or at least draw from the more eloquent pen of my friend *Easy*, that dispassionate yet firm censure, which without offending, reforms.—It is by no means my desire to paralyze exertion, to discountenance emulation, or to deny society every satisfaction consistent with decency, propriety and virtue. It is the excess in some instances, rather than the things themselves which hurts. The aspiring disposition inherent in our natures, when directed to noble purposes, becomes a public benefit, when unchecked in its

mad career, a nations curse.—Were we accustomed to form ourselves on the model of those who have been long reputed an honour to our species, and to conceive our conduct under the immediate inspection of a superior order of beings, shame & the latent seeds of goodness, which altho' buried under a mass of human imperfections, are not extinguished, together with the bright examples of those we follow, would enable us to shake off the trammels of evil customs, however sanctioned by common usage, and resume our native dignity of character.—In vain may the moralist harangue, or the man of philanthropy inculcate maxims, if parents prefer grandeur to worth, the semblance to the substance, and money to merit, in the establishment of their offspring; if so, it would be useless to remind them of a text of scripture, recommended by the highest authority, "seek first the kingdom of Heaven, and all other things shall be added unto thee." Far be it from me to hold up as the mirror of perfection the selfish solitary *recluse*, no, man was designed for active benevolence, and when so employed, best fills his part as an accountable being. Suffice it, that in following the plain dictates of nature and reason, we are happy, in forsaking them, we carve out our own misery. Philosophy, science or extraordinary acquirements, are by no means requisite to make man happy, the only rule is, "follow nature as the surest guide to felicity both here and hereafter."—I have not touched on the short duration of life, nor stated how fleeting are all sublunary enjoyments, when contrasted with endless eternity, and its concomitants, unspeakable beatitude, or unutterable woe; to enlarge on these, would be to question the rationality of mankind.—We may then safely conclude that our duty and pleasure are synonymous terms, & where we lose sight of the one, we are sure to abandon the other. F.

'Hope humbly then, on trembling pinnions soar,
'Wait, the great teacher death, and God adore.'

Mr. Easy,

No object can be more important to the improvement and elegance of society, than the diffusion of a *literary taste*. It teaches us how to value and enjoy the advantages we possess, and sheds a delightful charm over the pleasures of social intercourse. It becomes, in a peculiar manner, the province of a miscellany, like the Companion, to recommend and enforce the cultivation of so refined an acquirement. Under this impression, I take the liberty of sending you some reflections on the value of this *taste* to *female character*, and on the degree in which it is possessed by our *Ladies*. Acknowledging, at the same time, that the Gentlemen can claim no exemption from the severity of censure.

The value of literature is of an extent and weight, that those who know enough of it to estimate its worth, readily admit to be incalculable;—its charms are of a sweetness and exquisiteness, so delicious, that even those, on whom its benign rays never shone, unhesitatingly agree must be enchanting. Every thing convenient in the arts of life,—every thing refined in social converse, owe their source to the exhaustless fount of learning. Its pleasures too are of a kind so accommodating, so various, and so alluring, that one would think it could not fail to recommend itself most powerfully to all those, who have minds to reason, and hearts to feel. Yet with all these inviting considerations, few are the females who follow in the train of learning, and acquire what would greatly extend their influence, and increase their charms.

The ladies it cannot be denied, are woefully deficient in literary acquirements, however they may be ornamented with the lighter accomplishments, and however they may be decorated with the *gew gaws* of fashion. Their persons and faces doubtless merit some attention, but they neither deserve nor require a monopoly of time, and exclusive regard. They studiously embellish, and ingeniously display their personal attractions, forgetful that thereby they more strikingly show the imbecility of their understandings, and the poverty of their mental resources.—The glare of exterior brightness serves only to exhibit more clearly the deplorable waste of internal darkness and inanity. They appear to calculate only to attract attention, regardless of the means proper to create respect, and necessary to fix regard. This neglect among the ladies to cultivate the mind evinces, either a consciousness of incapacity for intellectual improvements, or a contempt for the taste of those, whom they seem desirous of pleasing. If to the former it is to be attributed, I am persuaded they extremely undervalue themselves;—if to the latter, I flatter myself, they grossly underestimate the gentlemen.

That there is no considerable difference, by nature, of strength and versatility of talents, between the sexes, is a position, in my opinion, easily established. However, the ladies will doubtless spare me the labour of demonstrating, by a long train of argumentation, that they have minds; that they are *improvable ones* will soon be a question of serious difficulty. Indeed, it is to be feared, that the odious principle of Mahomet will shortly prevail, that women were created to amuse an idle hour, then to be dismissed with contempt,—to flutter on the wings of gaiety and vanity for a short season, then to expire forever.—Surely *fe-*

male nature was created for nobler purposes, and destined for a more exalted existence; otherwise these remarks should be spared, for I would not reproach natural imbecility, nor urge to efforts, which must end in futility and disappointment. The ingenuity and acuteness, variously manifested, the vivacity of wit, without refinement; and the fluency of conversation without resources, which the ladies sufficiently display; abundantly prove, that they have faculties, which cultivation would develope; and powers which reading would polish and direct.

It is among the excellent effects of a literary taste, that the duties, which occur within the sphere of female action, are thus better understood, and more cheerfully performed; and *these* are of a nature, which requires no inconsiderable portion of energy and refinement. Arguments however, of a different kind are likely to have more weight, with our *fashionable belles*. Permit me to urge with truth & earnestness, that personal beauty will derive vast accession, and female charms additional brilliancy from the accompaniments of a literary taste, and of intellectual resources.—The facinating arts may be thus infinitely increased; and men of sense will be attracted, not to be fatigued, and disgusted, but to be fixed and delighted; the hearts of those, who approach the dazzling fair-ones, will not be at first warmed, to be afterwards refrigerated into indifference, but to be fired unto enthusiasm. Let it not be exultingly replied, by the votaries of ignorance, that a learned woman is universally odious: Pedantry alone disgusts, and that is as far, as ignorance itself, from real learning. The latter can be displeasing only to the stupid and illiterate, who are desirous of screening from observation, their own destitution of worth and poverty of intellect, by bringing into contempt that, which would render *both* more conspicuous, and *them* more detestible. It cannot be seriously denied, that a literary taste gives to conversation a justness, variety and interest, incalculably great;—to the understanding a discernment and comprehension, inestimably valuable;—and to the affections a polish and refinement, indescribably delightful.—Besides, the ladies by cultivating their own minds, may make reading and good-sense fashionable; for the remark is not more old than true, that females have the greater share in forming the morals, manners and taste of society.

It will be objected perhaps, that the numerous avocations of domestic, but especially of fashionable life do not afford time sufficient for study and reading. Omitting for the present the enquiry, whether many expensive indulgences might not be wisely dispensed with in favour of literary pursuits, without any diminution of real happiness; it may be confidently affirmed, that the deduction of a few of those hours, so stupidly wasted *in bed*, and the rescue of a portion of those, so profusely squandered at the *toilet*, would furnish ample time for the laudable and profitable exercise of culturing the mental faculties. It requires not the spirit of prophecy to foretel that, by such an arrangement, all the offices of social intercourse would be more punctually and elegantly performed. And what, let it be asked, are the objects, which so completely occupy the time of the young ladies? No other, it must be answered, than acquiring the all-important accomplishment of dancing;—in decking themselves out in all the fopperies of fashion;—and in practising the *chaste* and *delicate* artifices of coquettry. Sublime objects indeed for constituting the whole business of life, and admirably calculated to qualify females for performing the refined duties, and supporting the tender intercourse of a married state; and for solacing and cheering the sober hours of declining life.

For those unquestionably, who abhor reading and reflection, no time can be found for these hateful exertions, though months are passed away in indolence and apathy; to those few on the contrary, who know the value of existence, and endeavour to live to some honourable purpose, enough leisure remains, consistent with the avocations and amusements of life, for attending to elegant and literary pursuits. It is unnecessary to add, how much more interesting and engaging are those of the latter description, to the vain and trifling ones of the former. What aid personal charms derive from mental accomplishments no language can sufficiently express. There is not, in nature, so enchanting and adorable an assemblage, as female beauty, united with a cultured mind, and an affectionate heart.

The subject, Mr. Editor, is capable of greater enlargement, and susceptible of a variety of views, but I will not extend my remarks farther at this time, lest I should become insufferably tedious to the fickle fair-ones, for whom this essay is principally intended. PERICLES.

" NOTICE. All visitants, who frequent families "wherein there are young females, are forthwith desired " to declare themselvs; or *absent* from places where their " presence banishes such as would pass their time more to " the advantage of those whom they visit." *Spec.* 288.

In the Companion, I perceive, Mr. Easy, you generally prefix to your essays some sentence by way of motto. So far I wish, in an humble manner, to imitate an admired leader—but would beg leave respectfully to differ, in one particular, from you in the present instance.—For

you select that for a motto which expresses the same opinion with what follows—whereas I here intend industriously to combat the position taken by the Spectator.

Good men have long united in the sentiment, that opinions modestly advanced, and judiciously enforced, by periodical writers of respectability, deserve much credit—and ought ever be opposed with great caution, and that deference due the dignity of the author. It is, therefore, with the most profound respect, I attempt the refutation of a popular opinion, when that opinion is backed by the highly respectable and ever to be admired authors of the Spectator.

Whether the degeneracy of the times—& the intriguing dispositions of the beaux, called for the then prohibition of an innocent practice, I pretend not to determine; but I am confident the principle will not now hold.

I have before informed you of my being one of that part of creation called a bachelor. Now, Sir, if I were excluded the society of young ladies, how should I ever change my condition?—for I humbly conceive, that if I am not allowed to "frequent" their company, I can never have an adequate idea of their worth. Not being one of the *Novel-eaters*, I don't know how to fall lunatically in love at first sight. I must be several times in company with a young woman before I presume to form any opinion of her fitness for a wife. Further opportunity is yet wanting to ascertain whether there be any thing of congeniality of sentiment, modes of thinking, ideas of pleasure and pursuits, &c. &c. &c. This already amounts to more visits than would be sufficient to condemn me for "frequenting" her company. How then, I would ask the author of the above spectatorial mandate, shall I manage to procure myself "an helpmate?"—allowing me to be one of those old-fashioned fools who disclaim all connexion with the moon; and deny the possibility of impossibilities, or that a person may know in five minutes who is a suitable partner for life.

There are other—and stronger—arguments, to be adduced against this "*notice.*" What is society, in a single state, without *woman?* Dull, flat, disgusting.—Excluded the sweet converse, the chaste wit, the sprightly vivacity of intelligent females—I lonely skulk along thro' life, unheeded and unmindful; a poor, wretched being—scarcely certain I exist at all, except at intervals, when stung by the reflection, that in the world there are women——whose presence I dare not approach—yes—then indeed I know I do exist!——and exist to know, that the absence of pain is *not* pleasure.

On the other hand, who will pretend to paint, in just colours, what society is *with woman.* Any man of feeling would laugh at me, & pronounce me truly vain, did I pretend to describe their sensations, when enjoying the heart-cheering friendship and esteem of their little favourite circle of females. No empty gasconading here—no bacchanalian mirth, nor riotous *fun*—no broken heads, nor drained purses—followed by debauch or by duels. No; all is peace; all is pleasure:—an evenness of temper, yet bewitching cheerfulness—lively conversation, yet no obcenity—In fine, social comfort—solid happiness; calculated for a rational man's enjoying, without satiety—happiness, obtained by means which cause no pain on cool reflection.

Let these be my companions, were I never to be married, while I prize a softness of disposition, and delicate demeanour—Then how much more anxious must I be for this company, if I mean to marry.—And shall the world say—shall "THEY" say—I shall not "frequent" a young woman's company, without 'declaring myself'?—Away with this restraint—this unjust curtailing of our social rights.—

That few bachelors can give sufficient reasons for their continuing so—I am willing to allow. But without being deemed guilty of any horrid outrage on the rights of society—I may be permitted to think that a single man has a right to live happily, if he can, while in this state. Why should he be debarred all harmless intercourse with the other half of creation? He finds in their society that which lessens all the evils of life. Then why expel him? The ladies have more charity than to decree it. They would not knowingly aggravate the sufferings of a poor fellow-traveller, because he had missed his way—but assist him to render the road he had taken as agreeable as he could. It not only evinces a tenderness towards the unhappy—but may eventually induce him to secure one of those feeling friends in whose company he so much delights, and the real blessings of which he had remained ignorant, had the opinion of your predecessor obtained universal credence. *Not "frequent the house where-in dwell agreeable women!"* What! is there no difference between the social visit of an innocent man, and the vile address af a deceitful rake? If any one say—"tho' "you may not have an eye to matrimony when you go to "that house, yet others will think you have; and thereby "abstain themselves"—If any *small-reasoner*, or *mischief-maker*, ask this question; I would tell him—"come and see."

I would be glad to know, Mr. Easy, whether you are for or against the *notice?*

T

When there are so few that give themselves the trouble to examine the evidences of *Christianity*, and so many petty retailers of scepticism, imposing their hacknied sophisms on mankind, the antidotes ought to be as widely diffused as the poison ; & therefore we shall with pleasure appropriate a page or two of our paper to this purpose, as long as our correspondent will favour us with his valuable communications,

—

REASONS WHY WE SHOULD EXAMINE THE EVIDENCE *In favour of the Divinity of the Christian Religion.*

Inscrib'd above the portal from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quick'ning words— BELIEVE AND LIVE !
Too many, shock'd at what should charm them most,
Despise the plain direction and are lost. COWPER.

Books are generally esteemed by mankind according to the importance of the subjects of which they treat.—The poems of HOMER and VIRGIL will always be admired, not only on account of the pleasing manner in which they are written, but also as they profess to inform us concerning the scenes of antiquity. The histories of XENOPHON, LEVY, and others will through all ages be read because they relate to us things considered as important in the elucidation of the history of former periods. If these works are so much valued as to gain admission into all libraries, of what worth is the word of God ? If learned men are continually revising the labours of these authors to acquire their real meaning and to correct any errors which may have crept into them—what ought their conduct in this respect to be with regard to the holy Scriptures.

Read the most elegant, the most pure writings, those of the best informed men among the Heathen Philosophers on the nature and being of God.—Many of them denied an over-ruling Deity altogether, others created thousands of Gods in their imagintions, and very *few*, if *any*, believed in one God. Turn to your Bible, there you have all that is necessary for you to be acquainted with on this subject.—Do you need information respecting his perfections ? Study the Scriptures.—Do you wish to know how he governs the world ? Meditate on that which the Gospel says, for in vain will you apply to the Heathen. Have you a desire to be informed on the subject of the formation of the world, and its history at that time of which no Heathen authors write with any probability ? read the sacred volume, there the wonders of God are made known : the crude relations of the profane authors, however, serve to corroborate the authentic history of the Jewish Lawgiver.—Meditate on that morality which CICERO, which SENECA promulged ; then examine that which the Gospel reveals, and acknowledge which is most calculated to accomplish the end for which it instructs us.—Study all the moralists whom Greece and Rome can boast, admire that display of eloquence, which you find in them ; be pleased with all that ornament which can charm you ; and then hear the simple forcible precept of Scripture :—" *Do unto another as you would that he should do unto you.*"—And confess that the one is infinitely surpassed by the other.

The law delivered in Mount Sinai, far exceeds those folios of moral precepts, which were the study, and the labours of all the Heathens combined. It speaks to the heart, and when accompanied by the spirit of God ; immediately as read, its sounds are more awakening than the loudest thunders ; and God who gave those precepts demands a full obedience to them.

You hear the Heathens talk of the practice of virtue, the beauty of a moral life ; they expatiate upon it largely, they paint it in the most alluring colours—they dress it in the most fascinating form :—you admire the men, you are surprised at their abilities : but your hearts are still disobedient.—They tell you that virtue brings its own reward, that no character is so much respected as a strictly virtuous man, and yet the corruptions of our nature remain entirely unconquered : attend to them, whilst by fables, by real histories, by the most awful representations, they explain to you the end of immorality and vice, and honestly own that all which they say is in vain.—On the other side listen to the word of God. " *Cursed is every* " *one that continueth not in all things written in the book* " *of the law to do them.*"—All their sententious conciseness, their studied eloquence, their rounded periods, and their musical sentences, infinitely fall short of that simple elegance and energy, that majesty and sublimity which are found in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

But in no article is the superiority of the sacred volume more manifest and striking, than in the revelation which it makes of eternity.—The following passage extracted from Socrates' address to his friends, when he was on the point of drinking the fatal draught ; is the clearest of all that ever was written or said on this subject by any of the Ancients : " Truly," said he, " if I did not firmly believe that I am going to just Gods, and the souls of " men better than any now living, I were inexcusable for " contemning life. But I am perfectly assured that I am " going to a supreme Being, the best of masters, and to " good men : having now no doubt of what I have of- " ten told you, that something of man subsists after death, " and that it is better with the good than the bad in ano-

"ther world."—This approaches the nearest of all Grecian or Roman speculation to the sentiments which Christ preached.

ZOROASTER, the founder of the Persian religion and the Magi, taught his disciples yet more clearly concerning a future state; he wished them to believe that a day of general resurrection would in after ages be ushered in, and then an universal judgment should be set which should award to every man according to his work in this world. Though we cannot find whence he procured these sentiments; history assures us, that the professors of his religion believed it before Christ came. He is by some supposed to have been a Jew, or nearly connected with them;—it is fairly to be inferred, however, that he could not have drawn those ideas from the Jewish law, as a sect among the Jews even in our Saviour's time positively denied this doctrine, on no other ground, than because they supposed it was not delivered by Moses.

It was reserved for that dispensation under which we live; for that Person whom we worship as God fully to explain and confirm this important Doctrine. Scripture is express on this subject; it clearly points out the nature of eternity and the wonders which shall precede it; it opens to us the hidden things of the other state, and it informs us that there is a vast distinction between the just and the wicked after the grave. Surely, "life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel."

The following representation of the resurrection morn, the scene of judgment, the future bliss of the just, and the misery of the wicked, is adduced as a proof of this proposition.

"Behold, I shew you a mystery, we shall not all sleep "but we shall all be changed; in a moment; in the "twinkling of an eye; at the last trump; when the trum-"pet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorrupti-"ble, and we shall be changed.—For this corruptible "must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on "immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put "on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on "immortality; then shall be brought to pass the saying "that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.—"For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a "shout, with the voice of the Archangel and with the "trump of God.—The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from "heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking "vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey "not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be "punished with everlasting destruction from the presence "of the Lord, and the glory of his power, when he shall "come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in "all them that believe. For we must all appear before the "judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the "things done in the body according to that he hath done "whether it be good or bad. The wicked shall go away "into everlasing punishment—they shall drink of the "wine of the wrath of God which is poured out without "mixture into the cup of his indignation; and they shall "be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of "the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb. And "the smoke of their torments ascendeth up for ever and "ever. The righteous shall go away into life eternal. They "shall be before the throne of God, and serve him day "and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne "shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, "neither thirst any more, neither shall the Sun light on "them; nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst "of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into "living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all "tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, "neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any "more pain, for the former things are passed away."

The sacred volume contains therefore the most clear information on the most interesting subjects—it teaches us the nature of *true religion*:—and if the facts related in it can be substantiated, and the evidence in its favour supported by the testimony of its greatest enemies, as well as its friends—we must conclude that the Christian religion is revealed from heaven.

The truth of the Christian religion is by some doubted, by others denied, and by few properly appreciated—viewing its sublimity, it is our duty calmly and seriously to examine the evidence in proof of its divine origin, and these additional considerations should urge us to the scrutiny. *(To be continued.)*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The piece on *Pedantry* will appear in our next.

Solus's communication is received, and shall be attended to.

Several of our poetical correspondents, have complained that their effusions have not been immediately inserted. We can assure them, there has not been any intentional or unnecessary delay; but, as we receive many compositions in verse, and seldom can appropriate more than one page for their insertion, some must be content to wait till their turn comes round.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

Written on the walls of the Old Poor-House near Annapolis—

ADDRESSED TO LAURA.

When night her sable vestments wide extend,
And all the busy world have sought repose;
To those lone walls my dreary steps I bend,
And brood in gloomy silence o'er my woes.

Now all the warbling tenants of the grove,
Have ceas'd their pleasing notes, and sunk to rest;
And now the screech-owl's frightful shriekings move
The painful anguish, of my tortur'd breast.

Now Sleep her visit pays where fortune smiles,
" Lights on each lid unsullied with a tear;"
But from the hopeless wretch of love recoils,
And leaves him to despondency and care.

My weary eye-lids vainly ask relief,
And busy fancy marks my wayward doom,
Renews the channels of my poignant grief;—
Devoid of pity, paints fresh ills to come.

Recals those days when you fair maid were kind,
Recals each scene of happiness and love;
And paints in airy visions to my mind,
Those hours of bliss, I ne'er again shall prove.

Then, as I told my tender, artless tale,
And with fond rapture, clasp'd you to my breast;
Soft murm'ring sighs, where utt'rance seem'd to fail,
Thy heaving bosom's mutual flame confess'd.

But scorn and anger, have usurp'd the throne,
Where love and pity held their pleasing reign;
Fair mercy from her wonted seat has flown,
And I am doom'd unheeded to complain.

Oh! on my suff'rings, *Laura*, pity take,
Each heav'nly smile, and each kind look renew,
For they will call my fleeting spirit back,
To former joys—to life, to love, and you.

THEODORE.

Ah, behold, this fading form,
Sinking lonely to the grave;
Vainly struggling with the storm,
Passion's victim—passion's slave.

Ah, behold, the pallid cheek,
Ah, behold, the tearful eye,
Sighs which inward anguish speak,
Tears still chasing every sigh.

See the smile of joy give place
To the vacant stare of grief
In the unconscious laugh too, trace,
Misery mocking all relief.

Calmly see the victim die,
Gladly she'll her life resign—
Then o'er her grave exult and cry,
Behold, this glorious work is thine.

M.

ABSENT ANNA.

What! tho' a wide expanding space
Now spreads its envious front between;
Still lovely Anna's beauteous face
Drawn by love's pencil, still is seen.
Here on thy faithful *Damon's* heart
Thy matchless minature impress'd,
Unites us present, though apart,
For *Anna dwells* in DAMONS breast.

Lo! yon sweet lawn where oft' we trac'd
The sun declining in the sky;
There *Damon* with a lover's haste
To meet his Anna oft' would fly.
And like the Sun which sunk below
The waving treetops in the west,
With constant heat, would rise to know,
That *Anna dwelt* in DAMON's breast.

Tho' dreary leagues between expand;
Tho' yon sweet lawn eternal change,
Wither'd by winter's icy hand
From summer courts another range:
Tho' the bright sun inconstant proves,
And sinks to rouse new worlds from rest;
Still *Damon Anna* only loves;
Still *Anna dwells* in *Damon's* breast.

YELSE.

THE RETORT.

As *Chloe* was sitting one day at her ease,
Dispensing her wit, and attentive to please,
Zo-ology soon her attention excited,
The wonders of nature her language invited:
She spoke of flamed Etna in fiery glow,
And lofty topp'd Andes o'ercovered with snow;
From these airy summits she sought the vast plain;
And spoke of the monkey, that low mimic train:
She declar'd with vehemence that genus she hated,
In whatever *circle* or *forests* created;
Whether taught to sport high on the loftiest tree,
Or powder'd with fashion to bend the low knee;
Whether taught to roam wild the thick-planted grove,
Or feign an attachment unfounded in love:
Just then her quick eyes on a fopling she darted,
He trembled, turn'd red, was abash'd and dishearted;
But quickly recov'ring, declar'd with some state,
" And *Pugs* of all kinds, e'en *pugg'd* noses, I hate."

YELSE.

MATRIMONY—AN EXTRACT.

Tom prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself and Kate
In union so divine;
" Wedlock's the end of life," he cried;
" Too true, indeed!" said Jack, and sigh'd,
" 'Twill be *the end of mine!*"

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes, GRAY.

AGAIN has returned that charming season, when the fair face of nature is drest in modest smiles, and tender blushes; when the senses are gratified with melody, and fragrance, and beauty; and every breeze bears health upon its wings: the season and the theme on which the Poet delights to dwell, when imagination shoots forth her most vigorous branches, the heart is disposed to tenderness, and the mind loves to indulge in peaceful meditation. Who can observe the scenery of spring, when all around is harmony, health, animation and gladness; and "forbear to join the general smile of nature?" who can grovel in sensual pleasures and sordid pursuits, or torment himself with trifling cares,

"When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie,
"To raise his being and serene his soul."—

To those who can think and feel, the season of spring is the season of reflection; its returning verdure animates decaying hope, and leads us to anticipate that happiness which hitherto we have sought in vain; it invigorates desire, it increases the energy with which we renew our efforts, and consoles us for past disappointment by recounting the victories of perseverance. What could exhibit a more naked and melancholy prospect, than the bosom of the earth when under the desolating hand of winter? The leafless trees, the plains hoary with drifting snow, the congealed current, the transient day, the long gloomy night, the lowering heavens, and the howling storm.—But how striking and exhilirating is the contrast, when the father of tempests gives way to the soft blandishments of spring, & the dismal appearance of barrenness & death is changed to life and fertility, and music & joy. Its sympathetic influence pervades the human bosom, we again seize with avidity on the blooming promises of hope, and with increased alacrity press forward to attain felicity. To the hope-flushed enterer on the stage of life, this season is indeed highly congenial, but at the same time very dangerous; it tells him,

———"Here are all the pleasures
"That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
"When the warm blood flows briskly through the veins,
"Fresh as the April buds in primrose season."—

he drinks deep of the intoxicating cup, and too frequently becomes so besotted with the draught, so relaxed and enervated, as never to attain that firmness of soul, that maturity of intellect, and consistency of character, which alone enables us to go through life with respectability and honor. While those who have restrained the violent ebulition of youthful passion, or happily have recovered from their effects; by tempering ardour with prudence, and regulating appetite by reason; are enabled to enjoy the beauties of nature, and the luxury of feeling, with a higher relish, and more discriminating taste; without endangering the nobler faculties, or losing sight of the great object of their pursuit.

This is not only the time to anticipate the future, but also to reveiw the past: the changes of the seasons remind us of the vicissitudes of life; and when we consider the number of springs that have bloomed, and autumns that have faded since we first beheld the face of nature; we ought seriously to ask ourselves whether we "have so numbered "our days as to apply our hearts to wisdom?" This task of self-examination is too generally neglected, and the longer it is deferred, the more do we fear to commence it.

He, who while he counts the years that have rolled over his head, can find their periods marked by acquisitions of useful knowledge, and progressive virtue; by actions of generous self-denial, and liberal indulgence to the frailties of others; by resistance of temptation, and victory over the tyranny of his passions; by detecting error, and assisting to establish truth; by preventing animosity, cultivating friendship, and extending his sphere of active benevolence: to him, the review of every departed year, brings peace, and every returning spring is welcomed with grateful kindness, as affording fresh avenues of rational delight, and opportunity for farther usefulness. But what satisfaction can the re-animated world give to those whose lives have been one continual scene of criminal indulgence, or incessant plodding after superfluous riches? who never knew a tender feeling, or generous sentiment; who live unbeloved by any, and die lamented by none: for such, the simple beauties, and innocent delights of nature have no charms; and all that inspires the rich imagination of the poet, that adorns the brow of genius, that dignifies the learned; all that really can command esteem, love and veneration; is passed over with neglect, or insolent regard, by the swinish herd who wallow in low gratifications; or those who grovel in the sewers of avarice for wealth which they know not how to enjoy, and which confers no respectability while they retain. But the time must come, when however we may struggle against reflection, it will be forced upon us: even to the man of middle age, it must some times press upon his mind; that he has seen the end of one generation of fleeting beings like himself, the arrival to maturity of a second, & the commencement of a third; and if he lives to see a fourth, he must in the natural course of things, depart, and give place to those who are anxious to possess, what he will reluctantly give up; and by whom he will perhaps, be forgotten before the grass can grow upon his grave; a grave, where the sculptured stone shall vainly endeavour to preserve a name that never was honoured, and which will never be sought for again.

From reflections on the revolution of the seasons, and the succession of generations of men, the mind naturally enlarges its view to contemplate the rise, progress and confusion of nations. The general order of gradation, has hitherto been from barbarism to civilization, from civilization to refinement, from refinement to luxury, from luxury to depravity and weakness, from weakness to dissolution; and the separated parts of several nations, have formed new combinations from which others have rose into existence; but the present state of the world is very unlike any other antecedent period; the effects of the invention of printing, and the universal activity of commerce, have diffused some portion of knowledge and science wherever mankind exchange commodities. The obstacles which prevented one portion of the inhabitants of the globe, from becoming acquainted with the history and character of others; arising from extreme distance, and great diversity of language; are now removed by the perfection of nautical skill, and the facility of translation. All mankind see and feel the advantages of commercial intercourse; almost the whole world is one vast trading community; and as wherever produce and manufactures are bartered, the seed of arts, sciences and literature will be sown; the products, wants, powers and genius of every nation will become familiar to each other; in the course of a few ages more there must necessarily be such a general similitude of manners, degree of civilization, advancement in knowledge, and concordance of every thing which results from education and intercourse; that the great discriminating features of national character, will by collision be so softened down, as to make mankind appear as one people and one family, excepting only those distinctions which nature has marked by climate and colour.

Whether this change to which we are gradually approaching, will produce more happiness and virtue than the world has yet possessed, can be known only to the great creator and governor of all; but that his providence is now so disposing the actions, minds and circumstances of the various inhabitants of the earth, as to produce a very different state of things from what has ever before existed, must be evident to every observing mind. Perhaps the ultimate end of all these concurring means, may be the promised universal prevalence of christianity, and consequently of universal felicity: but before the completion of this great work, dreadful evils, and unparralleled wickedness may intervene. The advantages which this country possesses over the nations of the eastern hemisphere are great and numerous; and Americans will do well if they seriously endeavour justly to appreciate their value.—Europe is torn by conflicting passions, and desolating wars; agitated by deadly rivalships, and threatened by the poison of ruinous principles, insinuated among all ranks of society under the specious name of *Philosophy*. Already has its active venom crossed the Atlantic, and should its emissaries prevail here also; farewell to peace and prosperity, pure morality and christian piety; farewell to the proud boast of affording an asylum to distressed humanity. The antidote is yet to be procured; seize and apply it with anxious solicitude e'er it be too late, discountenance the propagators of spurious morality, and the unblushing preach-

of infidelity : may you persevere in vigorous opposition ; may your sincere exertions be crowned with success, and may all be constrained to exclaim with *Balaam* the son of *Balak*, " blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee."

REASONS WHY WE SHOULD EXAMINE THE EVIDENCE *In favour of the Divinity of the Christian Religion.*

What shall the man deserve of human kind,
Whose happy skill and industry combin'd,
Shall prove, (what argument could never yet)
The Bible an imposture and a cheat ?—
The praises of the Libertine, profess'd
The worst of men, and curses of the best—

COWPER.

1. We shall engage in this examination if we would perform a duty devolving upon every rational creature.

In the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, Luke speaking of the Bereans, says ; " These were more " noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received " the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the " Scriptures daily, whether these things were so." Now there is at least implied in this passage, that it is every man's duty to examine the evidence in favour of the Christian Religion.

All men make happiness the grand object of their inquiry. Some there are who deny a future existence, therefore the pleasure and enjoyment which this world affords are all their delight, and to acquire as much as they wish of it is the utmost of their ambition. There are others who believing in a future state of happiness and misery, earnestly desire, not only comfort in this world, but joy for ever. It is not surprising that men who differ so widely on trifling subjects, should have many opinions respecting this, of all the most important. Some men are continually studying those authors who have written on this topic, in order to be acquainted with the best way of gaining that happiness of which they stand in need. We might easily prove that all human treatises come short of that great end, whenever they speculate upon the means of procuring real peace of mind. The holy Scriptures teach us the way to solid happiness, they inform us where it is to be found, they show the manner of attaining it, and assure us of the certainty of our being made possessors of it—it is consequently our duty to examine whether this book be really a human contrivance, or what it professes to be, of divine origin.

2. This will appear to be our duty if we would follow the example of the ancients.

We learn from the history of the first ages of Christianity that the Apostles for some time confined their labours to the people of their own nation alone. At length, God saw fit to call Paul to be in a peculiar manner his minister to the Gentiles : and by divine influence granted him that authority, and those miraculous gifts of which the other Apostles were possessed. No sooner had he received the grace of God than he became indefatigable in the work and cause of Jesus Christ. He tried by all possible means, to spread the glory of his name, and left nothing unattempted to make Christ's salvation known among the Heathens. From that part of Scripture history connected with the passage quoted, we perceive that Paul whilst passing through Greece, planted two churches the one at Thessalonica, and the other at Berea : after briefly relating the circumstances which happened at both ; the historian draws their characters as above. From which we may infer, that the Apostle conceived it to be the duty of all those who do not, as well as of those who do profess to be Christians, to search the scriptures, to enquire into their authenticity, and to know the truth and certainty of those things which they relate. If it was the duty of those who lived in the Apostle's days (when vast numbers were existing who had been eye-witnesses of those facts, & who continued to attest their truth) to examine the evidence brought by the Disciples of our Lord in support of their doctrine, that they might have their understandings informed, and their minds fully convinced ; it is much more our duty in these distant ages, carefully to enquire and scrutinize into these things ; when from the nature of the case, the length of time elapsed since their performance, the difficulty of procuring ancient records, and other circumstances ; we cannot have that strong evidence which they possessed. Their example is before us, and the praise which they received for their conduct ; let us follow their steps, & pursue the same path, that we may partake of their commendation : for all those are included in it, who imitate them ; and a lasting testimony of the approbation of Heaven is given in the words, " these were more noble than those of Thessalonica." And it ought to be remarked, that no man with an unprejudiced mind, and a heart not entirely controuled with vice, ever sat down to a calm investigation of this subject, and at its conclusion remained an infidel. To those who have little time and less inclination, but who for curiosity would read a little—the following works are recommended in addition to *Paley's Evidences* and his *Horæ Paulinæ* (a most invaluable book having demonstration unanswerable in every page)

Ditton on the *Resurrection*, *West Do. Littleton* on the *conversion* of *Paul*, and *the trial* of the *Witnesses*;—and it may be asserted that a man who is not convinced by these volumes, is either blind, determined against truth, or incorrigible.

3. This is our duty, because Christ the great founder of this religion has enjoined it.

"Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.—Here is a positive precept, in reference to the duty under consideration. From the connection we learn, that Christ was disputing with the Jews who had contended against the truth of his assertions, and denied his divine mission as the Messiah whom they expected. Though he particularly addressed the Jews, and in it reproached them for their unbelief; it is alas! necessary to charge those who even profess to be Christians in these words. The Old Testament was the test to which the Lord Jesus referred them, and the criterion whereby they might judge him.—These witnessed to the truth of a Messiah as coming into the world, they gave a clear description of him, and the writers of the first part of the sacred volume left some infallible marks whereby an imposter might easily be distinguished from the real scripture Messiah. It was to these our Lord turned the attention of the Jews, and we ought, as well as they to examine the truth of his pretensions.

The Gospel diplays the purest system of morality of which we can have any conception; and to prove that it is of so peculiar a kind that none ever equalled it; an author justly esteemed for his able defence of Christianity has made it expressly an evidence of the truth of the Christian Religion:—the sum of his argument on this head is thus expressed:—"The whole volume of the "New Testament is replete with piety, with what were "almost unknown to Heathen Moralists, *devotional virtues*; the most profound veneration of the Deity, an "habitual sense of his bounty and protection, a firm "confidence in the final result of his councils and dispensations, a disposition to resort upon all occasions to his "mercy for the supply of human wants, for assistance in "danger, for relief from pain, for the pardon of sin."—The propriety of this remark is incontestable. Is this system of morality deservedly distinguished from all others? Is a correct knowledge of it to be acquired in the Gospel only? then it is certainly our duty to examine the evidence by which it is supported.

4. It is not our duty only to examine this subject—but it is a great privilege.

We have already proved by a comparison of the Heathen writers, with the Scriptures on the subject of a future state that the former are infinitely surpassed by the latter.—Allowing that the New Testament was written by those whose name it bears; to pretend to compare the one with the other, as it respects their human learning is absurd. If the Heathens who had all the light natural reason (and genius could afford them, were far below the New Testament writers in the clearness of their sentiments; it follows that the latter received their information from a source with which the others were totally unacquainted.—The Gospel professes to give comfort to all who believe in it, and attend to its dictates, in all the distresses of this state, in the hour of death, and throughout eternity; it opens to us an invisible world—it displays to our view the realities beyond the grave—it informs us of an eternity of happiness or misery, to which we shall all be finally doomed according to our respective characters—it teaches us that all which it is necessary for us to do that we may for ever feel the horrors of the damned, is to live regardless of the duties which it enjoins upon us, and indifferent whether in itself it be true or false—and it shows us, that by a careful attention to its precepts we may enjoy happiness immortal.

No man will attend to the Gospel, will be restrained by it, will live according to its injunctions, or perform the duties required of him in it, until he is convinced either by the weight of historical evidence, or by the effectual operation of the Spirit of God. The gospel positively asserts that a life of piety must precede eternal joy; for "without Holiness, no man shall see the Lord."—And that a life conformable to the sketch laid down in it, is absolutely necessary to our meeting death with peace of mind.

It hence appears, that a firm satisfaction in our own minds of the truth of the Gospel must exist before we listen to its advice; and this cannot reasonably be expected unless we attentively examine the evidence adduced in its favour.

ON PEDANTRY.

Nothing communicates more pleasure than to see a student who has opened the page of refined literature, and dwelt with improvement upon its contents. He who treads the avenues which lead to the temple of Wisdom undertakes an arduous labour; he is like a solitary traveller in a dreary waste; innumerable thorns impede the swiftness of his progress, until almost desponding he throws himself upon his bed of brambles, willing to sigh away his life in disappointment: but amidst the distressful scene, Hope holds the torch of consolation in her hand to light him on his dangerous way, and Perseverance kindly

stimulates the enterprize. When at length each barrier has yielded to his mental prowess, and he grasps the long eluding prize, then another difficulty presents itself to know in what suitable manner to conduct himself; which originates in that buoyant passion which nature has implanted in the bosom of each individual, to display advantageously the attainments he has acquired in the pursuit of literature. He is too apt to descend into the pedant, and by his own vanity nauseate those auditors who were before prepared to listen and admire. A modest learned man is the most dignified of characters; the king in all the glittering pomp of ermined royalty may command the vulgar gaze of the idle fools of the present age, but the learned man unasked will obtain more; the respect of the present, and the veneration of the future. But he should shun pedantry. Why need the ignorance of one man be insulted by the learning of another? why should *Classicus* in all the awful scenery of foreign learning parade his erudition when *Stultitius* to whom he is then talking looks at him with amazement and doubts the sanity of his mind. The one who might be respectable becomes ridiculous: the other still retains the original texture of his own character, and remains as he always was contemptible. I cannot avoid smiling when I examine a book composed by a pedantic author; there is an invariable criterion to discover him. The writings of a man are the chief index of his mind. I would desire no surer indicative of the genius, disposition and temper of an individual than to peruse the effusions of his pen. Of an author who writes on a particular subject each line is a mirror to reflect his image to the world. Of all writers the pedant is the most detestable. On his title page or immediately over his essay is some quotation in uncommon characters: This serves to engage the eye of the wandering reader, who struck by the uncouthness of its Greek or Hebraic appearance, pauses for a moment at the top, then looks at the signature, and frightened, passes on in silence, convinced of the erudite talents of the author. It answers another purpose which probably the pedant never once reflected on, it tells the reader of information that the author has seen the same subject treated on else where, and he intends to plagiarize without giving direct notice. An appropriate quotation when cited if in opposition with submissive deference or if in unison with honest exultation is justifiable, but when it enamels the whole production, the book becomes a compilation from various authors often injudiciously arranged. A reader of common cast is often pleased with this appearance; he is pleased but he knows not why; he attempts to point out some beauty of the author but unfortunately such beauty is a quotation. *Addison's* travels are extremely entertaining to most readers, not so much from his own genius, as from the borrowed sentences interspersed throughout the work. Plagiarism is theft; quotation little less, it is borrowing without the permission of the owner. Such is the pedantic author: but pedantry is not confined to serious compositions. The jovial hour of conviviality and the tissue of epistolary friendship, is often inspired by it. The following is part of a letter I lately received from *Pomposo*.

"I have been since my absence to see our old friend *Rhymewell*, but like most poets

Gaudet monstris, mentisque tumultu.—LUCAN.

He informed me that our old acquaintance *Benevolus* was dead. He was then writing his epitaph. Yes my friend, *Benevolus* the partner of our infant pleasures is no more,

Mortalitatem Explevit.—TACIT. A. 3.

But who would not wish to die when he sees his friends daily passing "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns" the whole world too decaying around him

Vitæ est avidus, quisquis non vult,
Mundo secum pereunte, mori.—SENEC. TRAG.

When we reflect upon the uncertain tenure of our lives how can we pass it on in idle frivolity

Pensa, che questo dì mai non raggiera.—DANTE PAROD.

But to return to *Rhymewell*. I am much pleased with some of his performances—he is sometimes gay sometimes severe but always wild and romantic

Nomen in exemplum sero servabimus ævo—MILTON.

In reading some of his compositions I have been delighted and sincerely wish you could partake in the perusal of a manuscript more valuable than any Herculaneum or Pompeia can boast a manuscript which

Mirantur taciti—STAT.

I have on my return from visiting him to Classic Hall been attacked by the most tremenduous storm that the heavens ever prepared

La piova maladetta, fredda e greve
Regola, e qualita (estrana) e nuova
Grandine grossa, edacqua tinta e neve,
Per l'aer tenebroso si riverse—DANTE. INFERNO.

I shall shortly leave the charming retreats of rural solitude, for the busy scene of commerce. The poet will drop unheeded from my once careful hand and its place be supplied by the tiresome Ledger. My recently unexpected misfortunes make me exclaim in the words of Boileau.

——————— Laisse là tous les livres
Exerce toi, mon fils, dans ces hautes sciences.
Prens au lieu d'un Platon, ce Guidon des finances.

Knowing that you are opposed to many quotations I have been very sparing in this epistle. I begin myself to dislike

it. "Apropos" pardon the following as it is a weapon in your own defence.

Hic liber est *conglutinatus* ex tam multis libris, quot unus pinguis cocus oves, boves, sues, grues, anseres, passeres coquere, aut unus fumosus calefactor centum magna hypocausta ex illis calefacere possit ——— Epist. Obscurorum Virorum."

Who can read this epistle without smiling at *Pomposo*. Latin, English, French and Italian all *conglutinated* into one curious compound.

YELSE.

Mr. Easy

Your correspondent *Pericles*, I presume is some old cynic, who having lost all relish for the charming delights of female society, wishes to depreciate our sex, and render us disliked by your sex. He forgets that the defects of which he complains are all owing to the men, I myself, Sir, am an example; and to give you a short sketch, of my manner of life to my present age, (nineteen) with a few remarks, will prove that however just some of his ideas may be—we girls are not to be blamed.

My father is a man who from the very lowest situation in life has *worked* himself into a large fortune. He married when he was about forty, my mother, who was exactly his contrary. He is very ignorant, (I am sorry to say it,) impolite, and coarse; but honest in his dealings.—She was quite the *fine lady*.—He married her because she was a *dashing girl*, who coquetted much, dressed much, spent much, and possessed as he thought a fortune; which in the event appeared to be seven negroes. She married him, because she expected to have money at her command. From this match I am sprung, and the consequences have been altogether such as might be expected. My father's companions have been always men like himself; those who from the dregs of society have been exalted to the highest rank in it by the power of money—My Mother's visitors were giddy, thoughtless women, who dressed, gaimed, and talked scandal—In a house of this kind was I brought up.—My Father hated learning, because he had it not; my Mother because it was too troublesome to attain: The result is, that the little which I know has been acquired by me since my mother's death. At the age of fourteen, having two black girls to attend me day and night, the utmost which I would do was to write my name, and read a novel. I at fifteen was introduced into company, was taught the most elegant mode of displaying, myself and the most delicate way of exhibiting what nature and chasity say should be concealed. So that there might be no room for imputations on my character. I was placed at the card table, as the school in which all the refinements of ogling, finessing, and boldness might be learnt, without any possibility for improper remarks.

Now, Sir, I appeal to you, whether any other effect could be expected than what I experienced—All my delight was to inflame my imagination by the most voluptuous books, to indulge myself in familiarities with the *puppies* who were admitted to our parties, and to receive those attentions which have no other tendency than to foster pride, and to corrupt the heart—Thus passed three years of my life, all of which was spent in an incessant round of folly, dissipation, and indolence.—Those men whom I was taught to consider, as men of talents, and superior learning joined with the rest and paid infinitely more attenton to us *flirts*, than to some ladies who had really just views of their situation and duties, and whom *respect* alone induced sometimes to join in our evening's frivolous amusements—This established in my mind the propriety of the general practice, that all a young woman's object is to attract the notice of the men; and that the means are of no importance, so that the effect is produced; for it is true that women are regarded by the generality of young men, according to their dress, or rather their undress, and not in proportion to their accomplishments, *sense or virtue*.

My mother's death, which I sincerely lamented, and which necessarily confined me for some time, gave me an opportunity to think; and the honest freedom of a female who was almost a stranger, but whom I hold now to be the best of my friends, has saved me from contempt and ignominy.—In consequence of the change which appears in my character, and habits, I am discarded by my former companions, who visit me no longer; and it is highly proper, for they would hinder much precious time which I have not now to waste. But I have gained in their stead a few acquaintances, who are universally respected and esteemed for their integrity, their worth and their piety.—The dangerous situation which was then unknown to me, in which I stood at the time of my mother's death,—the means which my friends used to alter my character,—and the happy result with respect to myself would render this letter too long—I shall in another epistle detail them to you, and in the mean time—

I am, truly, your's &c.

S.

P. S. I shall after you have received my second

letter appoint a day when I shall expect Mr. Easy to tea.

—

Mr. Easy presents his compliments to Miss S. and will be happy to see her second letter. He will also hold himself in readiness to accept her promised invitation to tea, which he hopes may be soon. As she has been an admired *Flirt*, he supposes she must be handsome; and he is certain that the alteration in her character will never prove injurious to her beauty.

ANECDOTES.

A countryman very much marked with the small-pox, once applied to a justice of the peace for redress in an affair where one of his neigbours had ill treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as his worship expected, "Fellow, (said he in a rage) I don't know whether you were inocculated for the small-pox or not, *but I am sure you have been inocculated for stupidity*,"—"Why an please you, (replied the man) perhaps, as you say, *I might* be inocculated for stupidity; but there was no occasion to perform that operation upon your worship, *for you seem to have had it in the natural way*."

During the time of a heavy shower, a gentleman on the banks of the Thames seeing an angler sitting very composedly in a boat, without either hat or wig on, called out to him to know what sport he had, and why he exposed his bald head to the *pelting of the pitiless storm?* "Why faith, (replied the gentle swain) my hat is at the bottom of the boat, full of water, to put the fish in *when I have caught 'em*; and my wig I have put in my pocket, that it may not wet my head and give me a cold: as to sport, I have had none yet, but, as I suppose the fish are all got under the arch of the bridge to keep themselves *dry* during this heavy shower, *as soon as it is over*, I will go and angle *there*."

The Rev. Rowland Hill, when at college, was remarkable for the vivacity of his manners, and humour of his observations. In a conversation on the powers of the letter *H*, where it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration or breathing, Rowland took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being, to all intents and purposes, a *letter*; and concluded by observing that, if it were not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being *ill* all the days of his life.

A person who delighted in a pun, and could not forego the pleasure of one, thought it might lose him a friend, was known to be a great epicure, and to consider a dish of woodcocks as a feast of embrosia. His friends, who had frequently smarted under his lash, perceiving his weak side, determined he should feel the *lex talionis*;—accordingly, one evening they introduced a stranger, who in the course of conversation, mentioned how the part he came from abounded in game. This immediately roused the epicure's attention, and he asked if there were any woodcocks.—"Great plenty, (replied the stranger) they are brought by baskets every market-day; and are sold for a mere trifle per couple." Such an opportunity was not to be lost. As earnestly as an alderman prays for turtle, the punster desired the gentleman to send him a basket, that he might treat himself and his acquaintance. The request was complied with, and the basket arrived. His friends attended to see it opened. "Oh!" said he, as he loosed the cords, what a glorious sight we shall have! a whole basket of *woodcocks*, the very essence of luxury!" With eagerness he lifted up the lid, *but who can paint the punster as he stood*, when instead of his favorite game, he beheld a number of *spiggots and faussets*.

O'erwhelmed with shame, and disappointed quite,
He hung his head, and sicken'd at the sight.

Iwan, shall appear in our next.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following verses which were written several years ago, the author never designed to publish; but having got possession of them, I cannot withhold from my readers a specimen of my friend's early genius. If my partiality does not deceive me, they will be found to breath the genuine spirit of Love and Poetry.

ADDRESS TO THE RARITON.

Hail, *Rariton*, the boast of *Jersey*'s plain,
Of all thy numerous sister streams the pride,
That roll, their names unaltered to the main,
Or lose them, wedded to some mightier tide.

Oft have I seen thee from thy humble spring
Where wood-crown'd *Schooley*,* rears his rugged head,
O'er his black rocks thy whiten'd torrent fling,
And rage impetuous thro' thy broken bed.

Then lost in woods, impervious shape thy way,
Heard loud (sweet nature's Music) though unseen,
Till smoothed, yet rapid, rushing into day,
Paint the gay Heavens in thy glassy plain.

Still as thou wind'st along the smiling vale,
And bending striv'st t' extend thy fost'ring sway;
Each grateful field assumes a deeper green,
And by adorning hastens to repay.

* *(Schooley) a mountain in Jersey.*

The tow'ring Hemlocks interpose their shade,
And on thy banks the Conic Cedars rise,
To keep thee tranquil in thy lowly bed,
While the loud tempest sweeps athwart the skies.

Ah, let me still thy sinuous course pursue,
While many a sudden bend, still cheats my way—
Again thou meet'st my long enquiring view,
Where the gay sunbeams on thy waters play.

Thence let me trace thee, where in gay increase
Thou visit'st *Sidney's* hospitable dome ;——
Dear seat of plenty, health, and rural peace ;
And every pleasure virtue calls her own.

But chief, of beauty ——— blest with ev'ry grace
That sportive nature to her fav'rite gives :
An angel's person ; and an angel's face,
An angel's mind ;—'tis here *Maria* lives.

With every charm that cities can impart,
Maria boasts what cities cannot show ;
Unwarped simplicity, a guileless heart,
Pure and unsullied as the virgin snow.

All-lovely Nature ! still thou warm'st my breast,
Though clothed in tatters at the cottage door :
But, when in Heav'ns own radiant image drest,
T' admire is cold !— I hail thee and adore !

Can all the slipp'ry polish art affords,
Th' obedient smile that waits at will to start ;
The phrase composed with all the pomp of words—
Pay for one warm effusion of the heart .

Pay for the smile illumining the face,
With sweet contagion spreading all around ;
The hand frank-offered, whose untutored grace
Expects a friend, and welcomes him when found ;

Let me kind Heaven, if it be my lot
From youth to age the whole long course to run,
Find nature a companion in my cot ;
And toss to kings their sceptre and their crown.

Flow on loved *Rariton !*—to other scenes
Thy tributary waste of beauties pour———
No banks can grace thee like these happy plains,
No verdure crown thee as on *Sidney's* shore.

No eye so bright as fair *Maria's* trace
Thy tangled current glitt'ring 'neath the beam ;
No form so fair, reflected in thy face,
Shall look the smiling goddess of the stream.

Flow murmuring on—too soon to quit the shades,
And sylvan honors that adorned thy wave ;
The Prow too soon thy tranquil breast invades,
And busy commerce claims thee as its slave.

FRANKLY.

THE GRAVE OF SADI.

" Tread lightly on his ashes for he was your Brother." STERNE.

Let no rude step approach yon sacred spot,
O'er which the Cypress throws its friendly shade ;
There slumbers *Sadi*, all his toils forgot,
And in his grave an honest heart is laid.

His soul was form'd of Nature's tenderest clay,
And when misfortune's tale he chanc'd to hear,
His dusky bosom heav'd to nature's sway,
And softly down would steal the silent tear.

But ah ! Affliction claimed him for her son,
And for his liberty soon made a grave ;
The Tyrant blush'd, when he his chains put on,
And Freedom sigh'd when he was made a slave.

Still would he toil through summers scorching ray,
And not one sigh escape his manly heart,
Except when mem'ry brought to view the day
That Slavery forc'd him from his home to part.

Then every home-felt joy and dear delight
Would in succession rise before his mind ;
In fancy oft he heard his friends invite,
To shake off life and leave his foes behind.

Oft when the labor of the day was o'er,
'Ere he betook him to his hard-worn bed,
He'd speak with rapture of his native shore,
And mourn the joys that were forever fled.

How he his native wilds had rambled through,
Cheer'd with sweet friendship's captivating voice ;
With pleasure swift his happy moments flew,
For friendship bids each generous heart rejoice.

Oft would he say, when he had pass'd death's door,
His joys, his pleasures, then would all renew ;
Again he'd dwell on Afric's happy shore,
And bid to toil and slavery adieu.

The way-worn beggar oft at evening's close,
From his kind heart found respite from his grief;
'Twas pleasure to his soul to heal their woes,
And to their wants administer relief.

The heart that oft array'd his face with smiles,
Now beats no more, and when the wretched come,
They'll find him gone to range his native wilds,
To live at liberty and live at home.

SOLUS.

A part of this impression was worked off before the following error was discovered in the Poetry.

Page 207, *3rd verse, 1st line...for* imperious *read* impervious.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1805. No. 27.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Plac'd for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis, or abuse;
Else, on the fatalists' unrighteous plan,
Say, to what bar amenable were man?

COWPER.

Mr. Easy,

I was much pleased to find that some of your friends who contribute to the Companion were disposed to furnish you with criticisms on the merits and tendencies of some writings, which are generally to be found in fashionable libraries. The beauty of the language in which these books are written and the deceptious colouring which is given to sentiments, from which we should turn with disgust, if they were stripped of these adventitious advantages and shewn in their naked deformity, have given them a rank in publick estimation which I think much above their merit, and has secured to them a circulation much more extensive than a due regard to the interests of religion and morality, ought to have suffered them to obtain.

I have particular reference to a critique of Rosseau's Eloisa, in your twenty third number, under the signature of Longinus. The ideas of this writer are so correct, and his strictures on the work, so judicious and appropriate that I hope he will frequently fill some of the columns of your miscellany. Much yet remains to be done in this department, *some* poetical works would be proper subjects of examination and *some* writings on systems of education deserve attention in this way, but those works which have been called philosophical, as they are more specious and obviously calculated to deceive the superficial observer, more imperiously demand this critical examination; that the credulous and unsuspecting may be put on their guard, and may avoid yielding to sophistical arguments what cannot be supported by sound reasoning.

Observing your twenty fourth number to begin with a comparison between Shakspear's plays and one translated from the German of Schiller, I flattered myself that I should be gratified by seeing all the objections which I have ever had to *the Robbers* more correctly exhibited to the publick, than I thought myself capable of doing it; but I was much surprized to find the writer an avowed advocate of a play, which I thought, and supposed almost every body else thought, so objectionable.

I decline for several reasons to attempt an investigation of the merits of this piece, according to the rules which have been adopted in dramatical compositions. I think *that* by no means the most important point of view in which this play is to be seen. My intention is nothing more than to shew the immoral, irreligious, and pernicious tendency of the piece, and to make a few observations on some of the characters.

I know of no impression of more mischievous tendency, than "the principle of Fatalism which pervades the whole piece, and influences the chief agents of the drama." When that doctrine has once got access, there is no longer any security against the most wicked actions being committed, while those who commit them think themselves blameless, as simply the agents of a superior power, whose influence they suppose they feel impelling them to all those actions to which from the depravity of human nature we are so propense. We frequently find that all the restraints of religion and morality and even the apprehension of future punishment, are insufficient to arrest the impetuous torrent of the passions. What then are we to expect in cases where not only these restraints are removed, but when wicked men believe themselves commissioned, and that they are "the instruments of vengeance in the hands of the Almighty for the punishment of others!" Which consideration not only renders the agents more abandoned, but has the ef-

fect of exciting our sympathy for such persons, as we believe to be hurried on in spite of themselves and to be compelled to act under the direction of an irresistable impulse. We ought not to see these principles in conjunction with any thing of which we can possibly think favourably. We are in danger of losing sight of the detestable nature of fatalism, when it is so softened and relieved by amiable qualities, as in the character of Moor.

I cannot conceive on what ground the translator of this play could assert "that so far from its being hostile in its nature to the cause of virtue, it is one of the most truly moral compositions that ever flowed from the pen of genius." For my part, I see no new lesson of morality which is taught by it. We learn from it, that strong partialities among ones children are improper, and that vicious conduct is punished even in this world, but we have heard and acknowledged these truths so often, that we have now no urgent occasion for the repetition of them.

No one I think will deny that this play discovers talents in the writer, and perhaps a more than ordinary acquaintance with the human heart, particularly for a man of no greater age than twenty three years. I allow also that there are some scenes in it which are exceedingly well managed and highly affecting.

That the tendency of this piece is however, inimical to virtue is very strongly countenanced by an anecdote which the translator has had the candour to relate in his preface, although he professes to disbelieve it, or supposes that at least it has been much exaggerated; he has copied it from the transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.—"After the representation of this Tragedy (the Robbers) at Fribourg, a large party of the youth of the city, among whom were the sons of some of the chief nobility, captivated by the grandeur of the character of its hero, Moor, agreed to form a band like his in the forests of Bohemia, elected a young nobleman for their chief, and pitched on a beautiful young lady for his Amelia, whom they were to carry off from her parents house, to accompany their flight. To the accomplishment of this design, they had bound themselves by the most tremendous oaths; but the conspiracy was discovered by an accident and its execution prevented." We also learn from the translator that "so powerful were the effects of this tragedy, and as some thought so dangerous, that in several states its representation was prohibited by the legislature." These are circumstances so striking and which obtrude themselves so forcibly on our attention, that I am surprised at your ingenious correspondent having failed to notice and give them their due weight.

There is more of sophistry than of correct analogical inferrence, in the vindication which the translator makes for having introduced this play to the knowledge of his countrymen. He seems to think that if Milton were not to be censured for having represented the arch-fiend in the shape and appearance of a fallen angel, Schiller ought not to be blamed for having given some elegant traits to his hero, who on the whole must be allowed to be vicious. The cases are in my opinion by no means parallel. We can never be so facinated with the brilliancy of his Satanic Majesty as to be induced to wish to imitate him; and even if the wish could be formed, the impossibility of our acting in any degree in a similar way, would compel us to abandon the mad idea. But if we cannot exactly imitate Schiller's hero, he is not so far out of human reach, as to make us dispair of being able to come near him. Such a circumstance as a father unjustly disinheriting his son may occur, and a son of bold and sanguine turn of mind may wish to act like the noble Moor.

After we have been introduced to Moor and his company and heard a disgusting jumble of dialogue, which authorise us to conclude that his companions are at least of the most vulgar order of people, if not abandoned villains we learn by a proposal of one of the party, that they were not yet robbers, but heretofore only the associates of his dissipation and profligacy. Such an association, independently of any other crime deserved almost the whole of a father's severity, and resentment.

There is much obscurity as to the previous course of life which Charles de Moor had led, but we are induced to believe that with all the advantages of uncommonly brilliant parts and liberal attention from an indulgent father, his mind should have been so formed and his principles so fixed that even under the most imperious and distressing circumstances, he would have required some management, and at last could have been drawn into the vortex of destruction only by gradual and insensible degrees. But on the contrary, we find him seizing the first offer which is made him, to become captain of the gang, with a degree of promptitude and alacrity which would have become a man who had been nursed in the lap of depredation, who was familiar with crimes, and who had grown gray in the service of iniquity.

I am prepared to admit that there is a splendour, a boldness, an energy in the character of Moor, which blended with a considerable portion of humanity and amiability, render him highly interesting. But this is the circumstance which constitutes my greatest objection to him; these lucid parts of his character, have the effect of

blinding us to his faults, induce us to palliate his conduct, and to feel particular concern in his fate.

Independently of the doctrine of fatalism which seems to have influenced Moor in many of his actions, the manner in which he speaks of suicide is exceedingly objectionable and the reason which he assigns for declining it is not that one which should have operated most forcibly.

I have but little to observe on the character of Francis de Moor; it bears some resemblance to Shakspear's Richard the third, and is pretty well supported throughout.—But Francis' address to his father in the first scene is abrupt, brutal and without sufficient preparation of the old man to hear such gross faults charged on his favorite son, and the whole of it is so inartificial and bears so strongly the marks of imposition, that the flimsy veil of concern in the son cannot be supposed sufficient to hide his real views from the most unobservant eyes; besides, the air of triumph with which he speaks was suited to defeat his plans and to excite suspicion in the father.

The greatest stretch of imagination is scarcely capable of reaching a character so infamously cruel and corrupt, as that which we must attribute to Francis, from his soliloquy at the beginning of the second act. Characters which represent the highest grade of turpitude attainable by man, should be exhibited with caution, but those which are actually impracticable should never be admitted. Writers satisfy themselves on having drawn such characters by the reflection that their readers will feel abhorrence at the deformity of vice, but it is unfortunately true that we soon become familiar with objects, which were once our greatest aversion, we first bear to behold, then we approach, we touch, we handle and embrace them.

It must be allowed that an example of a very exceptionable kind is given in the third act, where Kozinski comes to offer himself as the companion of an infamous horde of robbers and murderers, because he had been disappointed in his love-schemes, and had been badly treated by a despotic prince, thereby adding infamy to his misfortune and insult. Nor can the frigid moralizing, the air of contempt and the trite reflections of Moor, on the situation of those who have been guilty of great crimes, remove the sympathy which ardent minds will feel for the unfortunate and intrepid Kozinski.

Your correspondent wisely declines to enter into a particular examination of the character of Amelia, which is indeed an odd compound, an heterogeneous mixture of such ingredients as never did nor ever will concur in one person; she is presented to us in the first instance, in the form of a virago incensed almost to madness, and even going through some maniac evolutions. We meet with her next a love-lorn, sorrowing maid, the tender friend and guardian of her sleeping uncle; after having supported this character tolerably well for some time in the Bed Chamber scene, we find her instantaneously changed into the virago, which we first saw her. We again see her submitting to be imposed on by the shallow trick, of a dying man having traced several sentences with his own blood on his sword. We do not require truth in dramatic performances, but where fiction is so palpable as to force itself on our notice, and the incident is scarcely within the limits of possibility, certainly not within those of the slightest probability, the intellect must indeed be torpid which can enjoy the representation.

In the Garden scene with Francis, Amelia acts with equal ease a character violent, mild or malignant. In the gallery scene she is talking philosophically, with the supposed Count de Brasund, on the vanity of "sublunary bliss," and the transitoriness of human happiness. She hints at her faithfulness and constancy to Moor, and is dissolved into tears by being urged to repeat his name.

In the garden she is again the love-sick girl, but we are surprised to find this paragon of constancy in a soliloquy, on the existence of a young attachment, which by a sort of hot-bed growth had arisen on the instant and attained an irresistable strength, and chiding her "false and faithless heart," for furnishing her with so good an excuse for giving way to her passion.—She was then under the impression that the object of her first love was dead, therefore she might have deemed herself absolved in justice though not literally. But she had just been told that he was alive, and told under circumstances which were suited, at least, to have absorbed her attention for sometime; but at that very instant; when every latent spark of attachment to Moor, might have been naturally expected to be excited, she meets the Count, that fatal likeness of her Charles, and turns upon us an entire wanton.

"With a look expressive of the most passionate affection." "Moor says "young woman that is false," she answers "tenderly," "Moor presses her hand to his lips;" she tells him "his kisses burn like fire," to which he replies as usual in such cases. "He embraces her and lays his head on her bosom." Amelia "in great confusion struggles with a faint endeavour," then "tenderly and drowned in tears, she presses him closer to her bosom," saying at the same time, "God forgive you, young man!" our loving pair now, "with rapturous tenderness give way to their emotions without controul, and mingle their kisses," after these extacies, and some rant about broken

vows, perjury, mutual faith &c. and much management about the ring, turning pale, being terrified, throwing up of eyes to heaven, speaking with melancholy tenderness, and an expression of deep affliction, she discovers her lover to be Charles, she faints and the scene closes." This is, indeed a scene of much interest, particularly to the parties; it is a highly coloured picture but without variety of colours, for the master colour there, like the brazen serpent, has swallowed up all the rest.

Amelia again makes her appearance in the last scene, but as her conduct is the same as before, except that she shews some additional symptoms of an "unsettledness of mind;" I think it unnecessary to be more particular with her.

However strongly we reprobate the immoral tendency of the principal character in this piece, it does not totally eclipse the minor faults of Amelia; and I do not think I shall be charged with being affectedly scrupulous or puritanically rigid, if I object to the latter, as incongruous, indelicate and unnatural.

The industry and zeal of the great enemies of christianity, which are known to have been vigorously exerted about or a little before the time when Schiller wrote, afford a presumption that he might have been enlisted under their banners; as we know that they neglected no steps which could in any degree forward their great and nefarious designs.—The sources of information were poisoned by their new doctrines, the name of philosophy was prostituted to the purposes of impiety, thrones were disgraced by being in possession of the proselytes to the new system, and even the high dignitaries of the church were polluted by their principles. There was no way to the head, there was no avenue to the human heart, which they did not essay to enter. Even amusements were made subservient to their views. That Schiller then, a young man and a man of talents should have attracted their attention and become one of their number is not at all improbable; and the Tragedy of "the Robbers," is in such a style as to countenance the conjecture.

The propagators of infidelity appear to be actuated by a degree of infuriated enthusiasm or malignant charity, for which I have never been able to account. It might be possible to pardon the total disregard or oblivion of the misery and distress which the success of their doctrines produce in some of the most amiable of mankind, if any plausible motive could be assigned for their conduct.—They sometimes pretend that they have in view the emancipation of the human mind, from the prejudices of an ill directed education, from the shackles of superstition and the impositions of priestcraft. But this is a kind of jargon as they apply it, which I have never been able to comprehend, although I have often had my judgment insulted and my feelings irritated by the writings on this subject, and had my ears stunned by the garulous prating and clamorous vociforations of the various orders of its advocates. The sublime Godwin and his more sublime models in France, no doubt had motives for the conduct which they adopted; and truly sublime and terrible, have been the consequences in that country where labourers were in the greatest plenty, where their doctrines took the deepest root and possesed the most vigorous principle of growth. Independently of great political revolutions, which I think are well ascertained to have been the primary objects of Voltaire, d'Alembert and others, who composed the memorable constellation of impiety, the baleful influence of which, has been severely felt in every portion of the globe to which European literature has access; it should be recollected, that *they* were *master-builders* in the temple of irreligion. Whatever might be the ultimate issue of their projects, they calculated that they could not fail to gain credit, for the ingenuity with which they combated the favourite and most established doctrines of the whole christian world, and for the success which they might have in the contest; more brilliant and more flattering to their vanity, if the force of their sophistical reasonings, should be shewn to have prevailed over truth and the good sense of mankind.

The love of novelty is one of the most powerful affections of the human mind, and it has greatly aided the extension of infidelity. The works of Tindal, Chubb, Toland and other old fashioned writers in the cause of irreligion, have once had their day, but are now almost faded from the recollection of this age; and even those of the elegant but superficial Bolingbroke are vanishing from our sight. Such will also be the fate of the latter writers of this class when their works no longer bear the gloss of novelty.

But in the rear of the body of infidels, I behold with painful emotion, a melancholy group of unfortunate young men, who before their minds have been erradiated by science or their understandings matured by a knowledge of the world, have been led astray by the dazzling and *ignus fatuus* splendour of modern philosophy. They have not even a possible chance to emerge from their obscurity or to obtain the poor pre-eminence of being leaders in the phalanx of infidelity. They are nevertheless active and zealous and persevering and liberal of their instructions to a degree which has astonished me, when I have found that they could assign no adequate cause for such earnestness; and when success equal to their most sanguine wishes

could be of no service to them, and must inevitably be the source of great uneasiness to the unhappy victims of their torrent-like fluency; whose minds they unhinge, whose principles they unsettle, and whose consolations here and hopes of happiness hereafter, founded on the noble and eternal basis of the christian religion they completely destroy.

I can attribute this conduct in most of such persons only to the wantonness of debate. They find religion a new and extensive field for the exercise of their ingenuity, and they enjoy the victory which they sometimes gain over their opponents in discussion; for neither age, sex, situation or want of information, is a security against their discussions. They will harangue under all circumstances, in the street, in the market-place, in private and even in churches.

Some of the advocates of infidelity are much to be pitied, they have been deprived of their confidence in the christian system by some of their liberally enlightening friends, but not feeling themselves satisfied with the ground on which they stand, they lead to the subject of religion with a view of hearing what may be advanced in its favour, but they still adhere to their opposition to it, and plunging deeper and deeper into their errors, they have a gloomy consolation in dragging others in with them. There is nothing like coincidence in this class of people, some of them are Deists, others Atheists, and a third description confirmed and universal scepticks, who profess to know or believe nothing with respect to themselves, to creation, or to God. IWAN.

20th April 1805.

What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to man.
Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the GOSPEL *to my heart*— WATTS.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

PART 1st.

Mr. Easy,

The following summary of the historical evidences in favour of Christianity cannot pretend to originality—the arrangement, the style &c. are mine—but many of the arguments, as any person acquainted with the subject will perceive, may be found in other publications. Some years ago when I had the privilege of recuring to a large, and valuable library filled with scarce books—and when my mind was tempted to indulge scepticism—I read the principal authors extant on this controversy, and it produced the most unwavering conviction—the sketch which you have offered to present to the public may be regarded as an abridgement of that course of reading—it was written after my opinion was fixed—and the sources whence it was drawn can easily be traced.—On a subject which has employed the talents of the most profound scholars, and which has been illustrated by every mode of reasoning, and every species of proof; little novelity is to be expected; the method, language &c. may be new, but they are not to be looked for altogether, and I doubt not many passages which will be sent you, might be discovered nearly verbatim in some of those authors referred to, though I am incompetent to say to whom I am most indebted—Probably Leland, Lardner, Paley, and Houteville. In addition to the works of these four authors—Kidder's Mesias, Ditton's Resurrection West or the same subject, Doddridge's Evidences, Dore's Proof, Campbell on Miracles, Jones' New Method, Grotius de Veritatæ, Prideaux' Connections, and many others not now recollected were perused in course, and though this piece may have little other merit than a compilation, yet it may through the medium of the COMPANION convey some information to those who would otherwise have neglected the subject intirely.

The knowledge introduced into the world by the dispensation of the Gospel, and by the dispersion of the writings containing the principles of the Christian religion, has been productive of the most beneficial effects upon the minds of men. The inhabitants of those parts of the world who had for many hundreds of years, yea, from the begining been covered with the most impervious darkness, and overshadowed with the most besotted ignorance have felt its enlightening influences. Before I proceed to adduce the evidence which we have in support of the Old and New Testament, as originating in God, and revealed to us by him; let us examine the conduct of those nations who yet continue in barbarity, and review the actions and principles of those who never enjoyed the benefits of that light which the Scriptures give, and consider the state of the world previous to, and at the time the founder of the Christian Religion entered on his public labours.

For the sake of perspicuity, I shall lay down this proposition, and the proof in support of it will follow.

The light of Nature did not infuse into Men, just notions on the most important topics of Religion;—did not influence them to lead holy lives, whence it is reasonable to con-

clude that more information was necessary, and if given to us, that it would be revealed in an extraordinary manner, and speak explicitly on those subjects of which Man was most ignorant; whence will be inferred that the Gospel being delivered to us in a miraculous way, and conveying all that instruction which was needed by mankind is that system of religion to which we may safely trust, and ought to attend.

The truth of this remark will appear from the following considerations.

I. The crude, imperfect, and even blasphemous ideas, which the nations had of the being, nature and perfections of God, and the conduct of Divine Providence.

II. The immorality, licentiousness, and infamous practices which stain the memory, and disgrace the character of the Ancients.

III. The unsatisfactory doctrine which they held concerning the immortality of the soul, a future state &c.

IV. It is almost impossible that a Revelation could be made to Mankind without a miraculous intervention, or an interruption or departure from the usual course of nature. The Christian religion was thus made known, it fully explains all those subjects dark to the Heathen, solves their difficulties, and enlightens the mind concerning them. *(To be continued.)*

Mr. Easy,

The observations of your correspondent Pericles, on Female education, and literary acquirements, are, I think, generally correct. That want of mental acquisition, which characterise our females, is a circumstance, which fills with sensible regret, every true admirer of the sex; it materially detracts from their respectability, and disqualifies them from communicating those delights which we might otherwise expect of them. But whilst we deplore the imperfections of the female, let us not cast the mantle of oblivion over those, of the other sex. Are there no blemishes of this nature to attach here? Will an impartial observer exonerate our young men from a similar censure? Justice, at least, I fear will not, and her behests must, shall be obeyed. I wish not to be rigidly censorious: I hope I have a sufficient fund of charity for the aberations and frailties, "which flesh is heir to;" but I assert, Sir, that the want of mental improvement is also very conspicuous among our young men. Those whose commercial, or mechanical pursuits, necessarily leave them no time for the cultivation of their mind, will find a more rational excuse; but there are those who have perfect leisure—are they more conspicuous for their talents or acquirements, or more enviable for their virtues? should we not, in prosecuting our enquiries on this subject, find them almost incessantly engaged at the gaming table, or in a circle of companions as unthinking and as dissipated as themselves. Some indeed, whose condition is perhaps not less unenviable, connect themselves, as a kind of necessary appendage to the ladies, and follow them, most obsequiously, wherever their caprice or fancy leads them. Literature is unknown to them. Its irradiating rays have never beamed upon their benighted understandings, and they can extract no delight from the innumerable sources, which present themselves to the more rational, and contemplative observer: Their minds, like an uncultivated field, produce, spontaneously, but the poisonous and the unwholesome.—It cannot be supposed, Sir, that this description of young men are either susceptible of mental pleasure, or capable of communicating it to others; or that a female, in whose breast there is ever a strong propensity to please, would think a cultivated understanding any advantage, or any recommendation to such; it requires little penetration, indeed, to predict *her* success who should be absurd enough to adopt such a method.—Thus, Sir, we may discover one cause of that lamentable dearth of female excellence, which Pericles, and which every true admirer of the female sex, bewails.—The examples of young men, far more powerful in their operations on the female breast, than the precepts and the lessons of the wise and the studious, have contributed to this evil, and obscured for a season the resplendent beauties of the female character; those real beauties which dignify, which ennoble their nature—the beauties of the mind.

AMICUS.

THEATRE.

Mr. Easy,

As I am a great lover of the *Drama*, and seldom miss the sight of a good Play when I have it in my power to indulge myself; I shall occasionally take the liberty of giving the publick some observations on the performances and the performers, if they meet with your approbation.

I have always been of opinion, that seeing a good tragedy or comedy, is one of the most innocent and rational modes of recreation; and think so still, notwithstanding the sneers of the fastidious and the frowns of the austere, who involve in one general condemnation all scenic representations whatever: but general invectives and indiscriminate censures, are the puny efforts of superficial observers with narrow and illiberal minds. There is no human invention however nearly approaching to perfection, but

must necessarily have its weaknesses, deficiencies, and blemishes ; nor is there any subject but may give occasion to the shallowest abilities for violent abuse. It is easy to gratify malice and give importance to vanity, by boldly asserting this to be trifling, and that to be immoral ; but the censure whose object is reformation, and the criticism which aims at improvement, carefully separates good from evil ; that while one is reproved, the other may not lose its reward. Theatrical exhibitions are not only permitted by all enlightened nations, but when properly conducted are sanctioned and encouraged, as schools of morality, and mirrors of manners ; nor do a few faults and indiscretions take away their general character : if Comedy sometimes degenerates into unbecoming levity, and Tragedy into hyperbolical rage and distress ; their aberations should be pointed out, and lash'd till reformation is produced, but still the power to produce scenes

——"*Of useful mirth, and salutary woe*,"——

is by no means diminished, nor ought it to be undervalued.

Mr. Cooper's appearance once more on our Theatre, must give great pleasure to all those who desire to see some of the first characters of the best plays, exhibited in a chaste, and energetic manner. He is certainly much improved since his visit to England, and has established the character of a first rate Tragedian : correctness, entire possession of himself, accute and just discrimination, with strong, physical powers ; are primary requisites, which he possesses in an eminent degree. I have several times read and seen the tragedy of *Hamlet*, but must candidly own, that I never before had so clear and distinct a conception of the character, as Mr. Cooper's representation of it on Monday evening enabled me to form. His *Penruddock*, was given with equal precision and force, but I never was partial to this comedy, and had much rather see him in any other part. It is to be regretted that he was in general so badly supported. When a Theatrical company offer their services, and expect the encouragement of the Public ; the Public has a right to expect that the whole quantity of talent which that company possesses shall be exerted ; and if from motives of pique, vanity or jealousy, any one refuses to assist in rendering every performance as compleat as possible ; he or she deserve to be marked as objects of public neglect. *Mr. Wood*, a highly improved, and very pleasing performer, is exempted from any censure implied in this observation ; as it is well known he has been really indisposed. I will not take up more room in your paper at present, but defer what farther remarks I have to make till the next. Tyro.

COPY OF A PAINTER'S BILL, PRESENTED TO THE VESTRY FOR WORK DONE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

To filling up the chink in the red sea, and repairing the damages of Pharoah's host.....

To a new thief on the cross.....

To cleansing six of the Apostles, and adding an intire new Judas Iscariot.....

To a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a sett of teeth for the lioness.....

To a new alteration in the belief, mending the commandments, and making a new Lord's prayer.....

To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard.....

To mending the pitcher of Jacob's daughter.....

To varnishing Jonah's face, and mending his left arm.

To a sheet anchor, a jury mast, and a long boat for Noah's ark.....

To adding some Scotch cattle to Pharoah's lean kine...

To making a new head for Holoferness ; and cleansing Judith's hands.....

To mending the net, in the miraculous draught of fishes.....

To giving a blush to the cheeks of Eve, on presenting the apple to Adam.....

To a perspective glass for David viewing Bethsheba, and mending his right eye.....

To cleansing the Garden of Eden after Adam's expulsion.....

To finishing the Tower of Babel and compleating most of the figures with new heads.....

To painting a shoulder of Mutton and a leg of Beef, in the Mouths of two of the Ravens feeding Elijah.....

ANECDOTES.

"*This house to let, enquire next door.*

Thus read *Bannister to Wilson*, on the front of a dwelling, which had been apparently unoccupied for some years. "I'll make some enquiry about it," said *Charles*. "Will you be so kind to inform me, Sir, what is the annual rent of that empty house ?"—"Fifty pounds, besides taxes."—"Will you let any thing with it ?"—"No, why do you *ax* ?"—"Because if you *let it alone* it will tumble down."

AN ALPHABETICAL PUN.

A gentleman and his friend passing through the Old Baily soon after the institution of the new drop, were stopped by an immense croud, and on enquiring into the cause, were told that in a few minutes one *Vowel* was to be hanged. "I wonder what Vowel it can be ?" cried one of them. "Its neither U nor I," replied the other,—"so let us pass on.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

Tho' vain my most impassioned tale
Which strove to tell how much I love thee,
Tho' all my vows could not avail,
Nor all my truth nor fondness move thee ;
Yet grant one smile e'er I depart,
To ease the load I'm sinking under ;
Speak gently to my bursting heart,
E'er I forever from thee sunder.

I'll from my native plains away ;
The joys which once they gave are ended,
At Nancy's frowns they all decay,
On Nancy's smiles they all depended.
Then smooth once more thy brow serene,
On which, when absent I may ponder,
And muse upon that gentler mein,
To cheer my heart, when we're asunder.

And oh ! if of the banished youth,
A random thought should chance come o'er thee,
For pity's sake, confess his truth,
And own the tender love he bore thee.
This short remembrance, I'll repay
With all my thoughts where e'er I wander ;
Oh ! streak my cloud with this small ray,
To chear its gloom when we're asunder.

Adieu ye groves, ye streams, ye plains ;
With what regret I'm forced to leave you—
Ye Nymphs farewell, farewell ye Swains ;
Beware of Hope, it may deceive you.
And thou, fair Maid, for, whom I sigh ;
No care, or pain, may'st thou fall under ;
But still be blest, tho' I still cry,
Oh ! woes my heart that we should sunder. T

VERSES WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF MAY

Winter, with all his storms are past,
And smiling *May* confirms the spring:
Hither, ye tuneful shepherds, haste,
Your songs and votive tributes bring.

Now let us for our queen of May
Choose from the nymph's some peerless fair;
And form, on this auspicious day,
The fragrant wreath to bind her hair.

But who shall be our queen of May,
And who can find this peerless fair,
For whom on this auspicious day,
We form the wreath to bind her hair?

'Tis she, in whose expressive face
Nature's own sweetest tints unite;
Whose blooming cheeks, and radiant eyes,
Beam like the morning's rosy light.

Where the best virtues of the heart,
With reason and with fancy shine;
And in whose fair proportion'd form,
Grace, ease, and dignity combine,

In whose behaviour frank and kind,
No forc'd affected airs we trace;
Whose feeling heart and polish'd mind,
Fulfils each promise of her face.

'Tis *Phillida*, the wreath shall wear
We form on this auspicious day;
'Tis *Phillida*, the peerless fair!
Come, shepherds, crown her queen of May.

E.

SELECTED POETRY.

Dr. Johnson's extemporaneous verses on an extravagant young Heir, coming of age, not generally included in his works.

Long expected one and twenty,
Ling'ring year, at length is flown ;
Pride and pleasure, pomp and plenty,
Great ———— are now your own.

Loosen'd from the minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather,
Bid the sons of thrift farewell.

Call the *Betsey's*, *Kates*, and *Jennies*,
All the names that banish care ;
Lavish of your father's guineas,
Shew the spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice or folly
Joy to see their quarry fly ;
There the gamester light and jolly,
There the lender grave and sly.

Wealth my lad was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will ;
Call the jockey, call the pander,
Bid them come and take their fill.

When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full and spirits high,
What are acres, what are houses ?
Only dirt—or wet, or dry.

Should the guardian, friend or mother,
Tell the woes of wilful waste ;
Scorn their council, scorn their pother——
You can hang or drown at last.

The following little piece is not published in the works of Gray, but is attributed to him.

With beauty, with splendour surrounded ; to languish ;
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish ;
To start from short slumbers and wish it were morning,
To close my dull eyes, when I see it returning ;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected,
Words that steal from my tongue by no meaning connected ;
Ah ! say, fellow swains, how these symptoms befell me ?
They smile, but reply not—sure *Delia* can tell me.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1805. N°. 28.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

The following letter from a learned correspondent, containing some ingenious and original thoughts on the invention of letters, is with pleasure laid before my readers.

Writing is an improvement upon Speech, and consequently was posterior to it in order of time. Its characters are of two kinds; signs of things, and signs of words. Thus the pictures, hieroglyphicks, and symbols, employed by the ancients, were of the former sort; the alphabetical characters, now employed by Europeans, of the latter. BLAIR.

Mr. Easy,

HAVING purposed to write to you concerning the invention of letters, (those symbols by which we signify sounds) I think it will be proper first to enquire if any and what kind of writing was in use among mankind before that invention; and on searching into the accounts we have of the early ages of the world we are informed the *Egyptians* had two different methods of assisting the memory, and transmitting accounts to posterity. Their Priests lived a kind of recluse life, and if they abused the world with magick and astrology, they also instructed it in the rudiments of real science.—The method first invented is called *Hieroglyphick* or *Sacred Sculpture*. This was cutting on obelisks set up for the purpose in different places the figures of men, beasts, and inanimate things; beside obelisks, we are told by *Ammianus Marcelinus* they had on the west side of the Nile, not far from the sounding statue of MEMNON (which was broke down by *Cambysis*,) certain long narrow and crooked subterranean passages cut in the rock called syringes, on the walls of which were carved innumerable figures of men and other things; which as they explained them, contained their *History*, their *Religion*, and all their *Learning*. The invention of this *Hieroglyphick* is ascribed to THOTH one of their most antient Kings; he is also called HERMES and MERCURY, he was certainly a person of great estimation among them, and is much celebrated. After his death, he was deified according to their custom, and the first month of their year, named *Thoth* after him.—But cutting images and drawing pictures is in a manner natural to men even the most barbarous, it is not I think likely that *Thoth* first invented it, but probable enough that he first employed images and pictures to a narration of facts, religious ceremony and the like—In books of travels in *Egypt* we commonly see plates of those *Hieroglyphicks*, copied from the obelisks, and we have still some preserved among ourselves.—Those pictures of a *Ram* a *Bull two Twins*, &c. which are drawn round the figure of a man on the first or second leaf of our Almanacks are true antient *Egyptian Hieroglyphicks*, representing (as they explained them) the months of the year. We are told, that *Thoth* gave strict charge to his children and successor, to cultivate and improve this art, which no doubt was complied with for some time; but after some generations, another king named SUPHIS and SIPHOAS, and HERMES DEUTEROS or second MERCURY is said to have invented another method of writing, shorter and easier than the first, called *Hierogramma* or *Sacred Letter*. I will explain it as well as I can. It was the most prominent feature of the *Hieroglyphick*, for instance, instead of the whole *Ram* or *Aries*, was drawn only the face and horns of that animal. The same of the Bull and so of the other signs of the Zodiac, as we see under the *Hieroglyphicks* in the Almanack. Thus the *Hierogramma*, still retained some likeness or resemblance to the *Hieroglyphick*, in the mark or character for it, and was much easier and more expeditious in writing.

We learn from MANETHO that this SUPHIS ordered all the *Hieroglyphick* writings to be copied into books written in the *Hierogramma*, and these books to be lodged in the temples of their Gods, and that he (MANETHO) composed his history of *Egypt* from these books. In this manner of writing, it was easy to invent marks for words, that have no images, and since the original words in the antient languages were not very numerous, marks might be, or were invented for them all, and thus a complete manner of writing ob-

tained, having this advantage over ours of the present time, to wit, that these marks not being confined to particular sounds, agreed equally to all languages : as the *Chinese* and *Japanese* at this day use the same writing (a sort of *Hierogramma*) which is read in *Chinese* in that country, and in *Japanese* in the other, though their languages are said to be very different. This manner of writing, continued in use till about or near the time of CADMUS, he is said to be the son of AGENOR king of *Phenicia*, and sent out by his father in search of his siter EUROPA,* who had been stolen and carried away ; after a long and fruitless search he at last settled with his followers at Thebes, in *Beotia*, and introduced our present manner of writing, with letters signifying sounds : at that time they were but sixteen, the others have been added since by persons now unknown. It appears to me that these letters were no other than the Egyptian *Hierogrammata* ; my reason is, because the name of each of these letters, signifies something in the *Phenician language*, for instance the first letter *Aleph* signifies a *Leader* or *Captain*, the second *Beth* a *house*, third *Gimel* a *Camel*, the fourth *Delith* a *door* and several are taken from parts of the human body, as *Resh* the *head Pe* the *mouth*, *Shin* a *tooth*, *Ain* an *Eye*, *Iad the hand* &c. and these letters originally bore some resemblance to the thing signified by the name, *Aleph* was drawn representing the *Body*, arms and legs of man, *Beth* like the outline of a round hut, *Resh* was round with a downward stroke for a *Neck*, *Ain* perfectly round like our O, *Shin* like three teeth, *Tad* had resemblance of a *hand* with fingers, &c. but seeing there is no natural connexion between things as represented by the *Hierogramma*, and sounds, every person was at liberty to change the *Cadmean Letter* signifying a sound, to any form suiting his own fancy or whim ; hence the *Cadmean Letter* was soon so altered, as not to resemble the *Hierogramma*, and their names also among most nations were forgotten or laid by as useless, except only in the country where they originated, where they signified other things beside letters ; with this only exception that the name of the first letter *Aleph* is still continued in all the Alphabets that use this manner of writing ; the *Arabs* and *Persians* call it *Elif*, the *Syrians*, *Olaf*, the *Armenians*, *Alp*, the *Copts* of Egypt *Alfa* and the *Ethiopians*, though far removed from the native country of letters, retain still that letter by the name of *Alf*, but they place it in the middle, not in the first place of their Alphabet, which does not consist of letters but of syllables, of which they have 202. The other nations of Africa, use the *Arab writing*, as far as I hear. All this sufficiently shews that these people had their letters from the same original.

The first writing with *Cadmean Letters* that I have heard of, was the name of AGAMEMNON on his Tomb, written backwards in the oriental manner. *Chronologers* differ in their accounts of the time AGAMEMNON lived, after Cadmus ; some say 300 years, others not much above 100. HERODOTUS says he saw severl *Tripods* in the temples dedicated in *Cadmean Letters*, some in *Hexameter* verse. A plate of brass, was taken out of the Tomb of ALCMENA, 900 years after her death. on which were many strange letters, that none of the Greeks could read, it was therefore sent by order of king AGESILAUS into *Egypt*, to the Priest CHONUPHUS, who comparing it for three days with books of ancient letters reported to the king that it was that kind of letter used in *Egypt* during the reign of PROTEUS, who we learn lived about the time of the *Trojan War*. The laws of SOLON who lived about five hundred years after AGAMEMNON, were written on pieces of wood, in the manner called *Bustrephadon*, that is, one line written forforward in our manner, and the next backward as the *Phenicians* write and other eastern nations, like furrows ploughed in a field, such slow progress did learning make among the Greeks.

CADMUS is no where said to have invented letters, only to have introduced them into *Greece*. Certainly some person before him invented them, because writing in the days of CADMUS had attained some degree of perfection, but of the inventor we have no account. Permit me for amusement, to suppose the incident that suggested this invention, fabulous writing being now in fashion. A Phenician gentleman *Cui meliori Luto finxit Præcordia Titan*, was travelling in the country, and came to a house, and seeing a little boy at the door, asked the question, *Mi aleph Beth ?* who is master of the house, and is answered with great simplicity *Abi*, my father ; it occurred to the gentleman, that the answer was made in half the same sounds of the question. It also occurred to him that *Sounds* were not near so numerous as *Words*. On his return home he for his amusement set himself the task, to collect all the sounds of his language, he found but sixteen in number. As he went on in this collection of sounds, in order to remember and distinguish them, he marked them with the *Hierogrammata* of words of the same, or beginning with the same sound, remembering to place *Aleph* and *Beth* i. e. A and B which had first suggested this thought, at the head of this

* EUROPA was carried into *Crete* by JUPITER; she was after this *faux pas* married to ASTERIUS, and was mother of MINOS and RADAMANTHUS who were eminent men, and co-temporary with Theseus of Athens.

collection. Thus the *Hierogrammata* of these words were the first letters in use among mankind.

I have been tiresome I fear in the account I give of this invention, but few words could not explain my thoughts of it. *Baltimore County.* x.

" If the end is good it justifies the means."

Mr. Easy,

This is the language of a certain class of writers who (possibly from a wish to reform) pour forth torrents of satire against the fair, ignorant, or unmindful that the apparent malignancy of the satirist, tends to rouse the indignation rather than excite to emulation the delicately tinged minds of that sex, whose weaknesses should claim our pity, and whose softness renders severity unmanly.

Our papers teem with the efforts of *learned beaux*, who without regarding the *beams* in their own eyes, attempt to pluck out the moats, from their sisters, and have undertaken the difficult and generally speaking ungrateful task, of reformation ; and following the paths cut out by Pope and Swift—but without the genius to make severity palatable, have commenced their effusions, with the idea that " Every woman is at heart a rake."

We will suppose gentlemen that your intentions are generous that you have the interest of woman kind at heart, and intend by reducing them thus low, to have the merit of rescuing them from the depths of frailty ; kindly resolved ; but methinks that the experiment of damning to salvation is a little dangerous ; convince the ladies that they are rakes and you will make them so, that they " have no character at all," and who can reclaim them.

To what source shall we trace this seeming deviation from the designs of nature ; you all assert that the principal study of the present race of women is to decorate themselves for public show, that although they have implanted in them the capability for more exalted pursuits, the same talents that are innate in man ; they allow themselves to be carried away by the whirlpool of folly, at the meridian of life become its prostitutes, and a fair mark for the shaft of satire.

We will suppose for a moment that but few of our Belles have so far cultivated their understandings, so far rationalized (if I may be allowed the expression) their ideas, as to receive pleasure from the more permanent springs of felicity, from the pursuits of religion, or literature. This must arise from the design of a sovereign arbiter, or from some relative cause.—The acknowledgement of equal talents forbids the first, lovely woman never could have been created to conform herself to the ideas of man, when degraded to the puerile state of a modern beau, but still from education, from habit, or perhaps from vanity, there arises a disposition to please ; we may assert then, that from this disposition, proceeds the taste for dress, for balls, for theatres, gentlemen have become connoiseurs in these matters, and therefore they draw the attention and study of the ladies. It would be fruitless to urge that it is degrading to woman to endeavour to please, when to succeed she must be guilty of the grossest folly, it is a principle implanted by nature, and must have its effects.

Then gentlemen for your sakes are the follies of women committed, for you they dress, dance, and chat agreeable nonsense ; have they not found by experience that, when some one lady has departed from the beaten track, and acquired useful information, that a display of a refined understanding will not carry the palm from a pair of fine eyes, white hands, and the gaudy decoration of person ?—But to come to the main point at once, who of you lords of the creation, generally termed beaux are competent to a literary converse ? you can to be sure discant most eloquently upon the shape of a foot and ankle, calculate to a nicety at a game of cards, you have the names of some celebrated authors, committed to memory, and are, perhaps most exquisite judges of book binding.

You've been in all the foreign countries,
And to prove clearly you're no dunces,
Recite the names of painters, many
In It'ly known, of the productions can ye
Give some account ? " O yes I ween
" The nails they've hung on, have I seen,
" Whose virtues were so great I swear
" That had the paintings still been there,
" My knowledge could'nt be more perfect ;
" So high were my ideas exalted."

Come then reformers and satirists suppose you begin yourselves to acquire a taste for rational enjoyment, let not your " sum total" of knowledge consist in the cut of a vest, or a sagacity at the game of whist, philosophise upon other subjects than the confined air of a ball room, or the rarification of air by the fire of a ladies eyes ; in short, let all of you who have ideas, commence immediately and gradually intersperse them in your discourses, if you do this I will predict a total change in all ; the ladies ever anxious to please, will instantly acquiesce, and you by this effort will certainly deserve their praise. P.

A false friend is like the shadow of a sun-dial, which appears while the sun shines, and vanishes at the approach of the smallest cloud.

No persons are more empty than those who are full of themselves.

We have never felt more interested in the perusal of any Biographical work than in the following account of Mr. *James Hay Beattie*, written by his father, the celebrated professor of moral philosophy and logic in the university of *New Aberdeen*, author of the *Essay on Truth*, the *Minstrell*, &c. As few persons have had an opportunity of reading it, and as we believe it calculated to call forth the best feelings of our nature, to instruct, and to excite a spirit of generous emulation—we shall give some portion of it to our readers in every paper till it is concluded.

I intend to write a short account of the life, education, and character, of my Son now deceased. It will innocently, and perhaps not unprofitably, amuse some hours of this melancholy season, when my mind can settle on nothing else; and, whether it be published or not, a circumstance on which I have as yet formed no resolution, it will be an acceptable present to those to whom I may send it. The account, though drawn up by the hand of a friend, will not in any particular be erroneous. In order to convey a favourable notion of the person of whom I speak, I have nothing to do, but to tell the simple truth.

James Hay Beattie was born in Aberdeen the sixth of November, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty eight. He was baptized *James Hay*, by permission of James Hay, Earl of Errol, who had patronized me at an early period of my life, and ever after honoured me with his friendship: a nobleman, who, to a competent knowledge of classical learning, and other accomplishments becoming his rank, joined uncommon elegance, dignity, and affability of manners; with benevolence unbounded; an exemplary regard to the institutions of religion; and a spirit of true patriotism, whereof those parts of his country, with which he was connected, do still feel, and it is hoped will long feel, the salutary influence.

To parents, and other near relations, infancy is very interesting; but can hardly supply any thing of narrative. My son's was in no respect remarkable, unless, perhaps, for a mildness and docility of nature, which adhered to him through life. I do not remember that I ever had occasion to reprove him above three or four times: bodily chastisement he never experienced at all. It would indeed have been most unreasonable to apply this mode of discipline to one, whose supreme concern it ever was to know his duty, and to do it.

The first rules of morality I taught him were, to speak truth, and keep a secret; and I never found that in a single instance he transgressed either.

The doctrines of religion I wished to impress on his mind, as soon as it might be prepared to receive them; but I did not see the propriety of making him commit to memory theological sentences, or any sentences, which it was not possible for him to understand. And I was desirous to make a trial how far his own reason could go in tracing out, with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of God. The following fact is mentioned, not as a proof of superior sagacity in him (for I have no doubt that most children would in like circumstances think as he did,) but merely as a moral or logical experiment.

He had reached his fifth [or sixth] year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the Author of his being: because I thought he could not yet understand such information; and because I had learned from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name; and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance told me, that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. Yes, said I carelessly, on coming to the place, I see it is so; but there is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance: and I went away. He followed me, and, taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness, it could not be mere chance; for that some body must have contrived matters so as to produce it.—I pretend not to give his words, or my own, for I have forgotten both; but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood.—So you think, I said, that what appears so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by chance. Yes, said he, with firmness, I think so. Look at yourself, I replied, and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you? He said, they were. Came you then hither, said I, by chance? No, he answered, that cannot be; something must have made me. And who is that something, I asked. He said, he did not know. (I took particular notice, that he did not say, as Rosseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at: and saw, that his reason taught him, (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the

name of the Great Being who made him and all the world ; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it, or the circumstance that introduced it.

At home, from his mother and me, he learned to read and write. His pronunciation was not correct, as may well be supposed : but it was deliberate and significant, free from provincial peculiarities, and such as an Englishman would have understood ; and afterwards, when he had passed a few summers in England, it became more elegant than what is commonly heard in North Britain.—He was early warned against the use of Scotch words and other similar improprieties ; and his dislike to them was such, that he soon learned to avoid them ; and, after he grew up, could never endure to read what was written in any of the vulgar dialects of Scotland.

When he had compleated his seventh year, being now a good reader, a ready writer, and well acquainted with the catechism published by the pious and learned Dr. Watts, I made him attend the grammar school of Aberdeen ; where he acquired, with facility and exactness, the elements of the Latin tongue, and read those parts of the classick authors which are usually taught in our schools. About the same time he studied at home with me some of the best tales in Ovid's Metamorphosis, and several books of Virgil. I was at particular pains to instruct him in certain niceties of the grammatical and critical art, which are not found in the most common grammars, and by little and little to initiate him in the principle of universal or philosophical grammar. This, he told me afterwards, was of great use to him. Ovid did not much engage his attention, though he was well enough pleased with Deucalion's deluge, Phaeton, Cadmus, Acteon and his dogs ; but it was easy to see, from the interest he took in Virgil's narrative, and the emphasis with which, of his own accord, he pronounced his verses, that he was wonderfully affected with the harmony and other excellencies of that poet. He has told me since, that he then got by heart several entire books of the Eneid, and took great delight in repeating them when at leisure and alone : and he often, about this time, spoke with peculiar complacency of that description of night, in the fourth book (v. 522) which he said he frequently recollected, in order to sooth his mind, when any troublesome thought occured in the night to discompose him.

Drawing he was early accustomed to, and attained considerable proficiency in : but his other avocations, and his being subject to headachs, prevented his applying to it so much as to become a very great proficient. The theory of perspective was familiar to him. In ludicrous *caricatura* he had boundless invention.

Knowing that his constitution was very delicate, and finding him inclined to study rather too much than too little, I was careful, in the first part, and indeed through the whole, of his life, not only to caution him against immoderate study, by informing him of its dreadful consequences ; but also to contrive for him such amusement as would decoy him from his books, strengthen his body, and engage his mind. With this view, as soon as he could handle a small musquet, I put him under the tuition of a sergeant, who taught him the military exercise. Not long after, I made him attend an expert fencing master, till he became very skilful in the management of the small sword. Archery, likewise, or shooting with the long bow, he practiced for years, and with good success, reading Roger Ascham on the subject ; and acquiring at the same time great dexterity in the use of the sling : and to these antient exercises he added those of fishing and fowling. With firearms I did not trust him rashly ; but he was to such a degree attentive and considerate, that before his fifteenth year I found him as worthy of that trust as any person could be. He laboured for several weeks in endeavouring to learn to swim, and had at that time a companion who was completely master of the art : but it appeared at last that the chilness of the sea-water did him more harm than good.

The exercise to which he seemed to have the strongest disinclination was dancing. By my advice he attended a master of it for many months, andI believe made the usual progress ; but, on leaving that school, begged I would never desire him to dance : a favour which I readily granted. I know not whether he had adopted Cicero's opinion*, that no man dances who is not either drunk or mad : but he told me, that to his habits of thinking and feeling it was extremely incongruous, being in most particulars too finical, and in every particular too ostentatious.

He left off fowling, when about the age of seventeen ; in his papers of that time I find hints of his being not quite satisfied of its lawfulness. Fishing, however, he did no discontinue ; he made indeed a study of it, or at least of Isaac Walton's very ingenious and entertaining book on that subject : for he thought there could be no sin in doing what was practised, or countenanced, by the first teachers of Christianity. Those sorts of it he never engaged in, which give great pain, or protract the sufferings of the poor animal. In all the little manufactures of the angler he was completely skilled ; as well as in all the

* Pro Muraena.

arts of the fowler, even to the training of a setting dog.—This, with many other trifling particulars (as some would think them) I mention, that the reader may see, it was not my purpose to force him, by too rapid a progress, from childhood into premature manhood; which I have seen attempted by well-meaning parents, but never with desirable success; I wished him to prepare himself, in early youth, by little and little, for acting the part of a man; but, in the meantime, not to forget that he was a boy.

At the age of thirteen, having passed through the forms of the grammar school, giving the utmost satisfaction to all his masters, he was entered a student in Marischal college. The first, or *Greek*, class, as it is called, he attended two years; as I was anxious that he should be a proficient in that noble language, which is every where too much neglected: so that, as a student of languages, mathematicks, aad philosophy, he attended college five years: a year more than is usually thought necessary in Scotland, or at least in the university of Marischal college, to qualify one for the first Academical degree, of Master of Arts. He studied Greek under Mr. Professor Stuart; Natural and Civil History under Dr. Skene; Natural Philosophy under Mr. Professor Copland; Mathematicks, under Dr. Hamilton; Chemistry, under Dr. French; and Moral Philosophy, Logick, and Rhetorick, under my care.—In all the sciences, his proficiency was so great, that the fondest and most ambitious parent could not have wished it greater; and his whole behaviour, at school and college, was not only irreproachable, but exemplary. He was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts in April 1786. *(To be continued.)*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO ELVIRA.

To thee, Elvira, empress of my heart,—
'Ere far from hence, my wand'ring footsteps part,
Deprest by fortune, rent with bitterest woe,
The last sad accents of my sorrows flow.
Tho' now, nor life, tranquility or joy,
My words can ask for, or my lines destroy,
Yet, as to thee, than all on earth more dear,
They bear the farewell of a heart sincere;
Not with a breast where no distraction strays
My spirit dictates, or my hand obeys;
For all the warm affections of my heart
With you appear, and as you go depart,
To you tends each sensation of my soul
True as the needle trembles to the pole.—
Oft every hour my thoughts review the days
Which gave your beauties to my eagar gaze,
As oft the impressions which delighted fame,
Made on my heart, united with your name,
('Ere first revealed, you bless'd my ravished eyes,)
Come to my soul, and in my mem'ry rise;
I call to mind, what sweet sensations thrill'd
Through all my frame, what joy my bosom fill'd,
'Mid the dim room, where hush'd each whisp'ring noise
I heard the soft, sweet accents of thy voice.
Oft I review the hours in thought beguil'd
With you employ'd, when all creation smil'd;
The social evenings whose too swift career,
Converse and books, combin'd to render dear,
The pleasant walks, when spring awoke the day
When beauty triumph'd and the world was gay.
O then array'd in heavenly beauty bright,
You look'd all lovely to my raptur'd sight,
Visions of night and images of day,
Bade o'er my soul your lov'd ideas stray,
And every hour that fancy made you mine
Was taught with some resplendent bliss to shine;
Deceitful views! that still awake the sigh,
Still fill with tears the melancholy eye,
With pale, and livid agues shake my frame
And fire my bosom with a fever's flame,
We should have liv'd the happiest pair on earth,
Form'd for each other nature gave us birth,
And minds and manners, taste and fortune strove
Alike in each, to warm with mutual Love.
What joys, what raptures, what transporting hours,
Blest in our loves, Elvira had been ours;
The rolling sun, had run his annual course,
And seen return'd their undiminish'd force,
Month after month, had lightly pass'd away
Nor known one instant unrejoicing stray,
Days in succession had delighted view'd,
With love unceasing all our joys renew'd,
And every hour with feathery foot that hies,
And winged moment that so swiftly flies,
Laden with bliss and extacy had mov'd,
And to the admiring world our passion prov'd!
But now, dark clouds these prospects overcast,
Their beauties shrink from sorrows blighting blast;
With lyon rage, destruction treads the green,
And desolation hovers o'er the scene;
That bright succession of supernal joys,
One dire misfortune instantly destroys;
And from the height of beatific bliss,
Hurls me to sorrow's terrible abyss.
I fondly thought domestic joys to prove,
The sweets of filial and connubial love,
And fancy open'd on my ravish'd view,
A fairy land of pleasures always new:
But with stern eye and desolating hand,
Fell disappointment waves her frigid wand;
Before its power my promis'd joys decay,
And expectations, transports, fleet away.
I see thee coldly, unrelenting, led,
A thoughtless victim to the marriage bed
Of one to whom fair nature ne'er design'd,
Or gen'rous passion, thou should'st e'er be join'd;
To thee unlike, who feels no genial heat
Dilate his heart, and in his pulses beat,
Whose soul—alike unmov'd by joys or woes,
One dull unvarying temper only knows;

And whom, nor taste, nor genius, save in dress
And in mechanic arts, have deign'd to bless.
Coldly he takes thee to his languid arms,
With face phelgmatic, gazes on those charms
Which all my soul with frantic passion fill—
Those charms my breast with joys tumultuous thrill;
Whose love to heaven might teach my hopes t' aspire,
Warm'd with the influence of seraphic fire.

O call to mind the energies of speech
Which lively passion taught my voice to reach,
The change of feature, gesture and of air,
By hope supported, or deprest by care;
And call to mind that dire, that fatal day
Which rent my hopes of happiness away,
When your cool manner, and your face sedate,
To my strict searching eyes proclaim'd my fate;
And for a time (both speech and motion fled)
I sat, a living image of the Dead.
Call then to mind—and let your mem'ry trace,
With care minute, the hist'ry of his face,
His words and actions, whose more happy lot
Gives him your love; my passion; truth forgot,
And own no strong emotion have you seen,
No transient glow of passion intervene,
Instant of joy, or momentary grief;
To give th' eternal sameness some relief.
But in their place one fix'd unchanging look,
Has, from the first, his features ne'er forsook,
Save for some loud, unmeaning burst of mirth,
Short, as the trifling cause which gave it birth.
His are the empty honours of a name
Which chance, not merit, has awak'd to fame,
A taller person—a more perfect health,
Productive business and profuser wealth.

Are these O woman! these the glorious fires,
And these the altars—where at once expires
Each great emotion, every thought refin'd,
The glow of genius, energy of mind,
And wond'rous powers which wing'd thy soul to rise
And mix'd with kindred fervor with the skies?
Must ev'ry nobler passion of the heart
Perish, uprooted by degenerate art?
And love—the heaven-born-soul's peculiar fire
At mammon's shrine, a sacrifice expire.

Go—in the dull and tasteless round of life
You'll lead with him, (who soon shall call you wife,)
In empty show, a solace seek to prove,
For the lost raptures of a genuine love.
When comes the day, as sure the day must come
For life, that takes you from your present home,
When to a husband's unresisted claim
You yield the honours of your virgin name,
You shall be led with an untrembling hand,
To where your friends and priest uniting stand;
From lips, which never glow'd, a cold faint kiss
Shall be your welcome, to connubial bliss;
The pomp of servants, carriages and show,
The charms, and fopperies that from fashion flow,
These shall be yours, and all the bliss that lies
In place, in riches, or from rank can rise.

But say, Elvira, lovely woman say,
Where do the hours of fond endearment stray;
Where are the days,—devoted to your will
The times your converse, your's alone can fill?
Seasons with you employ'd to search the lore
Of ancient sages,—and the times of yore?
Seasons with you,—directed to the care
Of smiling offspring happily to rear;
To form their manners, and their minds improve
In all the modes of science and of love.
You know them not—a staid punctilious form,
A strict attention—ne'er with feeling warm;
Solicitude—which tenderness forgot
In deeds appears, and occupies the thought.
And low submissions, where not ease, nor grace,
Nor manly dignity retain a place;
An empty converse, where no science shines,
Nor wit enchants, nor elegance refines;
These are the precious substitutes you gain
For faith sincere and love's delightful reign.
Nor look for confidence—that heart so cold
A secret never to another told,
Of friendship ne'er conceiv'd, for self it feels,
And to itself alone, its thoughts reveals.
I had receiv'd you with transporting joy,
With grief, our days had witness'd no aloy,
One course alone had seen the minutes move
Of fond endearment. confidence, and love.

Wretch that I am! ah who do I address?
One that disdains my endless truth to bless;
Who disbelieves that truth, that love contemns
With cold unfeeling heart, as feign'd condemns.
Pierc'd as I am, and hopeless of a cure
The very sorrows, I for her endure.
Insensate woman! is her bosom stone?
All virtue, passion, all sensation gone,
Feels not her heart? or feeling shrinks for shame,
That love t' acknowledge, which it dares disclaim.

O say Elvira, where has nature fled,
Thy youth, thy warmth, thy passion; are they dead?
Or yet with wicked, mean and cursed art,
Dar'st thou to stifle nature in thy heart;
Root out the best affections of the soul,
For wealth to flaunt, and influence to controul,
And with unblushing impudence deny
Love's power and being, with an impious lie;
Beneath affection's mask to hide a heart,
Which made for riches, feigns a lovers part.
Each way, presents to my distracted brain,
A dark Enigma, which I can't explain:
Can these to such a face, so fair, be join'd
A weak, unthinking, and unfeeling mind?
A face which looks so destitute of art,
Can it conceal a dark, insidious heart?
And Judas like, the lips with kindness glow,
While the soul meditates the secret blow?

Is this *Elvira*—This the peerless maid?
Whose love my bosom fir'd, my bosom sway'd—
O let me bless the fortunate decree;
Which set my spirit from her bondage free,

Yes let her go, and glorying in her shame
Of love connubial—gain an idle name,
And of the idol of her heart possest
Revel in wealth—and fancy she is blest;
Let pomp, distinction, equipage and show,
Raise her, self-flatter'd o'er the world below,
A while the vain delusions to enjoy
Which truth shall chase, possession shall destroy:
As the light mists, which dim the morning sky
Before the sun's returning radiance fly,
So shall they pass—and not desir'd return,
Banish the follies they shall leave to mourn.
Deceitful passion which my soul ensnares,
Which blasts my hopes, my peace, my life impairs;
Bear me to where thy phrenzy wills to bear,
But from her shield me, from *Elvira* spare!
For tho' destruction o'er me lifts its arm,
Her love inspires me, and her beauties charm:
I view her form, I gaze upon her face,
Truth, virtue, honour, beauty there I trace;
Heaven bids unequal'd charms around her move
Friends, country, glory, what are you to love.
Come then thou dark and damned fiend Despair,
With dire distraction, all my bosom tear.
O bid the tears of agony to roll
And with spasmodic anguish rack the soul!
Come with thy frantic furious, dæmon, train;
Bear me to some drear cave or darksome glen,
Where ravens croak, ghosts yell and serpents hiss,
And Hell seems open'd in the dread abyss;
There join'd with thee, for ever let me dwell,
And wait that passion, which I cannot quell;
But fly *Elvira* nor with ruffian force
Presume to touch that bosom with remorse?
O beauteous woman! who while life shall last
(So in the future, as in all the past)
Unchang'd; shall view my constant love remain,
Farewell—and endless pleasure be thy gain.
I go, from happiness, from comfort hurl'd,
To plunge me in the dark, tempestuous world;
Sadly to mingle with the motly throng,
Borne wildly by the eddying waves along;
By sorrows, woes and agonies distrest,
With those I loathe, to places I detest;
With forc'd solicitude the gain to woo,
My heart contemns, my fates command pursue.
I leave that happy mean, that peaceful way,
Whereon through life, my feet would wish to stray,
To sink forgotten—in the drear retreat
Where black chill poverty has fixt her seat,
Or else to rise, with wealth oppres'd and cloy'd,
Wealth tasteless, empty, hated, unenjoy'd;
Yes unenjoy'd—since without you, no ray
Of cheering joy, shall gild my gloomy day:
But be you happy; may your husband prove
More than your hopes, more worthy of your love;
O may your children, rich in ev'ry grace,
Catch the bright features of their mother's face,
And live adorn'd with all that can engage,
Joy of your youth, and solace of your age.
While I shall sink untimely to the grave,
No eye to pity, outstretch'd arm to save.
Lost to ennobling praises of the good,
Nor in my offspring happily renew'd,
In life afflicted, desolate, unpriz'd
In death unknown, neglected and despis'd.

AMARYLLIS.

TO LAURA.

Sweet is the balmy breath of early spring,
Which gaily roving o'er the flow'rets bed,
Sheds fragrant odours from soft Zephyr's wing,
And bids arise its unassuming head.

But jealous winter often lags behind,
And ere the springs gay pride is fairly blown,
Lets loose the blast, to his fell charge consign'd,
And all her opening blossoms are o'erthrown.

So hope, reviv'd by *Laura's* witching smile,
To brighter scenes, and loftier views would rise;
Nor prudence heeds, nor danger marks the while
He gazes on those love-inspiring eyes!

Yet, sure, that beauteous, that ingenuous face
Holds out no lure, affection to ensnare:
Truth, candour, virgin innocence we trace;
And virtue's fairest promises are there.

I'll trust that Angel face and hold most dear
The rapt'rous hope her sweetest smiles impart;
Be but thy facinating smile sincere,
And willingly I yield my captive heart.

E.

On a little Man having a very large Beard.

BY ISAAC BEN KHALIF.

How can thy chin that burden bear?
Is it all gravity to shock?
Is it to make the people stare,
And be thyself a laughing-stock?

When I behold thy little feet
After thy beard obsequious run,
I always fancy that I meet
Some father followed by his son.

A man like thee scarce e'er appear'd—
A beard like thine—where shall we find it?
Surely thou cherishest thy beard,
In hopes to hide thyself behind it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A's communication is received and will appear in our next.

We are sorry to be obliged to defer *Tyro*'s observations till next week.

Historical evidences of the truth of Christianity, will be continued in our next number.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

——"*Nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice.*"
SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Easy,

When a person, stimulated by an ardor for the promotion of general good, comes forward upon proper occasions, to encourage the undertakings of virtue or to counteract the machinations of vice; I shall always be willing to confess myself one of the most prominent, in rendering due tribute to his meritorious exertions. But when an individual under the influence of needless alarm and mistaken zeal, uses his powers to detract from the merits of a literary production of avowed reputation and points out tendencies which are not easily substantiated, through an unbounded prejudice to a whole class or particular nation, I shall ever consider such person unfriendly to the true interests of society and opposed to that progress in literary taste which can only be made by diligent study of the best models and authorities.

A writer in your 27th number appears to have his "*honest indignation*" roused at my recommendation of *Schiller's* ROBBERS to the notice and approbation of the publick—With his imagination charged with the horrible conspiracies detailed by the Abbé Barruel, and the consequences so woefully experienced; he considers this production as one of the engines to be employed in the dreadful work of destruction, and is astonished to find that what was so completely objectionable should find an advocate. This astonishment appears strange when he himself notices the Essay upon the German Theatre in the transactions of the Edinburgh Society; by an author of avowed taste and virtue. The Gentleman also cannot be ignorant that the English reviewers have thought it worthy their notice and commendation, and yet these profess themselves judges and censors of what is, or is not, conducive to the improvement and happiness of their fellow-citizens—He cannot entertain doubts either of Mackinzie's capacity for judging or attachment to the interests of society; for his works have sufficiently displayed both. How comes it then, that this harmless play, should be reserved until this day for the unlimited animadversions of the writer who signs himself *Iwan?* And that upon the mere appearance of its having pleased, he should take occasion to vent his spleen against Infidels and innovaters from times of old-fashioned writers, to the days of *Voltaire*, *D'alembert* and the *philanthropick Godwin?* Such a torrent of disapprobation as is poured ont against these mischievous disturbers of society, I certainly did not calculate upon: Unconscious myself of any harm, I did not expect the thunder was to explode so violently and extensively; I hope and trust, and I am sure Mr. Easy will join me in the wish; that its punishing effects will be felt, and that every vapour of Infidelity and modern philosophy will be entirely dispersed and destroyed. And before I proceed to examine more particularly, the remarks and criticisms upon the Robbers, in opposition to mine already published, I must acquaint this writer, that whatever has a vicious and criminal tendency in writing, whatever savours of the school of the *Encyclopedits* and *Godwin* has my hearty disapprobation, and will ever meet with as much opposition and censure as he seems disposed to feel and bestow.

The principle of fatalism which pervades the piece, is, it seems, what has subjected its author to such unbounded and I think undeserved censure as to its immoral and mischievous tendency. If the principle as here exhibited is fraught with such serious and alarming consequences, our library directors must incur much censure, for assisting in its universal propogation; for I know no better method to gain that end than by placing such a book in a publick library. The fact is, no such danger is to be

apprehended at all, and it is by no means evident, that any was meant by the author.

This gentleman only *presumes* that Schiller was one of that disorganizing set which put their plans in operation about his time, and thinks that the style of the *Robbers* is such as to countenance the conjecture that it was one amongst the many means used to gain success. We should beware how we condemn anothers intentions so seriously, upon conjecture merely; especially when these intentions are by no means obvious from the play itself. If the principle of Fatalism is dangerous; *Schiller* seems determined to let its antidote go along with it; for Moor's moral perceptions appear to be as keen as if actuated by no such principle.

If the author had intended that Fatalism should be all powerful and without appeal; he should have imitated the ancients who represented horrible acts as proceeding from some such cause, without being followed by any thing like consciousness of criminality and regret. The sacrifices of *Iphigenia* by her father and the immolation of the daughter of *Hecuba* upon the tomb of *Achilles* excited no idea of wrong and of retribution. Fatalism, which this certainly is in the strict sense of the word, is dreadful indeed; but in the character of *Moor*, as I have hinted in my former essay, if this writer had attended to it, it resembles more a delirium or madness proceeding from the shock his mind had just sustained. We see no cool deliberative acknowledgement of it by *Moor* as the effect of reason—for though apparently present to his mind it produces no effect which he does not regret and consider liable to future punishment.

How can that infatuation be said to have a contagious tendency, when we perceive the same consequences from the conduct of him who is subject to it, as would result to any other free agent?—He confesses and laments his crimes, sheds tears of remorse, regrets his former innocence, and delivering himself up to justice, expects also that He who is hereafter to judge him, will claim retribution for his enormities. Surely here is no triumph of Fatalism—nor can I conceive why the remark should be applied to the *Robbers* which says that "when that doc-"trine has once got access there is no longer any security "against the most wicked actions being committed, while "those who commit them think themselves blameless, as "the agents simply of some superior power? what then "are we to expect when all moral restraints are remov-"ed," &c. If this censure will not bear application to *Moor*'s Fatalism, the whole of the written remarks and all the expositions and denunciations which were generated out of this one imaginary cause of censure, must fall to the ground; and I conceive that like Mackenzie and myself, most other readers of the production, will be more occupied in admiring the beauty of the composition, and the accuracy of the characters as founded in nature, than in prying into remote dangers; I apprehend it may still be permitted to have free circulation.

The influence it had upon the school-boys at *Fribourg* seems to have an irresistible effect upon the mind of this moralist, but the objection is lost, granting the story to be true, which is certainly doubtful; when we consider they were nothing more than youths, and like most others of their age of warm imaginations and tempers. I should feel no more surprised at this story than if they had fallen in love with the exploits of *Amuchis de Gaul* or *Don Beliani of Greece*, and sallied out with spear and shield in search of adventures. To treat the matter seriously however, I should draw conclusions directly opposite to those he has made. I should not conclude that these youths, ignorant of the world, had been enamoured with the vices of Moor; I should think it more natural, that a generous indignation against villains and inhumanity, and an admiration for one, though of some faults, of great and noble qualities suffering the reverses of life; had roused in them correspondant feelings and thus burned with impatience to give them vent.

Though this writer pretends to no critical investigation of the composition and plan of the piece, he occasionally animadverts to, and discovers in some instances faults which I consider beauties. These I shall now notice, in the order they occur, and as briefly as possible; as I do not consider a periodical paper calculated for lengthy controversies of any kind.

Iwan agrees with the opinion, that this play discovers "talents in the writer and a more than ordinary acquaint-"ance with the human heart." He allows also, that there are "some scenes extremely well managed, and highly af-fecting," and that there is "a splendor, a boldness, an "energy in the character of Moor, which blended with "a considerable degree of humanity and amiability ren-"der him highly interesting." He allows that morality is inculcated, but observes that no new lesson is taught, and at the same time remarks that we learn also, that vice is punished even in this world. I confess it is difficult for me to reconcile such a character of this play with the leading one he gives it, viz. that it is of an irreligious & pernicious tendency.

The opinion also of the author's talents appears rather lukewarm and moderate; I feel inclined to agree with the Author of the Man of Feeling when he says "No mo-"dern Poet seems to possess powers so capable of bending

"the mind before him, of rousing its feelings by the "elevation of his sentiments, or of thrilling them with "the terrors of his imagination."

In my former essay I considered the association of *Moor* as improper, and endeavored to put the most favorable construction upon it, which need not now be repeated. If *Schiller* has erred so has *Shakespear*; for the famous instance of *Prince Henry* may be here quoted; and it is worthy of observation, that in both instances, the representation is precisely the same. Both held their associates in perfect contempt, as mere instruments of their schemes, and were prepared to throw them off when no longer necessary. I am much mortified that this writer should differ so widely from me on the subject of *Moor*'s accepting the command of the Robbers. I had endeavored at some length to prove by a comparison with two of *Shakespear*'s characters, that this very conduct was appropriate and natural, under all the circumstances of *Moor*'s temper and unfortunate situation: I considered it an effort of much skill in *Schiller*, and I cannot help thinking this *Iwan* will upon an attentive reconsideration discover his misconception. He will find that *Moor* did not cooly and calmnly accept the offer, as the result of a particular taste for that kind of life, or because his companions were to be of the party. His mind had been previously made up, to return to an honorable life in the bosom of his family, and he was at that very moment awaiting the issue of his penetential letter to a father, who he knew doated on him. The disa pointment was like a stroke of electricity to his heart—all was instantaneously madness and despair—the offer was proposed at this very crisis, and he immediately accepts it, determined on vengeance. No inducements of plunder, no partiality or proneness for iniquity, as *Iwan* hints, influenced him on the occasion; for his mind was entirely abstracted from every human concern, and fixed upon his unlooked for, and as he conceived, unmerited disappointment and punishment.

Iwan finds fault with the soliloquy on suicide and the reasons given for declining it. I do not mean to justify the passage, but if it is to be considered censurable, let not all the anathemas fall upon the head of *Schiller*. No one will discover a difference between this and *Hamlet*'s famous speech to the same purpose. They contain precisely the same reasoning; yet I never heard that any attention was excited by the latter from any of *Shakespear*'s numerous commentators as to apprehensions of any bad effects resulting therefrom.

He allows that the character of *Francis de Moor*, is pretty well supported throughout. A higher encomium than this may certainly be claimed. It is so admirably, so uniformly the same; it occupies so much of the piece and is productive of such good consequences that I have been undetermined whether the author did not mean to make him the principal person in the drama. *Francis* displays a great variety of character, to accomplish his purposes which are always detestable; he discovers unlimited versatility of temper, and an accurate knowledge of the passions and foibles of men.

I must here beg leave to differ diametrically from your correspondent, as to the consequences of representing such characters on the stage—I had always understood that conclusions the very reverse were drawn by every one from such exhibitions. I am unacquainted with one good tragedy that will not be answerable if his principle is admitted: The fatal consequences of an improper indulgence of any passion has ever appeared to me to form the basis of every tragedy of note, particularly of *Shakespear*'s; and for what end? To terrify and deter from imitation.—As to his fears of the contagious quality of absolute vice, I apprehend he has not duly considered the subject; but is confounding it with that species which is recommended and softened, by an association with some virtuous qualities, and peculiarly circumstanced, as is exhibited in Charles de Moor. I cannot conceive that any one ever has imitated, or ever will, the actions of a *Nero*, or *Richard the Third*, smitten by any love for the attractions of their characters—we can have no idea of such consequences, and if the writer's fears were actually to be realized so as to produce a reformation in this respect, the very essence of good tragic composition would be destroyed. What are the feelings excited by such conduct as that of Francis? horror and detestation. It is impossible we can ever become familiar with such vices and enormities, or be tempted to an imitation of them, from beholding their representation, merely. Your correspondant observes, that I have wisely declined entering into an examination of *Amelia*'s character: The fact is I considered it as a very subordinate one, compared with *Charles* or *Francis*, and my intentions were not to be too minute in an essay of that description; however, as he has thought proper from a strange mode of selection, to bestow more time upon her than the others, I shall take occasion to say that I think him equally unlucky and unsuccessful in this attempt, as with others. What conduct of hers merits the appellation of a virago, and what incongruity appears is totally beyond my ken. If a tender and endearing demeanour towards the father of her *Charles*, if grief at the misfortunes of all three, and horrors accompanied with reproaches towards him, who she

at first suspects and then knows to be the author of the whole by the basest means, and if the most affectionate love for the memory of one she adored, constitute a character of incongruity and impropriety, then she is faulty. The part she performs is not much, but wherever we behold her she is amiable and excites our sympathy—The tenderness, the sensibility, the exquisite behaviour in the scene I before quoted, where *Moor* interrogates her about his picture, will surely rescue her from the character of a virago; and will amply justify the author for her introduction if she had appeared in no other scene.

I have thus endeavored to defend a production which has ever pleased me, and I believe the generality of readers. While I respect the motives which have actuated your correspondant, and agree with him most cordially in abhorrence of those doctrines which threatened the overthrow of religion and the happiness of society, I cannot avoid lamenting the existence of prejudices which directed against a whole nation or class of writers, would hurl the literary attempts of all, into one common vortex of oblivion. There is neither liberality or judgment to be found in this mode of proceeding, and it obviously tends to limit our means of acquiring knowledge and a correct literary taste. A.

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued.)

About this time, the Botanical and other writings of Linneus caught his attention, and he studied them with great assiduity and delight; being much assisted in that study by his and my learned friends Dr. Campbell, Principal of Marischal college, and Dr. Laing, minister of the church of England congregation at Peterhead. Theology also he studied under the care of Dr. Campbell and Dr. Gerard. But this was not the commencement of his theological pursuits; for from his early youth he had studied the Holy Scriptures, which he justly thought to contain the only infallible sytem of Christian faith. When he went from home, if he meant to be absent a few weeks or days, he took with him a pocket Bible and the Greek New Testament: and among his papers I find a little book of Remarks on the Hebrew grammar; from which it appears he had made progress in that language.

On the fourth of June one thousand seven hundred and eighty seven, his Majesty, upon the recommendation of the university of Marischal college, was pleased to appoint him Assistant Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logick. His age was then not quite nineteen; but to the gentlemen of the university his character was so well known, that they most readily, as well as unanimously, concurred in the recommendation. It may be thought, that I chose for him his way of life; and indeed I did so: but not till after he had given me the most explicit assurance, that he preferred it to every other. When I told him, that in this station he might be very useful, but could never be rich; his answer was, that he had never wished to be rich, and that to be useful was his highest ambition. His fondness for an academical life I had long observed: and, although I knew him sufficiently qualified to be a professor of any of the sciences usually taught in universities, except Law and Physick, (in both which, however, he had made considerable progress) I saw, with no little satisfaction, that moral philosophy, and the sciences allied to it, were the most congenial to his talents and character.

On being inducted into his office he thought it his duty to lay for some time other studies aside, and apply himself, solely or chiefly, to what he thought might be the business of his life. This, considering what he had already acquired of the moral sciences, I knew to be unnecessary, and told him so; desiring him to amuse himself with lighter studies, till his bodily constitution should be more firmly established. He followed my advice; but at spare hours read the best writers on the abstract philosophy, particularly Dr. Reid, Dr. Campbell, Bishop Butler, Dr. Clarke, and Mr. Baxter, author of an excellent treatise on the incorporeal nature of the human soul. When I asked whether he understood Baxter, and Butler, and Clarke's demonstration *a priori* of the Divine Existence, telling him that I had formerly thought them not a little abstruse, he said he was not sensible of their abstruseness; for that to the same modes of thinking he had been accustomed for several years: and I found by his conversation, and have since found more particularly by the papers he has left, that he understood them perfectly.

He had before this time acquired the elements of musical performance; I advised him now to apply to it with assiduity; knowing, by my own experience, that after the fatigue of study it might be an innocent and useful recreation. He did so; and learned to perform with good expression upon the organ and violin; studying at the same time the theory of the art, in the works of Pasquali and Holden; and, that he might see the theory exemplified, perusing, with wonted accuracy, some of the most elegant and affecting compositions of Handel, Corelli, Geminiani, Avison, and Jackson. These were the musical authors who stood highest in his esteem. The musick just now in vogue had no charms for him: he said it wanted simplicity, pathos, and harmony; and in the execution depended

so much on rapidity of finger, or what may be called slight of hand, that practitioners must throw away more time than he could spare, before they could acquire any dexterity in it. He was delighted with the sweet and classical correctness of Corelli; and with the affecting melodies of Jackson, so well adapted to the words that accompany them: but the variety and sublimity of Handel's invention filled him with rapture and astonishment. He thought him the Shakspeare of musick, or rather the Shakspeare and Milton united; and many of his simpler songs he could sing very agreeably, enforcing their expression with a thorough base on the organ. He was pleased too with some of the antient Scotch and Welsh airs; but made no account of the quick jigging Scotch tunes, though he did not think them all equally bad. He had studied *counterpoint* and was profoundly skilled in it; I find among his papers a great deal written on that subject; and I have seen fugues of his contrivance which would not have discredited a more experienced musician. When I asked what made him think of studying the theory as well as practice of musick, he said, that, as it was impossible, without knowing prosody, and the laws of versification, to have a just sense of the harmony of Homer and Virgil, so he thought he could not be suitably affected with musical harmony, if he did not understand the principles on which it is constructed.—I shall only add, with respect to musick, that, though I recommended it to him, I would by no means do so to all indiscriminately. To such young persons as are in any degree ostentatious, or inclined, more than they ought to be, to amusement and company, I think it a dangerous study.

Though my Son was now my assistant and colleague, it was not my intention to devolve upon him any of the duties of my office; those excepted for which I might be disqualified by bad health. For I had long taken pleasure in the employment; and I wished him to be a little further advanced in life, before he should be engaged in the more laborious parts of it. My health, however, during the winter $17\frac{8}{8}\frac{7}{8}$ was in such a state, the recovery seemed doubtful; and he was obliged, sooner than I wished, to give proof of ability in his profession. In this respect he acquitted himself, as in all others. His steadiness, good-nature, and command of temper, secured his authority as a teacher; and by his presence of mind, and ready recollection, he satisfied his audience that, though young, he was abundantly qualified to instruct them. The talents that form a publick speaker he possessed in an eminent degree. As he could not allow himself to study any thing superficially, all his knowledge was accurate, and in his memory so well arranged, that he was never at a loss; his language perspicuous and correct, flowing easily, without hesitation, hurry, or apparent effort; his voice distinct and manly; his manner never declamatory, or ostentatious, but simple, concise, and to the purpose: and he was at all times singularly happy in recollecting familiar examples to illustrate his subject. In this last respect; I mean in passing instantaneously from one thought or image to another that was *like it*; he possessed such exuberance and correctness of fancy, especially in familiar conversation, that I have often tho't, if he had been ambitious to appear in the world as a *man of wit*, that he would not have met with many superiors. But he had no such ambition: he would amuse himself in this way, to divert me, or any other intimate friend; but could not bear to draw upon himself publick notice.

In general company, indeed, he was (though not aukward) modest to a degree that bordered on bashfulness; and so silent, that some people would have thought him inattentive. But nothing escaped his observation; though what he had observed he never applied to any improper purpose. And I have known, not any other person of his, and very few persons of any, age, who with so penetrating an eye discerned the characters of men. I, who knew his opinions on all subjects, do not remember any instance of his being in this respect mistaken. Yet so careful was he to avoid giving offence, that none, but a few of his most intimate friends, knew that he had such a talent.—I know not whether I ought to mention, that in what is called Mimickry he exceeded almost every other person I have known. But my advice was not necessary to prevent his cultivating that art. On the stage it may have its use; but in private life he knew how improper it is, and how dangerous; and of his own accord left it off entirely, with my hearty approbation. (*To be continued.*)

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(*Continued.*)

Here, in thy gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond what e'er they knew.
Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

I. The crude, imperfect and blasphemous ideas the nations had concerning the being, nature, and perfections of God, and the conduct of divine providence.

Man when he was first created was endued with all ability necessary to support him in the situation in which

he was placed. That he was capable of enjoying the pleasures resulting from a life of strict rectitude none can attempt to deny. If we allow that a being of the most consummate power formed man, it is not at all unreasonable to suppose that he required of him some particular specified actions, whereby he might manifest his obedience to his commands, and acknowledge his dependence upon him.

It would be inconsistent to suppose that after God had formed man he would leave him in a state of profound ignorance respecting his creator, and suffer him to take care of himself, without any exercise of tenderness towards him: on the contrary it is evident that God taught our first parents those things which were essential to their happiness. If we consider the subject in the light of reason only, the truth of the Mosaic account of the creation will fully appear, and then it is clear that God did reveal himself to the first man and woman appointing them an attention to some peculiar duties, and which must therefore be termed the first religion. From the traditions concerning the early ages found among the heathen, religion was conveyed from one generation to another, by oral relations. Thus we find a confused history of the deluge and other most ancient affairs in their writings. The belief of one supreme God was never totally extinguished in the pagan world; and in the newly discovered countries, and in the barbarous nations of America, the same doctrine is professed to have been transmitted by tradition. That religion which thus passed from one race to another gradually became corrupted; until the people had entirely lost sight of that which was delivered to our first parents. Men worshipped the sun, the moon, and the stars, and this appears to have been the most ancient idolatry. They then deified their heroes, and those men amongst them who by their usefulness or abilities had distinguished themselves from their brethren. This paved the way for all that polytheism which was the religion of the Greeks, the Romans and others.

The Greeks were the most learned people in the world: they had every advantage which reason or nature could give them: they possessed nearly all the information then upon the earth: they acquired all the illumination the most extensive erudition, unbounded capacities, and the finest geniuses could bestow upon them:—and yet many of them held that matter was the first principle of all things; some that two principles the one good, the other evil, subsisted from the beginning; all of them believed in the eternity of matter; some that it was eternal in its present form; others supposed that God was the soul of the world; and none of them seemed to acknowledge God the creator of the universe in the proper sense of the term. These philosophers, even in their most serious discourses, expressed themselves in the Polytheistic strain, and in all their writings and addresses led the people to believe those doctrines, and promoted that religion.

The worship of one supreme God was not enjoined by any of their lawgivers, and the most learned among them employed their knowledge to support, confirm, and establish the pagan system. A vulgar idea existed that there was a ruling providence, but this they divided into an extravagant number of Gods and Goddesses. Some confined this overruling providence to the heavens, whilst others believed that all, even the most trivial things, were under the care of the deity; but they who thought thus supposed that all lesser matters were committed to the care of the houshold gods and the inferior deities. What a strange heterogeneous mixture this! to us there appears no reason in it; and yet this system is considered as having been formed from the imperfect knowledge they had imbibed from the Old Testament.

How clear, how express on all these subjects are the holy scriptures! Do you wish to know when, and by what means the world was formed?—do you desire to be instructed in the history of the general deluge?—do you want proper information concerning the conduct of God as ruling mankind, as dispensing to every creature according to his own will?—it is in vain you listen to the discourses of the heathen; they do not enlighten you:—refer to Moses, the prophets, and the apostles. Know then hence that some further light was necessary than that which natural reason affords: that on the nature, being and perfections of God, and his conduct in divine providence our minds independent of revelation could form no accurate ideas.

If the gospel bestows this light does it not claim our reading and meditation?

Mr. Easy,

Agreeable to my promise, I send you a few remarks on some of the late exhibitions at the Theatre; and as I have no right to take up much room in your paper, I must confine myself chiefly to that performer whose superior talents I have witnessed with admiration and delight. That there are imperfections in *Mr. Cooper's* style of acting, candour obliges me to confess; but that they are very far outweighed by excellencies of a superior kind I am ready to maintain, whenever his claim to public favour is disputed by respectable and judicious criticks: but that microscopic criticism which is only able to discover minute defects

and trifling inaccuracies, while its feeble vision is incapable of viewing the larger masses of general beauty, deserves not to be regarded.

In the precise mode of reading particular passages, it is not to be wondered at that the best performers should sometimes mistake, when we consider that the ablest criticks and most learned commentators have widely differed from each other; but as far as I have been able to collect the sentiments of well informed men, they corroborate my own opinion of *Mr. Cooper's* abilities: that they appear to most advantage in what constitute the essentials of good acting; in correctness, just conception of the author's general meaning, accurate discrimination of the nicer parts, and in giving full effect to those striking and impassioned scenes, which were intended to operate most powerfully on the audience: that he very frequently so compleatly enters into the spirit of his author, as to confine our attention entirely to the characters represented, and make us altogether lose sight of the individual who represents it. This is, and always has been the strongest criterion of excellence; and this certainly has been felt by those who seriously observed him in *Richard the Third*, *Othello*, *Pierre*, and *Zanga*.—To his *Othello*, I think the preference must be given. It was the real *Othello* of *Shakespeare*; open, generous, frank, unsuspecting, but *perplexed in the extreme*. I thought, in the first scene he put on rather too stern a dignity: in his speech before the senate, where he relates the progress of his love, all was easy, graceful, natural and just: the manner in which his suspicion was excited, his feelings gradually roused, till at last they were worked up by *Iago* to the highest pitch of agony and desperation, was pourtrayed with truth and power that must have created the liveliest sympathy in every bosom; but when he reiterated his demands to *Desdemona* for the handkerchief, it harrowed up the soul—I could not then see how others were affected, but was glad to relieve my feelings by recurring to my previous knowledge of the whole being a fiction; and I have since learned that many others were eager to do the same.

Notwithstanding the high opinion I entertain of *Mr. Wood's* merit, his *Iago* exceeded my expectations; he had a very just conception of the character, and if his powers had been equal to the task, he would have done it ample justice: but physical powers are to be increased by practice, and I have no doubt but that the study and diligence of this gentleman will ensure him increasing reputation.

Mrs Wignell's Juliet, was a charming piece of acting; there, she successfully exerted her powers, and would be equally successful in other chrracters with equal exertion.

I am sorry I did not see *Mr. Warren's Falstaff*, but hope to be gratified with his exhibition of it before the theatre closes.

TYRO.

THE VINE.

When Noah planted the first vine, and retired, Satan approached it and said—"I will nurture you, charming plant!" He quickly brought three animals; a Sheep, a Lion, and a Hog, and killed them, one after the other, near the Vine. The virtue of the blood of these animals penetrated it, and is still manifested in its growth. When a man drinks *one* goblet of wine, he is then agreeable, gentle, and friendly, that is the nature of the Lamb.—When he drinks *two*, he is a Lion, and says, "Who is like me?" He then talks of stupenduous things.—When he drinks more, his senses forsake him, and at length he wallows in the mire. Need it be said, that he then resembles a Hog!

The other day a captain of a vessel had a quantity of coals to put on board, and as a great number lay scattered about the wharf, he thought it would be best to get a rake, that he might more speedily collect them together: he went into a counting-house and inquired of the merchant whether he could have the loan of a rake for a few minutes? the merchant smiled, and looking significantly round at his clerks, said, I believe I have a number of them, but not one that will readily answer your purpose; the captain comprehending the pun, very wittily replied, I think you are quite right, sir, for neither of them, I suppose, would wish to be hauled over the coals.

A prating barber, who asked king Archelaus how he would please to be shaved? answered, *In silence*.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy will oblige a constant reader by inserting the following.

Fam'd *Beaux* of *Baltimore*, to you,
My first address most sure is due;
You—whose endeavors—(ever kind)
To erradicate from female mind,
The *seeds* of folly,—or perchance
The *trees* you'll call 'em, to enhance
Your merit, in the attempt t' erace
Them out, and occupy their space;
The petty foibles of the age,
The gross extravagance, and rage
For dress, for balls, and for the theatre,
Which the engrossers of the mind are.

But to give merit all its due,
And to sound judgment find a clew,
Let's first attend to criticism,
And after that, give our decision.

" Behold" cries *Miss* " these able painters,
" Are daubing us with liberal censures.
" Say that to literature we've not
" The least attention paid—no jot."
" But if we had—and should make use of 't
" In converse with 'em;—what abuse on't
" A set of triflers all, who think
" That if *but deeply*—they should drink,
" Whether 'tis of the spring Pierian,
" Or as the fact is—old Genevian,
" It matters little—For with them
" Knowledge, or want of't is the same;
" A stupid set of blockheads, who
" Have no ideas—(I swear 'tis true.)
" Above the proper disposition
" Of neck-cloth—where the rope of hangman
" Would better suit 'em—yes in troth—
" An exaltation coming forth,
" If from premises we but draw
" Conclusions logical;—and law
" In execution, sides with justice,
" Their fate, alas, most certain curst is.—

" Hold, you are warm," *Miss Prudence* cries,
" To argue cooly, were more wise,
" They'll say 'tis malice or revenge,
" That tempts us thus our cause to avenge;
" Produce them all upon the carpet,
" Severely punish their demerit,
" And no allowance make for those,
" Who handle us so oft in prose.—

" First let us look at home-made beaux,
" Each to his watch-key something owes,
" Stalks into drawing rooms and then
" It would be well—if soon again,
" They strutted off and nothing said,
" But march'd them quiet home to bed.—
" Discussions upon plays, and weather,
" Balls, concerts, flowers, caps or feather
" Blund'ring and stam'ring through the whole,—
" At last feels conscious,—ah! poor soul—
" Of power to please, because we smile,
" At his endeavours prov'd futile.—
" But other kind of beaux we find
" Not easily to be defin'd:
" Give me some credit for my pains,
" In searching through your depths of brains.
" That you are not in vain created
" I'll try to prove, though 'tis suspected.

" The task is difficult—so be it,
" Ceiska is a man of spirit,
" And from his *usefulness*, claims merit.
" Has learnt backgammon, can pronounce
" (By movements at this game) your sconce
" Solid, or hollow like a drum;
" Move deuce—ace wrong, and you'r undone.
" At whist too, perfect—all the rules—
" At tip of tongue, and vows your fools
(" If one false play you ever make)
" And says, by Jove, he'll undertake,
" To prove't by Hoyle,—and then your hurl'd,
" An exile from the *learned world*."

But think not here we mean to *haul* up,
A group of neuters bring the rear up,
" Many of them are apt at quoting,
" But with the others go for nothing.

" Some foreigners deserving notice,
" Who pour their criticisms on us,
" Who can't descry one single merit,
" In works of others; but inherit,
" From the soil they spring, a mind diseas'd
" Which here is never to be pleased;
" Attack our theatres, and actors,
" Call them poor—paltry—mumming factors;
" Even our *Roscus* cant escape
" Their vengence—all avow their hate—
" Crito, with spectacles, the critick—who
" Cries up an emphasised—*do*—
" Had better undo, what he's done—
" And, *do* no more, but stay at home."

Now, let some other one defend;
The beaux, from castigating hand;
I cant in justice interpose,
To save them from those many blows—
Of due correction—but declare
All those who like the cap may wear. P.

May 12.

EPIGRAM.

" Brother bucks your glasses drain!
" Tom, 'tis strong and sparkling red."
' Never fear—'twon't reach my *brain*.'
" No—that's true—but 'twill your *head*."

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori.

Mr. Easy,

IN the days of early youth, that period when the mind fresh from the hand of its *Divine Author* glows with all the generous feelings, which dignify our nature, and stamp the true *nobility* of soul, I have dwelt with ineffable delight on the above sentiment. The spot where we first drew breath, endeared to us by every recollection of infantine pleasure, by the remembrance of parental tenderness, and the ties of consanguinity, claims our fondest regard. As we advance toward manhood, the honourable atchievements of our progenitors in many a well fought field, their acknowledged excellence in science, in arts and in arms, have a powerful tendency to raise in us, a spirit of emulation, personally advantageous to the individual, and useful and honourable to the community. The vaunted *general Philanthropy* of modern *Philosophists*, unless originating from this social and local source, seems to me, an utopian phantom unfounded in practice, and existing only in the overheated brain of some visionary enthusiast, or flippant on the tongue of some designing demagogue for selfish purposes. Friendly benevolence, arising in the first instance, from the small circle of family connexion, progresses with the expansion of our faculties, and eventually embraces the whole human race. This is beautifully exemplified by one of our best poets, in the simple simile of throwing a pebble into a smooth lake, the circles undulating from the fall of which into the water, are at first small, but by degrees extend themselves farther and farther, until they are completely lost to our view.—Yet those circles must diverge from a given point, like the radii, from the centre to the circumference, and not revert back from the circumference to the centre. Hence the man who is deficient in domestic and friendly attachments, can never possess, let him pretend what he will, universal philanthropy. It has become necessary to insist the more strongly on this topic, because modern theorists have mistaken the effect for the cause, and evils of incalculable danger to society, might result from an adoption of this principle. It would destroy the mutual affection, and prevent the reciprocity of kindness between parent and child, by dissolving that obligation, which links them together, namely, protection and education on the one part, and duty and gratitude on the other. In fine, it would unhinge the very bonds of the parental and social compacts, and let loose more plagues on mankind than *Pandora's* box. On the other hand, admitting the first principle as an axiom, and it has stood the test of ages, and been approved of by the wisest of men, what numerous benefits we perceive at a single glance! the patriotic citizen lives for his family, his friends, his country; self is the least consideration with him. The glorious example of *Decius* devoting himself for Rome, and *Leonidas* for Sparta, will be applauded and admired, while virtue remains on earth. The sentiments used by the last *Hero*, to animate his countrymen, appalled at the sight of the almost innumerable Persian host, are so singularly beautiful, that no apology will be necessary for their insertion; they are thus given in the elegant language of *Glover*.

——————"He alone
" Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
" His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
" Adorn his frame, and manly beauty join'd
" With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
" Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
" Where justice gives the laurel: in his eye
" The unextinguishable spark, which fires
" The souls of Patriots: while his brow supports
" Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
" Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng:
" Why this astonishment on every face,
" Ye men of Sparta, does the name of death
" Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
" Why do we labour through the arduous paths

" Which lead to virtue? fruitless were the toil,
" Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
" The distant summit, if the fear of death
" Could intercept our passage. But in vain
" His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
" To shake the firmness of the mind, which knows
" That wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
" That, wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,
" And looks around for happiness in vain.
" Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life;
" My heart exulting answers to thy call,
" And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
" The gods allow to many: but to die
" With equal lustre, is a blessing heaven
" Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
" And with a sparing hand on few bestows"———

Let him that possesses a heart of sensibility read this, and say, whether he does not feel an ardor, which renders him superior to the apprehensions of danger and death, and which nearly sublimates the corporeal body to ethereal spirit. Need I mention the magnanimous poverty of *Cincinnatus*, or the noble continence and self-denial of the youthful *Scipio*, resulting in both cases, from that exalted love of country refined by the brave manners of the age.—In the indulgence of this generous passion, which properly exerted is the spur to worthy deeds, we must have a care, to avoid that persecuting disposition against all those we deem *foreigners*, which has not unfrequently sprung from it. The Romans, during the most flourishing times of the republic, carried this love of country to a faulty excess in many instances; they stigmatised other nations with the epithet of Barbarians, and held it justifiable to attack and subdue them, in some cases without having received any offence, in others, on the slightest pretences. It is true, this may have accrued, partly from that excessively martial spirit, which it was their policy to encourage, but we must still trace its principal cause to the first mentioned source. Great things unquestionably may be effected, by cherishing ideas of national pride and superiority; for instance, in Britain they inhale with their mothers' milk the notion, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, this belief, absurd and false as it certainly is, has actually enabled him to do more than he would otherwise have done without this confidence in himself. Constituted as the world is, a nation to be respectable, must have a determined character and fixed propensities, without which it will become disjointed in its parts, split into anarchy and faction, and dwindle down into sordid selfishness and insignificance.—The best affections of the human heart may be perverted, and often are, but the abuse of a good thing, by no means implies its nullity, for it would not be rational to reject food, because some men have died of surfeits. All passions have their particular uses, and are the *stimuli*, which give impetus and energy to character. To be a great man, one must have strong, decided, and furious passions. A famous physiognomist of ancient times was asked his opinion of *Socrates*, to whom he was a stranger—on examining the lines of his face, the *Grecian Lavater* readily replied, that he was a man of the most vicious and ungovernable passions; the pupils of the philosopher were much scandalised at the censure thrown on their master, but *Socrates*, when told of it, mildly answered—*I was such naturally*, but philosophy has enabled me to conquer my passions. It should then be the study of the legislators of every country, to encourage this *amor patria* with the most delicate attention, but restrain it from being carried to an inordinate excess, by enlightening the mind with religion and good morals, and forming the habits to industry, economy and the practice of charity and benevolence. F

Should Mr. Easy think the following not unworthy a place in the Companion, he may, if he pleases, publish it. He will, no doubt, pardon its many inaccuracies, when he is informed that it is produced from the pen of a very youthful female, and written to pass away a leisure hour.

Returning the other evening from a visit to an elderly maiden lady, whom I found venting on all around her, the ill humour excited by disappointment and neglect, I found myself, before I was aware of it, at the door of my amiable friend Cornelia. Wishing to dissipate the unpleasant reflections created by the recollection of the past scene, I entered the hospitable mansion. What a different aspect every thing here wore compared to what I had just quitted. There I beheld a neglected being, dead to every joyous feeling, and uttering nought but complaints of the contempt of the world, which she drew down on herself by her own ill conduct; whilst in my Cornelia I witnessed one of the happiest of her sex. I saw her surrounded by her darling infants; the tear of joy glistened in her eye as she viewed the little group of cherubs, who were indulging in all the thoughtless merriment of childhood; while the beloved partner of her cares, whose heart beat responsive to her own, breathed a silent ejaculation to the author of all good, for the continuance of such heartfelt bliss.

Obliged by the lateness of the hour to tear myself from the delightful spectacle, I left them absorbed in the most soothing ideas, and fully convinced that the only " resort of peace" is home. Where can we find a more pleasing picture to contemplate, than the felicity enjoyed by a virtuous pair, whose sole study is the happiness of each other?

Who cheerfully resign the gaieties of the fashionable world, where, perhaps, they would have shone unrivalled, for the calm delights of domestic happiness. Affluence may gild our days, honours may be heaped on us, but unless there is a bosom that will participate in our joys, affluence and honours may be conferred in vain. The shafts of adversity will pass harmlessly by, when the protecting arm of a beloved companion is raised to ward off the blow, and folded in each others arms they can bid defiance to the frowns of fortune. The attentive hand of affection will pluck every thorn from the paths of life, and strew in their places ever-blooming roses. Who then can be so blind as to prefer those empty pleasures, that however gratifying for the moment, never fail to leave a sting behind, to "the matchless joys of virtuous love." Surely if there be any such, they never have met with congenial souls bound together by the most endearing of all ties, never have traced them through every stage of their happiness, from its first dawn till it gradually fades away with the last glimmerings of the lamp of life. Their stream of bliss taking its rise from so pure a source, will continue its gentle and uninterrupted course through all the vicissitudes of this transitory state. Every revolving year will find the sacred flame glowing with undiminished fervour in their breasts.

Till evening comes at last serene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

AMANDA.

Mr. Easy will much oblige an old correspondent, by inserting the following. It is the production of one whose extreme diffidence has hitherto precluded publicity to pieces of infinitely more value: the present accidentally falling into my hands, I send it to you under the impression that its piety will at least entitle it to a place. This piece possesses the germs of the authoress' talents, future pieces may possess her maturer blossoms. Y.

ON HAPPINESS.

To enjoy happiness is the first and greatest propensity of the human heart, and it is in vain to attempt its suppression. Notwithstanding the eagerness with which it is pursued how little is it substantiated. The author of the universe has created in us for wise purposes an ardent desire to obtain it, and has implanted it firmly in the mind that we should be very careful in cultivating what leads to so invaluable an acquisition. The general disposition of mankind is soon satiated with new projects and dissatisfied with their respective situations; all exclaiming that content inhabits not their bosoms. God's omnipotence has judiciously allotted in succession good and evil; by this vicissitude we are taught to keep steady in our philosophy and religion; the one reminds us of h s omniscience and power; the other of his goodness and mercy, and by frequent meditation we have the steerage of hope to support us in distress; and is it not to be lamented? that while we are aspiring to this divine interesting research we too frequently permit the object of our pursuit to run in such opposite directions that our view is scarcely creditable. We witness daily, nay even hourly the correctness of this truth; while grasping at the shadow of happiness we lose the real substance. We ignorantly imagine it consists in power, wealth and dissipation. The prince in all his splendour is not happier than the peasant who labours for his food if not influenced by sweet content; we too often suffer even trifling incidents to excite our displeasure. Why not command and exert a cheerful disposition and endeavour to communicate it to others? will not the result be a pleasing impression? by an improper pursuit after happiness many have involved themselves in a vortex and then are willing to exclaim like Solomon "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." The art of happiness consists in content, and if supported by fortitude, will be a permanent standard for our tranquility here and future bliss hereafter. We should at leat carefully avoid offending the Almighty by repining or murmuring at his dispensations who has promised us forgiveness and support under all afflictions. MONIMIA.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 230.)

"Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
"Win and conquer, never cease,
"May thy lasting wide dominion
"Multiply and still increase:
"Sway thy sceptre,
"Saviour, all the world around."

II. The immorality, licentiousness, and infamous practices which stain the memory, and disgrace the character of the ancients.

It is needless to pretend to prove that man is the proper subject of moral government; since this is apparent, from his possession of reason, his ability to perform virtuous or vicious actions, his deserving praise, and meriting censure.—Considering man at the time of his first creation, it is not an improbable supposition, that God

gave him a rule for his moral conduct, as well as for his religious deportment.

Divine providence hath assisted man in leading him to a knowledge of his duty—God has imparted a certain sense of what is right and what is wrong; he has implanted in him reasoning powers which are formed to controul his vicious propensities and desires, and to regulate his affections and actions—To show us what is rectitude of conduct, and to teach us the nature of morality, we have the knowledge of others—Added to all these, God has revealed true morality in his word; and that he should give his creatures some standard whereby they might judge of the propriety of their conduct is extremely probable.

In whatever state of moral uprightness man was first created, it is no less deplorable than true that he fell from it, and plunged himself into the excess of corruption: now moral duty includes all that we can perform aright, and may be divided into three distinct parts.

The first more immediately respects our duty to God, in reference to those acts of piety, and that religious service we owe him.

The second comprehends the duties which devolve upon us, as it regards our neighbours and the world at large.

The third refers to our personal duties, as the government of our passions, the restraint of our dispositions, and indeed every act whereby our corruptions may be subdued, and sobriety and purity promoted. That rule of moral duty is not sufficiently extensive, or adequately restrictive which does not include all these.

Many of the heathen writers expressed themselves with great perspicuity and force on the subjects of morality; but from all their works it would be impossible to form a complete system of morals, which would comprehend all the various branches of this enumeration. If we examine the moral conduct of the heathen by this rule, we shall find that they were most awfully relaxed. Morality certainly was not an ingredient in their religion; for when engaged in the worship of those they honored as deities, they committed the most daring impieties, and openly manifested the vilest scenes of debauchery.

The Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and others, tolerated by law and forbearance, incest, theft, dishonesty, cruelties, pœderasty, sodomy, fornication, adultery, drunkenness, suicide, and every other species of iniquity.

I shall not offend your delicacy by inserting particulars and proofs, but conclude this part of the subject by requesting you to read that passage of Paul's, Romans 1st, 18th verse to the end; which ancient history assures us is infallibly true.

III. The unsatisfactory doctrine they held concerning the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments.

The doctrines of a future state, and the immortality of the soul are of great consequence; because, if established they serve to restrain the children of men from pernicious actions, and the commission of those enormities which injure themselves and others. Irrefragable arguments might be adduced in its support, but the consideration of the state of the world only, with regard to virtue and vice, will satisfy any unprejudiced and candid person who meditates on this subject. Is it just to conclude that for all the wickedness we see there will be no punishment? Is it proper to think that every species of vice will be suffered to reign, without afterwards receiving its just desert; or is it unreasonable to infer from the want of equality in this world as it respects the situations of the good and the wicked, of the moral and the licentious, that a time will arrive when the one will be liberally and amply rewarded, and the other deservedly condemned? The ancients on this subject held the most defective notions. Is it not closely connected with our peace, comfort, and happiness? Then surely we cannot deny that there was a pressing demand for more light than nature gives.

This doctrine was held in the most distant ages of mankind, it was a part of that religion which God at first revealed to our common parents; and was preserved through all ages by tradition. In process of time as the other corruptions of which we have been speaking gradually increased, so this subject became obscure and dark. That many of the philosophers altogether denied this interesting truth, cannot be doubted. Those of them who thought it were under the greatest uncertainty, and did not speak or write with precision. The history of the most wise and learned amongst them convinces us that they did not arrive to a perfect satisfaction in their own minds when they were about to leave this state. And of that elysium whose existence they allowed, they would not assert the eternity except for a few privileged characters who had in the present state arrived to a certain degree of perfection: and though the crediting a state of future rewards necessarily implies another of a different nature, that of punishments; yet this was almost entirely refused admission into their writings; they considering it a mere superstitious fancy, and a whim of those who wished to terrify the mind by placing before it a state of woe. Such was the darkness which pervaded the minds of the inhabitants of this world.

The above will be sufficient to convince a candid enquirer after truth, of the necessity of some farther illumi-

nation than that which reason unassisted by revelation possesses. From this representation we conclude, that more illumination was necessary; and if given to us, that it would be revealed in an extraordinary manner, and speak explicitly on those subjects of which man was most ignorant. *(To be continued.)*

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued from page 229.)

Although with a few minutes of preparation, and a few written notes, (as he wrote short hand with the utmost readiness) he could qualify himself sufficiently for giving an hour's lecture on most topicks that occur in Moral Philosophy and Logick, yet he wished to comprehend the whole course in a series of written prelections. The composing of these would, he rightly thought, make him master of his business; and to these, when they were composed, he could trust as a provision, if bad health should at any time render him unequal to the effort of lecturing extempore. But of this plan he did not live to execute the tenth part.

To make the young scholar perform exercises in Latin verse, is not now customary, so far as I know in any of the schools of North Britain; which I have long thought a deficiency in our discipline. I wished him to attempt this mode of composition, resolving, however, not to urge it, if he should find it difficult. Accordingly, as soon as I knew him to be sufficiently master of ancient prosody, I advised him to write Latin verses. He said, he did not think he could do it, but that, since I desired it, he would make a trial, provided I gave him a subject. A lobster happening to be on the table, I proposed that as the argument of his first essay; and next day he brought me four hexameters, which, considering his age and inexperience (for he was then only fourteen,) I thought tolerable; and I encouraged him to make further trials, when he should find himself in the humour and at leisure. He continued from time to time to amuse himself in this way, and soon acquired a facility in it. He found it, he said, of the greatest advantage in giving him a ready command of Latin phraseology; by obliging him to think in that language, and to revolve in his mind a variety of synonymous expressions, while in quest of that which would suit the measure and sound of his verse. It must not be imagined that he lost much time in this study. He applied to it very seldom, and when he had nothing else to do, and never, for so I advised, above half an hour in one day. Being urged by me to declare how much he might do in that half hour, he owned, with a modest reluctance natural to him on such occasions, that in half an hour he would sometimes compose from ten to fifteen or twenty lines. Were all the half hours he ever employed in this exercise to be thrown into one sum, they would not amount to fourteen days.

Among his Latin compositions, I find one or two original odes, and some epistles in imitation of Horace*; and translations of several favourite English songs, of some detached stanzas from the *Castle of Indolence*, and of some parts of the *Minstrel*. Whether he purposed to make a complete version of this last poem, I know not: his partiality to it was no doubt excessive; which the good natured reader will pardon.

In November 1786 he translated into Latin verse Pope's *Elegy* on an unfortunate lady, and the *Messiah* of the same poet. The former were printed, but without a name; the latter never received his last emendations. In both these pieces, as well as in the version of *Sir Balaam*, the translation has the same number of lines with the original. His notions of translation were as strict as those of Horace;† he thought it should be as literal as the genius of the language into which it is made will permit; and that, as closely as possible, it should imitate the spirit, especially the simplicity and conciseness, and, (if poetical) the harmony, of the original. Of paraphrastical, or, as they have been called, *free* translations, he did not

* The most humorous, and one of the longest, of his poetical essays, is a Latin epistle (in imitation of Horace) giving a description of a publick entertainment: but to private characters, though it is not satirical, it has so many allusions, that I suppress it, as I know he himself would have done.

† It is strange that the passage of Horace here alluded to (Epist. ad Pison. v. 133.) should have been so generally understood to mean just the contrary of what the poet intended; as if he had been there laying down rules for *translation*, and disapproving of literal or close translations. The meaning of those words, *Nec verbum verbo curabis redere fidus Interpres*, viewed in their connection with what immediately goes before and follows, is this: "It is difficult and hazardous to invent new "fables and characters; and a dramatick poet may do better "to take the subject of his piece from Homer, than to make the "whole of it new. But, in doing this, that he may not incur the "blame of exhibiting as his own what belongs to another, he "must be careful, first, not to make his fable exactly the same "with that of the original author; secondly, not to translate his "words *literally, as a faithful interpreter would do*; and lastly to "conduct his play according to the genius not of epick but of "tragick composition."—Terence was not ashamed of having translated literally: (see Prolog. ad Adelph.) and they who are acquainted with that author will not suppose, either that his translations were inelegant; or that they would have been more elegant if they had been less literal.

approve. He thought the *freedom* of such interpreters might be occasioned rather by want of critical skill in their own or their author's language, than by correctness of taste or luxuriancy of genius: at any rate, whether meant to conceal ignorance, or improve the original author, he thought that such versions were misrepresentations, and therefore unjustifiable. On this principle he must have condemned some juvenile attempts of mine: but I have reason to think he never saw them; and I was too much ashamed of them to direct his attention that way.

The poetical translation he admired most was Dobson's *Paradisus Amissus*; which is indeed more exact, more spirited, more elegant, and more like its original, than any other I have seen: I cannot account for its being so much neglected. He also esteemed very highly Mr. Potter's translations of the Greek tragedies. In the Virgil of Dryden he owned there were good lines; but was disgusted with that translator's inattention, in too many places, to the sense, and still more conspicuous inattention, to the spirit, of his original. Of Pope's Homer he may have read parts, but never I think went through the whole. He thought it a pleasing English Poem but by no means a faithful exhibition of the genius of Homer. On his own attempts in translation he set no value. He engaged in them as exercises merely, for improving himself, or amusing me; and when he had put them in my hand, and heard what I thought of them, which I own was always favourable, he commonly left them with me and made no further inquiry about them. The version of Pope's Unfortunate Lady was printed by my desire, and almost against his will: it was never published; but I sent copies of it to some of our Friends.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Falstaff having given the following dissertation upon *Honour*,

"Well, honour pricks me on," &c. &c. &c.

induces me to observe the operation of honour on the gambler and the thief.

The Duellists, like Jobson at Blindman's Buff, laying about them slap dash, North, East, West, South on every point of the compass, cause honour to answer to *all points*, and, therefore, *all make a point of honour*.

Any man, who has visited Tennis Courts, Billiard Rooms, Horse Racing, Whist Clubs, Skittle Grounds, and Hazard Tables, will find that it is one of Honour's points to make it a *point of honour* in the loser to demand his money again, under the pretence of its having been won unfairly. And it is also a point of honour in the winner refusing to return it. Thus, those honourable Gamblers are agitated and stimulated to cut each other's throats, which is the dernier resort among these gentry for the preservation of their honour. But this is not to be greatly lamented as it prevents many of them from being compelled—by the verdict of an honest Jury, to *drop their honour* at the drop of Newgate. To those who conceive they have received such injuries as will admit of no other atonement than the dreadful alternative of killing or being killed, I would recommend the following observation of a madman—"Let your enemies alone, and they'll die of themselves."

It has been observed, that no place in or out of Christendom possesses so much honour as the city and suburbs of London. To prove that London is the plenum of honour, what man or woman can you meet with that will not declare themselves people of honour? Who can you converse with, that will not asseverate all they say with a pledge of their honour?

The Turks, having no idea of honour or knowledge of duelling, must be less civilized than Christians; *that custom of killing in defence of honour is only practised where the gospel is taught;* and yet it must be known, that no vice is more deprecated by the tenets of the said gospel than such savage brutality.

There is a part of Christendom, where the people preserve a superior species of honour. In Spain, this honour is carried into the Inquisition, where they rack, stab, and poison, and all for their honour, and the glory of their Maker.

The French are not much bigotted to matrimonial or religious honour. But they have such romantic ideas of glory, that they prefer it to limbs, life, and good government. In the madness of their honour, they have deluged their country with blood and devastation.

May such honour sleep eternally, never to wake again.

I shall endeavour to remove the melancholy idea of this French honour by the following whimsical anecdote.

Magrah Monaghan, of Connaught, dined one day with Terence O'Hara, in the Queen's County. Monaghan was every inch of him a gentleman, and scorned to do a dirty thing. But as necessity and honour are ever at see-saw with all gentlemen of no fortunes, it happened, at that instant, Need was uppermost, and gave an impelling or propelling quality to some of Mr. Magrah's muscles.

Astronomers, or rather astrologers, are not clear enough in their accounts for us to ascertain, which of the planetary influences predominated, so as to cause a silver spoon, before grace after meat was said, to gravitate into Mr.

Magrah Monaghan's pocket. Did we presume to astrological calculation, we might conjecture it was Mercury, who has the character of being the aider, abettor, and patron of thieving. However this may be, the spoon was missed, and his host very mildly taking his guest aside, whispered him—

"My dear, will you be after telling me any thing of the spoon?"

Magrah.—"Is it the spoon you mean? The devil burn me into tinder-ashes, Terence, if I *know no more* of your spoon than St. Patrick."

Terence.—"Well, but don't you at all at all?"

Magrah.—"Why then, by the contents of this (catching up the mustard-pot as if it had been the Bible) I don't—Would you now be thinking I'd be telling you a lye?"

Terence.—"But upon *your honour* don't you?

Magrah.—"My honour!—By J——s, there's (taking the spoon from his pocket) the vagabond spoon again! and I'll tell one thing, Terence, and that ain't two, I wouldn't forfeit my honour for all the spoons in the county of Christendom."

PEDANTRY.

A Pedantick gentleman who was lately travelling, and above common language, stopped at an inn to get his horse and himself refreshment. Seeing some boys, when he alighted, he ordered one to "circumambulate his horse two or three times round the mansion, then permit him to inhale a moderate quantity of aqueous particles, after which to give him proper vegetable nutriment, and he would make him pecuniary satisfaction."

The boy being unaccustomed to such language, ran into the house, and told his father a prince was without who spoke French; the father comes out, and hearing the man scold, asked him what was the matter.—"Sir (says the gentleman) I invoke all the genii astestis's that your offspring rejected me, and refused to put in practice my desires: Now, sir, you I implore to enforce obedience upon them by correction, and then immediately provide some nutricious substance, to strengthen nature, cured over vegetable fuel, as I abhor the sulphurious tincture of minerals: remember to get me some stimulous with it." The innkeeper, without hesitation, concluded him a madman, and with his lusty wife, seized and tied him hands and feet to a ring in the barn floor, then went for a doctor, who put a moderate blister on his back, which in three days brought him to his wandering senses.

ANECDOTES.

A living writer, of great celebrity, calling upon his bookseller one evening was asked to stay to supper. A goblet being introduced made of a cocoa-nutshell, carved into the resemblance of a human head, attracted the notice of the guest, who admired it much: "Pray," says Folio, "don't be afraid to drink, Mr. what dy'e call 'um, it is not a skull."—"Why (rejoined the other) I should not have wondered if it was, for you booksellers drink your wine out of *our skulls*."

An eccentric divine at Bristol some years ago was much complained against by his parishioners, for the ridiculous manner of his preaching, and the personal remarks which he often made in his sermons. The archdeacon and bishop's chaplain were directed to go secretly to his church, and to bring a faithful report to his lordship. They did not, however, manage matters so well but that the parson got scent of their errand. Being never at a loss, he took for his text Genesis xlii. 9. "*Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land you are come.*" The sermon was so ingenious and connected, that a good report was carried to the bishop, and the parson triumphed over his enemies.

The same clergyman was much given to preach long sermons, which gave great offence to most of his hearers, and remonstrances were made to him on the subject. At length he gravely promised to give them a *short subject* next Sunday—and short it was, for the text was only Luke xviii, 8. "*Nevertheless*;" but the sermon was about half an hour longer than his former ones. "And now," said he, after well exhausting their patience, "I know you are all fretting and grumbling because your dinners are spoiling at home, but *nevertheless* I shall go on."

Dr. Butler, the celebrated bishop of Cloyne, it is well known, started a philosophical hypothesis, in which he maintained the non-existence of matter. On his return from the Royal Society one evening, when it was very dark, accompanied by a friend, the doctor ran against a post, and bruised himself pretty much. "Poh, poh (says his friend) how can you complain when you know *its no matter*."

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

Let the fierce warrior on the bloody plain
Seek tinsell'd honor in a nation's woe;
Give smiling virtue to the hand of pain,
And lay the bleeding helpless orphan low.
The field ensanguin'd suits not to my mind,
For me war's purple pomp can boast no charms;
I leave afar its martial *arms* behind,
And court the circle of my Rosa's *arms*.

Let the wild hunter in the savage chase
Thro' desart stern, and dreary wilderness,
Pursue the fierce beast in the hardy race;
I envy not the danger of his bliss.
For trophy fur-lin'd, and the fox's brush,
The scented *morn* I'll never violate:
From Rosa's beauty never will I rush,
To her the *morn* of life I'll dedicate.

Let the rash seaman *plough* the stormy sea,
In floating bastion proudly worlds defy,
Hurl on blockaded towns the stern decree,
And view their flames with tear-unsullied eye.
Content I'll happy *plough* my little field,
Turning the new-rais'd furrow from the soil;
To her my time, my life devoted yield,
While she shall gen'rous share domestic toil.

The tented camp the warrior soon would leave,
Unheard the trump which wild ambition sounds:
No more the horn's shrill melody would grieve
When lost, or echoed music of the hounds:
The sailor rocking on the dizzy mast
No more would tremble on the height above;
But think in deep repentance of the past
If tasted once the purer joy of LOVE.

YELSE.

The neglected Wife's address to her Husband.

Lost to the world and all my heart held dear,
My fever'd fancy broods o'er scenes of woe;
No bosom friend, my lonely hours to cheer,
Nature seems blank to me, where'er I go.

Behold me strug'ling with misfortune's sigh,
Oh, see me pale, emaciated, weak;
No gleam of joy breaks from my heavy eye,
For sorrow soon will bleach joy's rosy cheek.

My cherish'd hopes of happiness are fled;
Cold is my heart, inanimate my breast;
Why should I live, when every joy is dead?
Laid low in earth—my spirit then might rest.

And yet, methinks my soul would not depart,
Still would it linger in this drear abode;
For yet one charm encompasses my heart,
And that alone, supports life's cheerless load.

Well dost thou know my heart did fondly love,
And still does love the parent of my child;
Oh, let her prayer, your kind compassion move,
Lest phrensied thought should drive a mother wild.

For potent grief, perhaps, will break the tie
Which binds my sorrowing widow'd heart to earth;
Urg'd by despair, my spirit quick may fly,
Ere passion yields and gives reflection birth.

Oh, who would then protect the tender plant,
The kindest, sweetest, tenderest, gift of heaven;
Or who would shield its helpless form from want,
Was my poor reason from her empire driven.

My friend, my husband, you have yet the power,
My happiness, my all depends on you;
Oh, will you make me bless again, the hour,
Or curse the time, when first my breath I drew.

SOLUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

To a lively Brunette, who desired the author to make some verses on her.

Do not expect me to compare
The snow-white lilly, love, to you,
For candour prompts me to declare
The lilly fairest of the two,
And should I say the roses hue,
On thy soft cheek more freshly glows,
'Twould be a compliment to you,
But very little to the rose.
But who would quit so warm a breast,
To dangle after rose or lilly?
For many in their coulours dress'd,
Are things as senseless and as silly.
Say, who that feels a kindred glow,
Would quit a heart so fond so true,
To seek a bosom white as snow,
Perhaps with all its coldness too?

EPIGRAMS.

While Joe moves all too quick, or all too slow,
No hour of joy can be the hour of Joe:
But Nic (sly rogue!) is ne'er too slow nor quick;
The nick of time is still the time of Nic!

—

A Fool and Knave, with different views,
For Julia's hand apply:
The Knave, to mend his fortune, sues,
The Fool, to please his eye.

Ask you, how Julia will behave?
Depend on't for a rule,
If she's a Fool, she'll wed the Knave—
If she's a Knave, the Fool.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

God, working ever on a social plan,
By various ties attaches man to man:
He made at first, though free and unconfin'd,
One man the common father of the kind;
That ev'ry tribe, though placed as he sees best,
Where seas or deserts part them from the rest,
Diff'ring in language, manners, or in face,
Might feel themselves allied to all the race. COWPER.

Mr. Easy,

AMONG all the unreasonable and illiberal prejudices which we indulge, none is more absurd and injurious than the superiority which we suppose ourselves to possess over the emigrants who come to reside here. Many of us from various causes, oppose those whom we call *foreigners*, although they are adorned with virtue, and valuable for their learning—and as this subject has from some circumstances been, and is now, the subject of much conversation in this city, permit me to enlarge a little upon it, and to endeavour to place it in a proper point of view.

It should be considered by all those who make objections to *foreigners*, that formerly they themselves, and at all events their ancestors were in the very same situation. Those who fled from England and settled in the wilds of New-England were equally as much foreigners, as any emigrants can now be; and without straining the idea, it may be asserted, that all the inhabitants of this country were *foreigners*, until the declaration of independence, if not until the separation promulged by that act was acknowledged by the British government.

It is not a little remarkable, that so many objections to the introduction of emigrants should be made, seeing to that we owe so much of our wealth, and learning, and the rank we hold in the scale of nations. If we examine the history of the U. States since the commencement of Washington's first presidency, we shall find that a very large proportion of the population of the union includes the persons who have arrived in this country since the time to which we refer.

Had these states acted upon the contrary principle, and prohibited persons from settling here, by exposing them to various disabilities and disadvantages; it is self-evident, that their situation would have been vastly different from what it now is. A very superficial investigation will prove that an immense quantity of wealth, and a large stock of information have been imported into this country during the last ten years; and whilst some unpleasant effects have resulted from the indiscriminate mass which has found an asylum in this land—yet the bad are far outweighed by the good effects, and it must be asserted as irrefragable, that to the *foreigners*, we owe most of the refinements of our manners, the increased elegancies of life, and some of our most useful knowledge.

Nothing is more useful than for men in all situations, especially those who from the lowest grade in life, are through the money which they have acquired, exalted to rank and influence, and who contemptuously treat those who cannot figue in the same style, to look back, and reflect upon what they once were, and if there be any sensibility left in them, they will dismiss some of those lofty ideas of themselves, and if they think justly will allow—that a man of virtue and talents is an ornament to society without any reference to the country in which he was born, or the sphere of life in which he moves.

But those who vociferate most against *foreigners*, are such themselves, or are the immediate descendents of such—this is truly ridiculous—for the American constitution makes no distinction; it allows to all after a short time the same privileges, and without respect to persons, leaves talent to display itself to the best advantage, and to the citizens of these states the liberty of estimating it according to their own standard of merit.

It may not be useless, to endeavour to ascertain the

cause of this pretended dislike to emigrants, and to shew its folly, and impropriety.

It must proceed either from a fancied idea of our own importance and superiority, or from the bad character and worthlesness of those who come to reside among us.

The former idea involves considerations which might appear invidious to those of us who were born in this country—I may however be allowed to say, that if we depend upon family connexions and birth for our superiority—this would be found defective—if upon our literary attainments, therein we shall be found inferior upon comparision—for it must be confessed that the literary characters of any rank in this city are mostly those who have themselves emigrated, or who immediately descended from emigrants.

If the bad character and unworthiness of the emigrants are made an objection, it is improper, for as must be expected, although many men have arrived here who were unprincipled and despised, yet this is not a stigma which can be placed upon the brows of the emigrants as a body, including all those who have arrived from the different countries of Europe. Many men highly respectable and beloved, and some of the best ornaments to this city, are among the number of those, who from the vicissitudes which they have experienced in Europe, have fled their native lands, bringing with them minds highly cultivated, principles of virtue matured and fixed, and characters both as men and christians altogether unexceptionable.

That those who object to the settlement of *foreigners*, obliquely censure themselves has been already proved—it remains therefore to evince the folly and impropriety of an opposition which militates not against the law of nations only, but likewise against the interest of the United States.

What can be more uncharitable and foolish than the virtual prohibition of the emigration to this country of those whose departure from their own is a loss, and whose retirement to this is a great advantage; by an appearance of contempt which manifests the illiberality, selfishness, and ignorance of the parties who indulge it, and indisputably argues the superiority of those whom they affect to contemn.

I am more disposed to censure some who are perpetually *prating* against *foreigners*, as they call them, when I reflect, that those who are most strongly opposed to them, are generally persons of the same name, who having resided here for 10, 15 or 20 years, forget their origin, and knowing themselves to be *small* in comparison with the persons who have lately arrived, dislike them on this ground, and thus foolishly wish to hinder the emigration of men, who augment the happiness and the best interests of society.

Besides, this is extremely improper in whatever light it is viewed—if considered as a national business, it is opposite to its interests—if intended to cramp the genius or to lessen the exertions of those who come to reside among us, it is insufferable—and if intended to excite undue prejudices, to render a certain description of persons odious, or to impede their progress in mercantile, literary, or professional life, it is directly contrary to all the charitable sensibilities of our nature, the principles on which the American revolution was established, and the philanthropy which so peculiarly distinguishes the constitution of the United States.

These cursory remarks, will, I hope, produce an attention to this subject in general, and have a tendency to enlarge the ideas, expand the minds, and increase the intercourse of the residents of this city, from whatever nation they may have derived their birth.

COLUMBUS.

—

I cannot altogether agree with my correspondent in condemning the citizens of America for being suspicious of, and cautious how they confide in, and encourage *foreigners*. It is true, that owing to dearness of provisions and accumulated taxes, many worthy persons in the middle and lower classes of life have left their native homes to settle in this young country, where the necessaries and decent comforts of life may be more easily and certainly attained The acquisition of these industrious and useful men have been duly appreciated, and they are cordially welcomed as estimable friends. But it is also known that the agitated state of Europe has thrown up and ejected much frothy slaver, and filthy scum, which being blown about every quarter of the world, has defiled wherever it has been suffered to rest. Convicted criminals, and out-lawed vagabonds; men disappointed in their unreasonable expectations, or thwarted in their schemes of crooked policy and perverted ambition; given up by their friends, despised by the public, and restrained by vigilant and energetic governments from executing their mischievious designs at home, come here to vent their spleen and turbulence; call the propagation of their vicious principles, *patriotism*; and the ebulition of angry passions, *zeal for liberty*. Knowing this, the citizens of the United States cannot be too careful in investigating the character of emigrants, and in examining their reasons for quiting their own country, before they permit them to participate in the advantages of this.

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 237.)

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet. DODDRIDGE.

IV. It is almost impossible that a revelation could be made to mankind without a miraculous intervention or an int rruption of, or departure from, the usual course of nature. The christian religion was thus made known, it fully explains all those subjects dark to the heathen, solves their difficulties, and enlightens the mind concerning them.

There will be an universal agreement respecting this point, that if the christian be not the true religion, then none is so, that ever has been, or now is in the world.—The pagan religions pretend to no divine authority for their establishment in the beginning; they are the offspring of antiquity, ignorance and corruption. Our object therefore, is not a comparison to shew the excellencies of the christian religion, and by placing it in competition with other religions to prove its superiority; it is to evince that the christian is the only true religion as standing opposed to all others To place this consideration in a more striking point of view, we will suppose the following case.

Suppose that God six thousand years ago created a world, in which he placed every thing necessary, proper, and beautiful, and at last formed man—that he gave him a law for his moral conduct, and a rule of religious duty—that this was kept inviolable two or three thousand years—that men after that time began by degrees to depart from this law and rule, and that in the course of a few years, or a few hundreds, they totally lost sight thereof—that the nations instead of paying religious worship to one God, adored thousands—reverencing stocks, stones, and the like, as those on whom they were dependent—that they lost all idea concerning their first formation, and other circumstances immediately connected therewith—that their minds were blinded by the most thick darkness, and covered with a cloud impenetrable concerning a future state of immortality, when they had finished their course in this world—that their actions were evident departures from all that which was just and good—that God seeing man in this state chose by a public revelation of his mind and will to inform the minds of the people, and proclaim to them a way whereby they might be restored to their original purity, and be received into his favour, which on account of their disobedience to his command they had forfeited. If we consider it as more than possible that such a revelation under these circumstances would be dispensed, in what manner would it be published? By what means would God send it abroad in the world? It is most reasonable to suppose that by the mouths of some eminent men separated from the rest of the world on account of their holiness and wisdom, he would have foretold the manner in which it should be brought to pass, thereby to prepare man for the reception of it, and fix the precise time when this event should happen—that after such intimation they might patiently wait the unfolding of this grand scene—that this revelation would be made known by some illustrious and extraordinary character who should promulge the doctrine necessary for the instruction of mankind, by incontestable marks prove himself to be the person who had been prophecied of in the ages preceding, and by performing those wonders which should astonish the world, evince that his doctrine came from heaven, and that it was indispensably requisite to the happiness of mankind.

If this be not a probable way of accounting for a revelation; then we certainly know not by what means or in what manner such a revelation could be disseminated amongst the inhabitants of the earth. The gospel of Christ containing the institutions of the christian religion was developed in this way. From time to time when the nations were sunk in the grossest ignorance, and the most wretched corruption of manners, God chose a body of people, separated them from all others, to whom he was pleased to commit the keeping of the sacred predictions of a famous event which was in future times to take place, and be the means of restoring men to their pristine purity, as it respected a proper worship of God, a pure and consistent conduct, and certain and correct notions of a future state. "In the fulness of time," this extraordinary character who was to perform all the duties to which he was called, and fulfil those prophecies which had been delivered concerning him, appeared. He was a pattern of holiness, and an example in himself of all that was good and righteous. He delivered all that information so remarkably needed by mankind. He preached the sublimest truths, the most interesting topics on which we can possibly meditate, and displayed a way of salvation for the transgressors of God's broken law. He performed numberless miracles to conquer the unbelief of his enemies, to add weight to his assertions, and to prove his divine mis-

sion: at length, he died, and rose from the grave, bursting through the barrier that enclosed him, and ascended "to the throne of his father's glory;" to shew that all the predictions which he uttered would be fulfilled—and as a grand evidence of his own power, the truth of his religion, and the certainty of a future state. Considering the subject upon the score of probability only, there can be no reasonable argument urged against it: but a body of evidence full, convincing, and satisfactory may likewise be produced, whereby the point may be established beyond a doubt, and the truth of the Christian religion proved to a demonstration. *(To be continued.)*

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued from page 238.)

The reader has seen my motive for recommending as an exercise the composition of Latin verses. I had not the same reason for wishing him to engage in English poetry. And I had known instances of young men mistaking the talent of writing smooth verses (a talent which may be easily acquired) for poetical genius; and thence following that idle trade to their own great disadvantage. I had therefore determined, in case of his attempting it, to dissuade the attempt, if I did not see in his first essays undoubted indications of poetical invention, with numbers animated, and varied according to the subject: and such dissuasion from me I knew *he* would receive with thankfulness, and without being either disheartened or offended.

Among his Latin Poems, there is an Alcaick or Horatian ode on Peterhead, which at my desire he translated into English verse. It contains an elegant though brief account of the scenery and society which he met with in that town and neighbourhood. He had an attachment to Peterhead, and wished to pass part of every summer there; in which I was always willing to indulge him. The causes of this attachment were neither few nor trivial. The air of the place had several times restored his health, when it was declining: the kind attentions shewn him by the better sort of the people, and their modest and simple manners, had won his heart: and the situation of the town, almost surrounded by the sea, and in the neighbourhood of a pleasant river and of some of the finest downs in Great Britain, was very favourable to fishing, rowing, archery, shooting, walking, and other exercises in which he delighted. Here, too, he had the company and conversation of our learned and pious friend the reverend doctor William Laing; who loved him with great affection; taught him many things relating to physick, botany, mechanicks, musick, &c.; and took a particular pleasure in devising expedients to amuse him*.

One of the greatest attempts he ever made in poetry was a didactic poem in English, on the excellency of the Christian Religion, and its peculiar efficacy in improving and perfecting the human soul. He meant, If I mistake not, to extend it to three books; the first of which, consisting of about six hundred lines, had been sketched out before I heard of it. This was, I believe, his first *serious* effort in English verse. I was much pleased with the sentiments, and, I own, not a little surprised (considering the author's age) at the energy of expression, vivacity of description, and apposite variety of numbers, that appeared in several passages. On the whole I was satisfied, that he had a poetical genius; which, when matured by years, and improved by practice, might, I fondly thought, produce something considerable. But diffident of my own opinion, which in a case of this kind might naturally enough be liable to undue influence, I showed it to some friends; who I thought would be more impartial, as they were more competent judges. They were pleased to think of it even more highly than I did, and gave him every encouragement to persevere. His absence however, from home, and various avocations, caused a long intermission of the work: and, when those difficulties were removed, his anxiety to prepare himself for a right discharge of his duty as a professor, determined him to lay aside for some time this favourite project; and I heard nothing of it for a great while. About a year before his death, I asked him what had become of it. He said, that, as soon as he had disengaged himself from his present course of study, he intended to resume, and, if pos-

* As an evidence of this gentleman's attachment, I take the liberty to quote the following passage from a letter which he sent me a few weeks after my son's death. "As to any memorials of my dear friend, I have no need of them for keeping up the remembrance of him. There is not a corner in my house, where I do not find his handwriting intermixed with mine: there is not an article of any study or science that I can think on, where I do not find his sentiments and mine embodied together, and in regard to which I do not immediately think what he would have said upon the subject. And not only do I find him every where within the house; but also, when I go into the fields, there is not a spot of ground that does not remind me of him: nay, I no sooner fix my attention upon any plant, than it brings into my mind when and where we first settled its *genus* and *species*. How I shall be able to bear the view of our summer haunts and walks without his company, if it should please God to spare me to see them, I do not yet know; but the thought of it is at present very painful to me."

sible, to finish it, and that he had it much at heart to do so: "but," continued he, "I shall make material al-"terations in the plan, and I believe there is hardly a "line that will not undergo correction." When, after his death, I called to mind this circumstance, and found, on inspecting his papers, that no alteration had been made (the reason of which will presently appear) I was at first inclined, in justice to his memory, to suppress the whole. It was, however, suggested, that this would be rather injurious to his memory: that it was right it should be known that he had such a design, and had formed such a plan: that extracts from the poem would throw light on his character, and do honour both to his heart and to his understanding: and that there was no reaon to fear, that the severity of criticism would ever be exerted against a performance, written (hastily, I believe, though with a benevolent purpose) at the age of seventeen, and of which the author's subsequent studies and early death had prevented even the revisal.

Of his ludicrous verses (the greater part of which will never appear) I have little to say, but that most of them were written for my amusement, though few by my desire, and all with surprising facility. I shall give one example. While he and I were talking one evening of the humorous English ballad that begins with these words "Diogenes surly and proud," &c.; in which, from peculiarities in the lives and doctrines of the ancient philosophers, it is proved, by ironical arguments, that th y must all have been addicted to drinking; I happened to say, it was pity our modern sages were not in the same way celebrated in a second part. Two days after he brought me the stanzas that have the name of *The modern tippling Philosophers*; in which the spirit of the old ballad seems to be supported with equal humour, and certainly not inferior learning.

Observing, early in the year 1788, that his health had suffered from the fatigues of the winter, and much more, I believe, from anxiety on account of my illness; and knowing, that he had a genius in mechanicks and was master of ths theory of organ-building; I proposed, that he should pass the ensuing summer at Peterhead, and there, with Dr. Laing's assistance superintend the building of an organ for himself. This was in due time executed. The work employed him about five months; and the amusement he derived from it, and the musick with which it afterwards supplied him, had the happiest effects on his constitution. And, to complete his satisfaction, my health had become better: and the organ, when he had set it up, and tuned it, was found to be singularly good of its kind. We had now little musical entertainments twice or thrice a week; which, though to a modish audience they might have appeared unfashionable, were highly pleasing to us, and to those friends who were sometimes present at them. Three of our small band could sing pretty well; and to the instrumental part of the concert a violin, violoncello, and organ, gave tolerable variety.

Some weeks before the commencement of his last illness, he asked whether I had any objection to his studying physick. I was a little alarmed at the question, and asked in my turn, whether upon trial he had found his office in the college less agreeable than he thought it would be. "Quite the contrary," he replied, "I have found "it even more to my mind than I expected." He proceeded to explain himself, to the best of my remembrance, in the following words. "I foresee that when I shall "have prepared a few lectures, our long summer vaca-"tion will afford me abundance of leisure. It is true "that, in the study of nature and art, a man can never "be without the means of improvement and liberal recre-"ation. But there is a duty more indispensable, which "I am anxious to have it in my power to discharge; I "mean, that of relieving the sufferings of my fellow "creatures. To appear in the world as a physician, or to "accept of money for what I may do in a medical cha-"racter, is not my plan: Providence has so ordered "matters, that I can live, as well as I wish to live, with-"out that: but I would fain be useful, occasionally to "my friends, and to the poor especially; for whom how-"ever I will not take it upon me to prescribe, till I shall "have gone through a complete course of medical study." I told him it was impossible for me to object to a scheme undertaken from motives so laudable: "all the restraint "I would impose, added I, is, what to you I am conti-"nual y recommending, moderate application. Anato-"my, botany, chemistry, you already know, and are "not ignorant of pharmacy. Study physick, therefore, "since you desire it; but let it be now and then only, "when you are at leisure; and you will soon be as great "a proficient as many others are, who acquit themselves "in that profession both creditably and usefully." It appears from his papers, that he had been very eager to prepare himself for doing good in this new employment.—But the time was now at hand, when all his plans of benevolence were to cease, and all his pursuits in literature.

(To be continued.)

Thoughts on the cultivation of the heart and temper in the education of daughters.—BY HANNAH MORE.

I have not the foolish presumption to imagine, that I can offer any thing new on a subject, which has been so successfully treated by many learned and able writers. I would only, with all possible deference, beg leave to hazard a few short remarks on that part of the subject of education, which I would call the *education of the heart.* I am well aware, that this part also has not been less skilfully and forcibly discussed than the rest, though I cannot, at the same time help remarking, that it does not appear to have beenso much adopted into common practice.

It appears then, that notwithstanding the great and real improvements, which have been made in the affair of female education, and notwithstanding the more enlarged and generous views of it, which prevail in the present day, that there is still a very material defect, which it is not, in general, enough the object of attention to remove. This defect seems to consist in this, that too little regard is paid to the dispositions of the *mind*, that the indications of the *temper* are not properly cherished, nor the affections of the *heart* sufficiently regulated.

In the first education of girls, as far as the customs which fashion establishes are right, they should undoubtedly be followed. Let the exterior be made a considerable object of attention, but let it not be the principal, let it not be the only one. Let the graces be industriously cultivated, but let them not be cultivated at the expence of the virtues. Let the arms, the head, the whole person be carefully polished, but let not the heart be the only portion of the human anatomy, which shall be totally overlooked.

The neglect of this cultivation seems to proceed as much from a bad taste, as from a false principle. The generality of people form their judgment of education by slight and sudden appearances, which is certainly a wrong way of determining. Music, dancing, and languages, gratify those who teach them, by perceptible and almost immediate effects; and when there happens to be no imbecility in the pupil, nor deficiency in the master, every superficial observer can, in some measure, judge of the progress. The effects of most of these accomplishments address themselves to the senses; and there are more who can see and hear, than there are who can judge and reflect.

Personal perfection is not only more obvious, it is also more rapid: and even in very accomplished characters, elegance usually precedes principle.

But the heart, that natural seat of evil propensities, that little troublesome empire of the passions, is led to what is right by slow motions and imperceptible degrees. It must be admonished by reproof, and allured by kindness. Its liveliest advances are frequently impeded by the obstinacy of prejudice, and its brightest promises often obscured by the tempests of passion. It is slow in its acquisition of virtue, and reluctant in its approaches to piety.

There is another reason, which proves this mental cultivation to be more important, as well as more difficult, than any other part of education. In the usual fashionable accomplishments, the business of acquiring them is almost always getting forwards, and one difficulty is conquered before another is suffered so shew itself; for a prudent teacher will level the road his pupil is to pass, and smooth the inequalities which might retard her progress.

But in morals, (which should be the great object constantly kept in view) the task is far more difficult. The unruly and turbulent desires of the heart are not so obedient; one passion will start up before another is suppressed. The subduing Hercules cannot cut off the heads so often as the prolific Hydra can produce them, nor fell the stubborn Antæus so fast as he can recruit his strength, and rise in vigorous and repeated opposition.

If all the accomplishments could be bought at the price of a single virtue, the purchase would be infinitely dear! And, however startling it may sound, I think it is, notwithstanding, true, that the labours of the good and wise mother, who is anxious for her daughter's most important interests, will *seem* to be at variance with those of her instructors. She will doubtless rejoice at her progress in any polite art, but she will rejoice with trembling:—humility and piety form the solid and durable basis, on which she wishes to raise the superstructure of the accomplishments while the same accomplishments themselves are frequently of that unsteady nature, that if the foundation is not secured, in proportion as the building is enlarged, it will be overloaded and destroyed by those very ornaments, which were intended to embellish, what they have contributed to ruin.

The more ostensible qualifications should be carefully regulated, or they will be in danger of putting to flight the modest train of retreating virtues, which cannot safely subsist before the bold eye of public observation, nor bear the bolder tongue of impudent and audacious flattery. A tender mother cannot but feel an honest triumph, in contemplating those excellencies in her daughter, which deserve applause, but she will also shudder at the vanity which that applause may excite, and at those hitherto unknown ideas which it may awaken.

The master, it is his interest, and perhaps his duty, will naturally teach a girl to set her improvements in the

most conspicuous point of light. SE FAIRE VALOIR is the great principle industriously inculcated into her young heart, and seems to be considered as a kind of fundamental maxim in education. It is however the certain and effectual seed, from which a thousand yet unborn vanities will spring. This dangerous doctrine (which yet is not without its uses) will be counteracted by the prudent mother, not in so many words, but by a watchful and scarcely perceptible dexterity. Such an one will be more careful to have the talents of her daughter *cultivated* than *exhibited*.

One would be led to imagine, by the common mode of female education, that human life consisted of one universal holiday, and that the only contest was, who should be best enabled to excel in the sports and games that were to be celebrated on it. Merely ornamental accomplishments will but indifferently qualify a woman to perform the *duties* of life, though it is highly proper she should possess them, in order to furnish the *amusements* of it. But is it right to spend so large a portion of life without some preparation for the business of living? A lady may speak a little French and Italian, repeat a few passages in a theatrical tone, play and sing, have her dressing-room hung with her own drawings, and her person covered with her own tambour work, and may, notwithstanding, have been very *badly educated*. Yet I am far from attempting to depreciate the value of these qualifications: they are most of them not only highly becoming, but often indispensably necessary, and a polite education cannot be perfected without them. But as the world seems to be very well apprised of their importance, there is less occasion to insist on their utility. Yet, though well-bred young women should learn to dance, sing, recite and draw, the end of a good education is not that they may become dancers, singers, players or painters: its real object is to make them good daughters, good wives, good mistresses, good members of society, and good christians. The above qualifications therefore are intended to *adorn* their *leisure*, not to *employ* their *lives*; for an amiable and wise woman will always have something better to value herself on, than these advantages, which, however captivating, are still but subordinate parts of a truly excellent character.

But I am afraid parents themselves sometimes contribute to the error of which I am complaining. Do they not often set a higher value on those acquisitions which are calculated to attract observation, and catch the eye of the multitude, than on those which are valuable, permanent, and internal? Are they not sometimes more solicitious about the opinion of others, respecting their children, than about the real advantage and happiness of the children themselves? To an injudicious and superficial eye, the best educated girl may make the least brilliant figure, as she will probably have less flippancy in her manner, and less repartee in her expression; and her acquirements, to borrow bishop Sprat's idea, will be rather *enamelled than embossed*. But her merit will be known, and acknowledged by all who come near enough to discern, and have taste enough to distinguish. It will be understood and admired by the man whose happiness she is one day to make, whose family she is to govern, and whose children she is to educate. He will not seek for her in the haunts of dissipation, for he knows he shall not find her there; but he will seek for her in the bosom of retirement, in the practice of every domestic virtue, in the exertion of every amiable accomplishment, exerted in the shade to enliven retirement, to heighten the endearing pleasures of social intercourse, and to embellish the narrow but charming circle of family delights. To this amiable purpose, a truly good and well educated young lady will dedicate her more elegant accomplishments, instead of exhibiting them to attract admiration, or depress inferiority. *(To be continued.)*

ANECDOTES.

When captain Grose once requested permission to take out of the church at Walton upon Thames, a brass plate, in order to *make a drawing* of it, he received the following grammatical and elegant epistle from the churchwarden. "Sir, I am sorry I can't be agreeable as to what you ax me to do, but by the canonical law, nobody must not presume to take nothing out of the church, especially the sacred utensils, upon pain of blasphemy. I must therefore refuse the brass monument tomb-stone which you desired, but you are welcome to come in the church, and draw it about as much as you please."

When the late Robert Lord Clive was a boy, and once walking with a school fellow through Drayton market, the two lads stopped to look at a butcher killing a calf. "Dear me, Bobby," says the lad, "I would not be a butcher for all the world."—"Why I should not much like it" said Clive, "its a dirty business,—but I'd a plaguy deal rather be a butcher than a calf!"

It was not a bad reply of a young lady, who was asked, why she did not marry: that she did not know which to chuse, when there were only two orders of men, each of whom might pass under the denomination of *Sir Harry Harmless*, or *Sir John Brute*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CHARADES.

By inserting the following Charades, we do not mean to invite our correspondents to exert their talents in this way. Very few, if any more, will be admited.

My first lent its aid to the hero of old,
In battle, or conquest, to kill or to save;
But, doomed to my second, no hero so bold
Who pays not his tax to the wide yawning grave.

From the earth he enriches my third shall arise,
And the cheek of the peasant with rapture shall glow;
For, brighter than gold, are his forms yellow dyes
And green is the plume that waves light round his brow.

BY PROFESSOR PORSON.

The child of the cottager thought it no shame
To toil at my first all the day;
Till her father grew rich, and a farmer became,
When my first to my second gave way.

She married a merchant who brought her to town,—
To this eminent station preferred,
Of my first, and my second, unmindful she's grown
And gives all her time to my third.

'Tis not those eyes, which caught their hue
From cloudless heav'ns' serenest blue
And stole the dew, which gems the flower,
To give those orbs their humid power.

'Tis not those lips where crimson glows
More fresh, more fragrant, than the rose;
Which ope, to bid truth's accents move,
Which close—more eloquent with love.

'Tis not thy cheek, by Heaven designed
The living index of thy mind;
Where tell-tale blushes speak too well
What language would—but fears to tell.

'Tis not the cheek, the lip, the eye
That heaves my bosom with the sigh:
Such charms may with possession cloy
And sickness fade, and age destroy.

No, 'tis thy soul, those eyes illuming,
Which warms thy cheek with roses blooming
With Heav'ns' own smiles thy lips which hung,
With Heav'ns' own accents tuned thy tongue.

FRANKLY.

TO MISS M. D.

On hearing her perform on the Piano-Forte.

When Orpheus wak'd his sleeping lyre,
All nature did attentive stand,
His sweet and tuneful voice admire,
And softest touches of his hand.
Ah! had a voice so sweet as thine
With softest strains the senses blest,
Apollo and the sacred nine
With Orpheus might have been at rest.

W.

FROM VINCENT BOURNE.

Deliciæ juvenum. nympharum hodierna voluptas
Ecce ea quo rubeat Stella rubore rosa.
Stella, vide quantum foliis suffundat honorem
Explicet ad solem purpura quale decus
Cras, Stella, exemplum pulchris lachrymabile eandem
Arentem laceram palledulamque vide—
Stella rosæ miserere, et dum miserere memento
Quod brevis est ævi, quod tua forma rosa est.

TRANSLATION.

Stella, behold that blooming rose,
See it each blushing tint disclose,
Admir'd by all the young and gay,
Unfolding to the rising day:
To-morrow, lamentable state,
Emblem too just of beautie's fate,
Mark how it droops, how faint and pale,
Lo! all its glowing honours fail.
Reflect, whilst pity's tear-drop flows,
Thy own sweet form is but a rose.

L.

Lines to her who thought the author resembled a friend of his whom she esteemed.

The third long week is well nigh gone,
Since at the brightest hour of morn,
I first beheld thy beauteous form,
Sweet Mary!

Oh lovely nymph of pleasing power,
Whose converse cheats the lazy hour,
May ne'er o'er thee misfortune low'r!

How pleased was I to hear thee trace
In me the traits of *Jaques'*, face:
Replete with wit—replete with grace.

Like him, on me, oh beam thy smiles,
Which oft so sweet his time beguiles
By looks of love—gay Cupid's wiles.—

As hovering ever near thy side
Each heavy grief shall quick subside,
And jocund then my hours shall glide.

And when by care oppress'd—or gay,
To thee I pour the votive lay,
Each simple swain shall softly say
Sweet Mary!

Or if as roving through the vale
The notes of love thy ears assail,
Oh listen to the rapt'rous tale.

But may I ne'er be doomed to prove
The pangs of those who forced to rove,
Forget their fondest—earliest love.

SEDLEY.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

THE following criticism appeared some months ago in the *Port-folio*—but as the author is a correspondent of mine, whose pieces have frequently adorned the *Companion*; I doubt not but the re-publication of it will be acceptable to my readers.

—

The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.

POPE.

Sir,

To the reader, who delights in the creations of Fancy, there are few poetical pieces that will yield more pleasure, than the Castle of Indolence of Thomson ; none that will more completely gratify his imagination by an unbounded and luxuriant indulgence in natural description and imagery.

From the allegorical form, and apparent looseness of expression, resulting from the style of the versification, it does not appear, at first, to have so methodical an arrangement, as a better acquaintance will discover. We must, nevertheless, feel disposed to allow it some perfection, considering it as the offspring of seven years labour of the author of the Seasons.

The two cantos, into which this poem is divided, display a contrast of argument and an opposition of description, of considerable art and ingenuity. The stern dictates of reason are nearly forgotten in the fascinating delusions of the imagination ; and though we cannot avoid yielding to the sound and conclusive arguments of the former, yet does the latter hold out lures and deceptions, flattering to our love of ease and natural despondency that we cannot avoid, without difficulty, the net of the baneful enchanter.

Perhaps no subject admits of more sophistry, or could be more artfully descanted upon, than the vanity and futility of human pursuits. It has been a most copious source of declamation, at all times and in all countries, to the philosopher and satirical poet.

Considering the subject in the abstract, and as bearing relation to a future life, it is the most true and impressive manner in which to treat it. But, considering us as formed for active life, an indifference to its duties and occupations cannot reasonably or consistently be encouraged as praiseworthy, or at all conducive to happiness here.

In Milton's Comus, there is much artful argument used by the voluptuous enchanter, who certainly disguises the most unbounded licentiousness and immorality in the language of a very pleasing and imposing philosophy. Nothing proves the weakness of our intellect more forcibly than these kind of contrasts, where the truth is found so nearly allied to both, that it requires nice discrimination to make the just distinction.

In the present instance we cannot avoid being pleased with the attractions of this retreat, from which Want and Care are far distant, and where Ease and Pleasure abound, and which, though delusive, have their analogy in that future mansion; upon which a warm imagination sometimes deligts to dwell.

Some quotations, that will be made in the course of this sketch, will fully prove the appositeness of the above remarks as to the plausibility of the sophisms, which fill the first canto, and the interest we are compelled to take, so far as the premises upon which the arguments are founded. It appears that our author's first intention was the composition of a few stanzas, descriptive of his own attachment to ease and indolence ; but he soon discovered that the subject would admit of a greater extent, and might be treated in a manner to convey the most useful and salutary instruction, while it admitted of all the embellishments which a descriptive and moral imagination could afford. Hence we find a long and regular work upon the subject,

in two cantos; the first containing an appeal to our passions and imagination, ornamented with very appropriate scenery; the second an address to the reader, wherein is pointed out the fallacy of the former arguments, and the true duties and sources of happiness to mankind as at present constituted.

The following introductory lines convey the moral upon which the superstructure is reared.

O mortal man! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate,
That like an emmet thou must ever moil
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date,
And certes there is for it reason great;
For tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

These lines will remind him, who may have seen Zimmerman's book on the 'Ill effects of Solitude,' of the many examples therein given of the bad consequences resulting from suppressed passions, and seclusion from the active scenes of life.

The poem opens with a fine description of the valley, in which the castle is situated. Every thing that can be considered in unity with the subject, is here placed before our eyes with the vivid colouring and happy arrangement of the author of the Seasons.

Was nought around but images of rest;
Sleep soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery buds, that slumberous influence kest
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green
Where never yet was creeping creature seen;
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamless play'd
And hurled every where their water sheen,
That as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Full in the passage of the vale above
A sable, silent, solemn, forest stood.
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood,
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of black'ning pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below [flow.
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to

We have a perfect Elysium presented to our imagination in the succeeding lines, and we feel tempted to turn aside with the passengers, and confine our wanderings to such delightful pleasure grounds. The castle is truly the palace of Luxury and Indulgence; downy couches, the splendid allurements of the table, the charms of beauty, the power of music and poetry, and an abstraction from the disquietude of the soul, dazzle our senses, and we think of nothing less than the transformations of Circe, or her voluptuous son.

The place being so interestingly described, we listen next to the fascinating oratory of the deceitful possessor, addressed to the numerous passengers, who, in their journey along the paths of life, approach his gates.

The charms which surround them, seconded by snch persuasive eloquence, prove irresistible, and they turn in, overjoyed at the termination of their labours.

The contrast so often made of the 'unearned pleasures' of the animal creation, and the 'toil worn man,' is handsomely drawn, after which come these animated verses:

Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-drooping sweat of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
And of the vices an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain.
For when hard hearted interest first began
To poison earth, Astrea left the plain,
Guile, Violence, and Murder seiz'd on man,
And for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

Come ye! who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
Forever vain; come, and withouten fee
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of pure delight; O come, ye weary wights, to me.

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure, etherial calm, that knows no storm,
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform
And torture man, a proud malignant worm,
But here instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart———

O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Loosing the days you see beneath the sun;
When sudden comes blind, unrelenting, fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those, who mock you gone to Pluto's reign;
But sure it is of vanities most vain
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.

(To be continued.)

'Serenity, health, and affluence, attend the desire of rising by labor; misery, repentance, and disrespect, that of succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys, is truly blest; and lovely, far more lovely, the sturdy gloom of laboring indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.'

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 244.)

If ye unting'd by prejudice receive
Your coming Saviour, and his words believe,
His precepts bind delighted to your heart
And life resign before you bid them part,
His meekness imitate, his patience share,
Love what he lov'd, and what he suffer'd bear;
Tho' anguish smite your path, or wasting pain,
The poor man's lot, be your's, the captive's chain;
A better portion waits in yonder skies,
A golden harvest in reversion lies. COTTLE.

We proceed therefore to examine into the evidence which may be termed positive, and that its force may be more apparent the following propositions and proofs of them will be brought forward in succession.

PROPOSITION I.

The facts related in the gospel are indisputably true, therefore the religion established by their means, is of that divine origin it professes to be, and worthy our serious attention.

DEMONSTRATIONS.

I. The possibility of the miracles attested in the gospel.

II. Their nature being interesting and publick, and their having reached us without alteration.

III. Their being announced by eye witnesses, or men contemporary, who were sincere and true.

IV. Their connection with posterior facts, and their having been acknowledged by those whose interest it was to deny them.

PROPOSITION II.

The prophecies of the Old Testament concerning the Messiah were fulfilled in Jesus Christ, whence it follows, that he was the being of whom they spoke.

DEMONSTRATIONS.

Preliminary considerations on the nature of prophecy, and particularly the Jewish.

I. The books of the Old Testament are authentic and divinely inspired.

II. The prophecies concerning the Messiah with regard to his birth, conduct, death, &c. were fulfilled in Jesus Christ.

III. Jesus Christ prophesied, which was to be a mark of the Messiah—he abolished the ancient law, which was to be part of his work.

IV. His prophecies were accomplished in his sending his spirit upon the apostles, in the destruction of Jerusalem, in the dispersion of the Jews, in their being kept a distinct nation, and in the Gentiles being converted to christianity.

PROPOSITION III.

The books comprising the sacred volume, at least the four gospels, the acts of the apostles, thirteen epistles of Paul, the first of Peter, and the first of John, whose canonical authority none ever presumed to doubt, containing the history of the first establishment of the christian religion were considered as the only authentic relations of that event, and received as such by the primitive christians.

DEMONSTRATIONS.

I. The quotations made from them by the primitive writers, as books possessing that authority which no others could claim, and whose decision in all controversies and disputes was to be especially regarded; considered as final, and from whose judgment there could be no appeal.

II. The harmonies formed from them, the commentaries and exposition elucidating them published by the primitive christians. Their being publickly read and explained in the assemblies of the first followers of this religion. Their being formally inserted into the catalogues then published of those books which were acknowledged exclusively to contain the principles, and the history of the founders of the christian religion.

III. Their being very early collected into a separate volume; dignified by titles denoting the most peculiar and the greatest respect; received by heritics, and all the christian sects, who alike regarded their authority; and the attacks made upon them by the infidels of those days as relating the true history upon which this religion depended. *(To be continued.)*

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued from page 245.)

In the night of the thirtieth of November 1789 he was suddenly seized with a violent fit of fever, attended with excessive trembling and shivering, such as seemed to threaten his immediate dissolution. Medical assistance was instantly procured, and before morning a perspiration ensued, which freed him from fever, but left him weak and languid. This night must be considered as the end of his literary career; for, though he lived almost a year longer, he was never after able to engage in study that required any energy of mind. From this time to his death the night sweats continued to molest him, though they were not often violent: and now a decline came on, wonderfully gradual, though it seemed in general to gain a little ground every week. He made, however, his daily excursions; and in February was still able to walk a few

miles without fatigue. Attempts were made to prepare him for a journey in a post chaise ; but without success : every experiment of this kind, however cautiously conducted, being followed by a fit of fever unusually severe. Riding on horseback he had never found beneficial, and at this time could not bear at all. Still, however it was supposed, by the physicians, as well as by himself, and by me, as he had no cough, nor difficulty in breathing, nor indeed any positive pain, that nothing worse was the matter than what is called a relaxation of the nervous system ; and that, when the season would permit, a few weeks of Peterhead would set him up again, as had happened to him several times in cases apparently similar. To get thither he was more anxious than I ever saw him about any other thing that concerned himelf. Thither accordingly we went the nineteenth of April, and he bore the journey better than I expected. But next day a dreadful storm set in of rain and wind, which continued a week, during which it was impossible for him to leave his room. This confinement broke down his strength so much, that he could no longer walk without leaning on somebody's arm ; nor bear the motion of a carriage, unless it went very slowly. His case was now called a *nervous athropy* ; and the physicians candidly informed me that, though not desperate, it was dangerous in the extreme. I need not give a detail of the transactions of this summer. Let it suffice to say, that he had every advantage that could be derived from the most skilful and affectionate physicians : particularly Sir Alexander Bannerman, Dr. Skene, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Laing, and Mr. Wilson, surgeon, who was his intimate friend, and who not only attended, but almost constantly sat by him the four last months of his life. By the goodness of Providence, every thing was procured for him that the physicians recommended. Twice I went with him to sea ; and the first attempt (an excursion of ten leagues from Peterhead to Aberdeen) succeeded so well, that he was anxious to make a second ; which, however, had, as I feared it would have, disagreeable consequences, though nothing materially pernicious followed it. In the end of June, a cough made its appearance ; and it was then I began to lose hopes of his recovery, as I have reason to think he also did : he saw death approaching, and met it with his usual calmness and resignation. "How pleasant "a medicine is Christianity!" he said one evening, while he was expecting the physician, whom he had sent for, in the belief that he was just going to expire. Sometimes he would endeavour to reconcile my mind to the thought of parting with him ; but, for fear of giving me pain, spoke seldom and sparingly on that subject. His composure he retained, as well as the full use of his rational faculties, to the last ; nor did his wit and humour forsake him, till he was no longer able to smile, or even to speak except in a whisper. His last allusion to literature, and probably the last time his favorite Virgil occurred to his mind, was on occasion of some difference of opinion happening when he was present, between Mr. Wilson and me, about the meaning of a Greek word. To give him a little amusement, I referred the matter to him. Ah! said he with a smile, (finding himself unable to say more) Fuimus Troes.

One day, long before the little incident last mentioned, when I was sitting by him, soon after our second return from sea, he began to speak in very affectionate terms, as he often did, of what he called my goodness to him. I begged him to drop that subject ; and was proceeding to tell him that I had never done any thing for him but what duty required and inclination prompted ; and for the little I had done his filial piety and other virtues were to me more than a sufficient recompence,—when he interrupted me (which he was not apt to do) and, starting up, with inexpressible fervour and solemnity, implored the blessing of God upon me. His look at that moment, though I shall never forget it, I can describe in no other way than by saying, that it seemed to have in it something more than human, and what I may, not very improperly perhaps, call angelic. Seeing me agitated, he expressed concern for what he had done, and said that, whatever might be in his mind, he would not any more put my feelings to so severe a trial. Sometimes, however, warm sentiments of gratitude would break from him : and those were the only occasions on which, during the whole course of his illness, he was observed to shed tears ;—till the day before his death ; when he desired to see his brother, gave him his blessing, wept over him, and bid him farewell.

As his life drew towards a close, his pains abated considerably, and he passed a good deal of time in sleep. When I asked him whether his dreams were distressing, he said, "No ; for he sometimes dreamed of walking with me; "which was an idea peculiarly soothing to his mind."

At seven in the morning of the nineteenth of November 1790, he said his throat was dry, and desired a draught to be given him. Mr. Wilson stept to the table to fetch it ; but, before he got back to the bedside, the last breath was emitted without a groan or even a sigh.

Over his grave in the churchyard of St Nicolas in Aberdeen, is erected a piece of marble, with the following inscription :

JACOBO. HAY. BEATTIE. JACOBI. F.
PHILOS.IN.ACAD. MARISCHAL. PROFESSORI.
ADOLESCENTI.
EA. MODESTIA.
EA. SUAVITATE. MORUM.
EA. BENEVOLENTIA. ERGA. OMNES.
EA URGA. DEUM. PIETATE
UT. HUMANUM. NIHIL. SUPRA.
IN. BONIS. LITERIS.
IN. THEOLOGIA.
IN. OMNA. PHILOSOPHIA.
EXERCITATISSIMO.
POETÆ. INSUPER.
REBUS. IN. LEVIORIBUS. FACETO
IN. GRANDIORIBUS. SUBLIMI.
QUI. PLACIDAM. ANIMAM. EFFLAVIT.
XIX. NOVEMB. MDCCXC
ANNOS. HABENS. XXII. DIESQUE. XIII
PATER. MOERENS. H. M. P.

****

MONTAGU. BEATTIE.
JACOBI. HAY. BEATTIE. FRATER.
EJUSQUE. VIRTUTUM. FT. STUDIORUM
ÆMULUS.
SEPULCHRIQUE. CONSORS.
VARIARUM. PERITUS. ARTIUM.
PINGENDI. IMPRIMIS.
NATUS. OCTAVO. JULII. MDCCLXXVIII.
MULTUM. DEFLETUS. OBIIT.
DECIMO. QUARTO. MARTII. MDCCXCVI.

Of James Hay Beattie's character and opinions I shall subjoin some further particulars, which could not be conveniently introduced in the preceding narrative. I set them down as they occur, without attempting arrangement.

Piety and meekness were striking features in his character, habitual to him in infancy, and through life. I find among his papers forms of devotion, composed for his own use. The Christian Religion and its evidences he had studied with indefatigable application; and the consequence was such, as may be always expected in like cases, where the enquirer has candour and sense: no person could love his religion more than he did, or believe in it with fuller assurance of faith. But in his behaviour there was no austerity or singularity. Even when he came to be a man, he had, when in health, and in the company of his intimate friends, all the playfulness of a boy. The effect of religion upon his mind was, to make him chearful, considerate, benevolent, intrepid, humble, and happy. Of the contracted principles and unamiable prejudices of sectaries he had no conception. He loved all the human race; he bore a particular love to all Christians; and he wished all parties to exercise Christian charity towards each other. The church of England he held in high veneration, and was also attached to the church of Scotland in which he had been educated; he knew that, in respect of doctrine, the principles of both are the same; and, as to the different forms of ecclesiastical discipline and worship, he did not think he had any right to affect singularity, or to molest the peace of either church by clamouring about matters of no essential importance. He wished to be, and to be considered as a CHRISTIAN: a title, which he thought infinitely more honourable than any other. The words Lutheran and Calvinist he well understood, but set no value on them; though he was ever ready to own his obligations to those learned men who had been instrumental in bringing about the reformation from popery.

(To be continued.)

Thoughts on the cultivation of the heart and temper in the education of daughters.—BY HANNAH MORE.

(Continued from page 247.)

Young girls, who have more vivacity than understanding, will often make a sprightly figure in conversation. But this agreeable talent for entertaining others is frequently dangerous to themselves, nor is it by any means to be desired or encouraged very early in life. This immaturity of wit is helped on by frivolous reading, which will produce its effect in much less time than books of solid instruction; for the imagination is touched sooner than the understanding; and effects are more rapid as they are more pernicious. Conversation should be the *result* of education, not the *precursor* of it. It is a golden fruit, when suffered to grow gradually on the tree of knowledge; but if precipitated by forced and unnatural means, it will in the end become vapid, in proportion as it is artificial.

The best effects of a careful and religious education are often very remote: they are to be discovered in future scenes, and exhibited in untried connexions. Every event of life will be putting the heart into fresh situations, and making demands on its prudence, its firmness, its integrity, or its piety. Those whose business it is to form it, can foresee none of these situations; yet, as far as human wisdom will allow, they must enable it to provide for them all, with an humble dependence on the divine assistance. A well-disciplined soldier must learn and practice all his evolutions, though he does not know on what service his

leader may command him, by what foe he shall be attacked, nor what mode of combat the enemy may use.

One great art of education consists in not suffering the feelings to become too acute by unnecessary awakening, nor too obtuse by the want of exertion. The former renders them the source of calamity, and totally ruins the temper: while the latter blunts and debases them, and produces a dull, cold, and selfish spirit. For the mind is an instrument, which, if wound too high, will lose its sweetness, and if not enough strained, will abate of its vigour.

How cruel is it to extinguish by neglect or unkindness, the precious sensibility of an open temper, to chill the amiable glow of an ingenuous soul, and to quench the bright flame of a noble and generous spirit! These are of higher worth than all the documents of learning, of dearer price than all the advantages, which can be derived from the most refined and artificial mode of education.

But sensibility and delicacy, and an ingenuous temper, make no part of education, exclaims the pedagogue—they are reducible to no class—they come under no article of instruction—they belong neither to languages nor to music. What an error! They *are* a part of education, and of infinitely more value,

Than all their pedant discipline ere knew.

It is true, they are ranged under no class, but they are superior to all; they are of more esteem than languages or music, for they are the language of the heart, and the music of the according passions. Yet this sensibility is, in many instances, so far from being cultivated, that it is not uncommon to see those who affect more than usual sagacity, cast a smile of supercilious pity, at any indication of a warm, generous, or enthusiastic temper in the lively and the young; as much as to say, "they will know better, and "will have more discretion when they are older." But every appearance of amiable simplicity, or of honest shame, *Nature's hasty conscience*, will be dear to sensible hearts; they will carefully cherish every such indication in a young female; for they will percieve that it is this temper, wisely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the loveliness of virtue, and the beauty of holiness: from which she will acquire a taste for the doctrines of religion, and a spirit to perform the duties of it. And those who wish to make her ashamed of this charming temper, and seek to dispossess her of it, will, it is to be feared, give her nothing better in exchange. But whoever reflects at all will easily discern how carefully this enthusiasm is to be directed, and how judiciously its redundances are to be lopped away.

Prudence is not natural to children; they can, however, substitute art in its stead. But is it not much better that a girl should discover the faults incident to her age, than conceal them under this dark and impenetrable veil? I could almost venture to assert, that there is something more becoming in the very errors of nature, where they are undisguised, than in the affectation of virtue itself, where the reality is wanting. And I am so far from being an admirer of prodigies, that I am extremely apt to suspect them; and am always infinitely better pleased with nature in her more common modes of operation. The precise and premature wisdom, which some girls have cunning enough to assume, is of a more dangerous tendency than any of their natural failings can be, as it effectually covers those secret bad dispositions, which, if they displayed themselves, might be rectified. The hyprocrisy of assuming virtues which are not inherent in the heart, prevents the growth and disclosure of those real ones, which it is the great end of education to cultivate.

But if the natural indications of the temper are to be suppressed and stifled, where are the diagnostics, by which the state of the mind is to be known? The wise Author of all things, who did nothing in vain, doubtless intended them as symptoms, by which to judge of the diseases of the heart; and it is impossible diseases should be cured before they are known. If the stream be so cut off as to prevent communication, or so choaked up as to defeat discovery, how shall we ever reach the source out of which are the issues of life.

This cunning, which, of all the different dispositions girls discover, is most to be dreaded, is increased by nothing so much as by fear. If those about them express violent and unreasonable anger at every trivial offence, it will always promote this temper, and will very frequently create it, where there was a natural tendency to frankness. The indiscreet transports of rage, which many betray on every slight occasion, and the little distinction they make between venial errors and premeditated crimes, naturally dispose a child to conceal, what she does not however care to suppress. Anger in one will not remedy the faults of another; for how can an instrument of sin cure sin? If a girl is kept in a state of perpetual and slavish terror, she will perhaps have artifice enough to conceal those propensities which she knows are wrong, or those actions which she thinks are most obnoxious to punishment. But, nevertheless, she will not cease to indulge those propensities, and to commit those actions, when she can do it with impunity.

Good *dispositions*, of themselves, will go but a very little way, unless they are confirmed into good *principles*:

And this cannot be effected but by a careful course of religious instruction, and a patient and laborious cultivation of the moral temper.

But, notwithstanding girls should not be treated with unkindness, nor the first openings of the passions blighted by cold severity; yet I am of opinion, that young females should be accustomed very early in life to a certain degree of restraint. The natural cast of character, and the moral distinctions of the sexes, should not be disregarded, even in childhood. That bold, independent, enterprising spirit, which is so much admired in boys, should not, when it happens to discover itself in the other sex, be encouraged, but suppressed. Girls should be taught to give up their opinions betimes, and not pertinaciously to carry on a dispute, even if they should know themselves to be in the right. I do not mean, that they should be robbed of the liberty of private judgemnt, but that they should by no means be encouraged to contract a contentious or contradictory turn. It is of the greatest importance to their future happiness that they should acquire a submissive temper, and a forbearing spirit: for it is a lesson which the world will not fail to make them frequently practise, when they come abroad into it, and they will not practise it the worse for having learnt it the sooner. These early restraints, in the limitation here meant, are so far from being the effects of cruelty, that they are the most undubitable marks of affection, and are the more meritorious as they are severe trials of tenderness. But all the beneficial effects, which a mother can expect from this watchfulness, will be entirely defeated, if it is practised occasionally, and not habitually, and if it ever appears to be used to gratify caprice, ill-humour, or resentment. *(To be continued.)*

THOU MUST DIE.

When we bring to mind this awful sentence, which has been passed upon every creature inhabiting this ball of earth, how insignificant appear those low pursuits which agitate the toiling race of men.—He who has been for a series of years building airy castles, and preparing for future years of enjoyment—who has been filling his barns with plenty and his stores with abundance;—how is he astonished, when to him is sent this awful summons! His proud projects vanish into emptiness, and more worthless than chaff appear those vast designs of grandeur which had called forth all the energy of his mind.—Not so the Christian, who

> "Has made the statutes of the Lord
> His study and delight."

To him death comes not unlooked for: he knows it is the lot of our frail nature, and he rejoices in it as the road to blessedness. Sustained by the hope of glory, he sinks not under the rendings of pain—the agonies of disease are considered as the price of his passport to a happier state; and, resigned, he receives the cup of affliction. The death of the Christian is the revival of faith. Those who stand at his bed-side—who behold him throw off the shackles of mortality, his countenance beaming with heavenly smiles, and his lips uttering praise—must surely be convinced that he has followed no "cunningly devised fables"—and even Sceptics must be induced to wish, that their latter end might be like his. *Thou must die.* When the grim messenger delivers this awful sentence, he pays no respect to persons. Not all the riches of the Nabob, the supplications of the beggar, nor the threats of the deist, can aught avail. I have sketched the dying Christian—let me give the contrast in the closing scene of the unthinking youth, who, amidst his voluptuous comrades and destructive amusements, had hooted at the notion of judgment—set at naught the restraints of wisdom, and banished all reflection from his mind. In this state he is visited by sickness. Behold him groaning under affliction. The stings of a guilty conscience add torment to his bodily pains. He endeavours to pray, but guilt stares him in the face—he cries for mercy, but, alas, he had scoffed at the offers of pardon: and he is now suddenly called into the presence of his Maker, loaded with the pollutions of this world, and his dark passage through the valley of the shadow of death not illumined with one ray of consolation. With such examples before him, is it not astonishing that man should still run on in the mad career of vice, and end his days in wretchedness. *Evening Fire-side.*

An Irish soldier pretending dumbness, and the surgeon of the regiment, after several attempts to restore him, declaring him incurable, was discharged. He, a short time afterwards, enlisted in another *corps*, and being recognized by an old comrade, and questioned how he learnt to speak, "By St. Patrick," replied Terence, "*Ten guineas would make any man spake!*"

Jonas Hanway, who was of a remarkably thin and meagre habit, being once walking in a narrow street, met a staggering fellow, so much intoxicated that he took up the whole path. Hanway made a full stop, and looking earnestly at the man, gravely said, "My good Sir, indeed *I think* you have *drank* a little *too much!*"—Have I, (hiccupped the fellow) have I, and indeed, my good Sir, *I think you* have *eat much too little.*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

To——

You tell me, *Mary*, with a tear,
That all our hours of bliss are over;
And bid me, as I hold you dear,
Forget that I was once your Lover.

That fortune with malignant joy
Still seeks our kindred hearts to sever,
And gently charge your faithful boy,
To fly from grief, and you, forever.

Oh! how can he repress the sigh,
Whose clearest hopes and prospects wither,;
Condemn'd to part he knows not why;
Condemn'd to roam he knows not whither.

Yet thy lov'd mem'ry, dearest maid!
Where'er he strays he'll fondly cherish;
Nor shall it for a moment fade,
Nor but with his existence perish.

B.

SONG.

TUNE—*Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.*

See! evening comes serene and mild,
Come, *Delia*, haste thee to the grove,
Where you so often sweetly smil'd
And I so often told my love:
The days of courtship now are o'er,
Love's little jealousies are flown;
But still I love you more and more,
Because, sweet girl,—you are my own.

'Twas in this grove you gave me all
A friend, a lover, could impart;
And sure you never will recal
The precious gift,—it was your heart:
A smiling band of Cupids join'd
In hymns of joy around love's throne,
With voices all as one combin'd,
They sung, sweet girl,—you are my own.

In yonder woodbine's safe retreat,
Entranc'd I held you to my breast,
Heart press'd to Heart in contact sweet,
A mutual sacred flame confest:
Shall I turn truant, play the rake,
Because you love but me alone?
No! I will ne'er those arms forsake,
Because, sweet girl,—you are my own.

Then haste, sweet *Delia*, to the grove,
Again we will those scenes renew;
We'll play again those pranks of love,
Again my *Delia* I will woo;
Thus every year while life shall last
We'll pay our homage at love's throne;
And still we'll bless the day that's past,
When you, sweet girl,—were made my own.

SOLUS.

LINES WRITTEN ON ANNA.

Disconsolate and sad I wander,
Searching every Greenwood-tree,
And gentle streamlets soft meander,
Hoping my sweet love to see.

Late, round this tree she cheerful sported
Playful ran beside the stream,
Whilst I beheld her (all transported)
Like a little Fairy queen.

How changed! how sad, how dull the water;
Comfortless the shady tree,
All things must change, such change has wrought her—
But no change can alter *me*.

Jeunes beautés, je vous supplie
De terminer vos jeux si doux;
Venez, venez, et parmi vous
Amenez-moi la plus jolie.
La plus jolie et la plus belle!
Celle-lá m'a donné sa foi?
Ou la verrai-je? ou donc est elle?
Jeunes beautés, montrez-la moi.

Montrez-la moi; ma voix l'appelle,
Mes yeux la cherchent vainement;
Je ne pourrois que foiblement
Vous peindre ma crainte mortelle.
La plus modeste et la plus belle!
Celle-la m'a donné sa foi!
Ou la verrai-je? ou donc est elle?
Jeunes beautés montrez-la moi.

Le doux penchant qui nous entraine
Vous aussi, vous l'éprouverez!
Un jour, un jour vous sentirez,
Vous sentirez toute ma peine.
La plus sensible et la plus belle,
Celle-là m'a donné sa foi!
Jeunes beautés, volez prés d'elle,
Et daignez lui parler de moi.

Dites-lui, que separé d'elle,
Je n'ai vécu que pour souffrir;
Dites lui que je vais mourir
Si je ne la revois fidelle,
La plus aimable et la plus belle;
Celle-là m'a donné sa foi.
Jeunes beautés volez prés d'elle
Et daignez lui parler de moi.

Mais dans ce bois quelle est donc celle
Qui se promene en soupirant?
Quand on poursuit son jeune amant,
Ainsi gemit la tourterelle
Amour me dit, c'est la plus belle
Qui t'a toujours gardé sa foi.
Jeunes beautés, volez prés d'elle,
Amenez-la, rendez-la moi.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1805. N°. 33.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

(Criticism concluded from page 250.)

IN describing some of the amusements of these mortals, who, having drank of the waters of oblivion, are free to pass their time as they will, Thompson indulges in some very satirical reflections upon the various pursuits of society. Folly and Vice are rendered conspicuous in the well-drawn character of the miser, spendthrift, and the author, in the detail of the dissipation and extravagance of the city, the dark intrigues of party, and the ridiculous results of warfare.

The following verses will serve as a specimen of this satire, and the first may possibly bear an application to some of our American cities.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts and cars and coaches roaring all,
Wide pour'd abroad, behold the giddy crew,
See how they dash along from wall to wall.
At every door hark how they thundering call;
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why on each other with fell tooth to fall,
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

But, what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire;
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife,
Most Christian Kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour;
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

As the first canto closes, the scene changes, and the deception begins to appear—

Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.

The consequences of indolence and luxurious indulgence begin to be discovered, and the allegory is well supported by fine personifications of Disease, Lethargy, Dropsy, Hypochondria, Spleen, Gout, and Apoplexy.

At the commencement of the second canto, we have these lines, which may, probably, prove soothing to the luckless wretch, who has not basked in the smiles of prosperity:

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky;
Nor bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve.

The genius displayed in the arrangement as well as matter of the poem, is happily continued throughout.

In the compass of a very few verses Thompson has condensed a highly poetical account of the origin and progress of science and the arts from the east, until they attained perfection in that favoured island, the general character of whose people and institutions he has repeated in all his compositions in the most elevated and flattering mode. We see, as it were, in one point of view, his original, warlike, savage countrymen, the building of cities and cultivation of fields, the arrival at perfection in every product of genius and industry, and the threatened decline of all, from the introduction of luxury and licentiousness. When the parts of this description are so well connected and form so beautiful a whole, it is superfluous to give a detached quotation. The passage is easily recalled by those, who have read it with an interest the piece merits.

The following verse seems so applicable to the times, and our peculiar situation, that I must be excused for inserting it as a lively and well-drawn portrait:

A rage of pleasure maddened every breast;
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran;
To his licentious wish each must be blest
With joy be fevered, match it as he can;

Thus vice her standard rear'd; her arrier ban
Corruption called, and loud she gave the word,
Mind, mind yourselves, why should the vulgar man,
The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord,
Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford.

The progress of this baneful wizard's power and success at length reaches the ears of industry, who, roused by indignation, is induced to abandon his retreat for the purpose of extirpating this ravaging monster before it was too late.

Accompanied by his minstrels, he approaches this Elysian vale; at the sight of which an exclamation escapes, pretty much to the same purport as the previous remarks in this essay upon the proximity of vice to virtue.

Irresolution, and a subserviency of Reason to Passion and Indolence, where they have gained ascendancy in spite of the judgement and wishes of the incapacitated mortal, are accurately described.

The address of the minstrel to the wavering and irresolute multitude, answers the purpose of reclamation, and contains unanswerable arguments in opposition to those formerly advanced, and which are exemplified by many appropriate smiles.

Did I not consider quotations as generally tiresome, I would copy some verses that in a very beautiful manner describe the changes that were produced in the visions of these deluded mortals, by clearing the mist from their mental sight.

Precipices, destructive and loathsome objects are now substituted for what was so enchanting; they are astonished at their own blindness, and reformation is the consequence. It was not, however, the lot of all to escape this wretched thraldom. Some are consigned over to beggary and scorn, from whose persecutions they cannot fly or expect relief.

Hitherto nothing has been attempted but an outline of the plan of this poem, very little else can be done in examining a production of this description, which is not shackled by the rules of the various and rigid nature which regulate the more elevated kind of poetry. I will, therefore, close my remarks, in a few words, by giving such a character as more properly belongs to this order of poems.

In considering this production the reader must be very fastidious, indeed, if he discerns any thing defective in the poet's powers of imagination. It is never languid nor uninteresting, though of considerable length, and wrote in a stanza which is not always favourable to energy or animation. The plan is complete and methodical; the subject well supported, and highly interesting; the imagery striking and poetical; the versifications as smooth and flowing as his master Spenser's, or any of his imitators. I think it has the advantage of the minstrel of Beattie, by being of more general application and utility. A

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 251.)

" His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And Death, and Sin, and Hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
We're ty'd to him forever.— O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstacy to bear !....."

PROPOSITION, I.

That the facts or miracles related in the gospel are indisputably true, therefore the religion established by their means is of that divine origin which it professes to be and worthy our serious attention.

DEMONSTRATION I.

The possibility of the miracles attested in the gospel.

Some have objected that miracles are in themselves impossible: this we shall endeavour to confute.

A miracle is a work out of the usual course of nature, which no creature is able to effect. That cannot be called a miracle which man is able to bring to pass. Though an action may be done but seldom, and therefore may excite our astonishment, yet if it may be performed by man, it cannot be a miracle, this is a work to which God alone is equal, consequently nothing must be esteemed a miraculous intervention of providence which man independent of the Deity can perform.

God does as he pleases both in heaven and in the earth, he first sketched the plan of the world, he fixed its foundations, and he placed the system of the universe, in that order in which we discern it. He can dispense for a certain time with those laws which seem regularly to us to govern the creation, and make new regulations if the alteration occasioned thereby should be for his honour and glory. Miracles are strictly natural—all parts of the world are in the hands of God, the whole is his, he reigns over it, and though some things may appear supernatural to us, all is controuled by that unerring wisdom which foresaw the whole from eternity; besides there are doubtless many laws by which the natural world is governed with which we are entirely unacquainted, and ever shall be in this state—Miracles must have a visible and lasting effect—

We may be deceived by an impostor for the present, and until a close and strict examination, may not be enabled to judge concerning the truth of those works at which we are surprized. If we carefully examine the miracles of the numerous impostors we shall perceive that they were false, they were never to be discerned as to their effects; all their boasting then is vain and fanciful; something to astonish the multitude, without any foundation: and though they made a great noise, we are certain that none of those effects which ought to follow a miracle did succeed those pretended miricles said to have been performed by them. Mahammed professed to possess no miraculous power; he rested the success of his religion upon the victories which his arms might acquire, and the number of its disciples upon the nations conquered by his sword.

A diligent scrutiny into those wonders said to have been performed by Christ, will induce us to believe, that they were the works of God, that truly he was the Son of God, and of course the religion established upon the credit of these miracles will be such an one as merits our attention. Can we suppose that God would aid and assist one who pretended to divinity if he really was not sent by him: can we think that he who is so jealous of his honour, would help a man in his wicked attempts to take it from him?

Consider the miracles of Christ, view them in the different ways in which they were performed, and their connecting circumstances.

Behold a man dead and buried, who had laid in the ground four days, and who was represented by his friends as stinking already; at the sound of the redeemer's voice, he left the dark abode, and lived some considerable time after, eating, drinking, and performing the customary duties of life. This is a miracle. Go! find the man who could call his brother from the dead: place before him a body putrified; give him one still warm, tell him to restore it to its usual vigour, and impart its suspended animation: you command him to do that which will defy all his skill and ability Go to an old experienced sailor, one who for fifty years has been toiling on the water—in a hurricane, and the ship sinking; exhort him by his maritime skill, to restrain the violence of the winds, and by his voice, to hush the raging elements into a calm;—you may as well address the fishes sporting around you. Yet it is a fact that Christ walked upon the sea as if it had been land, that he came into the ship in which were his chosen companions then near perishing through the violence of the tempest, and immediately as he said "Peace, be still," the utmost serenity pervaded the water and the air.

A man who had been thirty years and more afflicted with a lameness, which baffled all medical skill was at once restored by his powerful word. At an advanced period of life a man born perfectly blind had his sight given him. In short, "the blind saw, the lame walked, "the lepers were cleansed, the deaf heard, the dumb "spake, devils were ejected, and the dead raised to life." We never read, that these stupendous works were performed, but in Judea, and its neighbourhood; but by Jesus, and those to whom he himself delegated the ability: and they were many, lasting, and their effects were discernable after a considerable portion of time was elapsed.

The Lord of life and glory had predicted that he should be put to death and buried; it accordingly happened.—He was slain and interred; at the time which he appointed, he left the tomb, and arose to light and immortality. It is upon this fact the whole gospel rests: if this be annihilated, if this be untrue, the history of the scriptures is a false narration, and no confidence can be placed in it. This was the grand work which Jesus had to effect; this was the rule by which men were to be guided in judging him, whether he were an impostor or not; this was the test by which the truth of his pretensions was to be tried, and he himself condemned or approved. He certainly was seen alive on the third day after he had been crucified; and hence convinced his apostles that he came from heaven, and that his doctrine was divine: as we cannot suppose that God, had he been an impostor, would when he was publickly executed, have delivered him from the hands of death, and confirmed the truth of his mission by so important and irrefragable an argument. We may therefore conclude that miracles are possible, from the power of God, and from our conviction that they were exhibited in ancient times; and the mission of Jesus or any other, if it be sanctioned by an ability to work miracles, ought to be received as divine.

It is evident from the Old Testiment history that miracles were considered sufficient evidence, to prove the truth of any doctrines which were taught—if supported by them. When Moses was called to deliver the Israelites from their slavery, God gave him the power of working miracles as a testimony of his divine mission. Pharoah would not hearken to Moses, as long as the magicians could do the same work: but when they acknowledged "it to be the "finger of God," he also confessed it, and relented.—Christ professed himself to be the promised Messiah,—

The Jews were the only judges of the reality of his claim; they only had the marks by which to examine him: they sought for signs and wonders to convince them. Our Lord does not blame them for their request: he censured them as desiring miracles with a mind unprepared and determined not to believe them. Evidence of a miraculous nature is the only testimony which we can possibly have of a circumstance of this kind, and therefore however incredible, if it comes to us properly authenticated, we ought to credit it: the miracles of the gospel are possible.

(To be continued.)

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued from page 253.)

Of modern divines his greatest favourite was Dr. Clarke. He studied all that author's works with his usual accuracy, and with much delight. Even the controversy with Dodwell he studied; for he thought it strictly connected with what Baxter and others had taught concerning the incorporeal nature of the soul: a doctrine, of which he was a zealous defender; which he had examined as far, I believe, as human ingenuity can examine it; and on which he has left a great deal in writing, though nothing finished.

I spoke of his playfulness. In conversation with his particular friends he would display an amazing exuberance of pleasantry and humour. His knowledge of nature and extensive learning, supplied him with innumerable images; and his lively fancy, aided by simplicity of diction and a ready eloquence, enabled him to combine them into the most diverting forms that could be imagined.* He had, what perhaps all people of observation have, a slight tendency to satire; but it was of the gentlest kind; he had too much candour and good nature to be either a general satirist or a severe one. That taunting, gibing, railery, which some people, who mistake ill-nature for wit, are so fond of, he despised and hated: he often, as his duty required, spoke in order to improve and amend others; but never uttered a word with a view to give pain. Characters, however, there were, of which he was at no pains to conceal what he thought. If persons, notoriously profligate; or who in publick office seemed to him to have betrayed their trust; or who, rendered impudent by immorality and ignorance, ventured to retail the wretched impieties of infidelity;—if such person happened to be spoken of in his hearing, it was easy to perceive, that his abstaining from general satire was owing to the want, not of talents, but of inclination.

I mentioned that acuteness of intellect, which enabled him to enter with facility into the abstrusest doctrines of the abstract philosophy. He possessed a talent still more useful, in which men of acute minds are sometimes deficient; and that was Good Sense. He could instantly, and almost intuitively, discern what in human conduct was right or wrong, prudent or imprudent; not only in matters of morality and science, but in the general intercourse of the world. Of his superiority in this talent I was so sensible, that, during the last four or five years of his life, I seldom resolved on any thing that had difficulty in it, without consulting him; and I never went wrong by following his advice.

The delicacy (I may even call it the purity) of his mind was greater than I have known in any other man, at least in any other young man; and, in one so young, was truly admirable, and worthy of imitation. He was aware of the danger of admitting indelicate or improper thoughts into his mind; for he knew that associations of ideas, disapproved both by reason as incongruous, and by conscience as immoral, might in a moment be formed, in consequence of inattention, even when there was no settled propensity to evil. To give an example or two of this delicacy, that my meaning may be understood, (one cannot be very explicit on this subject); such a book as that most contemptible one called *Scotch Presbyterian eloquence displayed* he would not have looked into on any account whatever; because he had heard, that passages of Scripture are introduced in it, for the purpose of raising laughter. Silly tales and jokes of the same nature he would sometimes hear in company (they are too often heard from those of whom better things might be expected); but he always showed displeasure at hearing, and never repeated them. And, notwithstanding his love of the talent called *Humour*, he would never read *The Tale of a Tub:* because he had heard me say, that there are in it gross indecencies; and that, by forming ludicrous associations of the meanest ideas with the most awful truths of religion, it could hardly fail in some degree to disorder and debase the mind. I did not tell him this, or any thing else, in a dictatorial manner; nor did I ever forbid him to read that book. But his attention was continually awake, to learn, although from the slightest hint or most trivial circumstance, what might be useful in purifying his mind, regulating his conduct, or improving his understanding.

Thus formed, thus enlightened, and thus inured to consideration, a mind possessed of sensibility can never be defici-

* Several passages of this Preface I have found copied and without acknowledgement applied to another person. See Anderson's Edition of British Poets, quoted in the Monthly Review for September 1798, page 18, &c.

ent in Taste or Critical Sagacity. In this respect he was highly accomplished ; of which however it is no proof to say, that at the age of eighteen he was a better judge of composition than I had been at thirty. It may be thought, that I would not neglect to explain to him the principles of good writing, as far as I knew them ; and this part of my duty I did not neglect ; but my diligence in it bore no proportion to his proficiency ; which I impute to his natural rectitude of mind, aided by constantly reading the best authors, and abstaining, as he scrupulously did, from such as fall below, or do not rise above, mediocrity. They, who may be pleased to say, that at this rate he must have kept at a distance from what I have attempted in writing, are at liberty to think so. To me, and to every thing connected with me, he was partial : as I have acknowledged already : and they who understand human nature will not think the worse of him, either as a man, or as a critick, for having had this infirmity. A dislike of *ambitious ornaments*, and, what I might almost call, an *abhorrence* of ostentation, appeared in him very early in life ; and were heightened and confirmed by studying those ancient writers, particularly Homer, Xenophon, Herodotus, Cesar, and others, who are distinguished by a severe and majestick simplicity of style.

When he began to learn the French language, of which, under an experienced teacher, he acquired very exactly the elements and pronunciation, I, remembering with what delight I had in my youth read *Telemaque*, recommended that work to his perusal, and told him he would be highly entertained with it. In this, however, I was mistaken. After going through one half, he begged I would not insist on his reading the other, at least at present. "I acknowledge, said he, the author's merit as a politician "and moralist, and I believe he writes the French tongue "in its purity ; but I have been studying Homer's Odyssey, the simplicity of which delights me ; and with this "impression on my mind I cannot just now relish the "flowry descriptions of Fenelon." He mentioned other objections, which I need not repeat. I said, he might lay Telemaque aside, till he found himself disposed to resume it, and in the mean time return to his Homer ; for whose simplicity and grandeur I was much pleased to find that he had a true taste. He was about fifteen when this little conference passed: It may give modish readers a mean opinion of his judgement : on those who have conversed, as he had, with ancient authors, it may perhaps have a contrary effect.

Time was not allowed him for going deep into the literature of France : his favourite authors of that nation were Moliere and Boileau. Of Rousseau he knew little ; and such was his opinion of Voltaire's principles and character that he had no curiosity to enquire after his books. Of the French tongue he seemed to think, that its want of harmony, and being almost entirely made up of idomatick phrases, rendered it unfit for the higher poetry, and for elevated composition in general ; but he did not think himself sufficiently skilled in it to pretend to judge of its merit. Italian, which he would probably have found more to his mind, he meant to study, but did not live to do it.

He was master in Greek and Latin : and in getting those languages was much aided by his skill in grammatical art ; without which it is indeed impossible (though projectors have thought otherwise) to learn them with accuracy ; and, if they are not accurately learned, the acquisition is not of great value. I find, by his papers, that he had exercised himself a little in Greek composition ; which I believe is not often done in Scotland. Latin he spoke correctly and readily. In that language he and I sometimes conversed when we were by ourselves ; and he soon became my superiour in this as in every other talent. most of the things I have published of late years were submitted in manuscript to his revisal, and received from him valuable emendations. What he proposed in this way I never saw reason to reject.

In a pocket-book of his, I find hints and memorandums, some in Latin, some in English, which do honour to his character ;—pious purposes,—resolutions respecting his behaviour in society ;—and titles, and plans, of intended dissertations on various subjects. Among these is "A discourse on the Lord's prayer, considered as an evidence "of the truth of Christianity." It could not, he said, be contrived either by an impostor, or by the disciples of an impostor. I have heard him talk on the subject, and was so well pleased with his reasoning, that though, in consideration of his health, I wished him to write little and seldom, I even advised him to prosecute that argument : which, however, his last illness prevented.

(To be continued.)

Thoughts on the cultivation of the heart and temper in the education of daughters.—BY HANNAH MORE.

(Concluded from page 255.)

Those who have children to educate ought to be extremely patient : it is indeed a labour of love. They should reflect, that extraordinary talents are neither essential to the well-being of society, nor to the happiness of individuals. If that had been the case, the beneficent Fa-

ther of the universe would not have made them so rare. For it is as easy for an Almighty Creator to produce a Newton, as an ordinary man; and he could have made those powers common which we now consider as wonderful, without any miraculous exertion of his omnipotence, if the existence of many Newtons had been necessary to the perfection of his wise and gracious plan.

Surely, therefore, there is more piety, as well as more sense, in labouring to improve the talents which children actually have, than in lamenting that they do not possess supernatural endowments or angelic perfections. A passage of Lord Bacon's furnishes an admirable incitement for endeavouring to carry the amiable and christian grace of charity to its farthest extent, instead of indulging an over-anxious care for more briliant but less important acquisitions. "The desire of power in excess (says he) caused "the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caus-"ed man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can "man or angels come into danger by it."

A girl who has docility will seldom be found to want understanding enough for all the purposes of a social, happy, and an useful life. And when we behold the tender hope of fond and anxious love, blasted by disappointment, the defect will as often be discovered to proceed from the neglect or the error of cultivation, as from the natural temper; and those who lament the evil, will sometimes be found to have occasioned it.

It is as injudicious for parents to set out with too sanguine a dependence on the merit of their children, as it is for them to be discouraged at every repulse. When their wishes are defeated in this or that particular instance, where they had treasured up some darling expectation, this is so far from being a reason for relaxing their attention, that it ought to be an additional motive for redoubling it. Those who hope to do a great deal, must not expect to do every thing. If they know any thing of the malignity of sin, the blindness of prejudice, or the corruption of the human heart, they will also know, that the heart will always remain, after the very best possible education, full of infirmity and imperfection. Extraordinary allowances, therefore, must be made for the weakness of nature in this its weakest state. After much is done, much will remain to do, and much, very much, will still be left undone. For this regulation of the passions and affections cannot be the work of education alone, without the concurrence of divine grace operating on the heart. Why then should parents repine, if their efforts are not always crowned with immediate success? They should consider, that they are not educating cherubims and seraphims, but men and women; creatures, who at their best estate are altogether vanity: how little then can be expected from them in the weakness and imbecility of infancy! I have dwelt on this part of the subject the longer because I am certain that many, who have set out with a warm and active zeal, have cooled on the first discouragement, and have afterwards almost totally remitted their vigilance, through a criminal kind of despair.

Great allowances must be made for a profusion of gaiety, loquacity, and even indiscretion in children, that there may be animation enough left to supply an active and useful character, when the first fermentation of the youthful passions is over, and the redundant spirits shall come to subside.

If it be true, as a consummate judge of human nature has observed,

That not a vanity is given in vain,

it is also true, that there is scarcely a single passion, which may not be turned to some good account, if prudently rectified and skilfully turned into the road of some neighbouring virtue. It cannot be violently bent, or unnaturally forced towards an object of a totally opposite nature, but may be gradually inclined towards a correspondent but superior affection. Anger, hatred, resentment, and ambition, the most restless and turbulent passions which shake and distract the human soul, may be led to become the most active opposers of sin, after having been its most successful instruments. Our anger, for instance, which can never be totally subdued, may be made to turn against ourselves, for our weak and imperfect obedience—our hatred, against every species of vice—our ambition, which will not be discarded, may be ennobled: it will not change its name, but its object: it will despise what it lately valued, nor be contented to grasp at less than immortality.

Thus the joys, fears, hopes, desires, all the passions and affections, which separate in various currents from the soul, will, if directed into their proper channels, after having fertilised wherever they have flowed, return again to swell and enrich the parent source.

That the very passions which appear the most uncontroulable and unpromising, may be intended, in the great scheme of Providence, to answer some important purpose, is remarkably evidenced in the character and history of Saint Paul. A remark on this subject by an ingenious old Spanish writer, which I will here take the liberty to translate, will better illustrate my meaning.

"To convert the bitterest enemy into the most zealous "advocate, is the work of God for the instruction of man. "Plutarch has observed, that the medical science would

" be brought to the utmost perfection, when poison should " be converted into physic. Thus, in the mortal disease " of Judaism and idolatry, our blessed Lord converted the " adder's venom of Saul the persecutor, into that cement " which made Paul the chosen vessel. That manly acti- " vity, that restless ardor, that burning zeal for the law " of his fathers, that ardent thirst for the blood of Chris- " tians, did the Son of God find necessary in the man who " was one day to become the defender of his suffering people."*

To win the passions, therefore, over to the cause of virtue, answers a much nobler end than their extinction would possibly do, even if that could be effected. But it is their nature never to observe a neutrality ; they are either rebels or auxiliaries, and an enemy subdued is an ally obtained.

If I may be allowed to change the allusion so soon, I would say, that the passions also resemble fires, which are friendly and beneficial when under proper direction, but if suffered to blaze without restraint, they carry devastation along with them, and, if totally extinguished, leave the benighted mind in a state of cold and comfortless inanity.

But, in speaking of the usefulness of the passions, as instruments of virtue, *envy* and *lying* must always be exceptcepted : these, I am persuaded, must either go on in still progressive mischief, or else be radically cured, before any good can be expected from the heart which has been infected with them. For I never will believe that envy, tho' passed through all the moral strainers, can be refined into a virtuous emulation, or lying improved into an agreeable turn for innocent invention. Almost all the other passions may be made to take an amiable hue ; but these two must either be totally extirpated, or be always contented to preserve their original deformity, and to wear their native black.

*Obras de Quevedo, vida de San Pablo Apostol.

Mr. Hogarth used to tell a story of his being once in company with several artists, who were boasting of uncommon works each had executed. One, in particular, said, he had writen a volume in folio with a single pen, which he had mended 199 times. Another declared he had finished an Equestrain Statue with only a broken knife for a chisel, and a rolling pin for a mallet. A third stated, he had engraved a copper-plate with no other tool than a rusty nail. " I told them," said Hogarth, " that I once painted a Sacred History Piece with one colour, which was neither heightened nor lowered ; making the back ground, shades, &c. with one unaltered colour." The company expressed their astonishment, and begged he would relate the method of completing his performance. Hogarth thus informed them :

" I was sent for by a Sir Thomas Thornton, a man of singular disposition, to paint his stair-case with some sacred historical piece, applicable to a circumstance which happened to him once ; which was his being at sea, where he was pursued and taken by some Algerine Pirates. I asked him what he thought of the Egyptians pursuing the children of Israel through the red sea ?

" Egad," said Sir Thomas, " a lucky thought. Well, my dear friend, begin it as soon as possible. But stay, stay ! hold, hold !—What is your price ? I always like to make a bargain with you gentlemen of the brush."

" Dear, Sir," Hogarth answered, " I can give no answer to that until I have finished. I shall not be unreasonable ; you will pay me, I dare say, as an artist.

" Hey, egad, that you may depend on," said the Baronet ;—" but stay, stay—! hold, hold !—I can't think of exceeding ten guineas."

Hogarth, piqued to have his talents so undervalued, accepted the terms on condition that five of the ten pieces should be advanced before he began. The five guineas were paid, and the painter desired to begin immediately.

Hogarth rose early the next morning and took with him some common red paint, with which single color he covered the stair case from top to bottom. He then went to Sir Thomas's chamber, and knocked at the door. The awakened knight asked—" Hey ! Who's there ?"

" Hogarth," answered the painter.

" Well ! What do you want ?" said Sir Thomas.

" The job is done, Sir Thomas," said Hogarth.

" Done ?" asked the other. " Hey, the d—l ! no, sure ! The stair case done already ! Hold, hey—stay, stay !—Let me get on my morning gown—done—hey—What, a week's work done in a—Hey. Stay, stay !"

The knight hobbled out of his chamber as fast as his gouty legs would permit ; and, rubbing his eyes, cried out—

" What the d—l have we here ?"

" The red sea, Sir," Hogarth answered.

" The red sea !" said the astonished knight.

" Hey ! Stay, stay ! Hold, hold !—But where the d—are the children of Israel ?"

" They are all gone over," said the painter.

" They are all gone over, are they ?" Sir Thomas repeated.—" Hey ! Stay, stay !—Hold, hold ! But, zounds, where are the Egyptians ?"

" They are all drowned, Sir Thomas," said Hogarth, who was considerably pleased to have thus so properly chastised the illiberal treatment which he had received.

Lewis's Comic Sketches.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MORNING REFLECTIONS OF AN INDOLENT MAN.

The sun once more his radiant course pursues,
To light and cheer this animated ball;
And in his ample round again reviews
The various actions, and pursuits of all.

He sees the earth by careful labour's hand
Teeming with fruits, and flowers, and swelling grain;
And urg'd by fortune, or by fame's command,
The advent'rous seaman sweep the trackless main.

Whilst he, whom neither hope nor fears impell,
Nor lur'd by fame, nor by misfortune driven,
Wastes life away—how, he can scarcely tell,
"An idle gazer on the light of heaven." E

To a white rose, which the author took from a Lady's bosom.

Forgive, fair flower, the rude, unfriendly hand,
That snatch'd thee from the beateous heav'n of rest,
Where proudly thou had'st ta'en th' exalted stand,
On virtue's favorite dwelling—*Delia's* breast!
Bright, spotless, and unsullied as thou wert,
Like the sweet maid to whom thou did'st belong;
Yet envy stole insiduous to my heart,
And bade me think thou'dst liv'd in bliss too long.

Poor, palid, drooping solitary flower;
Yet rest with me, and fear no farther harm;
To give thee health again is past my pow'r,
But thou shalt find my throbbing bosom warm:
Warm with strong friendship, warm with ardent love,
Warm with the muses fire, with truth sincere,
Warm with each good, the gift of heav'n above.
For *Delia's* image kindles virtue there! Z

To a rose given to the author by a lady.

Young summer's eldest, darling pride!
By *Delia* to my hand convey'd;
Thy blushes in my bosom hide,
Sweet enblem of the sweetest maid.

Yet thence thy beauties soon will fly,
Thy form will wither and decay;
Thy fragrant, balmy life must die,
Nor woo again the solar ray.

Thus flatt'ring hope, illusive sprite,
Shot o'er my bosom darksome gloom
A short liv'd gleam of dubious light;
And doubt, and fear, usurp'd her room.

Poor rose, thy charms no longer live,
Thy bloom is gone, thy day is o'er;
But *Delia's* smiles can hope revive,
And every banished joy restore. Z

The mariner who long has plough'd
The azure deep in quest of land,
Misled by ev'ning's purple cloud,
Will often think his port at hand.

But melted by the rays of morn,
The misty vapours break and rise;
Then the poor mariner forlorn,
Sees nothing but the seas and skies.

So I, deceiv'd when Clara smiles,
Will fondly think she smiles for me;
But when fond hope no more beguiles
I toss on doubts uncertain sea. ATIDOR.

SELECTED POETRY.

The three following pieces were published in the Philadelphia Magazine, April, 1798, a work, which was discontinued the ensuing fall, on account of the Editor's death by the yellow fever. If there should appear too close a resemblance between them, let the reader consider that they were written as part of an evenings amusement by three friends; the two last, confining themselves to the same subject, and the same measure as the first.

TO SLEEP.

Oh gentle sleep! sole friend of ling'ring care!
From whose corrosive pow'r no arm can save;
Grant thy kind influence to my eager pray'r,
As sound, and deep, as is the silent grave.

Seize vagrant fancy in thy leaden hand
And closely press her in thy dark embrace;
Wave o'er her head thy bland oblivious wand,
And mem'ry's gloomy characters errace.

Thus freed from flat'ring hopes, and anxious fears,
Thus far remov'd from jarring nature's strife;
Oh! let me slumber nights, and days, and years,
Nor wake again to the dull dream of life. E

TO SLEEP.

Hence, horrid type of future fate, away!
O'er misery only brood with raven wing;
Snatch not from me the dazzling blaze of day,
Nor o'er my raptured sense thy poppies fling.

Lo! nature laughs beneath the glad'ning ray,
And sheds her perfumes o'er th' enamel'd green;
Heav'n's muisc vibrates from each trembling spray,
Oh! let me wake forever to the scene.

Approach not thou till sated sense grows cold,
Nor eager springs at pleasure's wonted call;
Then round my brows thy clouded mantle fold,
And death's eternal silence bury all. FRANKLY.

TO SLEEP.

Hence with thy palsied hand detested sleep!
Go seal the lids of wretchedness and care:
Seek thou the couch where injur'd beauties weep,
And rescue these one moment from despair.

For me, I charge thee o'er my busy brain,
Henceforth, thy torpid stupid influence never bring;
Fancy is there, with all her lovely train,
And fears the shadow of thy raven wing.

But, when exhausted is my ling'ring breath,
With songs of joy, and every transport o'er;
One sleep I'll take, the last cold sleep of death,
And wake where thou can'st never plague me more.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1805. No. 34.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool. ARMSTRONG.

Mr. Easy,

IN the social characters and relations of men, they ought to pursue a line of conduct most likely to produce mutual peace and edification; as they are born for the benefit of society, and the comfort of each other through life's thorny maze; and as strifes, wrath and controversies are unsociable and destructive to, and discordant with the original intent of the all wise Creator. Even the nature and situation of mankind in this sublunary world, clearly inculcates the necessity of pursuits which lead to mutual peace and edification; such as philanthropy, charity and benevolence. A man inspired with these heavenly sentiments will at all times, and in all situations, use means to promote the prosperity and happiness of those in subordinate life, without wantonly giving or unnecessarily taking offence. But when we find one blest with such a disposition, we find twenty who use inhuman and illicit means to create uneasiness and provocation in the breasts of those whom they foolishly deem beneath them; which is inconsistent with the laws of nature, for a poor man is equal to a rich one, while he conducts himself with due uprightness; but when he, as well as the rich man, deviates from the path of conscious rectitude, he then becomes despicable.—We are told, that among the first christian converts, an equalization of property was essayed, but without permanent effect; for it was not fundamentally intended, that the circumstances of mankind in succeeding ages should be equal. In fact such a measure can never be reduced to practice; because human nature is too corrupt and selfish. However, to me, affluence is not desirable, for it accumulates cupidity, avarice and contumely; and is equally unfavourable to the practice of virtue, and the improvements of science. On the other hand, while the chain of mutual dependance exists, and men remain, according to the words of St. Paul,——"subject one to another,"——a disposition to acquire intellectual improvement will stimulate the sons and daughters of Columbia to good actions and applications. Those who have been fortunate in their enterprizes of business, and have had riches rolled into their coffers by a propitious tide, or wafted in by the favouring gale, under the auspicious care of heaven, should not treat others with contempt, because they have not been so fortunate in their pursuits of industry: no: but on the contrary, they should respect them as worthy, but unfortunate citizens; for an upright man merits the esteem of all mankind, as well in adversity as prosperity.

To become opulent by reaping the harvest of honest industry is highly praiseworthy;——but when a man emerges from a state of nihility to affluence, and grows too proud and haughty to treat others with common respect, he becomes highly ridiculous and contemptible. So it is with the generality of upstarts, for no sooner do they prosper in life, than arrogance usurps the empire of decency.

It is remarkable, that incontinent and futile minds, elevated above many of their fellow mortals, more by dint of good fortune than superior virtue or talents, indulge a belief, that men in subordinate situations in society, are to be considered as slaves, subject to their every iniquitous and degrading convenience, command, and austerity, offered with impunity. This would not be the case, if men in inferior stations were to maintain an honest independent spirit, at the same time tempered with modesty and respect; instead of which, they, like the rich men, suffer the character of their minds to grow out of, and depend upon their outward circumstances: hence, to acquire favour, and gain a preference, they stoop to mean flattery, abject servility, and become the "silly ducking

slaves" of those whom they hate, and against whom they so bitterly complain. This is not said to encourage a forward impertinence of conduct; because respect is due to all, and subordination is essentially necessary in all the concerns of civil society; but to excite those who feel inclined to vent their discontent at the behavior of others, to examine whether they have supported the dignity of honest men, whether they have respected themselves: if they have, their claim to the respect of others is a just one, and they ought to support it with manly firmness, to spurn at the proud mans contumely, and elevate their minds to a noble disdain of the vulgar whatever may be their fortune.

It is to the virtues of the zealous philanthropist; the accomplished scholar; the amiable man and the disinterested christian we are to look for examples of generosity and humanity, sensibility and morality, piety and good will towards man; and not to the selfish miser, nor the haughty fectations of superiority in the rich; for their professed principles of benevolence and philantropy are often the garbs of hypocrisy and meanness. Those distinguished for their well cultivated minds, exemplary virtues, and unexceptionable characters, in whatever shape or situation they are found, merit the esteem and respect of society; but those of meanly acquired pelf, arbitrary dispositions and ill-fame, deserve nothing better than the contempt of every honest, well meaning man, rich or poor. Fellow sojourners in mediocrity! let us all endeavour to be eminently virtuous and obedient to our lawful duty as men and christians; so that our conduct in this state of mortality, may prove greatly recommendatory, and reflect the highest honor upon our professions and characters in the eleventh hour, when he who has acquired riches by defrauding the disconsolate widow and helpless orphan, and such like means, shudders at approaching eternity, and the imminent decree of an emaculate and angry judge.

BELLISARIUS.

Edward Easy, Esq.

When POPE says "whatever is is right;" I am inclined to question the infallibility of his judgement. In his extended sense, perhaps, he may have been correct—but you will frequently hear persons exclaim, when they have committed an act unworthy the dignity of intelligent man,—"Well, I might as well have let it alone—but, "whatever is, is right!" Considering it in this point of view, I say his opinion will bear an argument. The fact is, some people, by their very refined logick, make favourite authors say, what they never have said. I would ask one of these very knowing ones this plain question—the negative side of which I will agree to take—Is it *right* that the most enlightened nations of the fairest quarter of the globe should employ the greater part of their time in wanton mischief and bloodshed?

MEDIATOR.

We are fully sensible of *Mediator's* goodness, in thus attempting to render our paper "still more interesting," as he observes—but must be excused when we refuse to agitate a question, which would most likely lead to angry political disputes.

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 260.)

"Hail Sun of Righteousness, whose healing ray
Can pierce the darkness of Egyptian night;
Tho' now some earth-born clouds obstruct thy way,
Soon shalt thou blaze in thy meridian height:
And beaming with celestial love,
Destroy the covering, and the veil remove,
And guide the nations with thy friendly light
To the blest regions of eternal day."

DEMONSTRATION II.

Their nature being interesting and public, and their having reached us without alteration.

That miracle is interesting, which gives life to the dead, health to the sick, sight to the blind, and sanity to the demoniac. The miracles of Christ were all of this nature, always beneficial acts; they claim our attention, and we feel deeply interested in them. God never works wonders unless he has something of importance in view; and the happiness of mankind is doubtless the great end, for which he permits the apparently usual course of nature to be altered; all Christ's miracles were of the most interesting kind; but if they did not concern us we should have just reason to disbelieve them.

It is necessary also that these works should be publick; they may affect our passions, and interest us extremely; but unless they are performed in the sight of many persons, who would carefully examine into their truth, we are not bound to believe them. On this head, none can deny conviction of the certainty of the miracles recorded in scripture.

Regard some of the circumstances in connexion with the history of our Lord; such as the life of his fore-runner, John the Baptist, his birth, out of the common order of nature, his manner of life, his dress, and employment: consider the birth of Christ, the star by which he was made known to the Magi in the east, and who, guided by it, came to the place where he dwelt, the advent of the angels, the calling of the twelve apostles, the work

on which he sent them, his own death, the result of it, the darkness at mid day, the raising of the dead, &c. his resurrection, his ascension, the effusion of the spirit on the day of Pentecost, and the success with which the labours of his apostles were attended in his name. The miracles Christ performed were extensively notorious.

Upon whom did he display his almighty power? the servant of the high priest, the son of the chief of the synagogue, and the child of a Roman centurion. Where were these miracles performed? in the middle of cities, in the country, in the temple, at the altar, in many large companies of his professed foes, in Galilee, Naim, Sidon, Capernaum, and Jerusalem: in every place through which in his tours he passed, he left traces of his power, and vestiges of his pity and munificence. These prodigies were displayed in the sight of those idolatrous citizens and travellers who came from other countries into Palestine; in the sight of the Samaritans, and among his most implacable enemies. These facts the Jews never denied; they acknowledge the miracles of Christ and his apostles; they set their seal to the truth of the gospel history; but will not allow us to draw thence those consequences which we conceive to be justly and properly implied. No one can deny that these performances were interesting and public.

View a whole nation distinguished from all others by certain marks given by God himself: what must have been their condition when they heard a man talk of destroying all their pride and glory, and of establishing upon its ruins a new system which was to endure forever: how cautious, how scrupulous may we suppose them to be in attending to what he said; and had he left his obscurity, and made assertions only, they would have done well had they treated him as one that blasphemed. They run to the defence of their traditions and their worship, which he commanded them to abolish; they refused, with propriety, obedience to his injunctions: but when he fed multitudes of persons with a few loaves, calmed the winds, and raised the dead; and astonished them with similar wonders; we may easily conclude that they were confused in their minds, and knew not how to act. Such is the situation of the christian religion, its miracles were interesting and public: nevertheless if it can be proved, that the relation of these facts as we have it, has received any alteration, we are not authorized to believe it. It will necessarily be the case, that books the farther they are removed from their source, will contract a little alteration. In common life we are convinced of this truth. Is there any trifling story which will pass through the hands of several different reporters, and be altogether the same? No. This variation will be always more liable to affect oral histories than those which are written, because the latter is not committed to the unfaithful memory of man. Those which are conveyed from generation to generation by oral tradition, are very likely to be corrupted; but those which are written are certainly withdrawn farther from the scene and the possibility of changes and falsities. Every person may tell a story, and in recounting may metamorphose it as he pleases: a written history, the copies of which are dispersed abroad through all the earth, passes on in every age without danger of corruption; and according to its importance so will it be regarded; if greatly important, many eyes will be directed to its preservation, and the maintenance of its integrity. If any object that the books of the New Testament are altered, we ask for proof: for if its text has been violated, we are wholly uninformed respecting the precise time when it was done; we find it difficult to alledge proper motives for it; we cannot discover the matter of the fraud, or the authors of the treachery. What men shall we make choice of, upon whom to affix the charge of altering the gospel history? The Pagans, the Jews, or the Christians.

That the Pagans detested our religion cannot be denied; and they would, without doubt, use every method in their power to corrupt its records; as it destroys all their glory, and effaces the pride which they felt on account of the wisdom of their philosophers; seeing that both as it regards the purity and intelligence of the word of God, the latter was confessedly superior. The numerous companies of Christians would not sit silent, and see the foundation of their religion undermined, its basis and authority taken away by interpolations, abridgements, alterations, and mingled falsities. This would have lessened their character, and brought them into disregard and disrepute: this would have made them odious to their successors, who must know that they had lost the truth which the carefulness of their fathers might have preserved uncorrupted. The Jews could not have altered the books of the New Testament: they would not insert that which overthrows their religion, which condemns their conduct, and their hypocrisy, which attacks their vain traditions, which renders the memory of their fathers cursed. The application of the prophecies to the God of the Christians; that powerful language with which he confounded those who contradicted him, those acclamations of the people who gave glory to his name; all these circumstances connected with many others which every attentive reader

know, are so many proofs that they cannot be the work of an enemy of the Christian faith.

The Christians are not the authors of the supposed deceit. If one says, they altered the sacred volume; where were all the professing Christians in the world assembled together? for a single person could not do it. When were they all exactly leagued in concert to change and falsify these books? it is incredible that a whole sect should meet from all parts of the world in one body, and that men of an incalculable diversity of opinions should all conspire against the integrity of that book which they had a little before esteemed most holy and venerable; that they should agree to destroy the foundation of their knowledge, the body of their laws and doctrine; that none would defend the cause of truth; that no one would raise his voice to save the faith in time of danger, and preserve it correct to their descendants: have we ever seen in an affair so large, wherein so many men of different humours, opinions, interests, and climates have all concerted with success so gross a project? cite one example similar to that which must have been the case if the Christians were thus treacherous and base.

Before we admit the gospel history to have been altered, we would be informed of the precise time when this was done. It is impossible that this should be in the early ages of christianity, for in all the writings of the fathers now extant, the quotations made from the New Testament agree with their counterpart as delivered in our present scriptures. But if it should be said, that it was prior to any ecclesiastical work at present known by us—we answer, whence is this information derived? It is evident that before the apostles there could be no history of Christ: and it would be preposterous to object to the evidence of the disciples of the apostles, of those who received their instruction personally from those of Christ's followers who were called immediately by him. We can reckon no farther back than to the apostles; and it is absurd to pretend that the gospel was corrupted in passing from the apostles to their own disciples, yet this is the only alternative.—All persons acknowledge that the New Testament was written by the apostles, or persons instructed by them in that sacred employ. It is improbable, that the apostles should cancel what they had been inspired by the holy ghost to write; by issuing instead thereof the vain fancies of their own imaginations: if they did not this, then it is impossible to believe, that they taught their hearers things dissonant to the written volume, and that these last should alter the other gospel, and make it conformable to the new doctrines taught. The immediate successors of the apostles quoted the New Testament in the same way, in the identical words which we should do; were we in similar circumstances. For three or four hundred years after and until the present time, we find the exact conformity, for which we plead; and indeed from the apostolic age. Who can say then, the precise epoch when the gospel history was mutilated?

But we cannot grant this history to have been altered, unless some proper motives for the fraud are alledged, and some just pretext for such abominable villainy discovered. Men act not without interest; they have always some object in view. They who renounce all the attractions of pleasure, whose bravery overcomes the most grievious torments, who solicit nothing but death, and regard it as their gain, are not the inventors of fanciful tales. And to suppose that men would draw upon themselves the utmost ignominy and disgrace, unless they had something of more importance to them to set in opposition to it, is to deny our own feelings. As we can find no motive sufficiently strong to influence us thus to act, we conclude, that these books have undergone no alteration.

In all the articles of importance, learned men well know, there is a great conformity between the ancient and the present copies: had there been a grand change in them, it is not probable that all the new copies could have been so uniform. Besides, if we did allow, that there had been a great alteration, which we shall not easily permit, we never could admit that the false copies were more numerous than the true, or that they ever were regarded as correct. Though some of the copies differ, yet the principle disagreement which may be discerned, seldom extends to more than a word or two; and after the most scrupulous and nice investigation, perhaps our present common version of the Testament is supported by a greater number of copies than could be adduced in favour of any other reading, which some might wish to have pass for the genuine text. In this point however all agree, that in the various versions which have been made of the New Testament, the same ideas, and the same interpretation is confirmed, as that of our English Translation; except as was before observed, a critique now and then may be made on a single word or two:—and the conformity of the Copies, with the agreement in the versions of different languages in all ages, is sufficient to convince a mind unprejudiced that the Gospel History has reached us without alteration. The miracles of the Gospel were interesting and publick, and the relation we have of them is corect and genuine.

(To be continued.)

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued from page 261.)

Another thing which the pocket-book informs me he had resolved to *think of*, was "An essay on the writings "and genius of Aristotle." Of this great antient he was a warm but a rational admirer. He had studied his best works, particularly his Ethicks, Poeticks and Politicks: and, while he regretted his entangling himself so much in the trammels of a technical and unprofitable logick, owned that he found in him remarks and suggestion so uncommon and so judicious, as to merit the attention of every philosopher and scholar.

Of some others of his projected dissertations I shall just mention the titles, as I find them in the pocket-book: which will show at least that he had an active mind, and was anxious to do good. The words marked with inverted commas are his own words.

"Essays on various parts of the evidence of Christian-"ity."

"A history of infidelity; with an examination of the "lives and characters of infidel writers, and extracts from "their works."

"Essay on the unreasonableness of infidelity: consi-"dering, 1. the doctrine which an infidel rejects and dis-"obeys; 2. the arguments he resists, and his reasons for "resisting them; 3. the hopes which he abandons, and "what he receives in their stead:—with an exhortation to "the study and open profession, obedience, and defence of "Christianity."

"Think of an account of the most celebrated English "poets, either in a set of imitations of their style, or other-"wise."

"Essay on antient prodigies and miracles."

"Nature of the Jewish Theocracy—its reasons—"effects—continuance."

"Remarks on the causes and cure of a disordered ima-"gination. Advice to persons troubled with melancholy."

"On the pernicious effects of novel-reading, even "where the novel is not profligate."

"Think of a Latin *dialouge of the dead* between Cice-"ro and Livy, on the character and actions of Julius Ce-"sar."—Of this I find a fragment, in which the different styles of the two authors are wonderfully well imitated; but the fragment is short, nor quite two quarto pages.

Yarico's complaint on being abandoned by Inkle.—Four pages of this poem (which is in the epistolary form) have been found; but both the beginning and end are lost; and the hand-writing shows the manuscript to be a first draught and uncorrected. The fragment, however, contains some animated strictures on the policy that has for its foundation the *slavery of the negroes*; a subject which filled him with the utmost indignation and horror.

"Essay on the nature, criterion, and number of philo-"sophical first principles.—Resolution of mathematical axioms into identical propositions."

"Thoughts on the irrationality occasioned by sleep and "delirium; with an attempt to account for it."

"Esasy on *recieving the kingdom of heaven as a litle* "*child*. Dispositions requisite to the reception of the gos-"pel. Why we must not expect its evidence to appear in "its full force at first."

"Essay to prove, that the weak judgement of some pri-"mitive christians neither could be the effect of their reli-"gion, nor could render them partial or incompetent jud-"ges of its evidence." He had read the writings of some of the primitive fathers.

"Essay on persons who walk in their sleep." He had formed a curious and plausible theory on this subject: but I cannot implicitly trust my memory in case of this kind: and I do not find materials sufficient to enable me to give his sentiments on his own authority.

"Essay on the use of the Latin subjunctive mood." I find a very copious collection of examples on which he meant to establish a theory: of the theory itself there are no traces in his papers. Several years ago I have heard him talk very ingeniously on this point; but cannot now pretend to do justice to his opinion. I only remember that I thought his general principle more simple, and more comprehensive, than that of any other grammarian I had heard of.

"Essay on the reason why philosophy is said rather to "show our ignorance, than to augment our knowledge. "This accusation is occasioned by not attending to the "nature of philosophy; and by supposing, that it should "open the secret causes of things, when it can only com-"pare and generalize facts."

"Essay on disputatiousness in conversation:—conduct-"ed by misunderstanding or misapplying the arguments "of one's antagonist; by perverse analogies; by convert-"ing particular affirmations into general principles; by "attacking a general principle from a particular exception. "Danger of maintaining false principless, though appa-"rently trifling; from the consequences they may imply; "from the mode of reasoning they may authorise: from "the obstinate habit of disputation, vanity, and bad tem-"per, which they promote. Extensive knowledge of the "subject in hand, of logick, and of philosophy in general, "often necessary to qualify one for deciding a question

"which all pretend to dispute about."—Among his Latin memorandums,* I find a resolution against giving way to a disputatious humour in conversation. I know no person, to whom it was less necessary to form such a resolution. Dispute he hated and carefully avoided. He knew how it tends to contract and pervert the understanding, deprave the taste, sour the temper, extinguish the love of truth and of delicacy, waste precious time, and render the heart insensible to the pleasures of rational converse.

In the memorandum book are many other hints of inquiry, on various topicks of history, mathematicks, botany, chemistry, magnetism, musick, electricity, medicine, &c.: with remarks on passages of Scripture, and of Cicero, Livy, Aristotle, Quintilian, and other authors. Of these I may perhaps be better qualified, than at present, to give an account, when I shall have found leisure to arrange his prose writings.

From the Greek drama he expected much entertainment, but was disappointed. In Sophocles he found beautiful passages, a pleasing simplicity, and moral sentences well expressed; but little incident, not much contrivance, and no very nice discrimination of character. He agreed with me in opinion that ancient tragedy must have derived its charm rather from the magnificence of the scence, than from the genius of the poet; or, at least, that there must have been, in the exhibition, some attractive circumstances, whereof we know little or nothing, and are therefore not qualified to judge. He thought, that in any one of Shakespear's best plays, in Othello, for example, or Lear, there was more strength and variety of invention, and more knowledge of human nature, than in any Dramatick author of antiquity. Of our wonderful dramatist he was a great admirer: the favourite plays were, I think, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Henry IV, and the Merry Wives of Windsor.

(To be continued.)

* Of these I subjoin a specimen.

Ecclesia bis Die Dominico adeunda semper, nisi valetudinis manifesto periculo prohibente.

Cogitationes quæ malam perturbationem quamlibet, seu periculosam, possint promovere, fovendæ nunquam. Innumeras formas pulchritudinum, et spem honestam ulteriora scientiæ reperiendi, natura proposuit, quæ animum leni cum delectatione vel mulceant vel excitent. A perturbationibus melancholicis melius erit plerumque mentem diducere, quam divellere. Divulsio ipsa comfirmat sæpe imaginem quam velles abolere.

In colloquiis sententia (cum res postulat) proponenda modeste et breviter: fugienda omnis acerbitas et pertinacia disputandi. Rei dignitas vi sustineatur et gravitate verborum, non garrulis cavillationibus. Quid enim? Coram prudentibus agitur? Horum judicium de te sententiæ tuæ veritas conciliavit; cavillationibus non firmandum, immo minuendum. Coram stultis agitur? Non tantum tibi decoris horum assensio pariet, quantum dedecoris cavillationes istæ, quibus assensionem abtinueris.

Præteritæ levitatis animi, puerilium cavillationum, et consiliorum bonorum quæ sequi constituissem, nec sum postea secutus, et crudelitatis in animalia innoxia, summa cum pœnitenia reminiscar; vitaturus omnia posterum quorum præteritorum angat memoria.

Vitanda in colloquiis omnia, quæ malam animi levitatem indicent vel promoveant: servanda sanctissime veritas de omni re atque persona; nunquam, ne minimum quidem deserenda, ut ludicrum aliquid, aut salse acerbum, inducatur. Sermonis hæc condimenta sunto, Veritas, Charitas, Modestia.

In precibus intentio animi minime remittenda, &c.

We seldom appropriate any portion of our paper to the reception of advertisements; but if there are any among our readers whose complaints will yield to no common skill, let them read the following account of

DR. RAMROD'S ESSENTIAL TINCTURE OF GRIDIRON;

Otherwise called

NATURE'S GRAND RESTORATIVE.

Dr. *Simeon Ramrod*, by a scrutinous and chemical analization of vegetable substances, has recently discovered that Gridirons contain a subtle invigorating fluid, sympathetically allied to the nervous or *magnetic* fluid of the human body, which, being skilfully extracted and properly prepared, becomes a specific, mild, and infallible remedy for almost every complaint, of mind and body, to which human nature has been subject since the flood. It is found also to have a powerful effect on the brute creation, and on various inanimate substances; to give relief against accidents, to be a wonderful quickener of the circulations, and to give renovated strength to all muscular exertions: from which it is found useful to persons travelling by sea or by land, and to those exposed to extraordinary dangers.

To announce the instances in which *Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron* has proved beneficial, would be but to give a detail of all the diseases to which men, women and children are subject. The following are but a few, out of a thousand and *upwards* of certificates which have been, or may be procured, as testimony of its efficacy.

The subscriber has long been afflicted with the toothache, to such a degree that nearly all his teeth had been drawn out; and by an unjust sentence, he also unfortunately, had both his ears cut off. On applying a little of the *Tincture of Gridiron* to his head, his teeth were restored, and his head was instantly supplied with as fine a pair of ears as he could boast of the day he was born.

JOHN EARWIG.

Not long since, riding on the highway, my horse stumbled and fell, and so lamed himself as to be unable to proceed. I *heard* of a phial of the *Tincture of Gridiron* in the

neighbourhood and suddenly found myself at the end of my journey, without further trouble.

JONA SPEEDWELL.

Some time ago my house was very much infested with rats; and one day while I sat brooding over my misfortunes, a large number of them suddenly came upon me, and ate me up. I instantly took some of the *Tincture of Gridiron*, and found myself at ease, and have never been eaten since.

JACK RECOVER.

I was, not long since, subject to extreme fatigue from dancing and other excercise. I took a small quantity of the *Tincture of Gridiron*, and have been dancing ever since, without the least inconvenience.

SAMUEL RIGADOON.

Riding the other day, I accidently fell into a ditch, and broke my legs, my arms and my neck. On taking a little of the *Tincture of Gridiron*, I instantly recovered, and have never been near a ditch since, nor felt a desire to approach one.

TOM TUMBLE.

Walking, not long since, near the machinery of a mill, I was caught and carried between two cog wheels, and every bone in my body broke to pieces. A phial of *Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron* being thrown into the mill-pond, I found myself restored, and as whole and sound as a roach.

DICK WHIRLIGIG.

NOTE—Gridirons taken in their natural state, and particularly taken whole, are by skilful chemists, deemed extremely dangerous; but the recent discovery of a mode of preparing the tincture from them, places them in the first rank of vlauable plants.

Beware of Counterfeits.

Each bottle is stopped with a gimlet, and sealed with juniper-berries, and labelled "Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron." To be sold *(only)* by the subscriber, Frying-pan Alley, at the sign of the Tea-kettle, who always subscribes his own name.

S. RAMROD.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

COCKNEY ORATORY.

"As I vas going along, thinking of nothing at all, I thought as how as I heard a face and saw a woice that I knew, and it vas Mr. Spriggins; and Mr. Spriggins said as how werrily he did think weal was better eating than wenson. To be sure weal is wery good in its kind. But, Mr. Spriggins, says I, gi' me wenson—gi' me wenson, says I, Mr. Spriggins; for my part, I'm wastly fond of wenson; for vhat can be more betterer, or more properer, Eh? I wow its the wery best of whittles, isn't it, eh?—and for a man for to come, for to go, for to say as how weal vas betterer than wenson, is certainly wery monstrous, and woid of all reason; isn't it, eh? He might as vell say, wice ought to be walued above wirtue, or that vawnuts could be pickled vithout winegar. Mightn't he, eh? I axt him, says I, d'ye think vine isn't better than vater? I axt him, says I, d'ye think cowcumers good vithout ingons?—and so he give'd me sich out-of-the vay answers, that I told him, says I, Mr. Spriggins, you werily deserve to be pelted with brick-bracks, and rolled in the kindle, says I, till you are as black as a chimley-sweeper, says I, as a wawning for windicating sich an eupinion. I vas right, vasn't I, eh?—And so then he tawked about sumat about being scrowdg'd and squeedg'd by a mob in the Vitson veek, and this here and that there, and things of that there kind: and so he vanted me to fetch a vaulk as far as the PH's in Common garden. But, says I, Mr. Spriggins, says I, you are a wile vorthless, wapid feller, says I, and so I don't vant no more conwersation, says I, vith a person that don't know common sense, and that is as ignorant as the wery commonist of wretches vith their breakfastes and their toasteses, and running their heads against the posteses, to awoid the wild beasteses."

ANECDOTES.

Asa was the first man who ever had the gout, and the consequence of his manner of treating it is thus related in the first book of Kings. "Now *Asa*, the king, was diseased in his feet, but instead of applying to *the Lord*, he applied unto *physicians*, therefore *the Lord slew him.*"

On the 30th of January, 1730, Dr. Croxall preached a sermon before the House of Commons from the following text, "*Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness.*"

This sermon gave so much offence to Sir Robert Walpole, that he prevented the thanks of the house being presented to the preacher. Of this circumstance Orator Henley availed himself, and to the next advertisement of his lecture at Clare market appeared the following motto.

"Away with the wicked before the king,
"And away with the wicked behind him;
"His throne it will bless
"With righteousness,
"And we shall know where to find him."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Prologue, written by a gentleman of Washington City, *and spoken by* Mr. Wignell, in 1800, *on a temporary stage erected in the building designed for the great Hotel.*

Thank heaven, ten tedious anxious years are past,
And here we've all together met at last.
The Grecian states ambitious to destroy,
Took the same time to level cloud-capt Troy;
Their Hero by subverting sought his praise,
Our Patriot's nobler glory was to raise.
Let other nations look to Greece and Rome,
Columbia's bright examples are at home:
Whate'er is great or good we find in one,
All virtues join'd to form a *Washington.*
Heaven partial seem'd occasions to dispense,
Pleas'd to unfold his great preeminence.
Exulting thought!— why thus appear distrest?—
But ah! you feel the most who knew him best;
Mourn not, but thankful that his life was spared
So long, enjoy the blessings he prepar'd.
As planetary systems move on high,
Rul'd by the all mighty law of harmony;
These states in ceaseless unity shall roll,
Sway'd by the plans of his inspired soul.
To night we'll make you weep by mimic play,
For tears are tributes which delight must pay;
Expand your tuckers ye sigh-swelling fair,
Unfurl your fans, your handkerchiefs prepare.
Catch the soft moments ye enamour'd beaux,
Arrest the tear-drop trembling as it flows:
Sweet sensibility the soul endears,
And Beauty sheds a lustre most in tears.
This grand hotel for epicures design'd,
Now makes provision only for the mind;
For you each night two courses here we cater,
And in our wants the prompter call, not waiter.
A bad exchange, you'll say, solids for air,
Who's he that whispers it is city fare?
Sir, you've a poet and delight forsooth,
Rather to deal in fiction than in truth;
Those ruddy cheeks evince the air is fine,
And those plump sides show on the best you dine.
Well, faith, we've form'd a tolerable stage,
'Twill do for comic glee or tragic rage: [quick,]
But there *(pointing to Pit and Boxes)* the city populates so
I fear you're stow'd yourselves away too thick;
Ladies, you smile as if the crowding pleas'd,
Sure your fine frames must tremble to be squeezed.
Though now our corps rather too thin appears,
This central spot shall draw forth volunteers;
If power's their wish, to monarchies we'll raise them,
If fame, 'twere ample sure for you to praise them;
If death and glory, here they may be slain,
And what is better rise to fight again:
Their country's service, to a generous mind
That first incentive, true they cannot find;
And yet we act no despicable part,
Who gladden life, and meliorate the heart.
* The floods of late which drown'd you many-a horse,
Has caus'd to us a much severer loss;
Our woods, our temples gone, beyond repair,
Our gorgeous palaces it did not spare;
The storm has swept our canvas almost bare.
For this deficiency we'll soon atone,
Would you could build as fast with brick and stone.
If various tongue from building could disable,
Your houses would of course be lopp'd like Babel;
The sword, the bayonet, the cannon's roar,
Drive arts and science to this peaceful shore;
Dutch, Irish, Germans, French, all hither flee,
To enjoy the blessed fruits of *Liberty*—
With your permission—*(bell rings)* hark, I'm call'd away,
That bell cuts short the best I had to say—
Accept the will, I pray you, for the deed,
For this, on all occasions, we must plead;
By your indulgence only we succeed.

L. T.

* *Alluding to a violent storm and heavy rains, which happened a few days before; and which by swelling the rivers in, and about the city, was the cause of several horses being lost; and amongst other disasters, the scenery for the theatre was nearly all destroyed.*

SELECTED POETRY.

ALLITERATION!

The sweetest Seraph's softest smile,
The gorgeous gems of gentle grace,
The slippery serpent's scathful stile
Frequent false Fanny's flattering face.

Head-strong with hazy halcyon hope,
I follow fond the fickle fair;
Nor shun the sudden stunning stroke,
Which drives me deep in dark despair.

The golden glorious glowing globe,
Which splendid sol sublimely shows,
Nor nights nocturnal nimbose node,
Distilling diuretic dews,

Her eulogy can e'er express,
When cherub Cupids cheer her charms,
When bounteous beauty's bent to bless,
Her aw'd adorers amorous arms.

Nor systems, suns, nor sparkling stars,
In confus'd chaos countervolv'd
Could ape the ambling of her airs.
When random ruin she resolv'd.

Fair Fanny's fame shall flourish fair,
Till teazing time shall toiling tire;
And Daphne, Delia, Dorcas, dear,
Shall foiling fan fierce Fanny's fire.

ERRATUM.

In our last number, page 264, *7th line from the bottom of the last column erase the word "* stupid."

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. I. . BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1805. No. 35.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Donec felix eris multos numirabis amicos
Tempora si fuerunt nulita solus eris— OVID.

NEVER was the reverse of fortune and the unkindness of friends, more pathetically described nor perhaps ever more keenly felt, than by the unhappy author of the above lines; courted by illustrious contemporaries, distinguished for a mind whose perceptions appeared rather intuitive, than the result of study and research, admitted to a familiar intercourse with the imperial family of *Augustus*; the extent of his happiness was scarcely attained before its enjoyment became embittered by banishment and disgrace. How many are there, who like our poet inconsiderately trusting to professions, little imagine they are the dictates of a heart as insensible to enlarged and honorable sentiments, as to the softer feelings of sincere and genuine friendship: yet how few are there who like him can ease the complicated weight of adversity by an exertion of the mind, and emerging from the gloom with which they are encircled, deduce from their own misfortunes some useful moral for the instruction of mankind?

The instability of friendship has not unfrequently been considered as one of the strongest proofs of the depravity of our nature; yet if we diligently investigate the assertion, we shall find that the semblance is often mistaken for the reality, that professions are not always a certain test of sincerity, that the heart may sometimes bestow itself unworthily, and that consequently where there never was a reciprocal share of affection, we have no reason to complain of the instability of that which never existed. What infinite anxiety, what aggravated distress might the unfortunate avoid, by an early attention to the precipitate formation of attachments. By repressing the extravagant ardor of feeling, which frequently grows into an imprudent admiration of specious qualities and deceitful appearances, they might detect the artifice in time to guard against the treachery which is formed for their destruction. Let not those whose confidence has been improperly reposed exclaim against the instability of friendship, rather let them lament the little value they attached to it by an indiscreet choice of associates. It is not the servile flatterer whose adulation is ever ready to counteract the good effects which merited censure and public opinion might have upon our conduct, or who by palliating our faults confirms us in their repetition, on whom we are to confer our regard; for he wants that candor which results from an independence of opinion, and is satisfied with our disgrace for the privilege of our society. It is not the man of wealth whose professions give him an importance arising merely from the interests of those who have less than himself, and who considers friendship as the practised fraud of knaves for enriching themselves at his expence, who can ever feel the influence of its charms; his heart is callous to every thing but profit, which in the scale of his passions outweighs the most virtuous of affections. To enlarge upon the several descriptions of persons who are insensible to friendship, would be a tedious and very disagreeable employment, and to give its precise definition would, perhaps, alarm the consciences of those who feel themselves unequal to discharge its duties. I do not mean by friendship the courteous civilities which occur among those who are in the frivolous habit of idly visiting and complimenting one another; nor can it with truth be said, generally to be felt by those who are the jovial companions of festivity and mirth. They who never appreciated the real value of friendship formed on reciprocal confidence and esteem, on elevated and honorable principles, may imagine that attentions paid to them by men of superior rank and power, impose an obligation by which their gratitude is irrevocably bound; and yet, should fortune desert their patrons, how soon would their opinions change:—The recollection of past favours would be im-

mediately cancelled by the inability to continue them, and they would shun the society of those very men with whom they so lately sought an indissoluble connection.

There are some light and trivial minds, so lavish of their regard to those, who for some whim they fancy themselves to be fond of; that they at once unbosom themselves, and overwhelm their new acquaintance with a mass of petty affairs, and trifling occurrences, delivered with all the solemnity of important secrets; without waiting till their confidence was sought for, or till they had reason to believe it would be valued and reciprocated. When these find there is not so much consequence attached to their communications as their vanity induced them to wish for, or when they meet with some fresh face that pleases them; they shift their partialities with the same caprice that formed them, and then indulge themselves in complaints against the fickleness of mankind.

Some whom providence has blessed with prosperity and affluence, think none are worthy to be on terms of equal friendship with them, but those who are equal in circumstances; such persons will often be *condescendingly* familiar with poorer men, who have raised themselves to respectability by their talents and their virtues: not that they feel the generous spirit of real friendship, but because their vanity is gratified by the show of Patronage they love to display. If those on whom they bestow a few superficial attentions, should so far forget their own dignity as to boast of such empty favours, and such "*half-faced fellowship*;" their pride would become enormous and their insolence unbounded: but if they meet with men of independent spirit, who disdain to give such base metal currency, who demand friendship for friendship, and refuse to give theirs but on fair and equal terms which require the sacrifice of self-importance and a domineering temper; the blessing is rejected with disgust, and spleen vents itself in exclamations against ingratitude.

That which deserves the name of friendship is a virtue, and to be found only among the virtuous and the wise; to gain a friend we must deserve him, we must entitle ourselves to his esteem by qualities not only intrinsically estimable, but by their similarity to those which he possesses; we must be kind, assiduous to please, and delicate in the mode of doing so, if we wish to gain his affection; and we must be unchangable ourselves, if we wish him to be constant and sincere.

—"*All like the purchase; few the price will pay;*
"*And this makes friends such miracles below.*"

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 268.)

Religion's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right the next;
Religion! the sole voucher man is man;
Supporter sole of man above himself;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul, that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an After state!
Here is firm footing: here is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl. YOUNG.

DEMONSTRATION III.

The miracles of the gospel were announced by eye witnesses, or men contemporary, who were sincere and true.

History is one of the most useful species of writing, and the study of it to all descriptions of men is pleasing and profitable. To a christian, ecclesiastical history is the most valuable and important. He professes a certain religion; with its founder he desires to be acquainted; he is anxious to know by what means it was first established, the difficulties which it had to encounter, the success with which it was attended, and the various scenes through which it has passed. Above all the other parts of this history, the biography of its first minister will be esteemed: and therefore he wishes that it should come to him authenticated with the strongest possible evidence.—— If an historian compile his relation from the best records, and from sources whose authenticity was never doubted; we are inclined in general to believe him: but if a man advances with the same facts, and adds to his relation these emphatic words, "all these things I myself saw;" we then more readily attend to the recital, and give it additional credit. This is the situation of the writers of the gospel history. They were not only contemporary, but three of them at least, eye-witnesses of the majority, if not of all the facts which they attest. We feel at a stand, if we hear two, three or more persons all protesting they were eye-witnesses, disagree in the relation of some trifling occurrence: but suppose a credible person should say to us, "I was yesterday in the house of congress, heard the debate, such persons spoke, and thus it was concluded:" suppose another to repeat the same tale, as it regarded the most important points, but to omit a few trifles, and relate others: and suppose another to corroborate the account, and supply the deficiency in the detail of the other narrators, could we disbelieve what three persons who professed to have seen and

heard the whole debate should tell us? Why then are we so incredulous, in matters of infinite moment, when they are supported and confirmed by iudubitable and incontestable evidence? The evidence of eye-witnesses is always to be believed, if supported by other testimony and not satisfactorily denied. We evince the truth of the gospel miracles as related by the apostles, and evangelists; they being eye-witnesses, and contemporary with him who performed them.

Matthew was contemporary with Christ. His own pen gives this information. "And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom, and he said unto him, follow me. And he arose and followed him." The same occurrence, with some additional circumstances, is found in the histories of Mark and Luke. Matthew was a publican, an office held in the utmost detestation by the Jews; these tax-gatherers were most odious to his nation, as they reminded them of their former glory, and their present abject situation. He left his employ, all worldly good was forgotten, and to be a servant of Jesus Christ was to him more honourable than any other office; he obeyed Christ, followed him, and never more returned to the exercise of his calling.—He soon became an apostle, and accompanied Christ until his death; after which time he lived at Jerusalem, and by his preaching made known the prodigies which he himself had seen, or which he had been taught by his fellow labourers, and the inspiration of the holy ghost: he then prepared to go to the Gentiles and preach to them; and it was at this time he composed his gospel to leave to the converted Hebrews, an instructive memorial to console them in his absence. Eusebius in his ecclesiastical history thus writes; Matthæus primo Hebræis prædicaverat. Verum cum pararet transire ad Gentes, patria lingua scripturam composuit; et ea quæ prædicaverat comprehendens, dereliquit ad memoriam his a quibus proficiscebatur ut Gentibus prædicaret.* Ample proof remains that his gospel appeared, about the year of our Lord thirty-five:—if we may credit the most able chronologists, the apostles separated themselves in the year thirty-six; and the next year when Paul visited Jerusalem we find one of them only in the city. The gospel of Matthew was written by a contemporary, and an eye-witness of the facts which he related.

John was of Bethsaida in Gallilee, and called with James his brother, when fishing. He appeared to have been the youngest of all the apostles, and on account of that tender affection which Christ bare for him, he was called the beloved; and nothing could draw him away from the service of his Lord. In all the most private parts of Christ's life, John was one of those who were present: He was the first witness of the resurrection of Christ, and and the foremost to make it known. He was twice cast into prison, and notwithstanding all the virulent opposition with which he met, he ceased not to teach the people, and to accomplish the ministry which he had received with the most spirited intrepidity. The last mention we have of him in the gospel, is his assisting at the meeting of the apostles to determine the disputes concerning the observation of the law. Ecclesiastical history details his travels into Asia, his imprisonment and sufferings at Rome, his exile in Patmos, his recall by Nerva after the death of Dominitian, his return to Ephesus, the indefatigable praises of his apostleship, and his death under the emperor Trajan. It follows that the gospel transmitted from age to age as his work, could not have a more able, or better instructed author. It was written about the year ninety eight, to supply the defects of the others, to satisfy the demand, and establish the opinions of the converts; and according to some, to refute the heresy of Corinthus and Ebion.

Eusebius thus writes, Certum est enim quod in prioribus tribus Evangeliis, hæc videntur sola contineri, quæ in eo gesta sunt anno quo Joannes Baptista inclusus est in carcerem vel punitus: itaque rogatus est Joannes Apostolus ut ea quæ præterierant priores ante traditionem Joannis, Salvatoris gesta scriptis comprehenderet.†

Jerome tells us, Joannes cum esset in Asia, et jam tunc Hæreticorum seminaria pullularent Cerinthi, Ebionis et cæterorum qui negant Christum in carne venisse, coactus est ab omnibus perè tunc Asiæ Episcopis et multarum Ecclesiarum legationibus de Divinitate Salvatoris altius scribere.‡

Although we cannot possibly determine Mark to have been an eye witness of what he relates; many authors place him among the seventy-two disciples, and almost all the fathers declared explicitly that he was a disciple of the apostles, Amanuensis for Peter.

Irenæus Marcus discipulus et interpres Petri, quæ a Petro renunciata erant, edidit.‖ He delivered the history which he had learnt from others: and wrote his gospel at Rome in the course of Peter's second visit to that city. This work he performed at the solicitation of the Christians in the capital of the empire, who did not cease to trouble him until he was pleased for their consolation to accede to their request.

Clement, Marcum Petri sectatorem, cujus hodieque

* *For translations, see end of Demonstration in next number.*

extat Evangelium enixé orarunt ut doctrinæ illius quam auditu acceperant, scriptum aliquod monumentum apud se relinqueret—Nec prius destiterunt quam hominem expugnassent, autoresque scribendi illius, quod secundum Marcum dicitur, Evangelii extitissent.§—

Jerome thus writes, Marcus juxta quod Petrum referentem audierat, rogatus Romæ a fratribus, breve scripsit Evangelium, quod cum Petrus audisset, probavit, et Ecclesiæ legendum sua autoritate dedit.

If Mark wrote an history of Christ, and Peter approved of it, it is as credible as if Peter himself had been its author.

Tertullian, Licet et Marcus quod edidit, Petri affirmetur, cujus interpres Marcus nam et Lucæ digestam, Paulo adscribere solent.**

Irenæus, Lucas sectator Pauli, quod ab illo prædicabatur Evangelium in libro condidit.§§

It is universally agreed that Luke was one of the seventy-two Disciples, and some have thought him one of those whom our Lord met going to Emmaus. By the preface he has made to his history, we are fully convinced of its truth. This gospel was written under the immediate direction and inspection of the Apostle Paul; and we are certain that he sanctioned it. As it respects the acts of the Apostles, no person who did not live in the same age, was not an eye-witness of the facts recorded, could have entered into that minuteness discernable in the history; or expressed himself with similar precision.

(To be continued.)

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued from page 270.)

By some people, more prompt to speak and prone to censure, than acute to observe, his character was mistaken. They imputed his modesty to timorousness: and thought, or said at least, that I kept him secluded from society, obliged him to apply too much to books, and gave him no opportunities of knowing the world. In justice both to him and to myself, I must enter into some particulars on this subject.

When at home, indeed, he was not frequently seen in the street: a laudable regard to health, and a passionate love of rural scenery, leading him to daily excursions in the fields: it is also true, that of tea-tables he was no regular frequenter; and that at card-tables and in ball-rooms, (things of no small importance in a country town) he never appeared at all. By the intelligent reader, after what he has heard of him, it will not be supposed, that this was the effect of restraint on my part: on the contrary, it would have been unreasonable and cruel restraint, if in these things I had not readily complied, as I constantly did, with his inclination.

But I doubt, whether any other young man in North Britain, of his years and station, had better opportunities than he, of seeing what is called the world; and a more accurate or more sagacious observer of it, I have not known. He never was in a foreign country: but in England and Scotland his acquaintance was nearly as extensive as mine; and to many persons, in both countries, of great distinction in rank and literature, he had the honour to be known, and to be indebted for particular civilities. To give a list of names might be thought to savour of vanity rather than gratitude; yet it is not improbable that gratitude may one day induce me to give such a list.—Of the principles on which I conducted his education, and of his own opinion of those principles, I leave the candid reader to judge from the preceding narative.

In infancy, his health was very delicate, and he was somewhat timorous; not more so, however, than well-natured children, who fear to offend, commonly are. But his piety and good sense, the manly exercises in which he delighted, and his being so early accustomed to the use of arms, got the better of that timidity; so that, before he grew up to manhood, he was as fearless as a man ought to be. I know not any one, in whose fortitude I could have confided more on any perilous emergency. Several times I have seen him in danger; once particularly in Yarmouth roads, when every person on board our vessel, every person at least who was on the upper deck, imagined it was on the point of foundering. I took him by the hand, made him swallow a glass of wine; and, on looking at him, saw his countenance perfectly undismayed, and I believe more composed than any other in the ship. He was then in his sixteenth year.

It was also supposed by some, as he was often seen walking alone, or with me, and seldom or never with more than one companion, that he must be of an unsocial disposition. The reverse was his character; he was social, chearful, and effectionate, and by those friends who thoroughly knew him, beloved even to enthusiam. In his choice of friends, indeed, he was not hasty. For in discerning characters he was, as already observed, singularly perspicacious; and the slightest appearance of immorality, vanity, pedantry, coarse manners, or blameable levity, disgusted him; though he shewed his disgust by silence only, or withdrawing from the company.

He had a passion for visiting places that had been remarkable as the abodes of eminent men, or that retained

any memorials of them ; and, as in this I resembled him we often walked together on what he called classick ground. Westminster Abbey, in the neighbourhood of which we lived several months, was a fovourite haunt of his, and suggested many images and meditations. He had wandered in the bowers of Twickenham, and amidst the more majestick scenes of Blenheim and Windsor. At Oxford, where we passed some time, he met with many interesting objects and attentive friends. He kissed (literally he did so) the grave-stone which covers the dust of Shakespear at Stratford ; and sat in the same chimney-corner, and in the same chair, in which tradition tells that the immortal bard was wont to sit. He once or twice visited the village, the house, and even the chamber (near Coltsworth in Lincolnshire) in which Sir Isaac Newton is said to have been born. The last time he and I were in Cambridge, I gratified him with a sight of those apartments in Pembroke Hall, which were once honoured with the residence of my memorable and long-lamented friend Mr. Gray ; of whom he was a warm admirer, thinking him the greatest poetical genius that Bratain had produced since Milton. He composed an ode inscribed " To the " genius of Gray," of which I find among his papers a stanzas ; but far the greater part is irrecoverably lost. This ode I think he wrote, or planned, while we were passing some time in 1787 at Windsor ; where, from the terrace, he had a view of Stoke church, in which, Gray is buried, and towards which I often found him directing his eyes.

When his curiosity was raised with respect to any work of art, he always wished to make himself master of at least the theory of it. In his early days he was skilled in various sorts of legerdemain ; but left it off entirely, as trifling in itself, and ostentatious in the performance. One evening of his thirteenth year, he and I arrived in Newark on Trent, just as an exhibition of fire-works was begining in the market place. It was indeed a magnificent spectacle, and the first of the kind he had seen. He immediately resolved to study fire-works ; and, finding in London a systematick book on the subject, applied to it so successfully, that, for severul years after, he would now and then exhibit in that way, for the amusement of his friends.

(To be continued.)

The facts contained in the following narration were transmitted in a letter from Moscow in the year 1778.

A party of Englishmen making the tour of Russia, among other places that were deemed worthy of observation, visited the dungeons of Calouskoi Ostrog, the principal prison in the city of Moscow, and one of the party sent these particulars to his friend in England.

In the most wretched compartment of this most melancholy mansion of perpetual misery, stood an immense wooden cage, barricaded on every side by massy bolts of iron. As my guide pointed it out for my observation, a deep and hollow groan issued from the thick gloom that nearly concealed it from my view, and as I approached the horrid spot, I was just able to perceive through a small grated window, high in the solid wall, the spectral form of a human being, lying in the most obscure corner, bound down to the damp earth by a huge chain of iron.

The pale light that gleamed through the narrow casement, struck only upon his countenance, and the gigantic length of his figure was almost concealed in the dismal gloom that shewed nothing distinctly, but which leaving full scope for the workings of the imagination, increased the horror, already excited by the miserable spectacle.

This wretch was a murderer. Every line and every furrow in his strongly marked countenance evinced the fall and depravity of a mighty mind. The perpetration of every dreadful crime had stamped an additional mark upon it that never could be mistaken for the effect of any other than the most diabolical of deeds.

As the wan light beamed upon him, I could perceive he had dark curling hair, which stood all dishevelled from his head, while large knotted locks fell over his forehead down to his black, long, horizontal, and bushy brows, that nearly met over a long aqueline nose, and these seemed torn and rent by the most terrible and conflicting passions. Yet they were bent in gloomy frown, over his large black eyes which were fixed in a steady and immoveable stare upon me, and seemed at once to express an untameable and unsubdued spirit, the keen fire of ungoverned passions, and the dark workings of a mighty mind debased from all good purposes, and bent only upon evil deeds. His haggard cheeks were deeply furrowed by strong lines, and a bold projecting chin curled from his terrible front, which altogether bore the indeliable characters of hardened guilt, and struck the spectator with a dread bordering upon terror.

Every thing bad might be apprehended from this man, who not only (like other miserable wretches who prey upon society) wished to do evil, but had the power in an eminent degree, for he possessed abilities that might have raised him to the highest degree of excellence in any profession of life. But those rare talents which he possessed from the bounty of Nature, had been early perverted and

entirely corrupted, and his character was not now to be changed.

My attention was soon called to the contemplation of another object equally, if not more distressing.

Near the door of this horrid cage was erected a vile shed that was barely able to shelter one of the most miserable objects I ever had the misfortune to behold. Outstretched on the damp earth appeared an old woman with her haggard cheek resting against the bars of the cage. She was covered by a scanty portion of filthy rags, which were scarcely sufficient to screen her decayed and shrivelled form from the gaze of strangers. Her hollow eye-balls were deeply sunk within her wrinkled front, and from her hooked nose and skinny lips, thin rheum was perpetually oozing. Her dreadfully emaciated form seemed to bespeak alike the most agonizing distress of mind and the most deadly state of body.

I could perceive, that as her livid cheek rested on the bars of the cage, her eyes remained fixed, sorrowful, and immoveable, upon the unhappy man within it, and evinced an expression of grief far beyond the luxury of tears. She sometimes spoke to him with uncommon interest, but she never once so much as glanced her eye upon any other object; not even upon us who were strangers and foreigners, and who appeared so much to excite the attention of the other wretches that languished in these dreadful dungeons.

There was something so remarkable in her appearance and position, and she wore such a peculiar air of extreme woe, that I requested the Aid du Camp who accompanied us would ask the jailer who she was.

The murderer within the cage immediately replied in the French language, and in the most terrible voice "Elle est a moi." Being much struck with the circumstance that such a wretch should have any body belonging to him, and remaining with him in such a situation, and also at the singularity of his reply, being made in the French language, which I could have so little expected from a Russian criminal, confined in a dungeon at Moscow, I earnestly begged our conductor would enquire into their story.

The jailer informed me that this murderer was a man of noble family, and at an early age had come to the inheritance of a very considerable estate, in the cultivation of which, it was necessary to employ a vast number of slaves (that being the dreadful term by which the Russian peasantry are denominated and esteemed) : and that nothing could exceed the brutality of this man's conduct towards those unhappy beings; being guilty of the greatest cruelties and the most atrocious actions towards them.

It was not an unfrequent act of this hideous monster to order his inoffensive and ignorant peasantry to suffer the most agonising death under the torture of the hellish lash; and this for the most trifling offences, if an offence at all, but much oftener merely for the satisfaction his diabolical heart felt while domineering and tormenting his unresisting fellow creatures.

For a long time his infernal actions were screened by the ever powerful shield of rank, fortune, and consequently influence ; but, at length the particulars of a barbarous murder attended with unusual shocking particulars, coming to the knowledge of men high in power, and being generally known by the publick, the wretch was seized and dragged to that dungeon in which I beheld him braving his fate, under the frown of gloomy malignity and the hardihood of consummate iniquity.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of this man's crimes his relations had sufficient power to prevent his being brought to trial, on which occasion he must inevitably have been doomed to an ignominious death, which would effectually have sullied the *fair name*, and intailed eternal disgrace upon the *noble title* of such a *distinguished* family.

Yet it is said that under the mild reign of the present Empress Catherine, no unfortunate human being has suffered capital punishment, except the impostor Pugachy, who pretended to be the late Emperor, and who had gained over to his party fifty thousand Cossacks, by whose assistance he had hoped to obtain the imperial diadem.

Under these circumstances then, this villain remained confined to the narrow and horrid confines of his cage without the anticipation of any other punishment; and he had been a close prisoner for the period of three years when I beheld him in that cage, but before he had been removed to it, he had suffered seven years imprisonment in one of larger dimensions.

The miserable wretch that existed under the shed had been his wet nurse, and had imbibed such a strong affection for him, that when he was first seized and dragged to prison, she solicited and obtained permission to dwell near him in his dungeon, and there had this affectionate and faithful, but mistaken woman, endured the terrible severity of that inhospitable climate, under which Moscow is situated, for ten long years.

Continuing exposed not only to the scoffs, revilings, and contumely of the abandoned and profligate wretches around her, to the scorn or cold indifference of others, and to the keen rigour of Russian winters, with scarcely any co-

vering or food, this woman exhibited an instance of generosity, disinterested friendship, and unbounded affection, that I could scarcely have believed possible to exist, had I not been an eye-witness of the truth of such an interesting fact.

She subsisted on the meanest possible fare, for like all the other prisoners, this murderer depended upon charity for the means of existence, and his share of the general stock raised by the bounty of the public, never exceeded two shillings per week, but was very often considerably less; this being the case, the unhappy woman who attended him, not only deprived herself of a large portion of her own food, but even begged on her particular account from those that visited the dungeon and all that she gained by these means she gave to him.

Thus altogether without motive of reward, save that which she derived from the heavenly consolation of her own feelings, did this astonishing woman endure for so many years all the calamities and dreadful evils attendant upon such a miserable state of being.

Yet amidst sufferings that would have borne down the strongest of resolutions, this poor woman seemed to feel no other pain than that arising from the perpetual contemplation of the misery which the unworthy object of her attachment was compelled to undergo, and which she endeavoured to mitigate by every means in her power.

I slipped some money into her hand, and she instantly, even without looking at it or me, thrust it through the bars of the cage and gave it to the prisoner, and it was not till after a long explanation on my part that I was able to convince her it was intended for herself, and even when she was assured I meant the charity for herself only, I could not prevail upon her to keep it.....

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Of what can we accuse the letter H, to justify the contempt with which it is treated.

The pedant calls authority, *autority*. I know he will tell me it is of Greek origin. But as we are speaking English, and not Greek, we should admit the word to all the privileges of naturalization. Such as call authority, *autority*, might as well call *beldam—bell-weather*; for it is derived from the French, in which language it signifies a fine lady, and in English, an old hag.

A boy at school, reading his lesson to his master, came to the word Honour; the boy pronounced the H. The master asked—"Honour? What's honour; The word is Onour."

"La!" said the lad, "don't it begin with an H?"

"What if it does?" said the master.—

"You blockhead, don't you know that H is no letter?"

The next morning, the master wanting a muffin toasted, gave it to the boy and bid him *heat* it; The boy went to the fire-side, but made better use of his time; for when the master called, and asked—"Is the muffin done?"

"Done, Sir?" answered the sly rogue, "I have done as you bid me."

"Well, Sir, where is the muffin?"

"La, Sir, I have *eat it*, as you bid me."

"Why, you little villain!" exclaimed the master, "I ordered you to *heat* it."

"Yes, Sir," answered the boy; "but you know, you told me that H was no letter."

ANECDOTES.

The late Mr. Pennant author of the Tours, &c. had some whimsical peculiarities, and even eccentricities. Among the latter may be classed his singular antipathy to a wig, which however he could suppress 'till reason yielded to wine,—but when this was the case, off went the wig next him, and into the fire.

Dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Mr. Pennant became half-seas-over; and another friend that was in company carefully placed himself between Pennant and the wig, to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wishful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it on the burning coals. It was in flames in a moment, and so was the officer, who ran to his sword.

Down stairs runs Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester,—but Pennant, from his superior knowledge of topography, escaped. This was whimsically enough called, *Pennant's Tour through Chester*.

A barrister, not overburdened with abilities, had pleaded in the Court of Chancery, the case of some orphans. As the lord chancellor was going out, the counsel entered into some conversation with him, and said he hoped he had been successful in exciting his lordship's compassion—"You have indeed (said the chancellor) *I pity you very much*."

When the late Mr. Charles Yorke was returned member for the university of Cambridge, he went round the senate to thank those who had voted for him, and said to one of them, noted for having *a very long ordinary face*, "Sir, I have reason to be thankful to my friends in general, but I confess myself under a particular obligation to you for the *very remarkable countenance* you have shewn me on this occasion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The full orb'd moon ascends the concave sky,
And chrystal streams reflect her silver rays :
Th' appointed hour, *Amynta*, now draws nigh,
When she shall meet, our mutual ardent gaze.

E'en now she beams more gloriously bright,
With more than usual lustre seems to rise ;
Refulgent shines with borrow'd beauty's light,
Reflected from the fair Amynta's eyes.

The silent tear that trickles down my cheek,
The boon to love, and fond affection due,
On trembling rays, yon queen of night shall seek,
And find a passage, dearest girl, to you.

And should the pledge convince you of his truth,
And one soft sigh your tender bosom prove ;
Oh ! waft it quickly to your constant youth,
To soothe his sorrows, and reward his love.

THEODORE.

The following lines were published in that short-lived paper, the Philadelphia Magazine, 1798, *on the death of Mr. J. P. Morcton.*

When sordid wealth, and titel'd folly fall
Beneath the common stroke that levels all,
To grace their poor remains of lifeless dust
Rise the proud monument, and sculptur'd bust ;
The hireling muse her ready flattery pays,
And swells their fame with cheaply purchas'd praise.
Shall wealth and titles bid the tomb to rise,
And no stone tell where humble merit lies ?
Shall wealth and titles claim each gifted tongue,
And humble merit only die unsung ?
Friendship forbids !—while free from venal stains,
One single spark of honest truth remains ;
While thoughtless vanity, and selfish art
Reign not unbounded o'er the human heart ;
While yet a portion of the muses fire
With nature's genuine feeling warms the lyre ;
While yet departed virtue claims the sigh,
And bids the tear to glisten in the eye ;
For thee shall swell the strains, for thee shall rise
The glist'ning tear, and heave the lab'ring sighs.

Genius, imagination, taste refin'd,
With solid judgement, form'd thy polish'd mind :
Thy gentle virtues modestly retir'd,
Sought no display, yet every one admired ;
Thy conduct steer'd by reason's steady laws,
Obtain'd its best reward in self-applause :
While thy kind heart, and honour never stain'd
Secur'd each friend thy generous nature gain'd.

What though thy life's last sigh expires, remov'd
Far from each relative on earth belov'd ?
What though thy grave receives no kindred tear,
No kindred hands adorn thy mournful bier ?
Yet even here, some *kindred hearts* shall swell
With grief sincere, so soon to say, *farewell!*

E

SUMMER—FROM METASTASIO.

Farewell, mild spring ! farewell, each early flow'r
On the soft bank or verdant meadow born !
Summer advances to assert her power,
Her yellow tresses crown'd with ears of corn.

The streams decrease beneath the solar ray,
Shrink from its rage, and leave the burning sand ;
Not more oppressive beams, the raging day
Points on the parch'd Cirene's barb'rous land.

No more the morning sheds her frosty dews,
While no rude winds her gentle hours disturb ;
No fruitful rain from equal heav'n renews
Each beauteous flow'ret and salubrious herb.

No more the fountain, or the wand'ring stream,
Pours its abundance o'er the irriguous plain ;
Earth gapes beneath the sun's relentless beam,
And vainly asks the cool refreshing rain.

Discolour'd, dry, the tall majestic beach,
That May had freshly cloth'd in vivid green,
And bade his broad arms, wide projected, reach,
The pride, the glory of the sylvan scene,

Withers, ungrateful to its native ground,
And scarce beyond the trunk its shadows spread ;
No shelt'ring leaves protect with coolness round
The friendly rill that long its branches fed.

His face and bosom bath'd in honest sweat,
The weary reaper throws him careless down,
Stretch'd on the swarth, and thro' the mid-day heat,
Sleeps on the harvest that his labours crown :

Whilst, with a ready and a tender hand,
The village-maid, to love and Corin true,
Intent and silent takes her careful stand,
And from his forehead wipes the trickling dew.

On the scorch'd ground, near his lov'd master, lies
The panting dog, whose clammy jaws now fail
To give the watchful bark, and oft he tries,
With quick, short breath, to catch the grateful gale.

The youthful Bull, whom oft the rustic swain,
With wonder saw exert his dauntless might,
No more, with butting forehead, rubs the plain,
Nor wounds the bending trees in mimic fight.

Laid on the margin of the scanty rill,
Lowing, he watches his loved Heifer near ;
Whose faint responsive moans no longer fill
Heav'n's echoing vault, but feebly strike the ear.

No more with nimble wing the feather'd race
In the fierce eyes of day advent'rous tow'r ;
The nightingale resigns her ruin'd sprays,
And noisy grasshopper's usurp the bower.

But the sleek serpents, by the genial fires
Reviv'd, desert their faded sloughs, and bold ;
Round the bare branch weaving their agile spires,
Blaze to the sun in renovated gold.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

" *Fairest and foremost of the train, that wait*
" *On man's most dignified and happiest state,*
" *Whether we name thee Charity or Love,*
" *Chief grace below, and all in all above,*
" *Prosper (I press thee with a pow'rful plea)*
" *A task I venture on, impell'd by thee :*" COWPER.

Mr. Easy,

THE following essay is offered for publication in your paper, if the subject is not too serious.

Whilst the feeling mind is busy, contemplating the various miseries, to which human nature is liable, either through misfortunes or the insufficiency of reason, the sole guide to all our good actions, nothing can be a greater consolation, to a virtuous man than the reflection that he has contributed the utmost in his power, to relieve the necessities of the fallen ; for let it be understood, though a man is sunk into the lowest state of wretchedness by immoral habits, yet we should not wholly desert him, but by affording him all the assistance in our power, endeavor to reclaim him ; leaving it to the supreme judge to acquit or condemn. Our blessed redeemer, when the Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery, and were going to put her to death by stoning her, rebuked them, saying, " He that is without *sin* amongst you, let *him* cast first a stone at her." When the Pharisees heard this saying of our saviour, they were " convicted of their own conscience," and went out one by one, leaving Jesus alone, with the woman standing in the midst. And Jesus said unto her " Woman ! where are thy accusers ? hath no man condemned thee ?" she said no man, lord ! and Jesus answering, said unto her " neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

If our blessed saviour, then, was inclined to shew mercy to the woman, we of ourselves have no right to sit in judgment on any one ; well knowing how much we all stand in need of mercy, when we appear at the bar of heaven ; but leaving it to the heavenly judge to act, as it seemeth most acceptable to his great wisdom—when necessity pleads powerfully, and calls loudly to us for our friendly aid, we should administer the necessary relief with all kindness of heart ; not treasuring in mind any injury, which their rashness may have inclined them to commit against us ; but *religiously* forgive, and in the words of our lord, pray " Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

Friendship is the grand cement of rational society ; religion teaches us to use it, so as to make our fellow creatures happy, by endeavoring to mitigate as far as lays in our power, the miseries of man ; it is for this purpose that God has endowed man with abundance ; it is for this he has given us reason and feeling.

To one man is entrusted a vast possession of wealth, in order that he may feel for his brother, pining through want. Let me ask ; does he feel ? does he even attempt by parting with a trifle of his worldly riches, to assuage his anguish ? No ! his feelings are stifled, by not listening to the voice of reason ; by not repairing to the house of God, and there humbling himself at the altar, paying his grateful tribute to the most high, for his unbounded kindness in imparting to him so large a store. Let him then repair to the sacred house without delay ; religion will teach him how to act ; will tell him to look around, and he will see the industrious christian stretched on the bed of sickness ; no friendly hand open to pour the balm of consolation into his distracted breast to save him from the ravages of poverty ; his wretched wife and offspring stand in speechless agony around his bed ; while the clamorous creditor implacable, though death with gaunt look, chides his ill-timed and inhuman conduct, demands his just due. Is this a time for him to exercise his unfeeling rudeness ? and yet the case is common, even in this country how many fall victims to disease and poverty ; it is

here therefore that he will find ample food for speculative feeling; it is here, religion tells him what to do, and friendship pays the debt that is due to feeling. How happy will he find himself in the applause of his own conscience! and how proud in the favorable opinion of all good men! how godlike the act! how grateful the emanations of friendship.

Did we allow reason to take its natural course; did we suffer feeling to flow in its proper channel, the miseries of human nature would not be half so pungent. Happiness would then gradually begin to dawn until its sun was fully set; the God of nature would then look with an eye of pleasure on all his works, and adoring we must praise him for all his goodness.

To obtain this let us attend to religious pursuits; let us commune with ourselves; let us pray to God, to strengthen our reason, to mature our feeling, and to shew unto us the light of his blessed countenance, that we may see to walk uprightly and in friendship with all men. No longer then would the rich worldly man, mindful only of his temporal concerns, pass by the indigent and poor with averted eye, and when with enfeebled voice they ask for charity, turn a deaf ear to their earnest supplications. No longer then, I say, would he withhold assistance; for religion would tell him that charity is the behest of heaven; to feel for the distress of his fellow creatures the greatest comfort on earth, and the sure road to everlasting happiness, and where the record of our good actions will stand forward as the best advocate in our favor.

The good man passes his life serenely; his days are all one settled calm; no intervening clouds break on his repose; his slumbers are sweet; a guardian angel attends his couch, and while he sleeps scatters the noxious vapours from his sight and opens to his view Elysium!—observe the settled smile upon his countenance, it plainly indicates that all within is well. If such the good man's dreams, how enviable his state! for when the mandate comes to summon him above, he meets with joy the welcome messenger, and finds a ready passport to that world, where everlasting bliss shall crown his hopes, and usher him to peace that has no end.

But mark the contrast! the wicked man plunges headlong into the depth of wickedness; riots in all the guilty luxury of the day; intoxicated, he staggers home to take some rest and in his way meets the honest labourer, just risen from his humble bed, in order to pursue his daily avocation. He goes to bed—by sleep endeavours to shake off his vile intoxication—his dreams, how unlike the good man's! Confused ideas rush into his brain; he starts and wakes—again he tries to sleep—horrible dreams assail his tortured mind—he cannot sleep—he rises—a thousand aches distract him—from day to day pursuing thus his idle folly, his health and reputation gone, he sinks at last with scarce a hope into eternity.

If such the bad man's end, let us, while yet in the morn of life profit by the sacred lesson, held out to us by the divine Master, and embrace the only true means of happiness, in that spirit of friendly kindness, and enlarged charity which form the christian religion. M.

FOR THE COMPANION.

All-conquering heat! oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,
Beam not so fierce! incessent still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. THOMPSON.

Believe me, dear Easy, our neighbours are sadly in the "sweats"—the weather is "so hot" that the body is so far debilitated as to render the minds even of calumniators inactive. At the next house above us, where SLANDER seemed for a long time to have had her head quarters, whole days now pass away without one genteel person being so fortunate as to have his character handsomely taken to pieces.

Don't be offended, I beg of you, if this familiar epistle be *flat*—or if it should be found to abound with inelegant phrases,—for the weather is "*so hot*" that indeed I cannot labour in the literary field searching for classical language—you may be thankful that I answer at all, your last.

'Who will blame me if, on so hot a day, I refuse riding out to——with you?'—asked a gentleman just now—his friend, who had been master of energy enough to chide him the minute before, for not being ready, could not now muster up as much industry as would enable him to answer the question—accordingly, like one of the honourable disciples of INDOLENCE, he stretched himself at full length on the carpet, happy in thinking he had found an excuse for disappointing the party in the country.

It is quite *too hot* to work, says the mechanick—I had rather starve in peace, than die by endeavouring to procure subsistence. But your creditors will not let you starve in town, lest you might prove a nuisance this *hot weather*. They will remove you up Jones's Falls, to that large new building erected pro bono publico—for the good of *many* however, who did not assist in erecting it. True, he replies, I would willingly lay by, even up there, for the space of 52 days *(the time allowed by law for paying*

small debts!) this *hot weather*. It is very hot, says a beau as he meets his brother lounger in the morning. Perhaps you may say this is a very foolish declaration for any one to make on such a day as this—inasmuch as every body must know it for himself. But I question, my good fellow, if you don't yourself sometimes so sensibly feel the debilitating effects of this universal heat as to say things quite as silly—or, which is worse, say nothing at all. To be candid now, do you never feel vexed when you see the printer's boy coming after you for *copy*?—Aye, EASY, methinks I hear you say to yourself—"I would be glad "it were so *hot* that my readers would not open my pa- "pers when they are thrown in—then I should not be un- "der the necessity of searching after matter for these co- "lumns." And there now you are exactly wrong—for the heat reduces us precisely to that state when a person is willing any one should think for him but himself—renders every man indifferent as to his own business; and, being too lazy to go in search of it, we expect your carriers to throw amusement at us. In this state of mind, I have been half mad when, after being at *all the trouble of ringing for a servant* to bring up your paper, I have discovered it to contain nothing but the *hot weather* complaint of our club—LAZINESS. From which last circumstance I am apt to think, sir, that *your* literary club and *our* fashionable club partake alike of this common malady for a few months in the year so prevalent in hot climates.

I have not been in a good humour since the last *pest* attached to the bank called to let me know that I owed them something. My being out of humour—or any man's being out of humour (unless he were out of a bad humour)—is an essential drawback on the aggregate happiness of the world—from which fact, stubborn and indisputable as it evidently is, I argue, that it is the duty of bank officers, as good christians who should "love their neighbours," not to chace us with their "notices" during the *very hot weather*—but, like our good old professors at the college used formerly to do, give us some holydays.

I was about folding up my epistle, when one of the veriest disciples of LAWRENCE, passing my door with his friend, interrupted me by dra....ging out—sink me, Sam, if the members of the city council are not scoundrels—why should we be forced to go TWO SQUARES AND A QUARTER to market, or fast!—This fellow was indeed all alive to the impositions of *hot weather*. Whether the gentleman imagined that the city government should erect market-houses in every street, cross street, lane and alley—or whether he thought it their duty to throw a shed entirely over the city, I could not learn;—for although they got but slowly along the pavement, yet so overpowered by *heat* was the orator, that I could distinctly hear no more of what was said on the subject. However I think it most probable, that the latter was his wish—for he looked like a projector of the first magnitude; one whose genius could readily conceive the grand design of having a large roof, nicely sodded, and supported by many thousands of handsome columns spread over our city—the columns which support the roof may be made cylindrical, properly hooped, and each one's calibre large enough to contain about one thousand tons of cool water—the effect of such a quantity of cold water, joined to that from the green sods above, would indeed be incalculable. I think in that case none of us, even the most susceptible of heat, need be struck with the horrours at the idea of having to walk, at noon day, when the sun exerts all his energy, from one's back door to the bottom of the yard.

Sir, if you are possessed of that philanthropick spirit which some of your friends, and the friends of humanity, say you are, it is sincerely hoped by many of the suffering sons of LAWRENCE, that you will devise ways and means for our relief. T

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 276.)

DEMONSTRATION III CONCLUDED.

The writers of the gospel history lived at the time that the events which they record, took place.

It is necessary before we believe what any one may tell us, that we be convinced he is sincere, and true; and this is to be desired in religious matters especially, as a single mistake might be of such infinite importance if it impeached the veracity of the narrator.—All the circumstances connected with the character of the Evangelists prove their sincerity, integrity, and truth. If we consider their conduct, and endeavour to develope their motives, all will be in our favour. We are not so much disposed to charge the illiterate, the plain, and the poor with duplicity as those in higher stations of life. All the ancient writings whether favourable or contrary to faith, represent the first disciples of Jesus Christ, and above all the authors of his life, as illiterate men, without education or cultivation, known only by the refuse of the people:—they are acknowledged by their most zealous supporters, to have written without art, order, or correctness, their style unornamented, and frequently approaching to the barbarous. Yet some have endeavoured to find falsities in the midst of this truth. However this argument may seem to

injure the authority of the books in question ; it is truly incontestable and very weighty evidence in their favour. The style of the books bespeaks the character of the man. Their acknowledgement of the meanness of their outward condition, their poverty, &c, evinces their candour. Their frank confession of their faults, of the reproofs which Christ on that account gave them, with many other facts of this nature are all so many undeniable arguments of their openness and simplicity. The candour of the gospel history strongly evidences its truth. It is not probable that men who can thus freely expose their own, and the follies of their brethren should be insincere ; especially if we subjoin this consideration, that this conduct would apparently be very prejudicial to their cause. We must believe the Evangelists true, if we may reason from their writings and history.

Another proof of their ingenuousness may be gathered from the nature of the facts related in the gospel, and the reading of them only will satisfy every person that they were of the worst kind to second or aid an imposture—because they were most authentic and circumstantial ; miracles without number, known to all descriptions of people in Judea ; to its Kings, to the Roman Governors, the ministers of the synagogue, and by the whole nation. There were also discourses of different sorts addressed to the various sects of the Jews. These facts were upon matters of the greatest importance, and the most scrutinized ; made known through the whole earth ; and so detailed that the names, times, places and witnesses are all remarked. Is it possible that men who wished to establish an imposture should choose for evidence that which infallibly would expose their fraud ? if they had not been true they never would have adduced that evidence in its support. Allowing what they said to be true, it would have been discredited if unfaithful, or not to the point. The sincerity of the Evangelists is apparent.

But some circumstances in the publication of these writings augur very favourably in behalf of the sincerity and truth of their authors. The sacred volume appeard before the destruction of Jerusalem. The history of Christ was published at a time when the Jews and Christians were at variance ; when the two parties contested the purport of the predictions. The gospel of Matthew was published about eight or nine years after the death of Christ ; Mark's did not appear till near ten years after that of Matthew ; Luke's about ten years later ; and thirty five years elapsed between the promulgation of Luke's and the gospel by John. This must be acknowledged by the enemies of the gospel, either that the gospel history was recieved as true, or rejected as false. If they admit the former, dispute is at an end ; if they cleave to the latter, namely, that the gospel was denied immediately as Matthew published his relation ; it would have been impossible for the other three to have fostered the same fables upon the world ; because the records of its first appearance, and immediate condemnation would have been preserved ; to confound the designs of those who might attempt their second publication. The circumstances connected with the first promulgation of the gospel history are such as to evince, that the authors of that history were sincere and true ; this added to their character, their conduct, and the nature of the facts as placed in a particular situation, prove to a demonstration this part of our proposition. *(To be continued.)*

FOR REFERENCES TO THE FOLLOWING NOTES, SEE LAST NUMBER.

* Matthew had first preached to the Jews. But when he was about to travel among the Gentiles, he composed his gospel in his native tongue; which including those things, which he had delivered, he left for a memorial to these from whom he retired, that he might preach to the Gentiles.

† For it is certain that in three former Evangelists, these things only seem to be comprised, which occurred during that year in which John the Baptist was shut up in prison and punished: therefore John the Apostle was asked to include in the writings of the Saviour, those which the former writers omitted before the imprisonment of John.

‡ John when he was in Asia, and when the heresies began to spring up, those of Cerenthus, Ebion, and others who deny that Christ came in the flesh, was constrained by almost all the churches of Asia, and by disputations from many others to write more largely concerning the divinity of our Saviour.

‖ Mark was the disciple of Peter who published, the events narrated by Peter.

§ They prayed Mark the follower of Peter, whose Gospel is still extant, that he would leave with them a written record of his doctrine which they had believed by hearing him.

Mark who had heard what Peter had preached, being asked at Rome by the brethren, wrote a short gospel, which when Peter had seen, he approved, and gave his authority that it should be read in the churches.

** The gospel which Mark published, was affirmed to be Peter's, whose amanuensis Mark was, and that by Luke, was commonly ascribed to Paul.

§§ Luke was the follower of Paul, who uttered in a book that gospel which had been preached by him.

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Concluded from page 277.)

Among his Latin memorandums, there is a resolution "never to engage in games of chance." Cards he detested ; as destructive of time at least, if not of money : which in him I thought the more remarkable, as he had, when a boy, learned (I know not how) to play at what is called *quadrille*, and some other games. In those days he often urged me to play at cards, saying, he was sure it would

amuse me. I told him, I had several times attempted quadrille; but that, of the directions given me, some I could never understand, and some I could never remember. He begged leave to write a few directions: and I gave him leave; being curious to know, how a lad of eleven years of age would acquit himself in respect of style, and the arrangement of his matter. He brought me two treatises, (still extant) one of quadrille, the other of backgammon, written with a propriety, perspicuity, and correctness, that very agreeably surprised me. I could not help telling him, as was true, that I understood them much better than any oral information I had ever received on those subjects.

There is another fashionable recreation, to which he could not reconcile his mind, the reading of romances. The time employed in that way he held to be lost. Don Quixote, however, Robinson Crusoe, and Cecilia, he read with pleasure, and began, but could not get through, Gil Blas. Hearing that an acquaintance of his had almost had his brain turned with *The Adventures of Roderick Random*, he had the curiosity to ask for that book, but quickly laid it aside, and would never afterwards resume it. To amuse some hours of langour, in the commencement of his last illness, I advised him to look into Fielding; and he read Tom Jones, and, I think, Amelia. He gave that author no little praise for his humour, for the very skilful management of his fable, the variety and contrasts of his characters, and, with a few exceptions, for the beautiful simplicity of his style: but still—the time spent in reading it was lost; and there was more danger from the indelicacy of particular passages, than hope of its doing good by the satire; the moral sentiments, or the distributive justice dispensed in winding up the catastrophe.

I wish I could have given specimens of his talent in writing letters: but it happens, that most of those I have of his contain circumstances of private business, which ought not to be made publick. His epistolary style was correct, easy, and simple, and, like his conversation, seasoned with that unaffected and playful humour in which he so greatly excelled.

I am loth to part with my subject.

———Juvat usque morari
Et conferre gradum——— Virg. VI. 487.

But some may think, enough has been said; though there are a few, who know that the subject is by no means exhausted.

About the disposal of his papers he gave no directions: being, I suppose, prevented, either by his thinking them unworthy of notice, or by his unwillingnes to pain me by speaking of his dissolution. Nothing else could have prevented him: for he and I always lived on terms of the most unreserved and familiar intimacy.

One day, after all hope of recovery was gone, he called for a particular parcel of his papers, and, putting them in the hand of a Friend who was sitting by him, desired that they might be burned. His Friend dissuaded it; but he repeated the request, and said they contained nothing of any value. There is reason to think, that he did not then distinctly remember what papers were in that parcel (which he had made up before he had any apprehension of danger, and had not seen for many months); and that on this occasion some things might have been destroyed, which perhaps he wished to be preserved. I cannot otherwise account for the mutilated state in which I find some of his best pieces.

I have lost the pleasantest, and, for the last four or five years of his short life, one of the most instructive, companions, that ever man was delighted with. But—THE LORD GAVE; THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY: BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.—I adore the Author of all good, who gave him grace to lead such a life, and die such a death, as makes it impossible for a Christian to doubt of his having entered upon the inheritance of a happy immortality. 18*th January* 1791.

FROM THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messrs. Editors,

Having lately had some warm disputing with an old-fashioned Don about dress and such like, and not being able to agree, I concluded to apply to you for information. You must know then that I am lately from the country, and apprenticed to a merchant, and wishing to make a credible appearance, want to know something about the fashions.

Pray then, gentlemen, in the first place, should not a man, summer and winter, carry at least ten times as much clothing, as a woman, for the reason that he is stronger, and better able to bear it?

Should not every sprig of his hair be cut off behind where it is of no manner of use, and be suffered to flow in ringlets over the face, to guard the eyes, and shade the forehead, nose, &c. from the weather? Are not whiskers useful in strengthening and keeping the jaws warm?

Should a summer great coat have ten capes, or only six? Are not the new fashioned bag sleeves very convenient and graceful? Does a man who wears them look as if his arms were bolstered and poulticed on account of sores? Were they ever intended to hide deformed or withered limbs, or broken bones?

Were they invented to facilitate shop lifting and pilfering, by furnishing a ready retreat for whatever may be purloined, either from the counter or the pocket, whether a watch, a pocket-book, a bolt of linen, or a dozen of straw knives?

Are they an ingenious contrivance to hide the itch—that vulgar pest which, ever and anon, riots on dirty fingers?

Are they in reality meant merely to correct the defects of nature, by lengthening out the arms to the true proportion, to make man more nearly resemble the monkey, that knowing, active, smerky creature?

Were they designed to keep the hands warm? or cold? and how long and wide should they be, to be the tippy? should they reach to the ancle bone? or only to the calf of the leg? and be capacious enough to contain three, or only two bushels each?

Were they meant to answer the purpose of knapsacks? and if so, will they not be in the way of fighting? and would not the new-fashioned breeches pouch be a more convenient place for stowing and carrying a "soldier's all?"

How many folds and wrinkles should there be in a genteel sleeve? and how many between the shoulders of a well made coat? and also, how wide should the skirts gap behind, in order to exhibit the breeches pouch to advantage? And again, how much should the pouch of a fashionable pair of breeches or pantaloons be calculated to contain, over and above the flesh and bones of the wearer? four bushels? or only two? and how far should the pouch project in a horizontal line from the main rump? two feet, or only one? and should it hang down in drapery form, or be drawn to a handsome projectile peak? How high should these galligaskins reach above the centre? to the chin? with holes cut in the *waist-band* to let the *arms* out? or should they stop at the arm-pits, to leave room for a vest still higher up?—How long should a commodious vest be? six inches? or only three? and should it have three buttons? or, but one? Should sleeves have any seams in them?

Is not a black dress, especially of stout woolen cloth, cooler and more comfortable for hot weather than a light coloured one of cotton or silk? and are not fire-proof boots much more suitable for summer wear than shoes? and should not their tops tend pretty well upwards, in pursuit of the waist-band and vest? and not stop abruptly at the knees, as if docked and skimped, but preserve a stately, graceful course, up to the fork?

Are thick stumpy legs, or long spindle shanks most in fashion? Should legs have calves to them? and if so, cannot a spare leg be helped by stuffing a bit of wool, or cotton, or rags within the stockings? I mean this to be done only when a body is in his undress: in full dress he will have no occasion for it, as then his coat, pantaloons, boots, &c. will sufficiently hide his native form, and give symmetry to his person; and it cannot be wrong to adopt such contrivances as are now in vogue, to counteract the gallimaufry shapes of nature.

Do you know of any body who wants a *genteel* apprentice? I should like to change my place to some store where there's nothing to do—for I understand it's not fashionable to sweep out the store, brush the dust from the goods, run of errands and so on—and where I now am, my master expects me to do all such vulgar things. Should not merchants' apprentices wear silk gloves? and be at liberty to gallant the girls of afternoons?

Oh! I had like to have forgotten to ask the proper dimensions for the diameter of fire-proof boots—I observe that in some instances it scarcely exceeds twice the size of the leg—should it not be rather more spacious to be convenient?—And again, what is the rule for forming the square and turn up of the toes? One of my fellow apprentices says the square should be an inch, and the curl two, for every foot of a man's height; to which I beg leave to add an amendment, by proposing that, by way of counterpoise, the heel should project to an equal distance t'other way; so that one's leg might stand like a mast in a boat; in which case there would certainly be less danger of oversetting in squalls.

One or two more questions, and I'll have done. Pray how much should a genteel shirt collar be elevated above the ears? I know that ears require that shelter; but should it not also envelope the temples, and project a little matter or so forward of the nose, after the way and fashion of blind-halters, to preserve us from the dangers and inconvenience of gaping about, and from sudden frights? And, in order to keep a man in one steady course, that is, from turning to the right hand and to the left, which you know was forbidden of old, should not the collar be made of sheet iron, rather than of buckram, as is now the practice?

Yours, JONATHAN PLUMPUDDING.

THE APPARITION—AN EXTRACT.

In the vicinity of Chamberry, a town in Savoy, stood the ancient mansion of the Albertini; round it were several little buildings, in which were deposited the cattle, poultry, &c. &c. belonging to the family. A young gentleman, by name Barbarosse, came to the Chatteau on a

vist for a few days: He was cordially received, being of a pleasing, lively disposition; and an elegant room in the east wing was prepared for his accommodation.

The family and their young guest spent the day very agreeably, and after supper they sat round a comfortable large fire, and diverted themselves with songs and stories; the former, as is generally the case, were some of the sprightly, some of the tender and pathetic kind; but the latter were for the most part, of the melancholy cast, particularly those which related to preternatural occurrences. The social party separated at half past twelve o'clock, and Barbarosse retired to his chamber. It was a handsome room on the first floor, having three doors; two of those belonged to two little closets, one on the right that overlooked a farm yard; and another more to the left that presented a view through the window, of a large romantic wood; the third door was that by which he entered his room after traversing a long passage. Our youth had visited this room in the morning and looked out of the window to enjoy the prospect for a great while.

As he entered his appartment with his mind full of the diversion just left, he set his candle down upon the table, and looked about him; there was an excellent fire in the chimney, with an iron grating before it to prevent accidents; a large elbow chair stood near it; and not being at all sleepy he sat down reflecting on the amusements of the day, and endeavoring to remember the tales he had heard. In some he thought he perceived strong traits of truth; and in others he discovered palpable fiction and absurdity. Whilst he was deliberating upon the various incidents the heavy watch bell tolled two; but Barbarosse did not attend to it, being deeply engaged in his contemplation. He was suddenly awaked from his reveries by an uncommon rustling sound issuing from the closet on the right hand; and listening attentively, he heard distinct taps upon the door at short intervals.

Alarmed at the circumstance, he walked slowly to his bed side, and drew forth his pocket pistols from under the pillow; these he carefully placed upon the table, and resumed the elbow chair. All was again still as death; and nought but the winds, which whistled round the watch tower and the adjacent buildings, could be heard.

Barbarosse looked towards the door of the closet, which he then, and not until then, percieved, was not shut, but found that it hung upon the jar; immediately a furious blast forced it wide open; the taper burnt blue, and the fire seemed almost extinct.

Barbarosse arose, put forth a silent hasty ejaculation of prayer, and sat down again; again he heard the noise! he started up, seized the pistols, and stood motionless; whilst large cold drops of dew hung down upon his face. Still his heart continued firm, and he grew more composed, when the rustling and taps were renewed! Barbarosse desperately invoked the protection of Heaven, cocked one of the pistols, and was about to rush into the portentious apartment, when the noise increased, and drew nearer; a loud peal of thunder, that seemed to rend the firmament shook violently the solid battlements of the watch tower, the deep toned bell tolled three, and its hollow sound long vibrated on the ear of Barbarosse with fainter and fainter murmurs; when a tremendous cry thrilled him with terror and dismay; and, lo! the long dreaded spectre stalked into the middle of the room; and Barbarosse, overcome with surprise and astonishment at the *unexpected* apparation, sunk down *convulsed* in his chair.

The phantom was armed *de cap en pied*, and clad in a black garment. On his crest a black plume waved majestically, and instead of glove or any other sort of lady's favor, he wore a blood-red token. He bore no weapon of offence in his hand, but a gloomy shield made of the feathers of some kind of bird was cast over each shoulder. He was booted and spurred; and looking upon Barbarosse with ardent eyes, raised his feathery arms, and struck them vehemently against his sides, making at the same time the most vociferous noise!

"Then it was that Barbarosse found, says my phlegmatic author, that he had not shut down the window in the morning; from which neglect it happened, that a BLACK GAME COCK had flown into the closet, and created all this inexpressible confusion."

ANECDOTES.

A young fellow meeting with a gentleman much older than himself, at a lady's to whom both paid their addresses, took an opportunity of sarcastically asking his rival, '*Pray, Sir, what do you suppose the difference between your age and mine?*' "I cannot be exact, Sir, (replied the other) but I have always understood that an *ass* is much older at twenty than a *man* at fifty."

A clergyman in the west of England being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother who had some interest with his patron, applied for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said, he wanted his *death*. "No no, Doctor, (says the other) you quite mistake, it was *your living* I wanted."

SELECTED POETRY.

The following lines were left at the entrance of a Grotto where the author presumed to offer some advice, which he afterwards feared might be resented in a manner fatal to his happiness.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-dripping tree,
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And, willow, thy damps are refreshing to me,

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I in secret her confidence sought;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught—

Then tell me, thou grotto, of moss-cover'd stone,
And tell me, thou willow, with leaves dropping dew,
Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone,
And did she confess her resentment to you?

Methinks now each bough as you're waving it tries
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel—
To hint how she frown'd when I dar'd to advise,
And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow,
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I see;
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow—
She sigh'd, but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.

Then wave thy leaves brisker thou willow of woe,
I tell thee no rage in her looks could I see:
I cannot, I will not, believe it was so,
She was not, she could not be angry with me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong,
It sunk at the thought but of giving her pain;
But trusted its task to a faultering tongue,
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet oh! if indeed I've offended the maid,
If Delia my humble monition refuse;
Sweet willow, the next time she visits thy shade,
Fan gently her bosom and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve
As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

Or lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and I swear
The next time I visit thy moss cover'd seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

ODE,

Addressed to a Girl in the temple, 1777.

In the Manner of JOHNSON.

While the calescent, sanguine flood,
By vile Vulgarity call'd Blood,
Pervades this mortal frame;
Amaz'd at your translucid charms,
You I solicit to these arms,
Tho' of procacious name!

When in your dim nocturnal rounds,
Erratick from the Temple's bounds
Thro' devious lanes you stray;
With friendly auscultation deign
To audit amatorial pain
Subvected in this lay.

Satellite of the Paphian dame,
Whose rays, tho' darken'd by thy fame,
Illuminate my mind:
Desert the street, resume the plain,
Rejoin your derelicted swain—
Be prudent, as you're kind.

My brows, obumbrated with age,
Hang scowling o'er life's latter-page—
But you, like Lunar beam;
Thro' my nimbosity arise;
Dispensing, from your lucid eyes,
Refocillating gleam.

RUBRILLA.

When the weak brain imagin'd beauty warms
The meanest Mopsy has ten thousand charms;
On her black head if sable horrors stare,
Or deadly paleness damps her languid hair,
Shrewd similes from jet and pearl are sought,
In all the wild extravagance of thought.
Not so when fair Rubrilla's radiance bright
Shines to the eye, and cheers the ravish'd light,
Her lively hue a genial heat inspires,
And kindles love by strong refulgent fires:
Ting'd with etherial light her tresses flow;
With lively bloom and sprightly vigour glow.
High on her lofty front has nature spread
A pleasing garland of delightful red;
Illustrious red, magnificently bright,
By Newton found the strongest beam of sight;
Prime of all colours!—On the monarch's throne
In robes majestic is its lustre shown;
Red are those blushes which serenely grace
The modest beauties of the virgin's face:
Intrinsic particles of red compose
The sanguine clove, and arromatic rose.
The ruby lip invites to balmy love,
And sportive Nereids haunt the coral grove;
Couch'd in red locks delighted Cupids lie,
Thence their keen darts and painted arrows fly.
Such was the golden fleece which Jason bore
In joyful triumph from the Colchian shore.
Britain's red flag commands the subject main;
In every heart Rubrilla's streamers reign.
Through seas of blood undaunted heroes fly,
And steep their lawrels in that glorious dye.
Young Ammon redden'd at the gramic flood,
And bath'd in red victorious Granby stood.
Translated to the starry realms on high,
Rubrilla's hair shall future Flamsteeds spy;
There shall the ram, and staring bull admire,
To see that blaze which set the world on fire.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1805. No. 37.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Oh! fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunella. POPE.

Mr. Easy,

IT is reasonable to suppose, that all mankind feel a cogent inclination to travel through the paths of mortal life, with as much facility and accuracy as practicable; and that they all imbibe from the cradle of infancy, a tacit interest in using such means as appear most likely to promote the greatest degree of pleasure and happiness; therefore, it is a duty incumbent on them, of the first magnitude, to acquire a proficiency of themselves. But to reduce this to practice, is attended with considerable pains and self-denial; therefore, it is in some degree inconsistent with human nature to suppose, that it will please all classes of people. Yet, most cordially do I wish, that each individual, rich and poor, would employ a certain part of his time in the contemplation and comprehension of himself, so that he might be the better prepared to regulate his passions; and as the highest aim of good, strive to make himself a truly honest, amiable, and useful member of civil society; in preference to fixing his mind solely upon the paltry object of riches, and other vain pursuits, which are fleeting and inadequate to secure solid and lasting happiness. Such demeanour would be of the greatest utility to the human family, both publicly and individually; provided it could be brought to maturity, it would unquestionably tend to diffuse the happiest influence through every grade in society—it would dispel the sable agents of collusion, bribery and corruption, faction and sedition; reform abuses, and conciliate a great and happy change in the several orders and fortunes of men. But why waste the precious moments of swift winged time, by dwelling upon a subject equally romantic and visionary; for it is not compatible with reason to suppose, that amiable and virtuous dispositions exist in the constitutions of all men; yet, it is presumable, they might approach nearer virtue, was it not for the allurement of money; but it is not in the power of logic to make men believe, that virtue alone leads to infinite happiness and freedom, and that vice conducts them to inevitable misery and slavery. To use artifice and address in obtaining things of little, or no value, and neglect the chief source of enjoyments, avails nothing but a succession of disappointments and chagrin; and obviates the practicability of enjoying civil liberty in its fullest sense; for aptly speaking, no man can enjoy freedom and independence, who is the grovelling slave of avarice and folly—he is a fit subject for such absolute rulers as inflict servitude equally wretched and ignominious. The passion of self-interest is in some degree essential as it stimulates us in the pursuit of a competency of wealth to quell the cravings of nature, to place us in situations above being beholden to the proud, and to secure us from the sarcastic sneers of pomposity.—Every individual is not born in the lap of affluence; therefore, it becomes an indispensible duty incumbent on men thus circumstanced, to provide an honest and equitable maintenance for themselves and families, by dint of industry and frugality: Thus honest mechanics acquire a livelihood, and place themselves in easy circumstances by their daily labour, and, provided their desires and means are reciprocal, may live as happy and contented as those placed in higher ranks of life, and indeed far more so than the servile miser, whose coffers overflow with riches, wherein all the desires of his contracted soul concentrate. And the man who is blest with a superior genius, aided by the happy influence of a good education, may,

in some reputable profession, make himself eminently respectable and useful in society: so as to gain for himself a plentiful estate. Thus by a moderate love of money, aided by virtue and prudence, a man may acquire ease of body and mind, and place himself above the fear of want. Although I entertain rather a mean opinion of opulence with all its gaudy parade; yet, I do not mean to insinuate, that a moderate portion of wealth is not praiseworthy: for I am clearly of opinion that it furnishes the benevolent with means to infuse into the minds of others, by acts of kindness and compassion, the most delightful balm of consolation. On the other hand, when men sordidly aim at obtaining money solely for the love of it, their desires are without measure, for the more they acquire, the more they crave, without contributing the smallest mite to relieve the unfortunate: in the hands of such, it is more a curse, than a blessing. Hence I shall contend, that too great a craving after riches, even admitting that illicit measures are not used to obtain them, begets selfishness, and gradually *blights* the gay flowers of generosity in their bud, having a tendency to breed contempt instead of respect towards the honest and virtuous in a state of mediocrity. What a wretched character! it destroys in a great degree, the contemplation of natural beauties, which yield a far nobler entertainment to the mind, than sensual enjoyments. Such dispositions, sentiments and actions as tend to the general utility of mankind, gain a powerful ascendancy over the internal sense, so as to make the external appear far more amiable and lovely. Indeed it seems a folly for mankind to place their happiness in the enjoyment of sensual pleasures, when brutes have the advantage of them in that respect. Some men are pleased with the beauties of painting, statuary, music or poetry, when others are more in love with those peculiar to natural objects, such as the virtues of plants; the forms and dispositions of animals; the elements; the universe, celestial bodies, or the courses of the planets; all which, in my opinion, are calculated to produce more refined and ineffable pleasure, and delightful entertainment, than the greatest affluence imaginable. Whatever part we act on the stage of common life, our desires and aversions should be moderated as much as possible, so as to procure to ourselves an equality of mind. How is this to be affected? why, by a due regulation and castigation of all extravagant fancies and untoward opinions, and impartially considering for a moment the real pleasure or pain such passions are subject to; appreciating their attendant consequences, and balancing the aggregate of good and evil which they contain. By such scrutiny, we may be shown the defect of all sublunary enjoyments; that they are uniformly pregnant with such calamities as tend to subdue those high and florid imaginations we are so prone to entertain; and thereby effect a temperature of our desires rendering them more calm and subservient to the situation of life;—it will also teach us that a number of supposed evils are not so horrid as they seem to be at first sight, but may possibly be incorporated with some good, so as to furnish an happy agent in banishing black and formidable ideas, rendering our alternate fears and aversions in a less degree tormenting. Thus by duly considering and amusing the attention by matters of the greatest concern, we may at last, make all our ideas of pleasure, and apprehensions of evil appear reasonable and just. Then indeed we shall be no longer governed in too great a degree by the gay flowers of fancy, nor will our passions of affection and disaffection be so impetuous and excessive; but we may by indefatigable attention habituate ourselves to patience, temperance and self-command.

BELLISARIUS.

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 284.)

DEMONSTRATION IV.

Their connection with posterior facts, and their having been acknowledged by those whose interest it was to deny them.

It is impossible in the present constitution of things, that effects can be produced without a cause. It follows that the cause of any events which have happened must have existed prior to the effects manifested; and many of those posterior facts resulting from the death of Christ could not have arisen, if that circumstance had never occurred. We are certain that the cause of any thing will produce a concomitant, and not a strange effect no way deducible from such a cause. To suppose that the death of Christ as a cause could effect any thing inconsistent with itself, or contrary to it, is supponere quod non supponendum. We shall notice some of these facts which will convince us that the gospel history must be true, or these posterior events could never have appeared. Every fact is indubitable, when there are others necessarily following, the certainty of which no one questions. There are facts yet subsisting which are the necessary consequences of the miracles of Jesus Christ; essentially connected with those related in the gospel, whose certainty has never been disputed. The conduct of the apostles with regard to their endeavours to spread the gospel: Soon after the death of Christ, the apostles separated to teach the unin-

formed, to make known the miracles which they had seen done, and themselves to shew wonders, in and through that almighty power which had worked from the beginning. Nothing could disconcert their plans, or diminish their intrepidity. At their word, all human ideas changed; the ancient system appeared a vain fable; the geneallogy of their gods, a fiction, which revelation now shamed away, the answers of their oracles, a gross imposture; at the sound of their voice, of men without eloquence; artifice, or power, the heathen temples are deserted, the gods contemned, the sacrifices ceased, the altars and oracles forsaken, and the prophane feasts are forgotten. The gospel runs from kingdom to kingdom; nations are instructed, and nations converted. In less than two centuries the face of the world is altered, and the christian empire had soon spread wider than that of Alexander or the Romans. Was all this effected without a cause? It is incredible. Is it to be supposed that all this was done without examination? It is impossible. Men were convinced; once they were idolaters; now are they christians. This is a necessary consequence of the resurrection of Christ—but if that event be not certain, we are utterly at a loss to say why this revolution happened in the world.

The number and constancy of the martyrs. Soon after the church began to increase, direful persecutions were raised against it. From age to age, history shews us great personages, illustrious philosophers, otherwise the glory of paganism, abandoning their altar, embracing the humility of the cross, and in the most wretched torments, blessing the hands which smote them. Polycarp, Ignatius, Pothin, Irenæus, Justin, Clement, &c. were these credulous ignorant men? The most powerful enemies of the christian faith admired their elegant writings. We still read the eulogiums given to Origen and others, by Porphyrius a most bitter foe to the christians; he says:

Origenes hic est cujus ingens gloria inter eorum Magestros habetur. Hic namque auditor Ammonii fuit, qui summam laudem inter Philosophos prædecessores nostros tenuit. Sed Origenes, quantum quidem pertinet ad eruditionem literarum, totum pene in semit ipsum transfudit Magistrum. Assecutus quippe fuerat omnia Platonis secreta. Institutus fuerat in libris Numenii et Chronii et Apollophanis et Longini, sed et Moderati etque, Nicomachi: in Pythagoricis vero summorum virorum non eum latuere Commentarii. Attigit etiam Chremonis Stoici et Cornuti volumina.*

The emperors Adrian, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius, who prided themselves in their philosophic attainments, read with surprise the Apologists who wrote in defence of Christianity.

Jerome says, Quadratus Apostolorum Discipulus, nonne Adriano principi Eleusinæ sacra invisenci librum pro nostra religione tradidit. Et tantæ admirationi omnibus fuit, ut persecutionem gravissimam illins excellens sedaret ingenium. Aristides Philosophus, vir eloquentissimus, eidem principi Apologeticum pro Christianis obtulit contextum Philosophorum sententiis, quem imitatus postea Justinus Antonino pio et filiis ejus, senatuique librum contra gentiles tradidit defendens ignominiam crucis, et Resurrectionem Christi tota prædicans libertate.†

Orosius says, Hic, Adrianus, per Quadratum et Aristidem, virem fide sapientiaque plenum, et per Serenum Granium legatum libris de Christiana Religione compositis instructus atque eruditus, præcepit per Epistolam ad Minutium Fundanum proconsulem Asiæ datam, ut oemini liceret Christianos sine objectu criminis et probatione damnare. Verum Justinus Philosophus librum pro Christiana Religione compositum tradidit Antonino, benignumque cum erga Christianos omnes fecit.‡

Consider the miracles by which the martyrs were supported and upheld; they had not heard only of them, they had seen them, and had themselves performed them: at the name of Christ, at the simple recital of the words of scripture, they commanded nature, and she obeyed their voice; they chased diseases; they penetrated into the thoughts;—they spoke in divers tongues;—they prophesied;—and they restored the dead to life;—all these were necessary consequences of the resurrection of Christ, and demonstrate that event to have been prior to these facts.

Irenæus gives evidence of this in these important words:

Quapropter et in illius, Jesu Christi, nomine, qui vere illius sunt Discipuli, ab ipso accipientes gratiam perficiunt ad beneficia reliquorum Hominum, quemadmodum unusquisque accepit donum ab eo. Alii enim Dæmones excludunt firmissime et vere, ut etiam sæpissime credant ipsi qui emundati sunt a nequissimis spiritibus, et sint in Ecclesia. Alii autem et præscientiam habent futurorum, et visiones et dictiones Prophetarum. Alii autem laborantes aliqua infirmitate, per manus impositionem curant, et sanos restituunt. Jam etiam et quemadmodum diximus, et *mortui resurrexerunt* et perseraverunt nobiscum annis multis. Et quid autem non est numerum dicere gratiarum quas per universum Mundum Ecclesia, a Deo accipiens in nomine Jesu Christi crucifici sub Pontio Pilato, per singulos dies in opitulationem gentium efficit.‖

* *For translations, see end of Demonstration in next number.*

Origen writes to the same effect—Post haec nesclo quare Celsus ait Dæmonum quorumdam nominibus et incantationibus videri pollere Christianos; opinor subindicans excantatores et expulsores Dæmonum; quod quidem manifestam præ se fert calumniam. Non enim incantationibus pollere videntur; sed nomine Jesu cum commemoratione ejus factorum. Nam his verbis sæpenumero profligati sunt Dæmones ex hominibus. Præcipue quoties qui enuntiant, ea sano affectu et integra fide proferunt. Tanta certe vis nomini Jesu inest ut, nonnumquam etiam a malis nominatum, sit efficax. Satis apparet Christianos nulla exercere incantamenta, contentos invocatione Jesu nominis, et recitatione scripturæ divinæ a fidelibus receptæ.§

Eusebius says, Quis autem ignorat nostræ esse consuetudinis, ipso Jesu nomine, et purissimis precibus omnem Dæmonum vexationem abigere?¶

The resurrection of Christ was previous to the time to which our authors refer, and its being undoubted was the cause of these prodigies.

The feasts celebrated by the apostles, and their successors. We know that they assembled on the Sabbath to break bread; and from that time to this, the first day of the week has not ceased to be a day of worship, of prayer, and of rest for all those who trust in God through Jesus. This day is consecrated to the memory of his resurrection, and is the most distinguishing feast among the Christians: but if the resurrection of Christ had been unknown, how could this have become general through the earth? could this feast have been established in consequence of a chimerical vision? It is impossible.

What is there more likely to commemorate great and eminent actions than this frequent, periodical, and universal feast? When it is wished that any event should be kept in remembrance from generation to generation, a time for its publick celebration should be appointed: and thus the resurrection of Christ is intimated to us by the return of the Sabbath, and its certainty proved by its connection with these posterior facts. *(To be continued.*

FOR THE COMPANION.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE I.

How lamentable it is to find one's self alone in this world. Like a majestick oak unsociably I stand, reared far above the puny grass blades that grow within the circle of my shade. Yes indeed I am somewhat superior to mere vegetable matter; for did I see a wild beast coming at me, I could flee, and in flight there would be safety:—not so the spear of grass—the keen-edged scythe of the mower is seen approaching, when, without retreating power to save themselves, down, down the resistless legions. But hark! scythe, did I say—and who comes here? Nay then I was mistaken; for I see a mighty scythe approaching. Time, the dreadful mower of all sublunary things, will soon have a hack at me. Yes, I see the keen-edged blade approaching, guided by him whose gigantick strides laugh at our snailish pace in flight.

Such is the nature of imperfect man.

Tired of the mercenary din and bustle of the town, I had hurried in the evening to the fields; where the honest farmers were preparing for "*harvest home*". How true is nature in analogy, said I, when the falling blade of grass pictured to me five feet seven inches of my own dear self stretched like an helpless swarth on the cold ground. Alas, poor Rario—thou must quit this scene, else these draughts of sympathy will make thee bankrupt—for a heart of sensibility can no more sustain a ceaseless train of such reflections, than an honest trader can supply the exorbitant and ever-increasing demands of unfeeling shavers. *Shavers!* repeated Leander, (who I did not know had overheard my soliloquy) I hate them; What, rob a man before his face, and call it buying money! I had heard some small arguments advanced in defence even of shaving; but my friend's irreconcileable dislike for those kind of gentry, one of whose honourable body had eased his father of a handsome estate, rendered it quite unnecessary for me to say any thing in extenuation. So, happy at having fallen in with Leander, whose congenial spirit always furnished something pleasing, we agreed to take our walk in company.

Having made good our journey to the top of the next eminence, we turned round to view, at a distance, this busy spot on earth, called Baltimore. What a difference—this city, when we were in it, seemed like unto a little world; now, at the distance of a few miles only, how altered—a mere point amidst surrounding hills. I had enjoyed silently the many beautiful landscapes and views round about, when suddenly I felt that there was a something wanting—there was an evident deficiency: Leander, said I, as I addressed myself to space, for Leander had long since left me, (without my knowledge) in pursuit of some new object that had struck his curious eye—as in such cases he never appears sensible that any one is with him:—Leander, are not you and I awkwardly situated here?—Methinks the presence of LAVINIA would add new life to this beautiful scene. I think indeed, my friend, we are very imperfect beings. O lovely woman!—dear Lavinia. What say you, Leander? Surprised that

no one should bear their part in this discourse, I began to think of the old saying—*love makes us mad*—upon which, as some honest people would say, I immediately instituted this necessary enquiry, whether this is myself, very Rario, or whether it be a deserter from the mad-house? I soon found that it was indeed me—for in that lucky moment I discovered Leander busy with some affair in the adjoining field, where were assembled some harvest men. I soon handed myself over the fence—when I found them stripping an unfortunate young man who had fallen from a tree. Having broken no bones in the fall, Leander, who in his extensive reading, has measured the dry, though useful, length of many a medical page, was preparing a lancet—in the mean time there arose a violent debate between BILLY FAINTHEART and FARMER RATIONAL—the latter observed that, according to great surgeons, bleeding was the first essential in all such cases; for, said Mr. Rational, "the best step you can take to-"ward curing a bruise, is first to extract the injured blood, "which is itself, as well as the vessels, bruised, of course "it is a powerful obstacle in the way of healing; but be-"ing drawn off, its place is immediately supplied with "pure blood, which nourishes and heals the part affect-"ed." 'O no, O no, La me! la me! exclaimed the 'affrighted Billy, don't, Doctor, don't do that—its hor-'rid for to go and cut the good man, *jist* because he hurt 'himself—O don't Doctor—indeed now nobody oughtent 'never to be blooded—blood is the life of us all—it al-'ways kills me to be blooded!'

Leander, while busied in his benevolent attentions to his patient, seemed to pay very little attention to *la me!*—but no sooner did the sufferer begin to move his arms, than my friend, evidently intending an attack on the simpleton, threw a mischievious glance on Billy—he observed it, and, as though fearing some demand was about to be made on his sanguine fluid, commenced a slow but steady retreat. Upon which Leander, brandishing his crimsoned blade, and calling on Mr. Faintheart to stop for him, made after him—but Billy, with straining eyes and nostrils, while his rebellious hair raised off his hat, and his affrighted knees began to smite each other, immediately imposed a heavy duty on his willing *under-standers*. Alarm was the word, and off was poor Billy—who, mayhap, is still going!

Leander soon concluded he could never overtertake a man by fair running affrighted as Mr. F. was—and very wisely came back to enjoy the laugh. By which time the young man had so far recovered as to return many thanks to the stranger Doctor for his goodness—and, having received their best wishes as well for our individual welfare, as for the general prosperity of the city which contained "such noble inhabitants," we bade them a cheerful good-by: Leander, happy in having performed a good action—and Rario, his humble friend, equally proud in having fine things said of him too, because, forsooth, he was found in good company. Fortunate Rario—good Leander.

I always receive double satisfaction, Mr. Easy, from being spoken well of, by the plain honest people in the country. With their opinions you find no mixture of flattery—because they meddle not with the noisy speculations, and consequent corruption, of mercantile manouvres. Ingenuous, free, and honest—their judgment is moral law; and black indeed is the heart of that wretch who could pass by their sons in distress—or attack the virtue of their daughters. Amen—Amen! RARIO.

EXTRACT.

It was in the year 1784, that a gentleman and lady of Yorkshire were making the tour of Ireland.

Towards the close of one of those summer days when the threatening clouds appear to be surcharged with storms, they arrived at a small village, situated in a most romantic spot upon the margin of the principle lake of Killarney. Being that particular season of the year, when a great number of persons visit these celebrated lakes, every sleeping apartment in the only inn that the place could boast, was occupied before their arrival.

However, the master of the inn so far undertook to remedy the evil of sitting up during the night, which our travellers so much dreaded, that he promised them a comfortable apartment in the house of an honest fisherman, which stood upon a wooded eminence, about two miles distant from the town, and was situated upon the margin of the same lake.

The gentleman appearing to express some anxiety during this account of the house and its inhabitant, was instantly assured by his present host that he might place the utmost confidence in the hospitality of the fisherman's family, for he had long been acquainted with them.

Having no choice of habitations for the night, the gentleman was fain to consent to the proposal of his landlord notwithstanding he was under some apprehensions for the comfort of his companion, who was a very beautiful young lady, to whom he had lately been married.

They remained at the inn till after supper, when a guide was procured to conduct them to the fisherman's habitation, and being informed that the road was too narrow and

rough to admit a carriage, they left the village upon horseback, preceded by their guide, who had every appearance of a wild barbarian, lately brought from his native mountains.

The night was extremely stormy, and one of those furious blasts that occasionally sweep over the vast Atlantic, and heave its mighty waters, now howled in dismal sounds through the immense woods that frown over the murmuring lakes of Killarney, or wildly whistled through the narrow fissures and yawning caverns of stupendous mountains, that seemed to slumber amid the gloom of a night of unusual darkness.

The moon was in her third quarter, and extremely bright, but her beautiful lustre was obscured by black and heavy clouds, that were borne very swiftly along through the lurid air; yet ever and anon, her pale light glanced through an opening in the flying clouds, and gleamed on the surrounding scenery.

The road was miserably bad, and so narrow, that the travellers were obliged to proceed singly. It lay through part of a wild forest, and they continued their journey in a gloomy silence, some times winding under the mighty arms of gigantic oaks, that projected their knotted trunks over the pathway, and at others, slowly penetrating the solitary passes of rocks and woody glens. When the moon chanced to gleam her wan light through the cheerless gloom, they could perceive the wide expanse of a lake, at a little distance to their left, whose troubled waters added a sullen murmuring noise to the more wild whistling of the wind, and formed a fine bass to that solemn music which oft times plays amid the romantic objects of Nature's most sublime scenery, and has an effect upon the minds of those whose feelings are finely attuned, that no words can express. Vast and rude mountains, having their base cloathed with extensive woods, seemed to wave in mighty billows, in the back ground of the view.

Having spent a considerable time in climbing the abrupt steep of a rocky eminence, that hung over the lake, the travellers arrived at the door of a small thatched hut, that stood under the shade of some fine old trees, and which appeared to command a fine prospect of the lake, and all the adjacent scenery. Some large nets, that were extended upon long poles near the cottage, bespoke this spot to be the end of their journey.

Their guide had repeated a very loud halloo, that resembled the howl of some famished beast of prey, two or three times before the door of the hut was opened by a ruffian-like giant of a man, bearing a torch, who in a surly voice, asked what they wanted.

The guide having informed this man that the lady and gentleman he had conducted, were the travellers his master had sent to bespeak a bed for, the fisherman appeared more civil, and invited them to enter his habitation, at the same time making many apologies for the poverty of his accommodation. The gentleman dismissed his guide and the horses, with an order to return with them at an early hour in the morning to conduct him and his lady back to the town.

The travellers now entered the house, but not without experiencing a very considerable degree of anxiety, on account of the loneliness of their situation, and the savage appearance of their host. As they passed through the small kitchen, they observed several desperate looking men, of very large stature, seated round a blazing fire of wood, upon the hearth, where they appeared busily engaged in roasting potatoes; but, upon the entrance of the travellers, they immediately fixed their rude gaze upon them, and by their ruffian visages, much alarmed the young lady, who held close to her husband, and passed onwards to a small apartment on the same floor (for the house contained but one story), under the influence of the most painful apprehensions.

Their host having placed a candle upon the table, and wished them a good night's rest, left them to their own meditations. They now found themselves in a small room, containing a low truckle bed; but with scarcely any other furniture. A small casement opened upon a view of all the surrounding scenery; but the darkness of the night was now too profound to admit of any object being seen without. There was no kind of fastening upon the door; and in order to prevent any sudden intrusion, without some kind of warning, the gentleman placed an old worm-eaten, but heavy chest of drawers against it, and by that mean kept it close.

They at length retired to bed; but they were kept awake for a considerable time by the operation of their fears, and the wild music of the mountain blasts that howled around the hut, in most dismal sounds, and when a transient pause occurred, they were disturbed by the loud peals of coarse laughter, that proceeded from the adjoining apartment; but fatigue occasioned by a long day's journey, could no longer be amused by the operation of any outward circumstance, and at length the weary travellers fell asleep.

The night was very far advanced, when the gentleman was suddenly aroused from his slumbers, by a violent gesture from his wife, whom he found sitting up in bed, apparently in an agony of fear, pointing to one corner of the apartment, and endeavouring in vain to speak. The

moon was then shining very bright, and he could perceive her lips and tongue moving as if in the act of speaking; but she spoke not, and retained a fixed stare upon an object, he could scarcely discern, in the most gloomy corner of the room, while her whole frame trembled with the most violent emotion and alarming gesture.

Her husband instantly became affected by her fears, and not daring to move, but wishing to shew a courage he did not possess, demanded in a loud voice the cause of her affright, at the same time, arraigning her folly for being infected by groundless fears. But, notwithstanding these bold ejaculations, he was himself most terribly alarmed; and, as he has very often assured me since, there was something so horrid in the attitude and dumb shew of his lady, who appeared convulsed with fear, that he would in those moments have granted any boon for the happy sound of one single word from her lips.

The lady continued in this dreadful situation, and her companion in a state very little more to be envied, until the morning's dawn began to steal upon the surrounding objects, and with gradual light to render them visible.

As the gloom of darkness slowly gave away to the happy light of a coming day, the object that had caused so much uneasiness became more perceptible. In the beforementioned corner of the room, stood a high-backed chair, over which had appeared the figure of a man, resting his arms upon it, and looking towards the bed, retaining one steady and immoveable attitude. In proportion as the light increased, the husband's courage returned, and at length he had the hardiness to venture out of bed, and examine the cause of their mutual terror; when lo and behold, it appeared to be merely the riding habit of the lady, which had been thrown across the back of the chair, and upon the top of which she placed her beaver hat. These articles of dress so far resembled the portraiture of a man enfolded in a long cloak, and peeping over the back of the chair, that even in the time of day, it might, upon a sudden glance of the eye, have been mistaken for the appearance of a ruffian, watching for an opportunity to spring forwards; therefore, the reader's surprise cannot be so great, that a timorous young lady, in such a situation, when her mind was ready to receive any impression of fear, should, through the doubtful medium of a gloomy shade, have worked up her imagination to a pitch of phrensy, which was gradually removed by the increasing light of day.

But such were the dreadful effects resulting from this trifling cause, that this amiable and accomplished young bride, bore the marks of the convulsive fear she had sustained on that fatal night, thro' all the remaining period of her life.

Before this circumstance, her hair was of a most beautiful glossy black, and flowed in such elegant tresses, that it was universally admired; but so powerful were the effects of her fear, during that night, upon her delicate frame, that her hair, which had formerly been so much admired, became, almost instantaneously, entirely grey, and her nerves were never afterwards so strong as they had formerly been.

No persons are more empty than those who are full of themselves.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In our fourteenth number we published "*an Epistle from Lord Ossory to Lady Catesby*," and in the twenty-seventh, a song beginning thus, "Though vain my most impassion'd tale"—They were both written by a gentleman of this state, who is since dead. The spirit of genuine poetry which they breathe, has given great delight to many; and we earnestly request the friends of the deceased to favour us with some more of his compositions. One of the principle objects of our paper is, to afford an asylum for fugitive pieces, and to save the effusions of genius from that oblivion, to which negligence as well as mosdesty frequently consign them.

We are happy to find that the abovementioned song has lately been set to music by *Mr. Meinecke*. The air is pleasing, delicate, and in our opinion very suitable to the words; and it is with additional pleasure we learn that this gentleman has undertaken to compose music for several original songs, which have lately appeared in the *Port-folio* and *Companion*. Such an union of the charming sister arts, must be highly gratifying to every mind of refinement and feeling, and we hope will be rewarded by the smiles of the fair, and the fostering hands of opulence and taste.

The Editor feels the extreme heat of the weather not only relaxing and debilitating to the body, but also to the mind; and if he may judge by the paucity of communications lately received, he must conclude that others are affected in a similar manner. He therefore requests that indulgence which he would willingly grant, while he spends in rambling, a few of the oppressive weeks of summer; during which, it shall be part of his business to collect materials for carrying on the paper, which will be supported in his absence by a few friends. But as their time may not allow them to supply much original matter, it is hoped that pleasing and judicious selections may be acceptable.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following is printed from a copy of the original manuscript, which was written in England, and we believe, it has never been published before.

FIRE—FAMINE—SLAUGHTER.

AN ECLOGUE.

FAMINE *is discovered lying in a desolated plain in Switzerland. To her, enter* FIRE *and* SLAUGHTER.

Famine—Sisters, sisters, who sent you here?
Slaughter—I will whisper in your ear—
Fire—No, no, no !
Spirits hear what spirits tell,
'Twill make a holiday in hell !
No, no, no, !
Myself, I nam'd him first below,
And all the souls that damned be
Leapt up at once in anarchy,
Clapt their hands and danced for glee—
They no longer heeded me,
But laugh'd to hear hell's burning rafter
Unwillingly re-echo laughter !
No, no, no !
Spirits hear what spirits tell
'Twill make a holiday in hell!
Famine—Yet, whisper ; sister, so and so ;
In a dark hint—soft and low—
Slaughter—Letters *nine* do form his name !
And who sent you ?
Famine———The same, the same—
Slaughter—He came by stealth, and unlock'd my door,
And I have drank the blood since then
Of thrice three hundred thousand men !
Both—Who bade you do it ?
Slaughter———The same, the same,
Letters *nine* do form his name !
He let me loose, and cried halloo !
To him alone the praise is due.
Famine—Thanks, sister, thanks ! the men have bled,
Their wives and children faint for bread !
I stood in a swampy field of battle—
With bones and skulls I made a rattle
To frighten the wolf and the carrion crow,
And the harmless dog ; but they would not go :
So, off I flew—for how could I bear
To see them gorge such dainty fare.
I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
And through a chink in a cottage wall—
Can you guess what I saw there ?
Both—Whisper it, sister, in our ear !
Famine—A baby beat its dying mother—
I had starved the one, and was starving the other !
Both—Who bade you do it ?
Famine———The same, the same—
Letters *nine* do form his name !
He let me loose, and cried halloo !
To him alone the praise is due.
Fire—Sisters, I from Hanover came ;
Hedge and corn-field all on flame !
Halloo, halloo, the work is done.
And as I strode with giant strides,
I flung back my head, and held my sides—
It was so rare a piece of fun,
To see the swelter'd cattle run
With uncouth gallop through the night,
Scar'd by the red and noisy light !—
By the light of his blazing cot
Was many a wretched peasant shot !
Flame met flame and fiercely hist
While crash fell in the roof ; I wist
On some of those old bed-rid nurses
Who deal in discontent and curses——
Both—Who bid you do it ?
Fire———The same, the same—
Letters *nine* do form his name !
He let me loose, and cry'd halloo !
To him alone the praise is due.
All—He let us loose, and cry'd halloo !
To him alone the praise is due.
Slaughter—Stay, sisters, stay, I'll tell you more—
Horrors yet untold before !
Egypt—deep curses, doleful moans,
Mangled limbs, and dying groans ;
The city sack'd, the ravag'd plain—
Heaps on heaps untimely slain
Not in fight, refusing quarter—
No, 'twas cool deliberate slaugther
Of the surrender'd, unarmed foe ! ! !
Ha, how the cannon laid them low !—
But what still remains to tell
Will make the fiends exult in hell,
When they shall learn how neat a trick
He play'd his wounded, and his sick—
———Sisters, did you ever hear ?
Both—Whisper, whisper in our ear———
By *poison !* he their pains beguil'd !
And calmly look'd, and calmly smil'd !—
'Tis true, 'tis true, halloo, halloo !
To him alone the praise is due.—
All—He let us loose, and cry'd halloo !
How shall we yield him honor due?
Slaughter—I'll rouse Revenge, Sedition, Hate,
To hurl him from his high estate——
Famine—The time shall come—with lack of food
I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude ;
Till the cup of rage o'er brim——
Slaughter—They shall seize him, and his brood,
They shall tear him limb from limb !
Fire—Oh thoughtless beldames, and untrue !
Is this all that ye can do
For *him* who did so much for you ?
He, that so often, by my troth,
Has richly cater'd for you both ;
And in one hour, would ye repay
Such wonderous work—away, away !
I alone am faithful ! I,
Cling to him everlastingly ! ! !

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1805. Nº. 38.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

THE EASY CLUB

Pursue their leader's plan with steady *aim,*
And frankly *praise, nor without* scruple *blame.*

BY THE EASY CLUB.

IN the second number of the Companion Mr. Easy informed his readers, that he had a few friends from whom he expected assistance in the prosecution of the work he had undertaken: those friends formed a small society which has taken the name of the EASY CLUB, in compliment to their president; some of their characters are drawn by Mr. Easy in the paper abovementioned, and the public have generally fixed on particular persons to whom they have applied those characters, whether correctly or not, it is at present unnecessary and perhaps would be improper to explain. Mr. Easy having left this city for a few weeks, the Companion during his absence will be under the direction of the Easy Club; and from the circumstance of his having been in the habit of consulting with the members weekly on the subject matter of all essays and selections before publication; they have reason to believe that the general character of the paper will continue the same and correspond strictly with the plan laid down in the prospectus. At the meeting of the Club which took place since the departure of Mr. Easy the members elected Captain Frankly President *pro tem.* to preside during Mr. Easy's absence. The Club will thankfully receive and candidly examine all communications intended for the Companion, which they request may as heretofore be directed to Mr. Edward Easy; and in deciding on the merit of the different writers, they will not discourage the first efforts of genius by refusing to publish any essay on an interesting subject on account of a trifling inaccuracy of style, to which almost all authors are liable in their first attempts; as one great object contemplated in publishing the Companion was to encourage in young men of genius a habit of thinking and writing on all subjects which may afford instruction or rational entertainment.

The Easy Club particularly recommend to their young readers the essay in this day's Companion signed D. as containing some useful instruction on a subject peculiarly interesting to them—and they request their new correspondent Socio to continue to send them any essays of his friend D. which he may have in his possession, or any productions of his own pen, which they have no doubt will be equally acceptable to the public.

Mr. Easy,

I send you herewith a manuscript which came into my hands sometime ago; it was written at my instance and for my amusement and information. The original was so much blotted and defaced, that I resolved to transcribe it; you will perceive one paragraph left out, and another unfinished; the injury which the part of the paper on which they were written had sustained was so great, that I could collect from it only a few unconnected words. If, however, with that and its other faults you award it a place in "The Companion," while most of your correspondents appear to be reposing in the lap of indolence or in their summer retreats, it is entirely at your service.

SOCIO.

Tho' your incautious trust be oft betray'd,
Yet cease not still to give to merit aid,
And tho' a thousand you ungrateful find
Still foster genius with a gen'rous mind:
For ne'er should faithless friends make you unjust
Or look on modest merit with distrust.

BEING now far advanced in years, and by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances placed without the reach of many of the changes to which I, in the earlier part of my life have been and to which most young men in the course of theirs, must be liable, I retrospect with great interest the tract

over which I have passed, and am much amused with the various colours which it presents. In the first portion of this time the colours are the softest and mildest that can be conceived, placid and sweet as the first light of the morning, but this halcyon time was of short duration, lasting no longer than the particular guidance and superintendance of parental affection could be continued.

After this succeeds a space, which, though broadly marked, as the representative of the part of life between infancy and adolescence should be, has no high colouring; pleasures and pains, vexations and indulgencies have been so equally distributed, as that each removed the impression of the other, and the colours which would have corresponded with them have had the effect of nearly obliterating each other and have thus produced the duskiest hue which prevails to so great an extent.

The part of the time, corresponding with the next and most important portion of an unimportant life, is curiously checkered and striped; I can scarcely conceive how it was possible that I should have been so exceedingly ignorant of the world after having received as much or perhaps something more of preparation for it, than was given to most of the young men with whom I was acquainted. The time having arrived when my age warranted it, and circumstances required that I should enter into the busy scenes of a more active life; I was brought forward with every advantage which my friends could afford me, I was cheerfully aided by them but not directed. Left thus to my own management at the most dangerous time of life; with a sanguine calculation of success in whatever I undertook, with no inconsiderable opinion of my own capacity and penetration, and with unbounded confidence in the rectitude of others, for as I had not perceived any disposition in myself to deviate in my conduct from the cardinal virtues of honesty, justice and fidelity, I had no reason to suspect that others would do so; and therefore, whenever I found a smiling face and as I supposed an open heart, I rested and relied on such persons, not that it entered into my head to calculate that they were better than others who were serious and reserved; but they possest an accessible manner which appearing to be the only difference and that in their favour, I was induced to give them the preference, and to consider their professions as unequivocal proofs of their willingness to serve me.

A very short time sufficed to shew me my error, as the frequent detections which I made, from accidental developements of character and sometimes from disclosure of principles which I thought inconsistent with honour and liberality, when speaking confidentially of persons, who appeared to me to be situated with regard to the speakers similarly to myself; which led me to consider how such conduct could be justified, and with the most pungent and distressing sensation, did the conviction flash on my mind and most reluctantly did I admit the fact that there was a radical defect in the principles of some persons, who had before been considered by me as immaculate. But these few instances did not excite in me a general suspicion of mankind, I rather supposed that I had been unfortunate in meeting with the rare exceptions to a general rule, or that if there really were more, their number was so small that I should not again encounter any of that description; and the unremitted kindness and attachment to me, and the liberal and noble conduct to others, which was practiced by some of the persons, for whom I had formed a partiality, confirmed me in my opinion.

The short time passed in the sweet delusion, which induced me to think every body about me honest and faithful, is indicated in the map of my life, by little more than a point, which possesses a degree of brilliancy superior to any thing which had occurred before or to which I have at any subsequent period attained. To the various alterations of success and disappointment which followed, is to be attributed the mosaick like complexion of this part of my life. When every thing went smoothly on, and no violence was done to my principles, which I regarded as my most valuable part; I felt extremely happy, I became elated and fondly flattered myself that the chagrin which had most recently affected me would be the last, and that I would glide, pleasantly, gently and uninterruptedly through the rest of the journey of life. But sometimes when I was least prepared for it, and from a quarter often, where I deemed myself most secure, some untoward circumstance would obtrude itself on me, and all my bright prospects would vanish, and a gloomy distrust supervene, against which time only was for several years my remedy; until my good-fortune threw me under the observation of a friend to whom I feel myself most deeply indebted for the correct view of life which I received from him, and to whom I think it my duty to pay this poor tribute of gratitude at so remote a period, especially as it was never in my power to make ample acknowledgements and returns during his life for the innumerable benefits which he conferred on me; and if it had been, his liberality and delicacy were so refined that I could not have dared to evince my sense of obligation to him by any expression stronger or more marked than an affectionate attention.

At the time when I first became acquainted with this amiable gentleman, he was an old man, but retained the

full exercise of a vigorous and expanded mind, which was stored with much knowledge acquired both by study and keen discriminating observation. His extensive benevolence was exerted in so private and unostentatious a manner, and was known to so few, except the objects of his beneficence, who each thought himself the sole or peculiar subject of his benefactor's care; and being moreover generally of that obscure class, who if they had wished to spread the fame of his liberality, did not possess sufficient influence to extend it beyond their own humble and circumscribed little circles; he was thought by some who supposed they knew him well to be of a close disposition approaching to avarice; which impression he never attempted to remove, as it contributed to secure to him the luxury of doing unobserved charity.

His manners though not indiscriminately open, were easy and free as could be wished, to those in whom he saw qualities which recommended them, but he was little influenced by the soft, smiling and unembarrassed address, which is so generally captivating. By which of my qualities I attracted his notice, I know not, but am disposed to attribute his attention to me, to the existence of the strong claim which the inexperienced and unprotected have on a benevolent mind. He saw my unsuspicious nature taken advantage of by the illiberal, he observed the rapid formation of improper and injurious connections between plausible knavery and unsuspecting innocence, both which, as a matter of duty and inclination, he determined to arrest.

Having conducted himself in such a way for some time, as to cause me to be perfectly convinced of his good dispositions towards me; and on one occasion introducing the conversation in the most delicate manner, he congratulated me on the number of my *friends* and on the frequent acquisitions which I was still making: with which I was highly gratified and proceeded immediately to give him an account of myself and my friendships; and of the various instances in which I had been deceived by persons in whom I had reposed unlimited confidence; in fact I very soon confided to him the most secret sentiments of my soul; as in this case I felt more than my usual certainty that I was treading on firm ground; for I am sure that the strong expression of benevolence and goodness which then beamed from his countenance can never be assumed, nor can the recollection of it ever be effaced from my memory. He listened with the most patient attention and the greatest interest to my lengthy detail of the false and faithful friends with whom I had met in the short time that I had been in the world of business. To which he replied, that on a view of all the circumstances, he thought I had been peculiarly fortunate, that after having cherished such a number of persons of different and opposite characters and principles, some of whom were palpably knaves and designing men, I had sustained no other injury, than slight pecuniary losses and an occasional uneasiness. He charged me to be more particular in future with whom I became familiar, pointed out several of my associates and apparent friends, as persons on whose probity no reliance ought to be placed, and mentioned others as suspicious, at the same time desiring me to inform myself from other sources of the correctness of the cautions and exceptions which he had given me; which I did, and was so perf ctly satisfied of their justice, that I very soon detached myself from the greater part of my companions, and conformed as much as possible to the rules which were dictated by his wisdom, and to the instructions which were the result of his experience. And I can truly say that I have found them a compass and charts in the voyage over the stormy ocean of life. Although they have not enabled me to mark my tract with the violent and sparkling light of the ruby, I have at least succeeded in impressing it with the mild radiance of the emerald, on which I look, with composure and delight.

But a very little while before this excellent man left the world, after an interesting conversation on some of his favourite topicks, he addressed me in effect as follows.

"My young friend, you have often and indeed uniformly evinced by your conduct, that you have a lively recollection of the service which I have done you. I am of opinion that you overrate the credit due to me, whatever the extent of the advantage which you may have derived from my councils; I have simply aided you in that way which your particular circumstances required and which aid, youth ought to receive from age and experience; your error on this subject is, however, not only pardonable but amiable; and I will now take advantage of that excess of gratitude, for purposes, which are very near my heart, and I count with certainty on your making a return, the most grateful to me, for the debt which you think you owe me, by executing the commissions which I shall give you.

"The accumulating weight of years, the gradual but perceptible decay of my senses, and the obvious failure of my bodily strength and activity, loudly admonish me to prepare for a change of scenes; in the natural course of events, and according to the usual term of human existence, I have but a very few more years to live, as you know that I have been favoured to the full and more, with the three score years and ten, which has been fixed on as

the avarage duration of protracted life. My approaching dissolution I contemplate with pleasure, as on a review of my life, I can find no act of flagrant wickedness, to be accounted for in the next world; or to intimidate me in leaving this; the follies of youth and the frailties which are inherent in our nature, I have, perhaps, largely practiced and fully felt the force of; but in the sight of a merciful though just God, I have little apprehension that these will be unpardonable. I fear, however, that I do not look with so much patience and resignation on the interval between this time and death, as a due sense of the kindness of providence, in granting me generally an healthy and happy life, and an unusually hardy and athletic old age, would dictate. I am pained at the prospect of outliving my usefulness in the world. I am unwilling to become burthensome to my friends; or to commit myself to the unfeeling attentions of mercenary hands. I foresee as the inevitable consequence of a much longer continuance here, a secession while I still live, from those duties and occupations which have for so many years constituted my greatest pleasure. And while I am myself an object of care and trouble to others, to whom shall I give in charge the wretched people, who had been sorely pinched by friendless penury, before I became an instrument in the hands of providence for their relief.

"I understand you, you would offer yourself as my substitute; I have studied you thoroughly, and fully admit your claims to the office of raising the depressed, cheering the distressed, supplying the destitute, relieving the oppressed, and encouraging the modest and retiring sons and daughters of indigence; but you are not apprized of the pain which such a bequest would give you; your resources are much too slender for such an occasion; and from a peculiarity of circumstances of which you are not informed, it will not be in my power to enable you to take my place with regard to my poor and almost friendless flock. My means of personal support and extensive supplies to the poor, are and must remain fully competent during my life, but as soon as I cease to live, this stream will be dried up, as the overflowing at the source will be thrown into another channel. It is my wish to make this a joint work of charity between us; I will still supply the necessary funds and your activity will secure their judicious application. It will, however, be proper to begin immediately to prepare these people for a diminution of the sums which have heretofore been furnished them, and by gradually withdrawing our aid from those who are least the objects of compassion, cause them to exert themselves more vigorously for their own support, that the stroke may fall with less severity on them when they can no longer receive the usual assistance from us. It is moreover our duty to remove from our list as soon as it can be done without the appearance of harshness or the probability of producing distress, all those who can by any honest means support themselves, and to give the utmost attention to apportioning the supplies to the remainder, with strict regard to their indispensable necessities. We may by these means save some money, which added to the unexpended portion of my annual income, will, perhaps, during my life amount to a sum which carefully husbanded will constitute a fund, that will supply those who continue to require our aid.

"Your delicacy, I know, renders the caution which I am about to give you almost unnecessary, but it is possible, if I should not say any thing on that subject, that in some unguarded moment you might give pain to a noble and independent mind, for such minds I have not unfrequently found the concomitants of poverty. The rugged hand of habitual indigence will ever be extended to receive its accustomed dole with unblushing front and unhesitating eye, but you will find among the objects of my care many persons of a very different description. I have always considered the assistance which I have had it in my power, to afford to the amiable and respectable persons who have been dashed by the rude touch of Fortune from independence and ease into difficulties and straightened circumstances as the most properly bestowed. Much management is necessary to avoid wounding the feelings of persons whose sensibility is generally exceedingly accumulated by the reverse, which has placed them in such a situation as to make them the objects of your liberality. I have never been able to admit the correctnes of an opinion which I have sometimes heard advanced, that none but the beggarly poor are fit objects of benevolence; little can those, who entertain this opinion, know, of the many disagreeable circumstances which intervene between imperfect competency and total destitution; an inability to comply with engagements necessarily entered into; harrassing and indecent earnestness of those who have claims, the more impertinent, in proportion to the incapacity which they perceive, to meet them; the averted eyes or cold looks of former *friends*, their hasty and anticipating declarations of inability to render any other service but to give advice: These are some of the ills which are allied to that intermediate state between competency and beggary. I believe that the mendicant, perishing in the street for want of food, feels not the agonizing distress, which distracts the unfortunate honest man, who knows not from

whence he is to obtain another day's sustenance for his family; and who will compare the pain of death, with the distress of the destitute widow with children, for whom she cannot provide; perhaps with a lovely daughter at that age when it is particularly dangerous for a female to adventure into the world without a guide or protector, where the mother may calculate that she will not only be exposed to hardships, but will also be liable to impositions and temptations, which the most intelligent cannot always detect nor the most chaste successfully resist. Some of these must be prepared to receive their supplies from another hand than mine; with others I will make you acquainted in whose company you will be pleased, and a respect for them, will make you more solicitious to aid in the most perfectly delicate way. * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *

"You are just entering into the world as I am going out of it; I know you have every disposition to promote the happiness of society, and I hope you will deem it a matter of some consequence to be directed to the proper measures for effecting it as far as it is in your power; we often find that much trouble has been taken, and that our objects are not accomplished because our efforts have not been judiciously made. I have already given you a work, of which perhaps, you may hereafter complain, but that will have an end, or at least may be put into such a train as to require but very little of your attention. Another subject which I am anxious to recommend to your consideration, will, if you undertake it, be a source of interminable trouble.

"It cannot have escaped your notice that there is in every country a melancholy waste of great and original talent; which we all deplore, but its prevention cannot be effected by individual energy or resources. Although there is perhaps no position truer, than that the man who possesses great and vigorous stamina, when thrown fairly into the point of public observation, will ultimately be duly estimated; yet it is unfortunately also true, that genius is by no means certain to secure to its possessor *that point* of public observation. On the contrary there are almost always some peculiarities and eccentricities about men of superior genius, which certainly are not recommendations but very often retard their ascent to the notice of the public. It is not an uncommon thing to see a man of the first grade of genius eclipsed even in an intelligent company by a polished and superficial fop of literature. Great men often give some disgust in society by their awkward and uncouth manners and by their inattention to little civilities and forms, of which from the nature of their engagements and from their unavoidable absence and retirement from company they are entirely ignorant. Their opinions expressed with earnestness frequently appear extravagant. The concise unceremonious and firm opposition which they make to our opinions is by some called rudeness, but I think with great injustice, as it no doubt frequently arises from their quick perception of truth. The tedious discussion with which they sometimes fatigue us may be traced to the close, complete and logical demonstration to which they have addicted themselves. The disagreeable warmth, with which they irritate us in conversation, is indispensable to infuse into their writings the spirit and vivacity by which they delight us in reading. But I quit this digression into which I have thoughtlessly fallen.

"My object is to recommend to your care and cultivation the neglected and unprotected buds of *infant* genius; which often perish for want of some skilful hand, that knows when to afford the cheering influence of the sun, and when to defend them from the chilling blast. This is the more necessary as the genius of very young people can be discovered only by persons of strict observation and great penetration. The most unequivocal indications of exalted talent are conceived by superficial observers to be marks of stupidity. Contemplative taciturnity is attributed to a want of spirit, an easy and yielding disposition in the trifling matters about which children are concerned, is construed into a want of an opinion of their own, when it arises entirely from an amiable temper and a contempt of the subjects. We know that many men who afterwards became the boasted ornaments of the human race were remarkable for apparent listlessness, dullness and apathy; which brought on them the imputation of a want of intellect, and caused several of them to be distinguished by epithets correspondent to their supposed capacities; subjecting them thereby to the contempt of those about them and throwing them into neglect, which I conceive to be the first and fittest destroyer of embryon genius and energy.

"We are compelled to regret the immense devastation of talent, which is effected by the vanity, ambition, obstinacy and ignorance of parents, who regardless of what nature intended their children for, will persist in making of them what their own preconcerted plans had decided on. But as this is one of a parent's priviledges it must be submitted to or corrected only by reasoning.

"Juvenile geniuses are often blasted at that period when they begin to make their first exertions, and while they are yet trembling with apprehension either that their own feelings are deceptious, or that they will not be countenanced; and this lamentable destruction of talent is owing

to the want of sufficient taste and discernment, in the first persons to whom they apply, to discover the germs of talent, or the latent sparks, which if properly cherished might be excited into an irresistable and dazzling flame. This is the time when the eye of the philosopher and the hand of protecting friendship are peculiarly necessary ; such unsupported and discouraged shoots of genius, when you find them, I am particularly earnest to recommend to your notice. And I will predict with confidence, that the pleasure which you will derive from having saved and produced to society the exertion of the talents of one man of genius, who was languishing in obscurity, will more than compensate you for all the trouble in which such an undertaking will involve you.

" A circumstance most injurious to the developement of talent, as it exists most extensively, is the want of capacity in those who conduct the education of young people. Very few Quintillians engage in that arduous though important duty. The teachers in every country, of all other people, have it most in their power to give the national tone; if they are able, attentive and good, their beneficial influence will be extensively felt; but if they are incapable, or assiduously vicious, then there is in the first case a want of spirit and intelligence in those who have been under their care, and in the latter case combined with acuteness and shrewdness, they possess a furious zeal for the extension of political paradoxes and irreligious dogmas. The importance of attention to education, seems to have been duly appreciated by a lively writer, who observes that, " taste erroneously directed, or genius unsubdued ; feebleness not invigorated, or vigour not softened, are accidents which render even a superior mind defective in its best performances. Here I do not know that it will be in your power to do any thing, except by every means to turn the attention of the public to this important subject ; or if in this world of just and unjust distributions, of expected and unexpected events, you should even attain to any consequence, that you will endeavour with all your influence to promote a change."

With the most impressive injunctions, not to neglect or forget the objects to which he had solicited my attention, my aged friend closed his address to me. I have thus complied with your request, " that I would give you a part of my history and of that friend's of whom you have so often heard me speak with enthusiasm." D.

As Will along the floor had laid
His lazy limbs in solemn show,
" You're ill," quoth Sall, " I'm sore afraid ;"
" Indeed," says Will, " I'm rather low."

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

DEMONSTRATION IV, CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 292.

Let the Indian, *let the* Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian *see,*
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole. ANON.

That must be considered credible which its enemies, and those who had interest in denying it acknowledged to be fact. Just so is it with the christian religion. In combating it, the most inveterate enemies of the gospel have admitted the truth of that which it relates, and Jews, Pagans, and Mahommedans have all evinced the divine authority and origin of Christianity.

The Pharisees said of Christ, " This fellow doth not cast out Devils but by Beelzebub the prince of Devils."—An open confession of the great fact ! To seek for principles more than human, is to acknowledge the action supernatural. These same men again, because he healed on the Sabbath day, sought to slay him. The discourses of the Jews convince us that the facts are true as recorded. Tertullian urges this argument in his defence against the Jews, he says, " Do you disavow the wonders of Jesus " Christ ? You dare not do it. The voice of your fathers " is against you. If they would stone him whom we " now adore, it was not because they doubted of his " works, but because he performed them in open day, " and on the Sabbath."

" And John calling unto him two of his disciples, sent " them unto Jesus, saying, art thou he who should come, " or look we for another ? When the men were come un- " to him, they said John, baptist, hath sent us unto thee, " saying, art thou he who should come, or look we for " another ? And in that same hour he cured many of " their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits, and " unto many that were blind, he gave sight. Then Je- " sus answering said unto them, go your way, and tell " John what things ye have seen and heard, how that the " blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the " deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is " preached."

If we had not extraordinary incredulity, and opposition to the gospel, this passage would suffice, as proof, that the gospel is true. Is it possible that a man standing in the midst of many thousands, could say to messengers sent to ask him a question of this nature, " Go tell such wonders as these," if he had not just before performed them ?

Jesus Christ had raised Lazarus from the dead: by this miracle, all the pride of the Pharisees was confounded.—"Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a "council, and said, what do we? for this man doth ma- "ny miracles. If we let him thus alone, all men will "believe on him, and the Romans shall come, and take "away both our place, and our nation." If the miracles of Christ had not been true, why did they testify falsely? Among the multiplicity of charges which they brought against the christians: would deceit have been forgotten, if his wonders had not been known; especially as he was stigmatized with every opprobrious epithet which they could, in their malice and rage, possibly invent.

Josephus, who cannot be suspected of partiality to the christians, says, "at this time appeared Jesus a wise man, "if he can be called a man: for he was powerful in won- "ders and miracles and an example to those who love "virtue. He brought over many of the Jews and Gen- "tiles to his doctrine. He was the Christ. Notwith- "standing the punishment of the cross to which Pilate "condemned him, according to the prayers of the chiefs "of the nation, his first disciples ceased not to live to- "gether. He appeared to them three days after his death, "according to that which the prophets predicted with the "other prodigies of his life, and until this day his fol- "lowers have continued to subsist under the name of "christians, which they borrowed from him." The Jews in their Talmuds have preserved histories of some miracles, which would otherwise have been unknown, and thus condemn themselves.

The innocence of Christ's life, and his holiness, are avowed by Porphyry, he calls him a pious man, and worthy of immortality.

Celsus, a declared foe to the christians, says, "Ye be- "lieve that Christ is the son of God, because he cured "the lame and the blind."

Julian says, "Jesus Christ hath done nothing striking "unless one should admire him, because he cured the "lame, the blind, and cast out evil spirits."

What motives could influence men who had all the possible pleas for denying these facts, to confess their truth? What could induce the irreconcileable enemies of christianity to allow the authenticity of facts, which would destroy their own systems? Nothing but their absolute notoriety and publicity. The facts related in the gospel are indisputably true, whence it follows that the religion established by their means is of that divine origin which it professes to be, and therefore worthy our serious attention.

(To be continued.)

FOR REFERENCES TO THE FOLLOWING NOTES, SEE LAST NUMBER.

* Origen was one in the highest rank among their teachers. He was the disciple of Ammonius, who received the greatest praise among our philosophers who have preceded us. But Origen transferred the whole of his master to himself, as far as pertains to erudition. He was instructed in all the Platonic secrets. He was introduced to the books of Numenius and Chronius, and Apollophanes, and Longinus, and Moderatus, and Nicomachus: and the Pythagorean commentaries were not hid from him. He studied also the volumes of Chremo the Stoic, and Cornutus.

† Quadratus, a disciple of the apostles, delivered to Adrian the prince, when viewing the Eleusinian Mysteries, a book in defence of our religion. And it excited so much admiration in all, that it stopped a very heavy persecution. Aristides the philosopher, a most eloquent man, offered an apology for the Christians to the same prince, filled with the sentiments of the philosophers, whom Justin afterwards imitated and gave to Antoninus the pious, and to the senate, a book against the Gentiles, defending the ignominy of the cross and presenting with all freedom the resurrection of Christ.

‡ He, Adrian, having been instructed and taught in the books concerning the christian religion, composed by Quadratus and Aristides, men full of faith and wisdom, and by Serenus Granius the legate, commanded by a letter sent to Asia to Minutius Fundanus the proconsul, that no one should condemn the christians without the accusation and proof of crime—But Justin, a philosopher, presented a book composed in behalf of the christian religion to Antoninus, which made him kind to the christians.

‖ Wherefore in the name of Jesus Christ, his true disciples who had received grace from him extended the benefits to the rest of men, according to his gifts. Some cast out Devils, and those who were subject to their influence, believe, and are in the church—others have the foreknowledge of futurity, and the visions and sayings of the prophets—But others labouring under some infirmity, are cured by the imposition of hands, and made whole—And also we say that the dead *have arisen*, and have continued among us many years—And the number of mercies cannot be told which the church for many years has enjoyed for the help of the nations throughout the whole world, and which are received from God in the name of Jesus Christ crusified under Pontius Pilate.

§ After these things I know not why Celsus says that the Christians seem to effect these things in the name and by calling upon Dæmons. I think they expel and cast out Devils: so that this is manifest calumny. They not only have no incantations: but they do it in the name of Jesus, with the commendation of his works. For the Dæmons are often discomfited by men with these words. There is so much energy in the name of Jesus, although it is sometimes named by wicked men, that it is efficacious. It sufficiently appears that the Christians use no incantations, content with calling upon the name of Jesus, and with the recital of the divine scripture received from the faithful.

¶ Who is ignorant of our constant custom, that we cast out Devils in the name of Jesus, and with the purest, and most fervent prayers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MARY.

Where e'er by fate I'm doom'd to rove,
I'll still preserve a heart sincere
To the fair object of its love,
My ever charming Mary dear!

In summer suns I'll cheerful toil,
Nor heed the winter chill and drear,
To gain the sweet approving smile
Of Mary, lovely Mary dear!

But should I ne'er obtain the prize
That thrills my heart, with hope, and fear;
The glad'ning sun-beams of her eyes,
The mutual vow of Mary dear!

My woe-fraught heart, its secret pain
Shall long in silent sorrow bear;
And though it may of fate complain,
Will ever bless sweet Mary dear! Z.

ON A FOUNDLING.

Left on the world's bleak waste forlorn,
In sin conceiv'd, in sorrow born,
No father's help, no mother's care
Shield his soft infancy with pray'r;
No guide the devious maze to tread,
Around no friendly shelter spread,
Alone, amidst surrounding strife,
And naked to the storms of life;
Silent he weeps, with asking eyes,
And, nature failing, sinks and dies. R.

SELECTED POETRY.

PARODY.

It must be so, Julien, thou reasonest well—
Else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after something good to eat?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
At empty stomachs? Why shrinks the belly
Up like a purse, and startles at starvation?
'Tis the *deficiency* that gnaws within us;
'Tis hunger's self that points out an hereafter,
And intimates an appetite to man.
An appetite! thou pleasing, anxious thought!
Through what variety of untried dishes,
Through what new soups, and sauces must we pass!
The wide, th' extensive table stands before me;
But napkins, plates, and covers, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a thing call'd hunger,
(And that there is, my belly cries aloud
With all its might) it must delight in eating;
And that which it delights in, must give pleasure.
But when? or whence?—This world was made for eating.
I'm weary of starvation—These must end it.
[Laying hold of his knife and fork.]
Thus am I doubly arm'd: My knife and fork,
Roast beef, and apple-sauce, are both before me.
This, with each slice, my appetite renews;
But that informs me I shall never starve.
My mouth, secure with such assistance, smiles
At the roast turkey, and defies the pudding.
My flesh shall fall away, my knife itself
Grow dull with use, my bones return to dust:—
But ye shall flourish, my *immortal grinders*,
Unhurt amidst the war of *aliments*,
The wreck of tables, and the crash of plates. PORT-FOLIO.

TO AN OAK BLOWN DOWN BY THE WIND.

Thou who, unmov'd, hast heard the whirlwind chide
Full many a winter round thy craggy bed;
And, like an earth-born giant, hast outspread
Thy hundred arms and heaven's own bolts defied,
Now liest along thy native mountain's side
Uptorn;—yet deem not that I come to shed
The idle drops of pity o'er thy head,
Or basely to insult thy blasted pride:—
No—still 'tis thine, tho' fall'n, imperial Oak!
To teach this lesson to the wise and brave,
That 'tis much better, overthrown and broke
In Freedom's cause, to sink into the grave
Than, in submission to a tyrant's yoke,
Like the vile reed, to bow and be a slave.

RONDEAU.

By TWO BLACK EYES my heart was won:
Sure never wretch was more undone.
To Cælia with my suit I came;
But she, regardless of her prize,
Thought proper to reward my flame
By TWO BLACK EYES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must apologize to our esteemed correspondent YELSE, for what may appear to him neglect: we can assure him that his communications will always meet with the earliest attention, which our arrangements will permit.

How is our friend F. employed? has he also left the bustle and heat of the city? If the distance is not too great he could transmit to us some of the productions of his hours of leisure and retirement; or if still in the city some of the sportive effusions of his muse, of which we know he has many.

Where are LEANDER, SOLUS, CONSTANTIUS and CLARA? we know their ability to aid us, we hope the inclination will not long be wanting.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

A man so various that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
And in the course of one revolving moon,
Was Chemist, Statesman, Fidler, and Buffoon. DRYDEN.

NOTHING is of more consequence for the conduct of life, or the attainment of happiness, than independence of mind. That independence is meant, which after weighing every circumstance and hearing every argument, has the capacity of decidedly and firmly making its election, and of persevering even though wrong, until its own experience proves its judgment to have been erroneous.—When the importance of this firmness is considered, the observation, that perseverance even in the wrong is better than indecision, will not appear incorrect. Genius, originality, in short whatever extends the sphere of moral and literary knowledge, by bold inroads into unexplored regions, are the characteristics of the one; dulness, imbecility and depression of the other.

In the common walks of life, in the performance of our ordinary duties, and for the enjoyment of various minute sources of happiness, this firmness is indispensable, if equality of mind and consistency of conduct are desirable and estimable.

No state of mind is more unpleasant and uneasy than what is produced by irresolution and uncertainty, which can be avoided only, by an adherence to this principle, or by sinking into that state of apathy, which prostrating every faculty, renders the contemptible object a mere cypher, a mere dreamer in the watchful and busy scenes of active life.

A very trifling acquaintance with the world, will discover the vast contrariety of opinion which exists upon every subject, and more particularly where the attainment of happiness and the acquirement of knowledge are concerned. A person not totally ignorant, cannot but contemplate with astonishment and apprehension, the wonderful ingenuity of the human intellect, which is capable of confounding even truth itself by the most powerful sophistry; which can produce unanswerable arguments to prove, what the united experience, and common sense of all mankind and of all ages, know to be false and fallacious.*

It behoves all those therefore, who are desirous of obtaining some given end, to decide upon the means firmly, according to the best of their powers of judging, and adhere to that opinion out of many which carries the most conviction. This exertion argues a due exercise of those powers which were bestowed for the purposes of enquiry and improvement, and will inevitably produce the consciousness of propriety in the pursuit, or that certainty of error, which is so far productive of improvement, that we are upon the discovery of it, put into another and probably the right tract. It is the wavering, undetermined mind that is to be avoided—that mind which resolving nothing within itself, varies with every wind that blows; that prosecutes no pursuit long; which attempts every thing and gains nothing; which has not the firmness of an undaunted enemy or the stability of a sincere and tried friend—which has no decided rule of conduct, and is open to the inroads of every contrary impulse.

We will now endeavour, by departing from this general view of the subject, to give an example of this character, which we have no doubt many of our readers can recognize by daily observation and by their own feelings.

SULPICIUS had received a tolerable education, but as he was destined for the mercantile life, his progress in any one branch had not attained to maturity. Feeling a desire however to improve still more, he consoled himself with the idea, that his leisure time could be devoted to the gratification of his wishes. Being placed in a compting house, he began at intervals to carry his plans into execu-

* See Beattie's Essay upon truth, in allusion to Bishop Berkley's system.

tion. In his attempts however he found more difficulties to encounter than he had imagined. Whilst at school he was acting under the authority and regulations of another—he did not suffer his wishes or laziness to indulge themselves, knowing it would be fruitless and unavailing—his daily task was therefore punctually executed. Finding himself his own master, and considering his studies as voluntary, the various interruptions that occur in a populous city added to an occasional fit of laziness and sometimes a puzzling passage, interfered considerably with his determinations, and long intervals in study were the consequence. Still his natural love of improvement induced him occasionally to persevere and he might finally have made some respectable progress, if he had been blessed with a little more firmness and decision. Some associate, without any serious desire to influence him, or interest in the subject, happening to ridicule the loss of so much time in useless studies, wondered he had not bestowed some portion of it to acquiring the French language, and a few common place remarks upon its mercantile utility and universality determined Sulpicius to transfer his attempts. A grammar was procured, and before the conjugations were perfectly mastered, he became disgusted with his new profession and determined to exchange it for one that he considered more liberal and congenial—a mere occasional hint produced this change. He heard the practices of some merchants much censured; indeed, a young physician of his acquaintance, treated the commercial character with so much contempt and ridicule, that he resolved to lose no time in abandoning them lest he should be contaminated with any further association. The grammar was totally forgot, and having commenced the study of physick at the instigation of his friend, he applied himself eagerly to whatever appertained to a knowledge of its duties; he could talk of nothing now but the utility of chemical and anatomical knowledge and the benevolent tendencies of his profession. His heart overflowed at the idea that he should one day be instrumental in doing so much good to his fellow creatures whilst he was at the same time procuring an honourable maintenance. The first impulse however being over, he became disgusted with the rubbish of a medical shop and the task of powdering stinking drugs; the contemplation of beds of disease while witnessing the extremities of pain and misery began to produce once more irresolution in his mind. He had seen, in the works of a late celebrated writer the profession not treated with that respect he had thought it merited—it was said that Disease and Death were the Doctors' harvest—the idea was excessively revolting to his feelings; and without examining the petty sophism the remark contained he determined to abandon a life which was maintained by the wretchedness of others. Having seen a little more of the world and heard more impartial accounts of the utility and honour of the mercantile character, he would gladly have returned once more to the warehouse. It had been remarked in his presence, that the exercise of its concerns gave wealth to the nation and bread to thousands; that the members who directed them were generally as well informed as those of other classes divested of their professional knowledge, and that it was the most speedy mode of acquiring an indpendency.

He now regretted his former caprice—but it was too late—the time of his probation had elapsed and no one would be concerned with him without a capital and destitute of knowledge and experience for the performance of his part of the business—Time was creeping upon him, he had learned nothing, nor gained one step towards a maintenance.

Being a good-natured easy fellow however, he had conciliated some friends who took an interest in his welfare—One of them, a lawyer, suggested the study of the law as one of the most prominent professions in society, both as it related to its interest in obtaining justice and to the reputation of the professors, whose talents have adorned every post of consequence, on the bench and in the senate, and whose powers of oratory have extorted the admiration and applause of the world.

He offered the use of his books and assistance and finally prevailed on Sulpicius to make the attempt.

Some considerable progress was made in his new profession and he promised fair to reach at last above mediocrity. In the course of an evening's argument in company with some gentlemen of the law, he heard so many difficulties started as to ultimate success, the study was complained of as so dry and tedious, the competition of men of superior talents so much to be dreaded and the final certainty of sufficient practice so remote and doubtful, that in a fit of despondency he concluded to persevere no longer, nor destroy his health or blunt his faculties in poring over musty reports and law tracts—Tired and exhausted at length with this kind of doubt and uncertainty, he became miserable, and in despair entered in the navy, where he soon after lost his life——

The same uncertainty which marked his pursuits in professional life, discovered itself in whatever related to his conduct in society—His politics and his associations were never upon a stable footing—Some petty disgust or crude notion were the causes. None of his acquaintances consi-

dered him as a valuable friend, for they could not calculate upon his friendship for any length of time—none dreaded his enmity, as he had not firmness sufficient to persevere in it. He varied his literay studies with the year and scarcely attained a smattering in any kind of knowledge. He desired to have good health and a strong constitution, but could never make up his mind what was the best method to adopt. He had read so many different theories, that he was undetermined whether early or late rising, the warm or cold bath, or exercise on foot or on horseback were the best, and his life was past in contrary experiments. Possessing a warm and benevolent heart and wishing to do good he was of service to nobody—He ardently wished to be a good christian, but the works of some celebrated infidels, if they did not produce conviction at least caused a wavering and unsettled state of mind.

Thus with various good qualities and a mind capable of any acquirement with perseverance, Sulpicius passed thro' life without establishing any fixed character, without securing any one's confidence and without obtaining that happiness which was eagerly sought after and desired.

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 303.)

PROPOSITION II.

That the prophecies of the Old Testament concerning the Messiah were fulfilled in every iota in Jesus Christ, whence we may conclude that he was the being of whom they spoke. God is the only being who knows all that is to come to pass, therefore no other can discover it to us: he alone is able to disclose the hidden things of futurity, to display to our view the various scenes in the womb of providence, to draw aside the impenetrable veil, and to shew us what is in future to be transacted in the world.

There is in the breast of man an ardent desire to be acquainted with his future destiny; there is an insatiate wish to be informed with respect to those scenes through which he is to pass; and curiosity by the past events strives to decypher those yet to come. Mortals know little of the past; they are but imperfectly conversant with the present; how should they know then the future?—Though every man must be personally convinced of his own ignorance, and of the folly of using any means to gain information on futurity, yet men never have omitted in any age to endeavour to fathom the profound abyss.—They have always been trying to ascertain their own, and the fate of others. By the stars, by the flight of birds, by the smoking entrails of sacrifices, and by many other ways have men who pretended to a spirit of prophecy deceived those simple enough to hearken to them. There has always been a number of pretended prophets amongst the heathen; those who had a little more natural ability and acquired knowledge than others surrounding them, have frequently employed it for no other purpose than to enslave the minds and lead captive the understandings and wills of those who were sufficiently credulous to listen to their reveries. The more they appeared to deal in the marvellous, the more were they respected. Some pretended themselves inspired by the gods; and the histories of the Greek, Roman, and other nations testify this to be a certain way of establishing an authority over the people who were addressed. Not only were there prophets but oracles also, which on being questioned, professed to impart a certain knowledge of future events to those who desired the information: there were several of these, though some were more famed than others. What is inspiration or revelation? inspiration is not that act of God, whereby in consequence of his general laws, he distributes ideas to his thinking creatures; this is natural, common to all intelligent beings. Inspiration supernatural, properly so called, is that act of God, by which according to his peculiar will, he communicates immediately to his creatures those truths which it pleases him to reveal, and which could not otherwise be known.

This inspiration includes nothing absurd or contradictory. God is not only master of the body, he is likewise lord of the spirit; he is the supreme governor of the spiritual, as well as the material world. Is not he all-powerful; and is it not probable he should upon an extraordinary occasion teach his creature in this way, that which he wished him to know?

Men always transmit their thoughts to each other by word, or by writing. This is a miracle; one which associates and binds us together in a sweet harmony. Is it not strange to ourselves how we hear the sounds proceeding from the mouth of a fellow creature; how it is we see the different objects around us; and more strange still, how this which could be apprehended by material things only, should be the means of conveying impressions to our immaterial soul, and of affecting it with those diversified sensations which we experience? But if the eternal God hath established so intimate and direct a connection between the soul and matter, that the one becomes the occasion of its ideas to the other, how much more easy may it be to him, to make to pass from him to the soul those thoughts which please him, and to instruct man in a di-

rect way, in that which in the order of nature, and by the circuitous rout of the senses could not be known by the soul. Independent of the immediate communication of words, why may not our senses which are the continual causes of the presence of ideas to us serve also in the hands of God for the same purpose. God can influence the mind of man, and instruct him in the nature of those events, which are to be manifested in the world; and although we are not acquainted with the peculiar mode which he adopts for this purpose, we ought not on this account altogether to reject revelation.

The matter of divine revelation will always be truth; and as the choice and measure of the truths revealed depend on God who reveals them, they will be free from falsity or error: for it is necessary that in all things requisite to be believed as divine revelation, God himself should have presided in instructing the mind of him who is the mean of conveying it to us.

It is of no importance in what style, by what words, whether in figurative or plain language, the instruction is given, if the proper ideas are implied. The nature of the Jewish prophecy is such, that there is an inseparable connection between all the prophets;—and a proof of the divine inspiration of the first prophet who appeared among them, will be applicable to all those who succeeded him. Of all the people on the face of the earth, none appear to have any right to boast of prophets and prophecies except the Jews; almost from the beginning of the world, God permitted illustrious men to dwell among them, destined to foretell those wonders which he had resolved to execute. Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph; and after his death arose Moses the chief, the lawgiver and prophet of the Jews, and many others in succession; for at no time from him to Malachi can the Jews be said to have been without prophets. Very different were the ways God employed to instruct them. Sometimes by dreams he revealed to them that which was to be performed; at other times by sensible visions, and unforeseen signs; to some he showed himself in a burning light in the clouds; others he made to hear a voice after an articulate manner; but most commonly he infused the inspired matter into the mind. God spoke directly to Moses, but when he was dead, the will of God was known by the Urim and Thummim. The conduct of the prophets was frequently demonstrative of the truth of their pretensions. Their manner of life was extraordinary, a life of labour, hardship and penury. They lived not in courts, pomp, or splendour; never appeared at the palace of the kings but when the spirit had given them a message to deliver; were never observed in cities but to discharge the duties of their office: and excepting these transitory public appearances, they lived in the country, far retired from the commerce of the people: about them were their disciples whom they instructed in the different subjects imparted to them; here innocence found a safe asylum, ignorance perfect light. Such a situation was no doubt a poor one, and the prophets were sometimes in want almost of the necessaries of life.

We find something remarkable in their style; how sublime and august are many of the descriptions interspersed through all the Old Testament!

It is of the utmost importance that we be able to distinguish between true and false prophets; and nothing less than the exact agreement of the event with the prediction, and the similarity of the prophet to Moses could determine the belief of the Jews. But how might the prophets themselves know when they were under the influence of the spirit of God. By that power of working miracles of which many instances might be adduced; and by those particular signs and personal intimations which God himself gave them of his presence. *(To be continued.)*

FOR THE COMPANION.

THE PEDESTRIAN.

FIRST RAMBLE CONCLUDED.

"Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
....Let me see,
My tongue hath wrong'd him?—if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself—if he be free
Why then my taxing, like a wild-goose, flies
Unclaimed of any man." SHAKESPEARE.

Such is the inward satisfaction, on having performed a good act—and such is the sure reward of choosing wise or virtuous companions. I derive peculiar pleasure from witnessing the effects of transcendent benevolence and goodness in the character of my inestimable friend LEANDER; and consider as one of the greatest favours I have received from a bountiful Providence, my having been honoured with the friendship and the confidence of such a man. For how seldom do we see a young lad, just freed from the discipline of his tutors, seek for his future associates in the quiet walks of moral prudence;—but, on the contrary, how common—I had almost said, how natural—for him, when he struts and looks big, on having escaped from the walls wherein he had thought himself restrained, to hunt the idle crowd—where *giddy girls* and *effeminate men* figure away in the (supposed) flowry path of thoughtless indolence—here to find a companion—not "*safe*," nor "*easy*"—

but alas, one, whose want of thought, is an awful source of danger; and whose want of virtue, is the cause of hard contrition, or of endless misery. Hung to the elbow of this vapid fool, a few years of violent mirth may ensue, when

"How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions!
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come.
In that dread moment, how the frantick soul
Raves round the wall of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help;
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's.
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains!
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and ev'ry groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin!"

Let me here observe to the more volatile part of your readers—to some of those who begin to complain that I am too serious for "the Pedestrian"—that Leander and his friend have not sworn to laugh at every thing they may fall in with in the course of their rambles. Though Leander is a sprightly young fellow, remarkably fond of innocent pleasantry, yet it would ill become his biographer, in this account of their perigranation through life, to neglect that most prominent trait in his character, or to suppress the reflections necessarily resulting from it, which binds him to the service of his God, and constitutes him the unwearied advocate of a pure religion.

In passing a grave-yard, on our return to town, Leander repeated the above impressive passage, with such a zeal, as banished, for a time, all lighter considerations. We walked in serious silence towards the interior of the city—but had not proceeded far when we met with a curious Lecturer on fashions. Leander said his name was Jonathan Plumpudding. Be that as it may he was harangueing with much warmth on the *beauty of artificial horns*. We took our stand in the midst of a few beaux who composed his audience. I heard Leander muttering to himself—horns! Being somewhat apprehensive that a hasty misconception of the orator's meaning might induce Leander to act improperly in the present case, as I could discover nothing in possession of the former but a small kettle in his left hand, I desired my friend to hear patiently what this new doctrine was. To which proposition he had but just conceded, when a bustling movement of the company excited some interest. Dicky Followmode was become a convert to the new doctrine, and really plaistering his enormous foretop with a decoction of *glue*—which appeared to be the liquid in the orator's kettle—he was busied in twisting the long locks before into something like horns—these he contended would have a happy effect in setting off a gallant's head—and the proper tending of them would furnish ample employment for that part of his time which was by some people spent in useful conversation—for when his hat was off he could smooth up, and give them their proper set; by which practice the moisture of the fingers would impart a beautiful gloss. Having suffered him to complete his beastlike head-dress, some laughed heartily at Dicky's stupidity: But on his desiring the preacher to hand him a razor, Leander lost all patience. "How can this blockhead, he exclaimed, be so contemptibly ridiculous as to shave the hinder part of his head, baring the unseemly nape, while he rears into apparent horns the surplus crop before. I soon discovered that the orator would have many followers, for another now raising his voice, from the same side declared, 'it were better to adopt this plan 'in imitation of the Ox, than, like Owls, continue to hide 'our faces, as was the present fashion.' While the orator was thus describing the advantages of twisted artificial horns, a youth pressed forward through the crowd, as if anxious to hear distinctly the subject of the discourse; his flaxen hair, which appeared to have been naturally inclined to curl, was carefully brushed upwards on both sides of his head, to the middle of his crown, so as to form a ridge like a comb of a Cock; he strongly attracted the attention of Leander, who wispered to me that he was undoubtedly well entitled to the appellation *Coxcomb*, from the success which had attended his exertions to give his head that appearance; this youth immediately succeeded Jonathan by an address to the much amused auditors in favour of his manner of ornamenting the head by giving it the bold and martial appearance of a helmet. Leander's passions had already raised considerably above the reasoning point—and he was considering whether it were better to chastise the philosopher or the coxcomb—But on turning about discovered Dicky actually under the influence of the razor, which was in a fair way of rendering the *hind* as little encumbered as the *inner* part of his head.—This was too much—snatching the kettle from the director of fashion; without enquiring whether the horns or combs were more numerous, he threw the contents directly in Dicky's face—who, supposing his fellow convert behind had cut the top of his head, roared out, "he was murdered, he was murdered, that he was!"

his terrifying yells, and the roar of laughter from every side, soon hastened the arrival of that moment, in which we thought Prudence whispered—*be off*.

On the way to our lodgings, I endeavoured to convince Leander that, in his zeal to reform, he used too little discrimination. Your treatment of the silly fellow in the meadow, said I, was well enough, as the simpleton would hear no defence of the practice of bleeding in any case, because, forsooth, a man *may* be bled to death. But FOLLOWMODE's offence endangered no one materially—to be sure a person, I will acknowlege, looks very silly with the back part of his head shaved, and the front covered to a great depth with a load of hair, whose twisted branches hang down over the eyes, thereby blinding the carier of the oppressive load—nor is this any great improvement, to bedaub and raise up the stiffened parts, like unto a Porcupine; but this is a mere matter of opinion, and if they do adopt the practice, I cannot consent to your dictatorial plan of putting them down—provided they have none projecting sideways so as to endanger the eyes of other people who may have to come on the same side of the street. You may with the same propriety say, that no person shall wear more than two pair of gloves at a time this warm weather; or a coat with more than four thicknesses of padding on the shoulders: either of which we have an undoubted right to do, if it suit our pleasure. Leander acknowledged there was some justice in my remarks—but added, very seriously, that he could not look on tamely and see a decent young man so disfigure himself. RARIO.

Mr. Easy,

Not having been long an inhabitant of Baltimore, I was a few evenings since much surprised, at hearing a native of the city, and a young man of good appearance too, contend with great warmth, that the ladies of his acquaintance were not, all united, worth a serious moment. I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of my sensations of horror at so violent—may I not say so *vile*—a declaration: for be it known, I was educated in a northern state where external ornament, and boisterous language, are not alone sufficient to prove every *upright thing* a *well-bred man*. Though there needed no argument to convince me of the incorrectness of his opinions, yet he had been introduced as a gentleman—and he, with two or three others like him, had "chartered" (to use one of his own elegant phrases) several of us girls as companions for the evening—I was therefore irremediably doomed to suffer the * * * * * *

No; I beg pardon, my dear sir, for a slight appearance of spirit, a quality so unbecoming in a female; I will not declaim against a being, on whom satire would be lost; but, like the passive Roman, the noble Anthony, when speaking of the murderers of Cæsar, admit that, *these were all honourable men.*

MR. HAIRBRAIN (my hero's name) would never forgive me for the obove allusion to history, should I sign my own name, for he *has said* women have no information, and his proud spirit cannot descend to acknowledge an error—this were only proper in the "weaker sex" whose weakness it is to be ever erring, ever in the wrong—consequently their duty is to submit to the infallible decrees of their lords and masters.

You, Mr Easy, our professed friend, are no doubt wondering that I should consent to stifle my real sentiments, when in the company of this *honourable man.* Now I have a Maryland reason, a "mighty good" reason, for this—which I may hereafter in confidence disclose—in the mean time remember that the truth is not to be told at all times—and remember too, this awful paradoxical truth, that philosophers have loved, they knew not whom nor wherefore. As it would be deemed the highest egotism in me to launch out into the praise of my own talents or learning; I will not attempt any such thing: but my intention is to let you know that Mr. Hairbrain, and such men as Mr. Hairbrain, use us very ungenteelly when they say we are constituted only of such light, trifling, airy or etherial particles, as render us unworthy the society of men of sense. I say, sir, when such a declaration is made by a fopling persecutor of my sex, who knows not the substance of one chapter in ancient or modern history, who knows no difference between the "Spectator eruditus" of STEELE and ADDISON, and the "Spectator improbus" at a card-table; it is impossible that any honest person, male or female, can keep their temper.

I hope now, my dear Mr. Easy, you will not say I was beginning to scold—or, if I was, that it was without cause: for if you only knew how I am sometimes provoked by this young man, you would pity me.—If you could see what my mother terms a beautiful young girl, possessed of many excellent accomplishments, perpetually harassed by a silly fellow, "who, somehow I can't hate," I know the goodness of your heart would induce you to commisserate me. That ingenuous sensibility of soul, which renders man truly "the noblest work of God," which urges him to further the comforts, the happiness, of his species, will be a sufficient inducement for you to convey the substance of this my just complaint before the city. You

will at the same time let him know that, because a man is unfit to meet his female acquaintance on the ground of rational, and useful conversation—that because his own ignorance of all literary taste and information induces him to think our talk foolish and unmeaning—that because we have so much of the good-natured philosophy of Democritus as to laugh at the absurd fooleries of such beaux as him;—it does not follow, that we are all illiterate creatures—or that we are always most agreeably entertained when their silly attempts to please excite laughter.

Your injured friend, EDITH.

N. B. If any person should wilfully mistake my meaning; Mr. Easy will do me the justice to inform them that, unlike *some* male criticks, I do not condemn all of the gentlemen, as unable to please rationally.

The above complaint of EDITH was laid before the Club at our last meeting; and the conduct of Mr. HAIRBRAIN unanimously condemned. It was then ordered by the President that her letter should be published in the Companion, and notice given to the Hairbrained gentry, that if they do not in future speak more respectfully of the ladies, and behave wi h more decent propriety in their presence, the flimsy texture of their brains, so strongly evidenced by their absurd and silly conduct, shall not save them from such severe animadversions as shall exclude them from the company of the fair sex. The EASY CLUB will always consider it their duty, as it is their inclination, to protect the ladies from insult and impertinence; and they feel confident that the virtuous and the good will all give their aid to discountenance the admission of impertinent fops and insolent cynics into respectable society.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is with regret that we observe our correspondent Bellisarius in an essay which we have lately received from him, has so widely deviated from the plan which our prospectus points out and which cannot be departed from—the abuse of civil institutions and the inconveniences and evils resulting from governments generally, or from particular forms of government, are subjects not suited to the Companion; but as his essay evidences both inclination and ability to assist us, we hope he will employ his first leisure on some more proper subject.

WIDE SLEEVES, SHORT JACKET, and TOM TIPPY, in their answers to Jonathan Plumpudding seem to have forgot that there are many others in this city to whom at least some of his remarks will apply as properly as to either of them—Mr. Wide Sleeves in particular, appears to be very angry, we hope when he coolly considers the matter, instead of railing at Jonathan, he will put a tuck in his sleeves and a few buttons ou his vest, and by quitting the extremes of fashion advance nearer to the bounds of reason.

PRISCILLA PARSONS shall be attended to next week, and altho' we cannot promise to give her the information she requests, we hope by publishing her letter to obtain from some of our fair readers, such imformation as will be much more useful to her and other young ladies on their first arrival from the country.

Our fair correspondent MARIA has long neglected us; her time is so happily, so usefully employed in more pleasing occupations, we dare scarcely intrude a wish, that she should dedicate much of it to the purpose of adorning our pages; but if in some moments of leisure she should feel inclined to instruct and amuse her own sex, or correct the foibles of ours, we feel satisfied that she will not forget to gratify us by communicating her valuable essays.

On CAROLINE we have a large claim on behalf of the public; she who can write so well, cannot employ her leisure time more usefully—the possessor of talents and genius owes to mankind their useful exertion; the beneficient Giver requires that they should not be hid in the earth.

What has become of the OLD BACHELOR? We begin to suspect, that he has most agreeably disqualified himself by mariage from using that title—however his essays under a different signature, even *Benedict*, or any other that might signify a *married man* will not be less acceptable—but if still under the necessity, we beg pardon, we mean at liberty to rail at matrimony, and paint the joys of single life, we hope we shall shortly be favored with some of his lucubrations.

From the number of communications both in prose and verse received by the Easy Club during the last week, they have reason to believe that their correspondents have aroused from that lethargic supineness which had tended so much to cause a scarcity of original matter in the Companion, and a want of that variety which is most generally interesting in a weekly paper. They also acknowledge with pleasure the favours of several new correspondents, some of which are inserted and others are under consideration; the Club are anxious to encourage genius, but if as their duty requires, they sometimes omit to notice some of the communications, the youthful essayist must not be discouraged from making a second attempt.

We request our new correspondents to use some other signature than a single letter, to prevent the confusion which necessarily results from two or more using the same signature.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PARAPHRASE OF GRAY'S ODE TO THE CHARTREUSE.

Power of these awful regions hail!
For sure some mighty genius roves
With step unheard, or loves to sail
Unseen along these clifts and groves.

O'er the wild mountain's stormy waste,
The shatter'd crag's impending breast,
And rocks by mortal feet untrod;
Deep in the murmuring night of woods,
Or 'mid the headlong roar of floods,
More bright I view the present God.

More bright than if in glittering state,
O'ercanopied with gold, he sat,
The pride of Phidian art confess'd—
Hail! power sublime, thy vot'ry shield,
O listen to my lay, and yield
A young but weary wanderer rest.

But if from rest and silence torn,
And these lov'd scenes—I roam afar,
By fate's returning surge down born,
To toss in care's tumultuous war—

Grant me secure from toil and strife
And all the vain alarms of life
And all the rabble's feverish rage,
Remote in some secure retreat,
At least to pass in freedom sweet,
The solitude of age.

R.

LYDIA'S BOSOM.

Can aught be colder than the mountain snow
Or when in ice the madden'd torrent's hush'd?
Yes, Lydia's bosom never felt a glow,
Ne'er through her breast the fire of love has rush'd.

Yet snow may melt beneath the solar beam,
Loosen'd the torrent wild from icy chain
O'er air-hung rocks may dash in foaming stream,
Or gently wander through the spreading plain;

So Lydia's bosom, warm'd beneath the ray
Which mild affection darts from Henry's eye;
The summer sun may feel of genial May,
And melt in pity as its ices fly.

YELSE.

THE RECALL.

Ah why, lov'd Maria, thus leave me to languish:
While I thus so sadly thy absence bemoan?
In pity return, for thy Strephon in anguish,
Must mourn, while he wanders the vallies alone.

For O lovely maiden! those sweet pleasant bowers,
Where oft in fond rapture we carelessly rov'd!
While mutual affection made sweeter the hours,
Have lost all their charms since from them you remov'd.

Then quickly return for 'tis thou who canst cheer me,
'Tis Maria can ease this sad breast of its pain,
Then come, lovely maiden! for till thou art near me,
Still, still, must thy Strephon in sorrow complain.

STREPHON.

SUMMER—A FRAGMENT.

Now blazing Sol darts his bright rays upon us,
Burning the grass and drying all the pools up;
Even the brick-yards feel that he's a tippler,
So do the Bull-frogs.

See how the grass is burnt for want of sprinkling,
Gardens and corn-fields, all as dry as tinder,
Hick'ries that once were tough as India-rubber
Snap like a Corn-cob.

Look at the pumps—e'en they're enough to fright one;
Raw head and bloody bones, "sudden death" upon 'em;
"Don't drink cold water," rather go to Beck's and
Swallow an ice cream.

O how provoking 'tis in such warm weather,
To be obliged to sleep with windows clos'd up
Tight as a pill-box, 'cause the Doctor tells me
"Keep out the night air."

Still more perplexing 'tis, when sleep affrighted
Flies up the chimney—no where else to get out—
Leaving poor me to roll and tumble all night
Bit by Musquitoes.

What's to be done? why we must grin and bear it,
Patience, and Time, will bring about the winter;
Then we can sit at home and sing and smoak and
Drink apple-toddy

BIBO.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Easy Club hope soon to find
Their Correspondents all inclin'd
Again to give their wonted aid,
Which many have so long delay'd.
They anxiously expect to see
Some verse from X. from F. and B.
Clara, Llewellyn, Solus too;
Who all must own, that much is due
From them, who write as pleasing strains
As ever grac'd Arcadian plains.
Would they employ their leisure time
To aid us, or in prose or rhyme
We could supply each week with ease
"A safe Companion" that would please;
No p ace for extracts we'd allow,
But ALL ORIGINAL as now.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

BY THE EASY CLUB.

Let cottagers and unenlighten'd swains
Revere the laws they dream that heav'n ordains,
Resort on Sundays to the house of pray'r,
And ask, and fancy they find blessings there. COWPER.

The evil complained of in the following letters we have had for sometime under consideration, in consequence of the many urgent communications on the subject which we have from time to time received; as to the propriety of the city police providing a remedy, we shall not pretend to judge; but it is our duty to notice the inconvenience of the practice, and censure the authors of it, many of whom perhaps do not reflect, that while they are neglecting one of the sacred duties of a christian, and in a certain degree profaning the Sabbath day, they are also preventing the piously disposed from receiving the benefit of religious instruction, and disturbing their sacred meditations. As some of the delinquents may feel more forcibly the effect of ridicule than serious admonition, we shall insert the letters as we received them, reserving some that appear to be more pointed, until we see what effect is produced by the present admonition.

Mr. Easy,

Knowing that you are a friend to the religious institutions of our country, and a very ardent lover of quiet and repose, I chuse to address to *you* the following complaint. I am so unfashionable as to attend public worship on every Lord's day, and believe that I can produce more solid reasons to justify this practice than can be furnished by any *whirl-a-gig* fellow of the city in defence of the common mode of killing the first day of the week. I do not wish to prescribe to others the mode in which that day should be occupied, (though as a christian I hold it my duty to recommend that which I myself but too imperfectly follow,) yet I think it but reasonable, that those who are let loose in our streets, in gigs and other carriages, should be prevented from interrupting those who are assembled in the churches. They at least ought to be undisturbed on a day by christians held sacred to rest and devotion. I know not how those hear who attend certain churches in very public situations or how much of the sermon they are able to take away with them, but in that church which I attend, although in a retired situation, the noise of carriages is so loud and frequent that a great part of the sermon would be lost if our preacher did not very considerately pause until they are out of hearing.

Now, Mr. Easy, I will thank you to inform our council men that this evil ought to be remedied by them. In Philadelphia and in all well regulated cities, those streets in which there are churches have chains across so as to prevent carriages from passing that way. If their worships do not approve of this remedy, I will propose another, which I am sure will meet their approbation; as there can be no greater punishment to the wicked than to be compelled to remain in the company of the good and to hear lessons of religion and virtue, I would propose, that every person who shall wantonly and wickedly ride in a gig or other carriage past any of the churches during the hours of public worship, shall be immediately seized by some constable or other officer, carried into the nearest church and condemned to hear a sermon. I am confident that either of the proposed remedies would be effectual. Let their worships chuse.

Do not, Mr. Easy, forget my complaint, but bear witness to its truth, tell their honors that in my proposal I have no insidious design against *Sunday Liberty*; but that I only wish for some wholesome restraint upon the modern Jehu's, that christians may worship in peace. Ask their

honors if they have ever seen dancing without music; that, you may assure them, is not more insipid, than to see the preacher without being able to hear him. HELA.

Mr. Easy,

I will thank you to inform our city police that we are very much disturbed in our churches by the noise of carriages; something must be done to remove this inconvenience. I have during the greater part of a long life, gone to church twice every Sunday, that I might set a goodly example before our young generation. For I consider religion necessary to society. And although I cannot say that it makes me any better than I would be without it, yet it is a very convenient thing to keep the vulgar and the ignorant from committing crimes. Now, Mr. Easy, you may tell the council men that unless they do something to remove the evil complained of, I shall no longer give religion the aid of my example, but hereafter take my afternoon's nap in my own back room. Our churches are at present so noisy that I have no rest whatever. I might as well attempt to sleep in a mill or in the neighbourhood of a forge hammer. SOMNUS.

Mr. Easy,

I am a young man, who from religious motives, am in the habit of attending Christ-church, at least once on the Sabbath day; and having long suffered the inconvenience to which that congregation is subject, from the noise of the carriages passing and repassing during the time of worship; I have thought proper to make my complaint to you.

Last Sunday I took my station near one of the doors, in order if possible to discover who are the disturbers; and I found, that the greater part of the carriages which passed the church, were gigs and hacks, the former burthened with bucks, and the latter with sailors and their lasses; all driving Jehu like. The noise occasioned by them was so great at times, that it was impossible to hear the Clergyman, or indeed the organ and choir with any satisfaction.

Now, sir, I shall wait the result of my complaint in the Companion, and if no effect is produced, either by their going round to one of the other bridges or by driving more gently; I will positively take my station outside the church and with my paper and pencil take down the number of every hack, and the initials of every gig or family carriage, and offer them to you for publication; this will touch the feelings of the higher order if they have any, and as for the hacks, I for one, will never employ one in the week time, whose driver does not behave with common decency on the Sabbath.

Yours, Y.

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 308.)

" O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze,
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace—
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn---" ANON.

DEMONSTRATION. I.

The books of the Old Testament are authentic and divinely inspired. There is an inseperable connection between Moses and those prophets who succeeded him; if Moses was divinely inspired, those who partook of his spirit were the sent of God. The principal part of the evidence on this particular proof will consist in evincing that the books which Moses left were a revelation from heaven; on the remaining prophets a few cursory remarks only will be made.

All the profane authors who have recurred to the best sources of historical information, as well Jews as Christians, allow that Moses is the most ancient author in the world: he was the legislator of the Hebrews; and lived and wrote in an age considerably preceding the time in which the fabled wonders of the Heathen were performed. In his writings we are informed concerning the creation of the world, the flood, the manner in which the people were afterwards dispersed, the chiefs who conducted them, &c: from the truths contained in this history, the heathen writers have extracted all their fables. Hence they have gathered all their tales respecting the chaos, the memory of the golden age, the universal deluge, the ark destined to save the human race, the repeopling of the earth by him who alone had seen both worlds, and his three sons who had divided the new world between them, and many others which though a thousand times altered, evidently shew the source whence they spring, and the author from whom they were deduced. From the time, that the Jews were first collected as a body of people, they always regarded Moses and his authority in all matters of public worship to the exclusion of any doctrines which differed from those he prescribed for belief. And at the present time, altho' they are no longer a people, and are dispersed through all the nations of the earth, they hold no authority but that of Moses. It is in vain to reproach them on account of their humiliating condition, to represent to them, that their unhappy situation follows their determined adherence to the law of Moses: against every endeavour to alter their opinions, they cease not in the most religious sense to respect these books, and their author. This is weighty

evidence of the truth of these writings. It is astonishing that the Jews should have preserved them, and their ardent zeal for them never have been abated.

To be assured of the truth of the Jewish writings, a candid attention to their contents will suffice. All through them Moses declares, that he received his orders from God, by him was inspired to write them; and that he revealed to him those laws which he published. He having averred these things must have spoken truth or falsity: the latter is impossible: we cannot without making him the author of the most unheard of deceit, and the most abominable fraud suppose him to be an impostor. But his books or any others coming to us written in the same way, and with the same internal evidence of authenticity must be what they profess to be, divinely inspired.

Every book must be allowed to be revealed from God, which given under that title, is accompanied with miracles and wonders incontestable.

Moses having received a commission from God began to prophecy: he predicted the obstinacy of the king of Egypt, the plagues with which he and his country were to be afflicted and the final success of the Jews. All this came to pass at the appointed time. The most grievous disorders which ever afflicted a nation they experienced: the consummation of the whole was the death of the first born of every living thing through all the land, "from the "first born of Pharoah who sat on the throne, to the first "born of the captive in the dungeon, and all the first "born of cattle." He prophesied that there should be an universal lamentation: "and there was not among all "the Egyptians an house which did not mourn for a "breach made in it by the Lord." The Jews did not partake of the Egyptians' distress. This last affliction was so great that Pharoah who had detained the Jews in slavery permitted them to depart: but repenting of his conduct he journeyed with all the force he could gather together, and pursued them that they might again be reduced into their state of servitude. When the Jews were reduced to the last extremity; God commanded Moses, and he separated the Red Sea: he himself by a miraculous pillar of fire, which to the Jews gave light, but was impervious darkness to the Egyptians, leading them in the midst of night, and when the latter attempted to pursue the Jews, they were all entombed in the depth of the water. In the assembly of the nation there were some rebels, who although they had seen his stupendous works dared to withstand his authority, and to dispute with him and his brother respecting the supreme power. Moses, foreseeing the effects of this audacity, as rebellion against God, accompanied by Aaron and the elders, advanced to the tents of the seditious, and addressed the whole assembly. Numbers, chapter 16.

The miracles of Moses are all true and incontrovertible: six hundred thousand men, besides women and children to the amount of three millions of souls were witnesses of them. The whole kingdom of Egypt had seen or been made acquainted with the wonders performed in that country. These were irrefragable arguments in proof of the truth of his mission. To deny this would be to assert that the eternal God hath given his power into the hands of a seducer purposely to deceive the people whom he guided, and to establish an inevitable snare for all succeeding ages. Those prophecies are authentic and divinely inspired of which the event has justified the verity of the prediction.

If two men both professing to have the gift of foretelling future events, speaking of any specified circumstance, differ materially in what they say; before we determine who is the true prophet, we wait to see the issue. Moses prophesied of many occurrences which afterwards actually were manifested in the world; many hundreds of years before the event confirmed the prophecy. He therefore was certainly inspired with his fore-knowledge from God.

That is considerable evidence of the divine origin of a book, when its assertions are supported by the testimony of posterior writers. If one who bears the sacred character of a prophet, witnesses to the authenticity of any writing, and before he works miracles prophesies that he would do them; it is God himself who works by him, and witnesses in him. Numberless characters testified to the truth of Moses' mission. If we read the prophetical parts of the Old Testament, and the histories of the nations to whom they referred, the truth of the predictions of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, &c. will be apparent: as they lived and wrote long before the events happened; could they have spoken of them with that accuracy and precision if an infallible instructor had not taught them? Isaiah mentioned Cyrus by name, and detailed the actions which he was to perform as the instrument of God, with all the minuteness of history although two hundred years previous to his birth. Daniel relates the fall of Persia, the rise of Alexander, &c.

These prophecies have undergone no alteration. If the Jewish books are divinely inspired, and contain the mind and will of God, he would not permit them to be corrupted. To admit this supposition, would take away every idea of divine providence, and leave the work of God not to be distinguished from that of man. The Jewish reve-

lation never has, never could have been altered. The inviolable attachment of the Jews in all ages to their scriptures was an effectual barrier to every attempt to corrupt the original text. They were obliged in every revolution to recur to these books as containing all which they held authoritative in religion or manners. But if the ardent love the Jews had to their Bible did not hinder its alteration, when was it done? whilst Moses, Joshua, or the Judges lived?—Impossible—When the ten tribes were separated from the other two?—Judah would never have permitted the sin. During the captivity?—The Jews then preserved their scripture with the most religious scrupulosity. When Antiochus profaned the temple?—The Maccabees were its faithful guardians. When many sects dwelt in Judea?—They were each a check upon the other. By whom was it done?—It is impossible that the Levites, the priests, the kings, the people, or that strangers could do this work.—The changes to be alledged in the Jewish volume must fall either upon the miracles, the law, or the prophecies; and neither of these can be justly suspected of having been changed from the time they first were written.

(To be continued.)

Dear Mr. Easy,

Knowing your kindness towards the female part of the creation, it determined me to lay my complaints before you. You must know, that I am the daughter of a country gentleman who has been dead a few months; myself and a maiden aunt determined to prevail on my mamma to move to town, for we had always met with opposition from my papa: as soon as her sorrows seemed a little abated, my aunt opened the subject to her; pointed out the necessity of having her children properly educated in the fashionable mode of dressing, walking, talking, and soforth, so that my mamma consented, and to town we came. Immediately after our arrival our acquaintances came to see us; the younger part began immediately to new-model me, and give a few necessary instructions; such, as who was the most fashionable wigmaker, milliner, mantuamaker, and soforth, and declared I would be quite a new creature after being a few weeks under their hands; that I would scarce know myself, for it was exactly the case with themselves. Dear Mr. Easy, how my heart palpitated at the thought of being so changed; for just think how I must have felt at seeing females of fourteen, although they were not so old as myself—and I am turned of fifteen—as great women as mamma; and I declare they can give their opinion with as much ease as possible before people as old again as themselves without blushing.

I set about making necessary arrangements, not fearing the least opposition; but would you believe it, Mr. Easy, I am constantly meeting with opposition. I came down stairs the other day ready dressed to go on a visit, when my mamma rose from her chair, and turning me round, exclaimed—why child you are surely dressed to take a part on a mountebank stage. I replied no dear mamma, it's quite the ton, I assure you. Well, said she, this dress does not correspond with the ideas I have of a decent female dress; therefore I desire you will return to your chamber and make such alterations as I shall point out, or you must stay at home. My shawl must be folded square; my coquette must be worn strait; the sleeve of my gown must be down nearly to my elbow, my bosom must be covered. And I declare the other day I was forced to stay at home because my petticoats drag—would you believe it, sir, my mamma insists that they shall be cut round; what a figure I shall be, to have the heel of my shoe vulgarly exposed; I cannot bear it much longer, I assure you; therefore do Mr. Easy, as the "Post" man has been so kind to the gentlemen as to give them a receipt for a beau, help us a little, by giving a receipt for a belle. You are a great favourite with my mamma, and any thing through the Companion would have great weight with her, as she constantly reads it. Be sure and tell us the exact length of the shawl; whether the bosom ought to be covered or not; the length of the sleeve, whether the petticoats ought to drag or not. Dear Mr. Easy, be as expeditious as possible.

Yours sincerely,

PRISCILLA PARSONS.

SELECTIONS.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

"———*They little know of human-kind*
"*That doubt their operation.*" DOUGLAS.

The equipment of the exterior is much more necessary to our success in life, than people are apt to believe. Intrinsic merit is not so sovereign a recommendation to the world as exterior appearance. If a prepossession in our favour is obtained, it supplies the want of every other merit; and like the man, "who, by having the name of rising early, may lie in bed the whole day," we may arrogate to ourselves the praise of virtues with which we are unacquainted. In all the appendages of dress which serve to give importance to the figure, there is none so consequential and necessary as—*a Pair of Spectacles.*—A man may be intelligent, contemplative, and learned—

he may be studious, grave and solitary—his eyes may be sunk with the severity of midnight lucubration; but he only can give a full impression to spectators of his sagacity and profound erudition, by the striking effect of a *Pair of Spectacles*. The unwieldy size and uncouth formation of a man may serve to introduce him to notice. Dr. Johnson has received peculiar benefits from it, and others may be equally successful; but art may still add to the disproportions of nature, and render the whole man more eminently conspicuous, by the judicious application of *a Pair of Spectacles*. A man is never taken notice of in the literary world, till he informs the public, by wearing *a Pair of Spectacles*, that he has injured his eye-sight by poring over his books. He then receives the credit of a scholar, and a learned man. His decisions in criticism are admitted without investigation—his dogmatical remarks without suspicion. Nothing but *a Pair of Spectacles* could entitle him to this patronage and distinction; for out of the small number of great men who give encouragement to literature, how few are there who either have the skill, or take the trouble to discover true merit in its modest retirement!—How few are those who, not being guided by vanity, pass over the specious *owls* of public opinion, and "undergo the fatigue of thinking for themselves!" *A Pair of Spectacles* having wormed a man into estimation, he becomes an object worthy the ambition of a man whose whole view, in protecting men of letters, is to acquire the character of a Mæcenas. *A Pair of Spectacles* also recommends a man who has not yet acquired fame, to the favour of that person whose passion leads him to raise unknown merit from its obscurity, and cherish it in the sunshine of his favour; but who has not penetration enough to discover the depth of the organs behind the optic. In short *a Pair of Spectacles* are the only blazon by which a man can convey to the public information of his worth: the only trumpet with which he can bespeak respect, by announcing his merits; and the only film with which he can overshadow the eyes of men, and make them blind to his real defects.

STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A SPANISH WOMAN.

Every one will recollect the remarkable story of Androcles and the Numidian Lion, related by Dion Cassius, and inserted in the 139th number of the Guardian; but the gratitude of a lioness to a Spanish woman in the province of Paraguay, as extracted from the Spanish historians, by the Abbe Raynal, is much less known, and our readers may perhaps think it an agreeable counter-part to the adventure of the Roman slave.

When the Spaniards first laid the foundation of Buenos Ayres, in 1535, the new colony wanted provisions. All who attempted to procure them were murdered by the savages; but it became necessary to forbid any one, upon pain of death, from going beyond the limits of the new settlement.

A woman, whom hunger had certainly inspired with resolution to brave the fear of death, eluded the vigilance of the guards who were posted round the colony, to preserve it from the dangers it was exposed to in consequence of the famine. Maldonata, for such was the name of the fugitive, having wandered about for some time in unknown and unfrequented roads, entered a cave to repose herself. A lioness whom she met with there, filled her with extreme terror, which was soon changed into surprise, when she perceived this formidable animal approaching her with signs of fear, and then caressing and licking her hands with mournful cries, rather calculated to excite compassion than dread. Maldonata soon perceived that the lioness was with whelp, and that her groans were the complaints of a dam who calls for help to get rid of her burden. Maldonata was inspired with courage, and assisted the efforts of nature in that painful moment, when she seems reluctantly to give life to all beings, which they are to enjoy for so short a time. The lioness, being safely delivered, soon went out in quest of provision, which she brought and laid at the feet of her benefactress. She daily shared it with the little whelps, who, brought into life by her assistance, and bred up with her, seemed by their playful and harmles bites to acknowledge an obligation, which their dam repaid with the tenderest marks of attention. But when they grew bigger and found themselves impelled by natural instinct to seek their own prey, and sufficiently strong to seize and devour it, the family dispersed in the woods; and the lioness, who was no longer called to the cave by maternal tenderness, disappeared likewise to roam about the forest, which her hunger daily depopulated.

Maldonata, alone and without sustenance, was forced to quit a cavern which was an object of terror to so many living creatures, but which her pity had made a place of safety for her. She now felt with sorrow the want of a society, that had been of such signal service to her; she did not wander for any considerable time, before she fell into the hands of the savages. She had been fed by a lioness, and was made a slave my men. She was soon afterwards retaken by the Spaniards, who brought her back to Buenos Ayres. The commandant, more savage than the lions or the wild Indians, did not think her sufficiently punished

for her flight by all the dangers and miseries she had endured: he had the cruelty to order her to be tied to a tree in the middle of a wood, and there left to starve, or to be devoured by wild beasts.

Two days after, some soldiers went to see what had become of the unhappy victim. They found her alive, surrounded with hungry tygers, who were eager to devour her, but were kept at a distance by a lioness who lay at her feet with her whelps. This sight struck the soldiers motionless with pity and terror. When the lioness saw them, she withdrew from the tree, as if to make room for them to unbind her benefactress: but when they took her away, the animal followed slowly at some distance, endeavoring to confirm by her caresses and tender complaints, the wonders of gratitude which the woman was relating to her deliverers. The lioness with her whelps for some time followed her footsteps, shewing all the same marks of regret and affliction, that a disconsolate family express when they attend a beloved father or son, who is going to embark for America, from whence he may never return.

The commandant was informed of the whole adventure by his soldiers; and this example of gratitude in an animal so ferocious, awakened in him those feelings which his savage heart had undoubtedly lost in crossing the seas, and he suffered a woman to live, who had been so visibly protected by heaven.

HOPE OF FUTURITY.

AN EARNEST ADDRESS TO AN INCREDULOUS FRIEND.

"'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

An extraordinary sensation obscures my mind, when any process of sophistic reasoning snatches from me for a moment the hope of futurity, and incloses it within the narrow boundary of this life. I then feel that every thing is lost in me. I have no longer any confidence in myself. I tremble at the thought of being for ever seperated from my friend. It seems that his countenance becomes pale, that his voice is lost in the gloom that surrounds me. I see him placed on the brink of an abyss. Every moment in which I speak to him, appears to me the last, since one must arrive to finish our intercourse for ever, and my soul experiences the agitation of fear, instead of the enjoyment of friendship.

But, oh! how my affection is strengthened! How it elevates us, when two souls mutually animate each other, to place their trust in the supreme being. Friend of my heart, do not resist the consolation which religion can afford. If it is not possible for thy mind to be convinced on this subject by positive argument: our sensibility can teach us all that is necessary to be known. Take but a slight survey of human destiny; you will there perceive only a few delightful moments of youth and happiness, followed by a length of declining years, which conduct from sorrow to sorrow and from terror to terror, until the whole is closed by the awful hand of death. Hope is of all things most necessary to man, and yet his existence, after his twenty-fifth year, consists only of a series of days, of which the present is always better than the next. He wishes to pause when he finds himself on the declivity of life; he clings to each twig, in order that his steps may carry him less rapidly towards old age and the grave. He incessantly dreads the period for which the imagination is formed, the only one from which it never can be detached, futurity. Oh! my friend, is this all the use of life? Is this soul of fire given to us for no purpose, but to be slowly extinguished in the agony of age?

By the faculty of loving I am enabled to feel within me the immortal source of life. What! shall my ashes be laid near thine without the hope of reviving? shall we, for ever, be strangers to that nature which speaks so powerfully to the soul! Shall that magnificent sky, whose aspect excites so many noble sentiments, and sublime ideas! shall those brilliant stars of night and of day, arise on our tomb, as they rose on our happiest hours, and nothing of us remain to admire them! No, friend of my heart, the idea of annihilation is as dreadful to me as that of guilt, and the same conscience teaches me to abhor both.

But how melancholy must be my hope, if you do not partake of it? What idea can my imagination afford me of happiness, if it is not to be enjoyed with you? Oh! my friend, believe with me, that I may hope in peace; that I may follow thy brilliant course in that heaven, where my eyes seek thy place before they aspire to mine.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

Ancient history relates, that Zeuxis a celebrated painter of Heraclea, died of a fit of laughter at the sight of an old woman of his own drawing. But for people to be ready to expire with laughing at their own conceits and expressions, we have innumerable modern instances.

"Hah! hah! hah! hah! hah!—I'll tell you what I laugh at. I said the best thing t'other day, that you ever heard, hah! hah! hah!—says I to my brother——only mind—Hah! hah! hah! I says," says I "I saw a most terrible wind yesterday"—"Saw a wind!" says my brother—"'tis the first time I ever heard of a wind being

seen ;" Hah! hah! hah! and so says he, Hah! hah! hah! " Pray, if you did see the wind, what was it like?" What was it like? Hah! hah! hah!—now mind—Hah hah! hah! " What was it like?" says I—" Aye, what was it like," says he—" Why it was like to blow my house down," says I —" Hah! hah! hah! hah! oh! oh! oh!"

These gigling, smilling, tittering, grinning, risible gentry, when in company with a man of genuine wit and humour, continually tease him to be comical. They address him in this manner—

" Come now, do tell us someting droll to make us laugh, will you? d—n it, I tell you what let's play at—To market, my Lord—will you? That's right.—I'll be my Lord—and your name shall be *Cockles*—your's *Pork Griskin*—your's *Sparrowgrass*—your's *John Dorry*—and your's *Mutton Chops, tol der er lol te ti te te you*—Now mind—When my hat's on—I'm my Lady ; and when it's off, I'm my Lord—and for every mistake, a half pint bumper, or a black face."

Having thus diverted himself for some time, and being obliged to swallow several half pints, through his frequent mistakes at the enchanting games of the Dumb Conceit, To Market, my Lord, Questions and Commands, Hot Cockles, Alphabetical Toasts, Dutch Club, Hiding the horse, What's my thought like or Buzz, he is led home with his face blacked, totally insensible, and put to bed to his wife ; who, viewing him the next morning, complains, and frequently gives the following hints—

Somebody,
Some people, and
Other people.

" I'm sure if *some people* go on, in this manner, *somebody* will suffer for it—*Some people* never know what time to come home, and *other people* must be disturbed by *some people* at all hours of the night—That if *some people* have no more sense than to suffer their faces to be blacked, *other people* may be ashamed of such a scandalous behaviour—and that *some people* should be glad to be informed by *some body*"—

" Lord, my dear," says the husband," it was *nobody*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Essay signed W. which was by accident mislaid for sometime, contains sentiments respecting government which however correct they may be, are not suited to the Companion ; we are sorry that this objection exists to prevent its insertion, as it is written with spirit and correctness—we request that the author will favour us with an essay suited to the plan pointed out in the Prospectus of the Companion ; and hope to find him a constant and valuable correspondent.

The descripton of the Lazy Club by a Sluggard bears strong marks of the authors right to that appellation ; the writer however appears to be capable if he would exert himself to give us an interresting communication on that subject ; a little attention to correctness and some small alterations in his essay would render it useful and highly amusing.

A Friend to the Fair, is a true friend to society ; he entertains a correct—and surely the popular opinion of the real importance of the companion of a *stickee*,—whose own superabundance of weighty nonsense is the principal cause of his being unable to discern any thing valuable in the female character. If our friend—and we esteem every *Friend to the Fair* as our friend—has not pointed out the true cause of the insipidity of female company, then we know not where to seek it ;—we think he has, and by inserting his esteemed communication, we hope to indue some of the " hair brained" gentry to " *begin to think.*"

The " *last farwell*" is under consideration, we shall attend to the note of the author.

Vario, Leveridge, Molly Good-heart and Oakley are received and will be duly attended to.

Leander's beautiful *Invitation* came too late for the present number, his valuable favors will always be thankfully received.

Solon has not furnished us with such an essay as suits our " plan." We are much pleased with his ingenuity—and confess ourselves not a little instructed by some of his notes ; but what have we to do with politicks?—The Companion neither knows federalists nor democrats ; we fear not the charge of vanity——by professing to instruct and amuse in more essential departmeats of literature.

Several small pieces, such as Orlando, A. Z. Fancy, &c. come not up to the height of mediocrity.

We thank a Reader for his several selections.

Avenger's insinuation cannot be inserted in the Companion—the young gentleman to whom we have reason to think his angry strictures allude was not " guilty of writing those pieces" which have offended him. Neither Jonathan nor the Pedestrian would care much if Avenger's boot was so large as entirly to hide him from view—he may procure such an one, lower himself down into it, fix it on wheels, and *roll* about the town with nothing but his " warlike comb" peeping out at top.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE COMPLAINT.

Ah! now full well I know the reason why,
  Philocus shuns the hated Rosa's sight;
At Stella's feet I late o'erheard him sigh,
  And tend'rest vows of love and honour plight.

Ah gentle fair! be warn'd by Rosa's fate,
  Who once like thee, believed Philoclus true;
Now doom'd to bear in silent grief his hate,
  To bid to joy, a long and sad adieu.

Gay, thoughtless youth! how could you thus ensnare
  The heart you found from every sorrow free;
Then, still more cruel, leave it to despair,
  Which spite of all, yet fondly doats on thee?

Philoclus! dost thou hear thy Rosa's call,
  And does no pity dwell within thy breast?
O come! and freely I'll forgive thee all,
  One smile from thee, can make me truly blest.

CLARA.

THE TRIFLE.

As Rosa once in sportive humour tri'd,
  To cut from paper some amusing toy;
Young Strephon soon the charming maid espi'd,
  And laugh'd, satiric laugh'd at her employ.

In pique the blushing maiden thus replied,
  From trifle oft' to trifle do I range;
Come sit thee, Strephon, by my vacant side,
  I'll then one trifle for another change.

YELSE.

PARODY.

It must be so, Cupid, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing sigh, this anxious doubt,
This blisful hope, to meet my charming girl?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of losing her forever? Why do I fear
My Rival's tongue, and startle at the thought?
'Tis LOVE itself gives rise to these sensations,
And intimates the married state to man.
O married state! thou foe to dissipation!
Through what variety of untry'd comfort,
Through what new joys and raptures must we pass!
A young and happy family before me;
And flattering prospects brighten future life.
Here will I hold. If man has any taste,
(And that he has no one can have a doubt,
Because he loves) he must delight in marriage;
And conjugal affection makes him happy.
But for what purpose dull old Bachelors
Were made, I'm really weary of conjecture—
This mode of reasoning must end my doubts.
Thus am I doubly arm'd. Reason and Truth,
Love and Religion, are both before me.
Those ev'ry moment tell me I am right;
While these inform me marriage must be happy.
The married man secur'd by virtue's shield,
Contemns the harlot, and defies her smiles:
Beauty may fade away, the frame itself
Grow weak with age, and totter tow'rds the grave;
But thou, O virtuous Love! shalt flourish still
Fresh as in youth, despite of meagre death,
And gain a glorious immortality. &.

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH SONG.

Je ne vous dirai pas j'aime.

I fear to tell you how I love,
Lest rank and wealth my flame reprove,
And yet the God of bland persuasion,
Disregards all rank and station:
When young Adonis told his love,
Venus forgot her seat above:
All hearts must feel the gentle flame,
And when in love all rank's the same.

When I behold bright Julia's charms,
Her face and form and taper arms—
Pattern of nature and of art,
With all the virtues of the heart—
With heaving breast I then confess,
She does alone my heart possess:
Do all I can is then in vain,
My tongue from utterance to restrain.

But should we not our love confess,
Do we thereby its force repress?
Tho' we the tongue with silence seal;
The heart its throbbings will reveal;
For when near her for whom we sigh,
We act and look we know not why,
And if tow'rds you my eyes I turn
Each glance proclaims for you I burn.

FLETA.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO AN INFANT.

Dear babe, whose meaning by fond looks exprest,
  Thy only little eloquence, might move
The sternest soul to tenderness and love,
While thus, nor taught by age to fawn, nor drest
In treachery's mask, nor falsehood's glittering vest,
  Thou sweetly smilest: at the pleasing sight,
  Wretch as I am, unwonted to delight,
A transient gleam of gladness cheers my breast:
  Yet soon again bursts forth th' unbidden tear,
And inly bleeds my heart, while I divine
  What chilling blasts may nip thy riper year,
What blackening storms may cloud thy life's decline;
  What for myself I feel, for thee I fear:
Nay! God forbid my woes should e'er be thine!

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BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

———*The world's a school*
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices or foes:
That *stains our innocence,* this *wounds our peace.*

YOUNG.

Mr. Easy,

NO subject more loudly demands the lash of the moralist, or the advice of the christian, than that novel kind of deception which consists in the fear of being *stigmatized* as a virtuous character, and the wish to be known as an abandoned profligate. I have often been surprised that in our christian country, a man, who avows himself a firm believer in christianity, who talks about the old-fashioned duties of prayer, reading and hearing the word of God, and an obedience to the precepts of the gospel, should be ridiculed under some canting opprobious epithet, and encouragement thereby be given to the commission of vice. You are extremely fortunate, if, within the circle of your acquaintance, there are not some youth, who affect to despise every thing good, and to delight in every mean and illicit practice. There is a youth of my acquaintance who swears, blasphemes, drinks and gambles to the most extravagant excess, and is a complete debauchee of the most vile kind, always laying in wait to seduce innocence—at least this is his own description of himself. His vices, according to his own detail, are sufficient to contaminate the whole state; and if he were guilty of one-thousandth part of the crimes of which he boasts, no human punishment short of death could possibly be satisfactory to the offended laws of society; whilst he ridicules religion, scoffs at the Bible, repeats coarse jokes about the clergy, and is indeed a deist incorrigible. Now this youth one would suppose to be mad—and this perversion of talent, this boast of all that is diabolical, is certainly a species of insanity, which ought to be conquered by those means which are usually employed in cases of *munia*. And what is most astonishing of all no one knows where, how, or when he thus acts. Questions are frequently asked of this kind—Did you see———intoxicated the other evening?—or, do you know that unfortunate girl who was seduced through his bewitching arts?—or, where was it he gambled to such an extent, and lost so much money? To all these questions the answer is—I never heard of it.

The contrary is the real truth—his conscience is so tender, that to curse his neighbour, to take the Lord's name in vain, to drink to excess, to ruin a female, or even to visit a prostitute, to express a disrespectful word of christianity, or deliberately disobey its injunctions, would grieve him in the highest degree. The question then may be asked, "To what cause can this practice be attributed, "which claims the *disgrace* of vice, and shuns the *ho-* "*nour* of virtue?" *To a groundless fear, or to a devilish ambition.*

You may always lay it down as an established rule, that these braggadocias have some very grand defect, either in their principles or their heads. The person now particularly alluded to has no defect in his creed—his views of the christian religion, his sense of its importance, and of the indispensable necessity of attending to it; and his detestation of sin, from a conviction of its injurious effects, and the hell to which it exposes him; are all orthodox. He lives in conformity to all which in his private opinion is truth—but his head is weak—he has for a long time past been acquainted with a circle of those *senseless sprigs*, whose sole delight is in vice, whose constant habits are evil, who know no moral restraint; and who reflect not that there is a God to judge, and a Devil to punish them. What actuates ——— is fear—he has not a sufficient

degree of courage to break off their acquaintance, and to banish himself from companions whose evil desires he has endeavoured incessantly to alter, whose vices he has tried to conquer, and whose licentiousness he has so often deplored. But with his convictions, ought he not immediately to separate himself from the company of those whose conversation is pollution, whose conduct is condemned, whose principles are hellish, and whose end will be misery? And what is more disagreeable, from his associating with these notorious profligates, he is, by those who know not the pains which daily render him miserable, considered as one of those without principle or restraint—so that his own assertions are believed, and no farther corroboration deemed necessary. Thus a valuable member of society, who in his own house and family is modest, unassuming, mild, chaste, and temperate, is, from not shaking off his vile associates, condemned as a compound of vice, and by all the virtuous and good shunned as a plague. He is afraid of the laugh of those whom he despises, and has not fortitude to withstand the jeers of a few unprincipled wretches who are a common nuisance to the city.

This fear operating in this way, is one of the most prejudicial principles which can possibly affect the mind. It insensibly leads to sinful indulgences; and to it may often be imputed the commission of numberless vices which otherwise would not be perpetrated. The fear of being singular when forming part of any company by abstaining from the general practices however improper they may be, has often led to the gratification of propensities against which the mind both before and after has in the strongest manner revolted.

In our city this may often be imputed to a want of principle, to the shameful manner in which our youth are neglected—and in which they are instructed—to the solicitude displayed to make them masters of a few refined accomplishments—such as staring in your face, insulting you with their petty impudence, smoking a segar, drinking a glass of grog, taking the Lord's name in vain, cursing those who offend them, and tyrannizing over their inferiors—and to the general carelessness with regard to the virtuous impressions which a boy may imbibe. This subject has struck me very forcibly for some time past—and I have conceived that almost all the vice, and all the avowals of vice have arisen from that fear of a jeer, and the ambition of being known for something, even for wickedness, which I would now reprobate.

There is no one argument of so much weight in this view of the subject as that which I have now adduced, that there is very little care taken to establish in the minds of our youth those virtuous principles which shall be a buckler against the fascinations of vice, the allurements of wicked company, and the influence of inward corruption. I will cite for instance the seminaries of instruction in every city; and I have no hesitation in saying, that a sufficient regard is not paid to the morals of the youth—and one instance may be quoted in the pieces selected for rehearsal at their public exhibitions. What more absurd, what more inconsistent, what more improper, than duelling scenes?—and pieces interlarded with oaths, to be exhibited by boys barely old enough to read their own language, certainly incompetent to understand it, and totally unable to comprehend the meaning or force of the satire.

But these two principles which I have asserted to be the cause of this despicable hypocrisy in our youth, require further investigation and opposition, than your room will admit. The one may be called a false shame, if not meriting a worse appellation—and the other is a desire of distinction, which includes some of the most vile and unjustifiable opinions and practices.

Arguments innumerable may be urged against those who manifest this species of hypocrisy, from whatever cause it proceeds—ridicule may be well applied—serious reasoning in its proper place—and all the laws of civil society may be urged to counteract a predominant, and an increasing evil. But as I consider myself opposing two different vices, though the same in effect, and two different characters, the hypocrite or professedly wicked from fear, and he who bears this title from an infamous ambition; I shall make each the subject of a separate essay, and combat these misguided persons, and shew them the folly, and wickedness of their conduct by such reasons as appear to me conclusive and not to be evaded. CATO.

Mr. Easy,

I read with some degree of emotion the complaint of the persecuted Edith, in your paper of the twenty-seventh July, and confess her case embraces a subject which I have long thought merited attention. How distressing must be the situation of a fine girl, who, possessing the advantages of education, good sense, and refined manners, is compelled to sit for hours together and listen to the fulsome nonsense of an animal to whom bountiful nature has given the amazing capacity of adjusting *(himself)* every part of his dress, without forgetting one piece, not even his coatee! What must be her sensations when called from the delightful and rational conversation of an *Addison*, a *Hervey*, or a *Young*, to attend Mr. Fribble and his

cane (I beg the gentleman's pardon, his cane and Mr. Fribble) to hear the same routine of tiresome disgusting flattery, which has so often assailed her ears from the same and kindred sources; to hear him declare, that in passing by he merely called in for the purpose of killing an hour or so, (as if 'twas not plain to foresee the gentleman had been engaged in the pleasing employment of time-killing from the commencement of his existence) to listen to a repetition of every good thing he has immortalized by uttering since their last meeting: which he occasionally intersperses with a hem or a smile, used by this correct gramarian as commas, periods and notes of admiration to the preceding important and interesting conversation, which he has the modest assurance to conclude with a sigh of regret that the ladies do not possess the advantages of *education* and a greater capacity of supporting a conversation on *scientifick* and *interesting* subjects. Blockhead! dost thou not see the inconsistency of throwing *pearls to swine?*

Without discussing the question of female education, I think no impartial person, who has the opportunity of judging would hesitate to declare, that in comparing the ladies of Baltimore with the ladies-men of the same city, the weight of good sense would make it greatly preponderate in the female scale. The beaux, instead of paying a compliment to those ladies whom they *honour* with their attentions, as they have the vanity to suppose, are much indebted to the politeness of the ladies for being tolerated at all; and henceforth they are not to plume themselves on their happy knack of exciting laughter among a circle of girls; for we often see the same effect produced by the ridiculous drollery of a monkey or baboon. These smoking, prating, giggling fops, ought therefore by no means to censure the fair for condescending to talk nonsense, or in other words for politely accommodating their conversation to their company, lest they should thereby render any farther intercourse between themselves and the ladies impracticable, and be compelled in their own defence to enter upon a *strange* and new employment, *to begin to think.*

A FRIEND TO THE FAIR.

Mr. Easy,

I have several times been on the point of addressing you on a subject of such a nature as cannot fail to awaken your sympathy, and induce you to give your assistance to remedy an evil, which in its consequences is extremely injurious to society. I am unfortunately a female—for the epithet, unfortunate, seems to belong almost exclusively to my sex. Our situation in life is often deplorable!—Surrounded by a thousand seducing objects of pleasure, in us resistence is termed a virtue, but in man how different! Fame attends him in what is proudly called his triumph over our sex. The superior station he fills in life, affords him opportunity to execute his base design. The libertine now enjoys his reign in security, vice stalks abroad with unblushing face, and innocence suffers with impunity. This is an evil, Mr. Easy, that demands the greatest consideration; for what is to become of the harmony of society, when religion and morality are scoffed at and ridiculed? The degraded state into which too many of the youth of our country are plunged is lamentable. Can we behold without emotion talents and virtue thus early consigned to infamy? The great causes of these evils are the neglect of education and the force of vicious example.—Seduced by the syren allurements of pleasing, though profligate, associates; how can a young and ardent mind resist unless protected by a virtuous education? From vicious intercourse the heart becomes corrupt; the young, the thoughtless, and the gay, are easily attracted by objects of pleasure, and more susceptible of dangerous impression; the love of dissipation leads them on in a thoughtless career; what affords delight they are studious to justify; all the subtleties of false reason are summoned to defend their favourite indulgence, and to overcome those scruples that fill the mind on its first approach to vice, with horror. In the youthful bosom, when the soul should expand with generous feeling, and every virtue have its residence in the heart, you meet with nothing but deformity, dissimulation and vice; the duties of the patriot, the husband and the friend, are forgotten, and the sacred institution of matrimony disregarded. Would it not then be madness in the extreme to unite our fate with beings so destitute of those qualities which are calculated to ensure domestic happiness? I would choose "a safe companion "and an easy friend" to share with me the joys of life—I have examined my heart upon the leading question, and am determined that marriage is essential to happiness; but on advancing ano her step, in the grand debate, who should be the person? I found myself totally unable to decide. A heart like mine can never know felicity but in the converse of a kindred soul. I have not escaped entirely the addresses of lovers; but neither their assiduities nor their offers ever excited more than a momentary attention. In resisting thus far I consider myself as extremely fortunate; but I am now at that age when it is necessary I should make a choice on which the future happiness of my life will depend. In love affairs I know our own reason is often an unsafe guide, I therefore implore your advice, Mr. Easy, in so momentous an affair. If I should be so

fortunate after the publication of my letter as to have applicants for my hand through the Companion, I will give you my character and a short account of my life.

MOLLY GOODHEART.

HE IS MUCH TO BLAME.

Mr. Easy,

This is not only applied to those who act criminally, but is frequently applied by the wealthy and the great to their more meritorious, though less fortunate, neighbours.

Thus, if a man should enter into some business by which he would calculate, on procuring for himself and his family a decent competence, and should fail; his good-natured neighbours, who have been more successful in some other business, will exclaim, with an affected concern for his welfare, *he is much to blame.*

If a farmer has three or four sons, to one of whom he wishes to give a liberal education that he may give eclat to the family name, and thus flatter parental pride; he consults his neighbours on the measure, they all advise to it, pronounce without hesitation that the boy has genius and that it would be a pity to confine him to the handles of a plough. The father thus flattered immediately determines his son shall be a scholar—sends him to college—here he gets into bad company—acquires habits of dissipation, which bring after them infamy and disgrace—the unhappy and disappointed father has then the mortification of hearing those *very friends* who advised to the measure, declare with as much self-complacency and exultation as if they had all along foresaw the result, "*he is much to blame.*"

But although this expression is often used when there is no good reason for it, yet in our journey through life we often meet with men who are indeed *much to blame.*

Thus if we go into a retail store to purchase a coat or pair of pantaloons, and the person behind the counter asks a dollar or two per yard more than the selling price, and at the same time assures you "on my *hona sa* it is only just cost;" we cannot help thinking "*there is somebody to "blame.*"

If we see a physician, who, instead of using his utmost endeavours to relieve his patient from his complaint, tampers with it and confines him on the bed of sickness three times as long as is necessary, for the purpose of increasing his charge for "medicines and attendance;" it would certainly not be thought harsh or unmerited if we were to declare that *he is much to blame.*

When a gentleman "learned in the law" prostitutes his talents by encouraging vexatious suits between his neighbours who have less knowledge than himself, and perhaps more obstinacy than honesty, merely that he may extort a handsome fee—or when we hear him at the bar, treat the court with rudeness and contempt—or wantonly wound the feelings of those who have been called on to give testimony in the case, certainly both law and justice would warrant us in saying *he is much to blame.*

Should a merchant, by indulging in habits of dissipation, suffer his business to become deranged in such a manner as to prevent him meeting his Bank engagements, or his private contracts—should he in consequence be obliged to send his notes to the shavers; or his goods to be sacrificed at auction; such a man should not complain were we to point at him as he walks the streets and say, *he's much to blame.*

If a man exerts all his industry to be elected to an office of public trust, and while in that situation makes use of all his knowledge and influence for his own private interest and emolument, to the great injury of the public and oppression of individuals whom his office was intended to benefit; surely all men of honourable feelings will as with one voice say, *he is much to blame.*

If we see the pastor of a respectable congregation receiving a high salary, who possesses talents capable of commanding the admiration of all—talents that put it in his power to instruct the ignorant and interest the learned—to awaken the sinner from his lethargy—rouse every dormant passion of the soul, and enlist it on the side of religion—when in the pulpit we if find this pastor dull, dry, formal and uninteresting—sinking into apathy, and instead of relying on and exerting his own powers, "leaning on the staff of quotation"—when all this, I say is found to be the case; christian charity herself cannot withold the declaration, "*he is much to blame.*"

And now ye constellation of wits—ye cluster of geniuses—who so kindly unite your exertions to furnish us with "A safe Companion and an easy friend"—ye easy moving gentlemen of the Easy Club—if you do not carefully correct, and cheerfully insert this my very first apology for an essay—if you will not thus gratify a young man who has vanity enough to wish to *figure away in print*—and who wishes to help to fill your paper with *originality*, which the ill-natured among your correspondents may pronounce *original nonsense*, if they please—I say if instead of publishing this essay to enlighten the public, you make use of it to light candles for the Club; I will decline writing—I will consume no more oil, as we learned men term it—but will endeavour in private circles to make it appear that the Easy Club have no penetration—and that of course for attempting to take Mr. Easy's post—*they are much to blame.*

JONATHAN.

Mr. Easy,

Among the various institutions which have been contrived for the ease and convenience of mankind, and the gratification of one of their strongest propensities, there is none which has been so shamefully neglected, or so ungratefully permitted to remain uncelebrated, even by those who are in the constant practice of its principles and enjoy its benefits as fully as the most regularly initiated member; as THE LAZY CLUB—an institution which deserves your particular attention and notice, and one to which I have no doubt, from some recent circumstances, you will feel much attached, when you are made acquainted with its plan, its principles and manner of proceeding. Knowing your anxious desire to give your readers every information which may in any manner contribute to their ease or benefit; and flattering myself that your recommendation will aid my unremitting endeavors, supported by that philanthrophy which heaven has implanted in my nature, to make public and thereby render more extensively useful an institution of such transcendent merit—an institution that will confer the highest honor and fame on its supporters, and if not already superior in numbers must, when its organization is generally known, far exceed any other society in the world, not even excepting the widely extended one of Masonry.

I shall defer giving you any account of the rules and plan of proceedings of this Club until I know whether such a communication would suit the plan of your paper; but I have no doubt there are many of your readers who will be anxious for its appearance, particularly that they may be informed of the manner and terms of admission: To my certain knowledge, many young men of this city would take the first opportunity of offering themselves as members—and the whole tenor of their actions fully entitle them to a seat. But that you, Mr. Easy, may judge of their worthiness, and know the just claim they have to be accepted as members; I send you the following sketch of their general conduct and behavior.

About the hour of twelve, each day you may observe, one of these youths, of comley appearance, and decent attire, though not decently attired, come swaggering down street, rubbing his eyes, and gaping in the face of every one he passes. If he meets an acquaintance, though the manner of that acquaintance indicates the urgency of business, and he seems unwilling to stay—it is of no avail—he will stop him, with a yawning "how are you?" and "what's o'clock?" and by many silly, insipid questions of this kind detain him some minutes before he can get from under him—as he is all this time lolling on the shoulder of his friend. His next maneuvre is to seize his button—by which he hangs until it either breaks or tears the coat—then drawling out "good by," he swaggers on, till meeting some other person with whom he is acquainted, the same gentlemanlike scene is repeated: and so on, till in an hour's time he'll reach nearly three squares.—Then he enters some store; throws himself on the counter; prevents the young men from attending to their business, and is in the way of every customer that comes in. Sometimes he'll sit on one counter, and rumple a piece of goods; then lye down on the other, and do the same mischief. At last the unmannerly shop-keepers hint that they wish his departure.

Oh degenerate men! Oh! low-bred fellows—who can't taste the superior pleasure of being in company with a man in every respect deserving to be a member of the honourable Lazy Club.

On receiving the hint, this great character moves with an admirable dull motion towards the door, where he is sure to knock down every thing in his way, as he wheels out with a genteel lazy swing, and fashionable oath, to go to some other place.

Thus you see, Mr. Easy, many persons who would do credit to this respectable society, often become a burthen to the inferior part of mankind, and are looked upon by them with disrespect. Can I tacitly submit to this? Can I (without offering some method to remove them) witness the daily encroachments made on that worthy society, of which I am proud to call myself a member? No! reason, ease, gratitude, honour, answer, no; and cry shame for so long procrastinating the defence of so valuable an institution.

I shall here conclude for the present—and when you think proper, will give you some account of the rules and regulations of the Club. SAM. SLUGGARD,

Secretary of the Lazy Club.

SELECTED.

The singular adventure of Count Beaumont.

The Nobleman this adventure happened to, was well known at the French Court, under the name of the Count Beaumont. He was brave, even fearless, and had distinguished himself on all occasions, especially in the last war, when he served as Brigadier. This nobleman having obtained leave to pass the winter at one of his country seats, set out with his equipage about the month of October, which was very rainy that year. As soon as he reached the frontiers he assumed the privileges of his rank and title. His harbinger always set out some hours before him to fix his lodging, and fit it for the arrival of his master.

One day, when the rains had so spoiled the roads that the coach and equipage of the Count could not reach the town he had promised to lodge in, his Marshal stopped at a little beggarly village, situated at the bottom of a valley, almost desart, and always full of water; and appointed the Count's lodging at the Curate's, who was very poor. The poverty of this house was the same as in the other houses, excepting that it was something less inconvenient; for there was scarce any shelter from the wind and rain.

When the Count arrived he was received, and complimented by the good Curate, who displayed all his eloquence to thank him for the honour he did him in coming to lodge in his humble hut, and, in his way, made a hundred excuses that his cottage was so ill provided to entertain so great a man. The Count, who was unacquainted with the place, thanked him for his speech, and, after having assured him that he would not incommode him, ordered his postilion to proceed. The Curate, who perhaps wished no better, thought it his duty to use some entreaties to stop him, assuring him, that, as poor as his house was, it was the most convenient in the village.

The Marshal returned in the midst of these ceremonies, and joined his entreaties to those of the Curate, protesting that he had visited all the houses, one by one, and had found none comparable to this. "Very well, (says the Count,) but why may not I lodge in that castle which I see there, at the other end of the village? Whoever lives there, I suppose, won't refuse me a chamber: go thither in my name; I'll alight here, and wait for an answer." "My Lord, (says the Curate,) that castle is not inhabited: this land has been for sale many years; most of the apartments are without doors; however, some rooms are still neat enough, and there are some old moveables." "I don't want so much, (says the Count,) it is at least a shelter, and there I'll have my bed made." "I would have done it before, my Lord, (said the marshal,) if I had not been told that you would have been in danger there, because this castle is possessed by spirits and hobgoblins, who make a horrid din there every night. They told me but this very minute that the witches held their last meeting there, and that the master of it, who is in some foreign country, has let his house to the devil." "What! Are you drunk?" says the Count, in anger: "you talk like a fool —'adone with this stuff; I'll lie in the castle; get my bed ready immediately, and in the mean time I'll sup with Monsieur the Curate."—They were forced to obey.

During this interval, the Count desired the Curate's company, and an account whence those foolish reports took their rise. The Curate was a good little man, but as ignorant as possible, and extremely credulous. He had every fabulous circumstance by heart, and recited tales of frightful apparitions of every kind, in order to divert the Count from going to the castle. The valet too made his remonstrances in vain—they made no impression. He threw himself at his master's feet, to beg him not to expose himself; but dissuasion only confirmed his resolves of going to the castle. He set out, and his valet lighted him with a link. The poor fellow, who was naturally credulous, had his head full of stories, which he had picked up in the town; for every one had his tale, and the whole village attested the truth of them: so that he went with his master as if it had been to an execution.

His fears increased as he approached the castle. It was an old building, moated round, adorned with several ruinous turrets, which made a place disagreeable enough in itself; and its appearance was adapted to inspire that secret horror which generally attends the view of magnificent ruins. Besides, by the desertion of its masters, this old pile was become the retreat of bats and screech owls. The cries and flutter of these nocturnal animals so terrified the poor fellow, that he thought he had a thousand spirits at his elbow already. But the Count encouraging him by his reasons and example, they came to the chamber where the bed was prepared. Though it was the neatest and noblest apartment, the door could not be shut on the inside. The Count undressed; but, before he lay down, he tied his pistols to his belt, and hung his arms over the bolster. He ordered two lighted candles to be placed in the chimney, and kept two by his bed-side. After these precautions, he went to bed, not quite undressed; and his man lay upon a mattress brought thither on purpose.

The Count, notwithstanding his bravery, could not sleep: a certain restlessness, consistent with the truest valour, threw him involuntarily into melancholy reflections on the hazards which he perhaps unnecessarily exposed himself to. He had passed two hours thus uneasily, and was going to compose himself, when, about midnight, he fancied he heard a harsh and hollow noise in the furthest part of the castle, and it was too distant to be distinct. He conceived that this noise must be made by something alive, because, as well as he could follow it by his ear, it went round the castle. He thought it at first to be some beast grazing thereabout, with a bell at its neck; but soon changed his opinion: the noise cleared it up as it came near. The Count heard distinctly the steps of one marching gravely, and the rattling of a chain pretty heavy, as he judged by the noise it made on the pavement. This fright-

ful noise entering the apartments, seemed to tend directly to the Count's chamber. He then thought he ought to stand upon his guard, and, slipping on his gown and slippers, he threw his belt over his shoulders, and returned into bed, ready for all events.

In the mean time, the noise redoubling upon the staircase, awaked the valet, who, to drown his fears, had gorged himself with wine overnight. The Count could scarce keep him from crying out; for, notwithstanding his drunkenness, he was still sensible of fear: but the Count threatening to break his head with his pistol, if he cried out, he lay still.

The hobgoblin continuing his walks, went through the neighbouring rooms; and having made his tour groaning most lamentably, he went up two pair of stairs, where the dragging of his chains made a terrible din. This horrible noise, far from intimidating the Count, made him suspect some trick; for he was not at all credulous. Says he to himself, "If they want to murder me, these ceremonies are needless: to be sure, then, they want to frighten me; for I shall never believe that the Devil, or any inhabitant of the other world, is come hither purposely to carry on this farce. Let us see then (continues he) the conclusion of this comedy."

The moment he made this reflection, the spirit pushed the door violently, and entered the chamber. His figure was hideous; he seemed all hairy, like a bear, and loaded with chains, which he struck against the walls with horrible groans. He advanced solemnly towards the mattress where the servant lay. The fellow, not daring to cry out, for fear of angering his master, had wrapped himself in his great coat, thinking death unavoidable, either from his master, or from the ghost; which last lifting up the chains, rattled them at the poor wretch's ear, and frightened him into a swoon. The Count having quietly observed this procedure thro' his curtains, and hearing his man cry out, tho't the spectre had offered violence to him. He jumped out of bed, with his pistol in his hand, and, seizing the candle, ran towards the spirit, crying Murder! Murder! as loud as he could. The ghost without surprize, turned himself gravely to look at the Count, and, shaking his chains, said to him, follow me, little Mortal!—The undaunted Count, equally desirous of unrideling this business, and troubled at the loss of his servant, whom he thought dead, followed the spectre close, and went down stairs after him, keeping his pistol always in his hand; resolving, however, not to discharge it but in extremity. The spectre came into the court, which he crossed with some precipitation. The Count still pursued him through the darkness and horrors of a dismal night. At last they came to the entrance of a very narrow vaulted gallery. There the Count entered too; but there the spirit disappeared, and seemed to bury itself in the bowels of the earth with a terrible cry. A violent wind, which came from under ground, put out the Count's candle, which had survived the open air of the court; and thus he remained in a strange place, and in horrid darkness. The Count, transported by his warmth, let off his pistol, advancing forward, and immediately felt himself sink into the region of spectres, to punish his incredulity.

(To be continued.)

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a note from the author of the "Historical evidences in favour of Christianity," informing us that circumstances will for some time prevent his forwarding the remainder of that truly valuable work—We hope that it will in a short time be in his power to continue it.

The Easy Club have complied with JONATHAN's request—and now inform him in their turn, that if he does not continue his correspondence with the same spirit he, has begun *he* will be "much to blame." As Jonathan appears disposed to place himself amongst our satirical assistants, we repeat the observation to him that we have made to *others*, that he must be careful not to single out any individual against whom to wield the satirick pen: It is not because of any thing in the essay we have to-day inserted of his that we think this caution necessary—but that he may know more particularly what we would wish to avoid, while we attempt to amuse or instruct.

CLARA's song has come to hand—and will receive the earliest attention.

Mr. Sluggard having justified our opinion of his abilities by some judicious alterations in his letter, we have inserted it—we hope he will occasionally arouse from his slumbering inactivity to assist us, and amuse our readers.

Several pieces of original poetry are necessarily delayed—The Maid of Potomac, Thanks to the Parson and the Last Farewell, will require some corrections, which the authors, we suppose through haste, have neglected. It would relieve us from a task which we always undertake with great reluctance if some of our poetical correspondents would be more attentive to the correction of their essays before they forward them to us.

The satirical defence of the polite practice of ogling and laughing in church, is too pointed, and the subject has been handled in number 20 by NEMO.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE INVITATION.

Joy of my life ! when thou art near,
What raptures fire Leander's breast ;
O come ! dispel each rising fear,
And in these arms securely rest.

O come ! and grace my woodbine bower,
'Tis there the riv'let loves to glide ;
There, no rude tempests ever low'r,
No guest but love shall there reside.

Hark ! to the sweetly rising lay,
Through yonder grove it winds along;
It calls my gentle love away,
To join the rural evening song.

And when my charming girl shall stray,
At evening hour along the mead;
With choicest flowers I'll strew thy way,
And through the grove thy footsteps lead.

Should care perchance my breast invade,
Or sorrow e'er its peace molest ;
Thy angel form, thy smile, sweet maid,
Shall drive far off the hateful guest.

And this my task—dear girl, for thee,
Through day the pleasing toil to bear ;
Each night thy guardian I will be,
And watch thy rest with fondest care.

Thus with my lov'd AMANDA near,
Serenely mild shall glide each hour ;
While fondly, each returning year,
Shall smile upon our woodbine bower. LEANDER.

When lassitude prompts to repose
Beneath the broad mantle of night,
For a season, I part from those woes,
Which prey on my mind as I write.

Eliza the youthful and fair,
Rejects the fond tale of my love,
Whilst in accents, approaching despair,
I essay her pity to move.

Propitious at times, she appears,
And with accents, ineffably sweet,
She bids me repress all my fears,
And again the soft amour repeat.

But no more to my passion I'll yield,
Tho' enchantingly sweet is her mien ;
For it cannot be longer conceal'd
How unkind unto me she has been.

Perhaps in some moments of woe,
When her volatile spirit shall bend,
She may deign a kind thought to bestow,
On her exile, her lover and friend.

Nor yet the sad conflict is o'er,
Tho' time may my passion expel:
My home I shall ne'er visit more,
With Eliza I bid it farewell. OAKLY.

PHŒBUS' DIURNAL COURSE;

AND THEORY OF RAIN.

When fair Aurora ope's the gate of day,
Resplendent Sol darts forth his golden ray.
His steeds refresh'd, scour o'er th' Olympian height,
And cheer poor mortals with the glorious light;
Bright morn ascends. The neighing steeds now fly
With light'ning-swiftness through the *gaseous* sky.
They thirst ; and as they onward quickly move,
Their inspirations soon attractive prove ;
And by the action of this mighty power,
Of dew and moisture rob each field and flower,
To quench their drought. Yet still they thirst again,
Nor are contented 'till they reach the main:
Where Oceanus, 'neath meridian beams,
Supplies the willing draught, in chrystal streams.
For to the brow of heaven's high-arch'd dome,
When Sol at noon diurnally has come,
Ten minutes full he stops, his steeds to bait ;
And then triumphantly assumes his seat ;
Prepares the reins and wields the pow'rful lash,
Which vaulted skies re-echo with a crash ;
He gives the word ; impetuously they hie
Adown Olympus' great declivity ;
Nor cease their course, till grey-ey'd ev'ning laves
The panting steeds, amidst old Ocean's waves.
Meanwhile the *sweat*, which, during noontide hours,
In copious streams, from all their members pours,
To *vapour* is converted by the heat ;
Which, for a while, retains its lofty seat.
But soon as Sol declining in the west,
Has sunk to slumber on his Goddess' breast ;
The cooling breezes of refreshing e'en,
Condense the vapour, at the foll'wing mean:
If, to a certain point, the heat imbue
The vapour, then it falls in form of *dew ;*
But if, abstracted, little heat remain,
Then comes the grateful and reviving *rain.*
Each arid grove, each parched wood, receives
The happy flood, among its with'ring leaves ;
Each drooping plant again erects its crest ;
Each sun-burnt field retains it and is blest ;—
All nature rises willing to proclaim,
The goodness of her great Creator's name. OMEGA.

MATRIMONY.

" Cries Nell to Tom," midst matrimonial strife,
" Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife,"
" By all the powers," said Tom, " but that's too bad,
" You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1805. No. 42.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

BY THE EASY CLUB.

Peace be to those (such peace as earth can give)
Who live in pleasure, dead ev'n while they live;
Born capable, indeed, of heav'nly truth;
But down to latest age, from earliest youth,
Their mind a wilderness through want of care,
The plough of wisdom never ent'ring there. COWPER.

THE subject of the essay signed CATO in the last Companion, is of so much importance to society, that we think it cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of our youthful readers, who are most liable to be infected with that false shame which makes them fear to be thought religious, lest they should be laughed at by their associates; and unfortunately the force of ridicule on young minds, is too generally more powerful than reason; and extends even to preventing them from reading any book written avowedly on a moral, or religious subject, as that would be considered a proof of their unfashionable attachment to religion; a circumstance which makes this evil the more dangerous and difficult to remedy.

But, as there are many young men who would be ashamed if caught reading the Bible, or a book of sermons, and yet are desirous of being able to inform the ladies what is contained in the "Companion," so as to make it a subject of discourse; and others who dread to attempt to read a large book, and yet can take time once a-week to read a short essay, merely because it is short: we hope that at least some of those who act under the guidance of that false shame and absurd fear, will be apprized of their danger, and be induced to think seriously and correctly on the subject. And would our fair readers assist us to make religion fashionable, by refusing to admit into their parties, or to associate with such young men as are in the habit of treating religion and religious exercises with ridicule and contempt; we should have no doubt of effecting in a short time a reformation in our youth, of the most essential benefit to themselves and to society.

The following letter on this subject is from a respectable correspondent, who is not ashamed to have it known, that he considers the service of his Maker as the most important object of life, and one to which all other considerations should give place. As we believe it will not interfere with the plan proposed by our friend CATO, we give it with pleasure a place in this day's Companion.

Mr. Easy,

HAPPENING to call the other day at a public house in this city, I perceived at one corner of the room sitting round a table, a number of young gentlemen, who seemed to be engaged in an animated conversation. After having spoken a few words to the landlord on the business which caused my visit to his house, I drew near the corner, where these young gentry—in their own phrase—*were enjoying themselves.* The topic of their conversation which principally attracted my notice, was the fashions of the day. Some contended that the present taste was by no means suited to the times, and that it was susceptible of still greater refinement and beauty. Some said, they would have things quite otherwise, and animadverted much on the foolish style and unpolished taste of our forefathers. Some remarked, that the introduction of new fashions was very much disliked by their parents who, being religious, wished them to become religious also. These ideas were immediately taken up by two or three of these young folks, who observed, they would not be tho't religious for all the world—they should have to forego not only all the refined and *innocent* pleasures of the world, but also the esteem of those of their respectable friends, with whom they had formerly associated; and as for religion, there was time enough to get it, when they became older. I was awfully surprized at the insinuations last

thrown out, by these *great* men of the world. I took my leave, and left them to enjoy their iniquitous mirth. On my return to my family, I pursued my reflections on what I had seen and heard, and now beg leave through the medium of your useful Companion to offer the following address to the serious consideration of youth in general—but to our young heroes in sin in particular.

Actuated by the most tender concern for your eternal happiness, I would entreat you, my young friends, while the fascinating charms of pleasure allure you, and the amusements and gaities of the present world engross the principal part of your time and attention, to consider with all the seriousness which the subject demands, your situation as sinners, involved in the guilt of your first parents, and under the condemnation of the law of God ; I would conjure you to reflect on the uncertainty of all terrestrial objects, to "remember your Creator in the days of your youth," and listen to the voice of the heavenly Charmer, whose invitations and offers of mercy and pardon are conveyed in the most endearing and affectionate language, admirably calculated to engage your affections, and raise your ideas from this grovelling world, to those pure joys, which flow "fast by the throne of God." But to enjoy this amazing priviledge, you must attend to religious pursuits. Religion promotes industry; industry gains respect; respect gains recommendation; recommendation gains business; business gains wealth : and thus religion of itself leads to prosperity. But on the contrary, vice promotes idleness ; idleness brings reproach ; reproach cuts off recommendation ; and want of recommendation stagnates business : and thus a wretched poverty often falls to the lot of the ungodly. Could we enter into the abodes of thousands, and ask, what has clothed their children in rags ? what has caused them to part with their furniture ? what has painted misery in their countenances, and rendered them destitute of the comforts of life ? what, if the truth were spoken, would be the answer? Was it religion ? was it honesty ? was it temperance ? was it industry that did all this ? No, it was the want of these. It was vice that led to these dreadful scenes ! Surely, "the way of transgressors is hard."

Sin may promise much ; but her steps are marked with infamy : she leads in a flowry path ; but the end is briers and thorns : she points indeed to the temple of honour ; but her votaries return with disgrace. Sin carries hell and death with it. Say not, then, that your life is a life of pleasure, and your death a death of triumph ; that God is to be discarded, religion despised, and your soul neglected ; for in your conscience now, on your countenance in the day of judgement, shall this sentence be written—"The way of transgressors is hard."

Surely, sin is not that delightful thing which many imagine. How unreasonable is it to hear men exclaim—it is religion alone that requires a sacrifice ; that creates a gloom ; that causes hardships and difficulties ! No, it is vice, and not religion ; that indulges luxury ; that follows extravagant fashions, that produces disease ; that breaks whole nights of rest ; that calls from home to the scenes of dissipation and folly ; that requires expence ; that hazards life ; and at last drags to the pit of woe. These, oh ! fruitful parent of woe, are but part of thy numerous progeny ! Miserable man ! who art living under thy galling chains, lost to liberty, to happiness and to God.

Happiness is the great object of our wishes and pursuits ; but you neglect the very path in which it can be obtained. Religion is the only medium by which it can be possessed. It is by attending to the invitations of God, and under the influence of his spirit, renouncing the world, and embracing him as the only hope of pardon and felicity. The joys of life can never yield you real satisfaction ; they may for a moment amuse you, but they are short-lived in their duration ; they leave behind them an aching void, a chasm, which the more substantial realities of religion alone can supply. The pleasures derived from a knowledge of the Son of God, are unlike those of the world ; they afford us that peace and tranquility of mind, to which the votaries of this life are strangers; they make us happy in time, and enable us to look forward to futurity, in hope of enjoying all the felicity of the saints in the kingdom of God, where we shall bask in the beams of the sun of righteousness, and partake of that bliss, of which "it "hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive."

You may perhaps say—it is yet time enough to attend to religious things ; religion tends to enervate the mind, and dispose it to melancholy ideas. Whoever suggested this, be assured is an enemy to your eternal happiness.—Remember, death is certain as to his visits, though of the exact period we are ignorant ; his message admits of no delay ; his summons is peremptory ; and how awful will be your situation, if, at his approach, you should be unprepared ! none ever repented of too early a knowledge of the Saviour ; but all who have tasted the sweet influence of his love, can testify, that in his ways they have experienced those supreme delights, which have raised their expectations to God as the summit of their hopes, and made them long for that period, which would introduce them to all the joys of immortality.

IGDALIA.

FOR THE COMPANION.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE II.

He who is destitute of publick spirit, richly deserves our satire...but he who deliberately blasts the fair flower of female innocence, shall meet the unremitting pains of eternal woe.

Again I heard him knock at the back door—the sound appeared to increase as in haste it ascended the serpentine course of our stair-case, until it reached my chamber door—here it halted with a certain familiarity that induced me to say, as I sprang up, "it comes from Leander."—Pushing aside the curtain, I looked out, and beheld it was broad day light. It was on a Sunday morning; not a hammer moving; nor the least noise in any one street of this busy city. As I raised the window I exclaimed, Oh FATHER! thanks be unto thee for the return of such a morn.

Leander would not have interrupted the pious ejaculation, had he understood me—but he supposed I was speaking to the servant—and he demanded to know my reason for tarrying so long, shut up in an unwholesome chamber, and excluded from the beauties of such a day. You promised to call on me, continued he, half an hour earlier than this. I acknowledge, my friend, I intended so—but you must not insist that I *promised*, for I never speak positively on these occasions: besides, I was kept up last evening until a later hour than is usual with me—which has prevented my waking so early as common; this you must accept as an apology for my supposed inattention.

Not wishing to disturb any member of our sleepy family, I soon joined Leander at the back door—Yes, at the *back door!*—and pray tell me, ye lordly, domineering mortals, who had rather buffet a dozen servants a dozen times over than condescend to throw back a window-shutter, where was the crime if I departed early in the morning from my own lodgings, down the vulgar alley, and reaching the street through a common gate-way, was well on my journey before one of you great ones could have adjusted a cravat?

Joining Leander at the back door, we proceeded down street; endeavouring by the rapid succession of steps to make up part of the loss time. As we were crossing the Falls on that assemblage of timber called

GAY-STREET BRIDGE,

whose substantial abutments, and beautiful turned arches received no great praise from us, Leander said, though it might bear us safely over, yet no sufficient reason could be assigned why the city should be discredited by such bridges. Here, continued he, as he stopped me on the middle of the bridge, we are blessed with a most beautiful creek passing through this opulent city—and from our penurious disposition, or from the want of public taste, we endanger our lives by attempting to cross it. Baltimore having advanced within a few years from a small town to a large city of great commercial consequence—that time having passed by when our citizens had neither leisure nor ability to turn their attention to public improvements, he thought it ridiculous to preserve those monuments of poorer times, instead of ornamenting in some measure the passages over a stream, by presenting us with which Nature has particularly favoured us, both as it respects health and convenience.—Leander said they might cite the court house in defence; but this was a beggarly argument—he hoped the barbarous fabrick which the people of Baltimore stiled *Court House* might not be argued in extenuation of the want of taste in men of good sense and publick spirit. Court house!—it courts my contempt, added Leander.—This conversation being occasioned by the impulse of the moment—and now having passed the bridge, and the city limits too, we thought no more of it, nor the improvements of Baltimore, but hastened over Hampstead Hill: arriving on its eastern declivity, from whence, though not a mile and an half distant, you can see nothing of Baltimore. The sun was just ascending from his oriental couch; and we concluded to sit down and observe in silence the beautiful scenes at

SUNRISE.

Here shall the soul meditate in quiet—no busines to obtrude, no cares to ruffle the sweet calm within. Two of thy children, NATURE, now admire thy stupendous work—and, admiring thee, trace upwards the golden chain which connects the soul of the good man to the Parent of all good, even Nature's GOD.——Smoothly glide thy waves, Patapsaco—until lost behind the tall oaks of Canton,——

Hush! cried Leander—hear what they are saying about "the poor girl." Two young men, who, from the place and hour, might have been supposed of our own cast, approached on the other side of a plank frame—and, without perceiving us, sat down within a few feet of the very plank which supported the impatient Leander and the writer hereof. The subject of their conversation was "*a poor girl*," from the only expression we had heard—this was sufficient to engage our attention. Just at the place where the fence separated the two pair of ramblers, it was impossible to see through it—and as we were conscious of not having come here to listen to their discourse, we felt no desire to shut our ears to a story which might often be told with truth by those whose brutal actions de-

grade the character of man. You promised, said one of our neighbours, you would inform me of the whole matter; I did, replied the other; but I am so circumstanced that you must engage never to discover from whom you received the information. This being promised, the narrator began to read a manuscript, which contained an historical, pathetick account of the life and sufferings of Susan S——

'Susan S—— is the daughter of a respectable farmer 'of Bucks county, Pennsylvania. Her father, Mr. S. 'was one of the society of Friends—but, partaking of 'the enthusiasm which fired the breasts of many a brave 'American during the memorable contest for independ-'ence, he entered the ranks of that little band of quaker-'warriors, who resigned the discipline of these exemplary 'people for that of the director of battles, affording their 'ready assistance in annoying the common enemy. Soon 'after entering the service, duty called Mr. S. under 'General Washington, to the hard-fought battle of Bran-'dywine; it was here the gallant Mr. S. fighting by the 'side of La Fayette, received his death from the same 'volley which wounded the noble marquis. He dyed a 'willing martyr in the cause of his country's freedom.— 'Honoured be thy memory, brave S——!

'Thus in the early part of the war was his country de-'prived of an useful officer, his wife of an affectionate 'husband, and his infant daughter of a tender parent.— 'Alas, "poor girl," as yet thou wast not sensible of thy 'loss!

'Every thing in confusion on the defeat of the Ameri-'can army, Mrs. S. could have little hopes of living 'comfortably in the wilds of the interior, amidst the noise 'and desolation of war; she very prudently mortgaged 'her farm, and proceeded to Philadelphia—where with no 'other incumbrance than the infant Susan, she hoped, by 'the assistance of a respectable relation of her deceased 'husband, she might yet live as comfortably as the nature 'of the times would permit. Philadelphia was now in pos-'session of the enemy—but her relation being of that 'party, this was rather a favourable circumstance; she 'and her child, became a part of the family—anticipating 'calmer times, she placed her small fortune in the hands 'of her patron and kinsman, for the purpose of mercantile 'speculation. He had realised a handsome property, when 'Philadelphia, from a change of the fortune of war, was 'triumphantly entered by Washington at the head of the 'American army—and according to the spirit of the 'times, her guardian being convicted of disaffection, was 'banished, and every shilling confiscated—he was a wid-'ower and without children, and thus enabled to seek his 'fortune in a foreign clime—while his unhappy sister-in-'law, with her daughter, was left a helpless widow; no 'hospitable door to receive her, no friend to protect her 'child.

'Mrs. S. had received a good education—and was of 'too delicate a constitution to sustain the hardships of 'poverty.—Having lost her all, she applied herself to the 'instruction of children—in which employment she made 'out to gain a scanty living—and in the course of a few 'years, by assiduous application, she had laid a good 'foundation for the education of her daughter; but it was 'exhausting nature—fatigued by her daily task; dis-'heartened at her friendless situation; she fast approached 'to that life, where wars never rage; where the cruel policy 'of man can never reach. In the spring of 1784, though 'peace had been a year proclaimed, yet could she hear no-'thing from the only relation now living—her spirit bro-'ken, she was attacked by a fever, which, assisted by the 'anguish of her mind when she reflected on the dange-'rous situation of her child, carried her off in a few days. 'A day or two before her death, having her little Susan 'brought to her bed side, in a faint voice she addressed for 'the last time a few parting words to the sweet innocent— 'who, at the age of six years, was sensible of her fond 'mother's situation—she wept aloud—whilst the dying 'parent fixed her o'erflowing eyes on the distressed coun-'tenance of her child—and "though speechless her 'tongue, yet does she look unutterable things—while all 'her soft passions throb with unavailing kindness, and 'her soul bleeds with exquisite anguish!"———.

And tell me, sir, exclaimed Leander, what became of Susan?—This abrupt behaviour surprised the reader, as well as myself—he stood up to enquire what invisible personage thus addressed him; in a few minutes Leander effected a passage over the fence, and was requesting the gentlemen to go on—he added, that he had heard his father speak often of Mr. S. and the "poor girl;" but never could prevail on him to repeat the story. Ah! my good sir, replied the gentlemen, if you only knew this "poor girl" and her whole history, you would hate the infernal tiger, who, in the shape of man, and with the deceitful tongue of a seducer, destroys the innocence and happiness of his fellow-creatures. But I know not to whom I now address myself; perhaps you may be yourself another Albert; do you ever frequent those houses of———

Here I observed the rising indignation of Leander—who I verily believe would immediately have attacked the stranger, had I not stepped forward, and desired them

to understand each other. Leander recollecting himself, readily forgave the insinuation—knowing it must have had its rise in that virtuous abhorrence of a vice which they both so violently and so justly reprobated.

The gentleman acknowledged he had been at the trouble of taking a copy of the story, which he would lend us, on our giving him our names, and promising faithfully to return it uninjured.

With this rich treat, after having learned our friend's residence we concluded to return home—and satisfy ourselves with regard to the fate of the "poor girl." I say our friend's residence, for we were certainly all friends, after the explanation which took place—and perhaps the greater friends of a quick acquaintance, from the very circumstance of that acquaintance being formed in so novel and unexpected a manner.

We now returned to town, without making any comment on bridges, or knowing any person we met with—to read that story of which, if you please, Mr. Easy, I will from time to time give you an account—together with some reflections in my own way, naturally enough arising out of the subject. RARIO.

Mr. Easy,

I sincerely sympathize with your correspondent MOLLY GOODHEART; as I can perceive she is surrounded by those gentry commonly called Fops or Bucks, who by their babbling like small streams show their shallowness. But, sir, she forgets the cause; for the ladies encourage them by alluring smiles, while the frown and sneer of contempt is too often all the more discerning receive, because no flattery, from them (the darling of the female sex) hails the coquette, or salutes the finished lady at her appearance. Miss Goodheart has very justly described the present deplorable state of young men, "seduced by the syren allurements of pleasing, though profligate associates"—and I may also add, drawn aside from their avocations by the pleasing reception which the ladies commonly give them. The remedy then is very evident; let them despise the Fop, he will mend his manners and correct his dress—let them avoid the society of libertines—they will reform and desert the paths of dishonour, to gain their approbation—let them encourage the man of talents and virtue—and the ladies need not despair!—they will "unite their fate with beings" not "destitute of those qualities which are calculated to ensure domestic happiness."

In the early part of my life, I entered the lists of gallantry; but unhappy me! I could not conform to the prevailing fashions, or bear to hear the nonsensical prattle of fools, by whom the ladies were mostly environed. I therefore flew from their company, and determined never to join their society again. During the time of my acquaintance with the ladies, I had discovered some (too few, I am sorry to declare it,) who despised the unmeaning jargon of fops: with these still I am on good terms, and with these I would gladly rank Miss Goodheart, whose character I already know by her essay, and the account of whose life would delight, and there is no doubt would instruct, if not all your readers, at least the *unfashionable*

GEORGE GRAVITY.

Mr. Easy,

I was truly surprised, when I read the description of the LAZY CLUB in your last Companion; for being a member of that institution, I never suspected that any of the Club, much less an officer, would disclose its secrets. The publicity he endeavours to afford to the society would have deserved our thanks had it not been the peculiar care of its devotees to keep its establishment a secret, fearful lest the multiplicity of applications to be admitted would render the society the receptacle of every "Lazy" fellow who would wish to share its benefits. Mr. Sluggard has very justly observed that if the existence of such a society was known, the number of its votaries would exceed any institution, not excepting the widely extended one of masonry.

I shall not trouble you, Mr. Easy, with any more animadversions on the piece of our secretary. But shall notify to him that unless he will suffer the society to remain as heretofore "uncelebrated," his expulsion from the society shall be moved, by NICK SLOTHFUL.

SELECTED.

Singular adventure of Count Beaumont.

(Concluded from page 327.)

Dangerous as his fall was, he received no hurt by it.—The pit was not very deep; and though the manner of his descent was frightful, he could not possibly be killed by it; it was a board so nicely poized, that a foot treading upon either end of it, sunk it immediately, and the person slid down with rapidity on a heap of straw and hay, so that the fall was broke.

As soon as the count was in this subterraneous place, he saw himself enclosed by a company of spirits in human shape, whom his fall had drawn round him. He judged by their looks that they breathed, and were somewhat surprised at his unexpected visit, as he was too, to find himself so surrounded. They did not give him time to recol-

lect himself, or to gaze upon them: They blindfolded and disarmed him, and led him to a neighbouring cavern, where they shut him up.

The Count had his wits about him, and, in spite of his trouble, he immediately conceived that these were chymists, in full search of the Philosopher's Stone, or perhaps clippers and coiners, or, it may be, both; however, he could never make the discovery: but the precautions they took to conceal their employment from him, their situation so near the frontiers, whence they might easily quit the realm at the least alarm, and the frightful noise they made every night in the castle, to drive away the curious and impertinent, persuaded him that they pursued some dangerous employ. This consideration taught the Count all the horrible danger which he had thrown himself into; and soon he was on the brink of that danger. From this place of confinement, he plainly heard them consulting what to do with him: all voted his death, but one; who, with more humanity, was for sending him back, after a discovery of his quality. Though the Count thought his death inevitable, yet he begged to speak to them before they took their last resolution. They led him out of his dungeon into the midst of their assembly, and permitted him to speak.

"I understand, gentlemen, (said he to them) how much reason you have to get rid of me. My indiscretion deserves death, and I accept it; but give me leave to represent to you, that your ruin must infallibly follow it. I think myself obliged to declare my name and quality: I am the Count of Beaumont, Brigadier-General of his majesty's forces: I was going from the army to my own estate. The bad weather kept me in this village, where I have all my equipage: my valet, who lay at my bed's foot, must have made his escape, and apprized my people of my adventure; they'll certainly search into it; and be assured, that if they don't find me, they'll pull down the castle, but that they'll find out what is become of me.—Consider it, gentlemen: I don't design to threaten you; but how necessary soever my death may appear to your security, I think myself obliged to assure you that it will certainly ruin you. If you doubt my quality, the letters in my pocket, with orders from his majesty, will confirm my testimony." The count produced his letters; and while these Cyclops examined them, he added, "Sirs, I am a gentleman, and can keep a secret, without desiring to know your's; and I swear, by my faith and honour, I won't betray you."—This speech, which he made with that dignity which never abandons great men in distress, astonished them all. They sent him back to his cave, to renew their deliberations.

They now gave into softer counsels; though some still persisted in advising his death, but those in less number, and with less vehemence than before. The debates, which the Count heard distinctly, would have alarmed a heart less great than his; for besides the idea of death, which was always present, every one framed a different punishment, and made him feel all the horrors of it. Even death itself, in my opinion, is preferable to this cruel vicissitude of hope and despair. The Count, however, calmly waited for his sentence. The votes were unanimous in his favour; they brought him out again. One of the subterranean crew pronounced him at liberty, on condition, he swore an inviolable secrecy, and would leave the village and his servants in that notion of spirits which they already entertained; and that, when he was out of the province, he would not mention the adventure. After these oaths, they gave him his arms and letters, except one, which they kept. They made him drink some glasses of wine: the whole company drank to his health, and, after having made him sensible what a risque they ran in sparing his life, they opened the trap-door, and two guides led him towards his apartment. As soon as he was upon the stair-case, the guides took off his bandage, and returned to their cavern.

The Count returned to his chamber, amazed at his adventure; but had like to have met with a more terrible one from his valet. The poor fellow, quite sobered by his fears, was in despair when he missed the Count. He concluded that the spirits had strangled him, according to the stories of the night before. Full of grief for his dear master, he even mistook him when he entered, and, taking him for the spectre, let fly his pistol at him. By a providential stroke the pistol missed, and the Count made himself known. The poor servant was ready to die with shame and horror at the misfortune he had escaped, and implored his master's forgiveness. The Count, without staying to hear him, bid him follow him; for he thought quitting the castle a better security than the mutual oaths in the cavern, since it was possible they might recant their's. They went together, and waited for day-light in the avenue leading to the village; and the Count told his man, that having followed the spectre with his arms in his hand, after several rounds it buried itself in a sort of a well, which he was almost decoyed into, and that he had much ado to find his room again. When it was day he went to the Curate, and told him the same story, which soon spread itself through the village; and having sent for his bed and his cloaths, he continued his journey.

Several years passed before the Count mentioned his adventure; and he had never divulged it, without the express permission which he has since received. One day, when he was at his country seat, they told him a man wanted to communicate to him an important affair, and that he could not stay nor come into the castle. The Count surprized at the message, sent for the messenger, and ordered his people to enquire whence he came. The messenger again answered, that he must not come in, nor wait, nor name his masters; and notwithstanding all their persuasions, he persisted in staying upon the draw-bridge.

The Count, who was at dinner, communicated this extraordinary message to the gentlemen at table with him, and asked their advice. Some found reasons to distrust where there was so much mystery, and were for securing the messenger; but the majority advised the Count to go and speak with him, for fear of losing some advice of consequence to his safety, and offered to accompany him. The counsel prevailed: the Count rose from table, and, with all those gentlemen, went to the bridge where the messenger waited. When the messenger saw him, he cried out, fear nothing, Sir; and, to prove that I have no ill design, I discharge my arms. Immediately he shot off his pistols towards the fields. Then the Count approaching, the messenger, without dismounting, put into his hands two noble Spanish horses; which he led; and delivering a packet, said to him, This, Sir, will inform you further; I have finished my commission, and my orders oblige me to depart. At the end of this speech he spurred his horse, and went off full gallop; nor could they ever find out where he retired to.

The Count wondered at this commission, and was impatient to know the authors and the motives of it. He gave the gentleman next him the horses to hold, and opened the letter. He found it wrote in various characters; and after having well considered it, he read it aloud. As well as I can remember, it was to this effect:

"We thank you, Sir, for having hitherto preserved a secret in our favour, and we have sent two horses as instances of our gratitude. We have sent too an important letter, which you left such a day, and such a year, at the castle of———. It may put you in mind of a strange adventure which happened to you there. We have happily concluded our affair, and returned to our own homes. We disengage you from your oaths and your secret: we shall tell your adventure ourselves, and give you permission to publish it. Adieu, generous Count.—This comes from the six gentlemen who put you into such a fright in the cellars of the castle of———."

After reading this letter, the Count yet doubted whether he ought to divulge the secret; but, at the instances of the gentlemen then with him, he told them his singular adventure, and took a pleasure in repeating it on all occasions.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

While Azib the Persian yet lived in the house of Selim his father, it was his custom at midnight to read and meditate on the words of life, which had been recorded by the prophet.—"But why," said Azib, "should I read the Koran to myself? Let my zeal be known to others as an example, and in their ears let my voice be the voice of truth." Azib communicated his purpose to his father, and in the evening the family was summoned, the book was opened, and Azib read. His father listened with attention and reverence, but the rest of the family at length fell asleep. The father was silent, but Azib exclaimed with anger, contempt, and disappointment—"What shameful negligence! What horrid impiety!—Has slumber stolen upon my eyes? Have I sacrificed my duty to sleep? My soul is warmed and quickened with devotion: I feel its power as the source of life, and I rejoice in the earnest of my immortality."—"My son," said the father, in a soothing and gentle voice, "excuse the infirmity which thou dost not feel, and exact not a tribute which they cannot pay. The will has no power by which sleep can be controuled: the sun has been now long set, the captive forgets his chains, and the prince his purple; fear and hope through all Persia are alike suspended: the pains and pleasures of life are forgotten. It is in thy power to judge with candour, to wake and worship is not in theirs: with them I might sleep and be forgiven, but mercy itself is provoked to punish ostentatious duty, and malignant censure."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers will be pleased to find that Solus and E. have at last attended to our invitation; Solus, like others who are greatly in arrear, makes large promises, we hope he will not like too many of them, be slow in performance.

The number of poetical pieces lately received so much exceed in proportion the prose essays, that we are obliged to postpone many of them that are entitled to publication much longer than we wish; it is however a pleasing circumstance to find we are so much favored with the assistance of the muses.

Friendly, Oakly, Omega, Z. and P. Q. shall receive due attention.

The account of the exhibition at St. Mary's College, by Nostras, shall be inserted next week.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Lines written at the SANS SOUCI HOTEL, *Ball Town Springs.*

Where polish'd manners, social ease,
And friendly converse join to please;
Where fashion's folly, city pride,
And cold reserve are thrown aside;
Where sordid cares are left behind,
And fancy frolick's unconfin'd;
Where sweetly shines in females' faces,
Not beauty's airs, but all her graces;
Where the gay dance and simple song,
By turns amuse the cheerful throng;
Where, while the sparkling wine goes round,
By some fair toast the glass is crown'd;—
Where such inviting pleasures be,
How shall I quit thee, SANS SOUCI? E.

TO MISS M——H——OF WASHINGTON.

Tho' few, very few, were the hours of delight
That erst cheer'd me on life's dreary way;
Tho' hope's fairy visions had fled from my sight,
And despair had long clouded my day;

Yet, as late, by some angel of happiness led,
My dim eye caught the lustre of thine,
And drank with delight the bright beams that it shed,
Oh heav'n's, what pure raptures were mine!

So the sun will most kindly appear midst the storm,
And abroad shed the lustre of day;
To dispel the dread gloom of the tempest's dark form,
And gladden mankind with its ray.

Yet chide not, sweet fair, nor awaken my woe;
Comfort seldom revisits this breast.
I do not approach as a lover——oh no:
To me 'tis not giv'n to be blest.

While others address you with splendour and art,
What hope can be cherished by me?
Who boast not of fortune—but only a heart
Enamoured of virtue and thee. B.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

From me has fortune lock'd her store;
No golden heaps I boast.
I wish to live, but wish not more
Than competence at most.

When seated by my own fire side
My infant climbs my knee,
How smoothly do the moments glide,
Beguil'd by infancy.

The rich man passes scornful by,
Of wealth and grandeur vain;
He frowns with supercilious eye;
I smile at his disdain.

He points to coffers fill'd by art,
Wrung from chill'd poverty;
I boast an honest humble heart,
From pride and envy free. YELSE.

SONG.

Doom'd at distance still to sorrow,
Far from all my heart holds dear;
Flattering hope still says "to-morrow
"Thy lov'd William shall appear."

Often too, thou fondly bid'st me,
To the green-wood bower repair;
Anxious waiting to receive me,
I should meet my lover there.

Long, ah long, have I been waiting,
Long I've sought the valley o'er;
At our wonted place of meeting,
I behold my love no more.

Go, then, hope! no more deceive me,
I have found thy promise vain:
Long, too long, have I believ'd thee,
Thou shalt ne'er deceive again. CLARA.

TO THE EASY CLUB.

Your *invitation* * sure was form'd to charm,
So *kind*, so *modest*, and so *neat* the stile;
Indeed it made my spirits mighty warm;
In truth, good sirs, they almost 'gan to boil:
In transport lost, I strike the tuneful lyre!
Resolved to tell the thoughts your praise inspire!!

Dear sirs, I feel the greatest inclination,
Since I'm convinced that Poetry my trade is,
To try to gain a *greater* reputation,
And to be dubb'd the Laureat to the ladies:
Should I but gain the height of my desire,
Lord! with what magic skill I'll thrum the lyre.

Methinks indeed 'tis vastly neat and pretty
To tell the *sweet fair ladies* all must love them,
In a sweet melancholy love-sick ditty;
And then with sighs and tears to try to move them:
But some indeed there are—the cunning elves—
Would rather move their tongues, than move themselves.

I'll write them *Invitations, Odes,* and *Sonnets,*
And *sweetest letters,* both in verse and prose;
I'll praise the cut and trimmings of their bonnets,
The taste and fashion of their other clothes;
And then I'll sing about *meandering streams,*
Thickets, Woods, Ditches, and such pleasing themes.

Sometimes for *pretty songs* I'll send to France—
For well I know the ladies highly rate them—
Their being foreign will their worth enhance,
And then to shew my learning I'll *translate* them:
I'll coin new names, and such as should suprise ye,
And scorn to use Amanda or Eliza.

Now, gentle sirs, what think you of my plan?
I've promis'd much—but, Harkee! I'll do more;
Speak to the ladies, tell 'em I'm their man:
I'll write for two, for six, for eight or four:
I'll clear those rhyming gentry "sheet and tackle,"
And quickly cleanse the muses' tabernacle. SOLUS.

* *Alluding to the notes to Correspondents in verse; see No.* 39.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Quid munus respublica, magnus aut melius afferre possumus, quam, si juventutem bene erudiamus. CICERO.

Mr. Easy,

THE examination of the students of St. Mary's College under the conduct of the Catholic Clergy, which had lasted a week, ended on Monday. I was not present, but I am informed they did honor to themselves and teachers, in Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, and English; Algebra, Mathematics, Composition, Rhetoric, and all the various branches of education, which are taught in this Seminary of learning.

On the succeeding evening, I had great pleasure in witnessing the Annual Exhibition. From the satisfaction which was experienced at the last, public expectation was much excited; nearly six hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled, and were received in a large hall fitted up for the occasion with a stage, and benches, ranged amphitheatrically. The Exhibition was opened about four o'clock, by the President, who informed the company, that there were specimens of drawing, for their inspection in an adjoining room. Here the walls were hung round with productions of the Collegians, which drew forth the strongest expressions of approbation. In both these arts the President has been fortunate in procuring adepts for instructing. Mr. Forster's pre-eminent penmanship is too well known to need an eulogium; and to discriminate the productions of Mr. Shwartz's pencil is to extend a high estimation of his talents. Though it be the highest, yet, I think it a just encomium on the pupils of Mr. F. to say that some of them have strong pretensions to emulate his own superiority; and from the pieces of drawing that were exhibited, we have the pleasing reflection, that at some future period, we may vie with the nations of Europe—How much are the gentlemen of the College entitled to the thanks of their fellow citizens, for their attention to these accomplishments, when it is considered, they have hitherto been regarded as unworthy associates of the learned languages and the liberal arts.

After this treat, Masters Trigants, Diggs, and M' Henry, spoke an appropriate dialogue, in which was demonstrated, the superiority of a Collegiate over a domestic education, concluding with a general outline of this institution and the reasons of its peculiar regulations. The dialogue was an elegant composition, chaste, easy, and spirited: each argument seemed to grow out of the subject, and every answer out of the argument, reasons followed cavils, and confusion succeeded railery. So admirably were the different parts sustained, that it had all the nature of three skilful disputants advancing their sincere sentiments, and so judiciously were the characters balanced, that while every objection was urged all appeared impressed with the truth of the author's real opinion. The effect was happy. Delight enlivened every visage. Attention was enchained, the souls of the audience seemed to mix in the ceremony, and every pulse to beat in unison. The elegant author, in this offspring of his pen, has given the most decisive proof, of his critical knowledge in this difficult species of writing.

The young orators did all justice to the merit of the composition.——It is related of a famous personage that hearing a bungler read a piece of his composition, he indignantly snatched it from him. How different must have been the sensations of the author of this dialogue! From the masterly manner in which it was delivered I have no doubt, beauties were suggested to him, which, from reading it himself, he did not perceive. When we go to an exhibition, we expect little more than to see a boy, "sawing the air with his hand" repeat by rote a Roman speech, "To be or not to be," or something else, which after the first word or two, has no other title to please, than that it will soon be over. But who can suppress his delight, when he hears a youth of fourteen speak for an hour, with all the correctness of memory, manly

confidence, distinct enunciation, just emphasis, and easy grace, of mature age and long practice! When the dialogue was concluded, Master Wilson, whose infantine talents had particularly attracted the attention of the Professors, spoke with much spirit, the soliloquy of Cato.

The President having invited the Mayor of the city to invest the crowns, proceeded to read the names of those to whom they had been awarded. The first in their class, were crowned, and presented with some appropriate "premium;" the "accesserunt" were distinguished with a Chaplet only. When the laurels of literature were dispensed, the distinctions of amiable behaviour, and diligent study were conferred. That the ceremony from its length might not be monotonous and tiresome, the mind, at intervals, was agreeably diverted, with interludes of music, by the Collegians and some gentlemen of the city.

These rites being over, the company were much delighted with a ballet by the students, in which they proved, that proficiency in the grave and more important branches of education, can be conciliated with excellence in the elegant accomplishment of dancing. The *crowned heads* were then conducted to another apartment, where they were regaled with an elegant supper spread for them alone.

It can never be too often remarked, how much the public are indebted to the amiable gentlemen by whom this institution is conducted. Mr. William Du Bourg is the President and Founder, a gentleman of great learning and talents, who having devoted his life to the acquisition of the most valuable treasure, now wishes to bequeath it, "a rich legacy" to posterity.

In the republics of Greece the education of youth was a matter of public cognizance, and considered the most sacred trust. None could aspire to those enviable functions, but such as had been honoured with the most signal distinctions, and whose morals had been refined in the crucible of probation—and Greece was the sun, that illumined the world of barbarism. How lamentable is the fact that in the republic of America, this most important of trusts is thought to be of trivial consequence, and of course has sunk beneath its own intrinsic majesty. We, either do not reflect, that the youth of the present day, are at some future period to hold the destinies of their country, or, that young minds cannot be moulded by the plastic hand of education. But I hope this just ground of complaint, will be in some measure, removed by as liberal and generous a patronage of this institution as its undertaking is laudable and noble. It appears to me, to be conducted upon principles which cannot fail to produce the most sanguine success. The Professors are not content, to go the beaten road, and effect every thing by unwearied diligence and rigid discipline alone, but, like the skilful mechanic, who resorts to art to supply strength, they analyze the mind, and touch the secret cords which give impulse to every faculty. The best mode of calling into exertion the mental powers of youth, have oftener been the topic of the philosopher's speculations, than the subject of the professor's practice. Bnt in this institution they admit the progress of the philosophy of the human mind. And they have proved, contrary to the opinion of Dr. Johnson and others, that the intellectual endowments may be more efficiently roused, and the duties of boys much better inforced, by a well directed emulation, than by the pedagogue's ratan or the irrevocable decrees of a task master. Distinctions of the meritorious, have an effect which those who do not reflect on the operations of the human mind cannot appreciate. What but the love of fame, fanned the immortal genius of a Cicero, or a Burke, a Newton, a Bacon, or a Johnson? what gave nerve to every exertion, and fired their souls,—but the ravishing idea of embalming their names in the memory of time? and why should we deny the same passions to youth? Their little hearts too, can dilate with joy at their own praise, and flutter at the idea of *a crown*. These distinctions, do not, as has been supposed, create a hateful rivalry. Every boy to whom none had been awarded, seemed to confess the justice of his Mediators, and, while he appeared willing to acknowledge the superiority of his competitors resolved to excel them at the next examination.

The Exhibition continued about three hours, and during the whole time, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, attention was as active and ardent as in the beginning. Indeed, the company seemed to unbend, and to enter into all the feelings of the little candidates for honors, and such an air of dignity and importance was given to the whole scene, that while all heartily applauded, they seemed to envy the admiration they bestowed.

This, Mr. Easy, is a very imperfect sketch of a scene with which all who were present are in raptures.

NOSTRAS.

Mr Easy,

"Mankind," Æsop observes, "carry two wallets, one before and the other behind them; the first contains the faults of their neighbours, the latter their own." Thus they usually pry into the secrets of others, and nicely inspect their misbehaviour, while to their own they scarcely attend. The knowledge of the irregularities of their neighbours will not suffice them, but they must be blazoned

to the whole world. This is commonly denoted *Slander.*

That this propensity to wickedness should chiefly reside in the breast of females, may be easily accounted for ;—being, by their education, taught nothing except the trivial accomplishments of dancing, music &c.—being introduced into fashionable company so early in life and consequently inflated with pride and vanity by those petty animals called Bucks—and lastly because slander is the diagnostick of envy. Listen to the remarks made by different persons, when a young lady makes her first appearance ; what part of her dress or what feature of her face is not severely criticised by some snivelling prude or superannuated Old Maid ? such remarks dictated by envy, are soon circulated round the room and reach the ear of the object. She feels disconcerted ; but a long acquaintance with the world enables her soon to recover herself, and then she retaliates in the same language, and thus she becomes initiated in the mysteries of slander. Who can wonder then, if they are besieged by fools, (who assist them in that precious art) and condemned to hear their loquacity ! I think every person will exclaim with the satirist *Persius*

——————Nemo, Hercle, nemo.
None, by Hercules, none.

Perhaps, Mr. Easy, some ladies after reading these strictures on the sex, may pronounce me an Old Bachelor, who has been exiled from their society and now seeks a revenge by cavilling against his oppressors. To the first clause, I will readily answer, I am young, and to the latter, that, far be such motives from me ! my end is not to debase them in the esteem of the world—but to *lower themselves in their own* opinion—not to degrade them in the eyes of their admirers—but to cause them to shine in *unborrowed plumage.* Your condescension in publishing my former essay, gratified me so far as to induce me to address you a second time; and your continued approbation may encourage me to future exertion. GEORGE GRAVITY.

We invite some sprightly Beatrice to break a lance with this saucy Benedict. We most decidedly disapprove of his *strictures*, and we certainly should not publish them, did we not hope they would incite some gallant pen in defence of injured and inoffending innocence. For ourselves, we will not omit any opportunity of testifying the high sense we entertain of the value which women give to society. It is they who give a polish to manners and restrain the fierce impetuosity of man—To them we owe all our comfort in affliction, for it is they who illumine the care-worn brow with smiles. With regard to the charge of slander here prefered against them, let them be arraigned, and let them *plead* by *retaliation* before a court whose judges are Truth and Candour, and whose jury is guided by the courtesy of the cavalier, and they will be honourably acquitted.

Our respect, our admiration and our affection for many ladies whom we have seen in the course of a very slight intercourse with the society of Baltimore, prompt us to add a caution to such men as our correspondent. We have heard it observed by one who was an accurate observer of human life and human manners, that he always thought ill of the heart of him who shunned the society of ladies and indulged himself in sarcasms on their dispositions, which could have no foundation in a good and well disposed heart. We do not apply this to the present writer ; but we bid him beware that others do not. Let him endeavour to reform *his opinions* and he will assuredly exalt himself in the eyes of the virtuous and the discerning. Let him do this, and

Beauty's *willing* votary bow,
Nor *blush* allegiance to avow.
When angry clouds life's sun o'ercast,
Preluding rude misfortune's blast;
When doubts perplex and cares annoy,
And bar each avenue of joy ;
When the pale victim of disease,
Which baffled art cannot appease,
Torn by affliction's sharpest thong,
Till hope has ceas'd her syren song,
Beholds pale horror's spect'red form
Rise moaning in the midnight storm :
The fairer sex possess the power
To tranquilize the torturing hour,
And bid mild sympathy impart
A cordial to the bursting heart.
To cheer with smiles the vale of woe
Is not the only power they know ;
But oft it is their sweet employ
To light with love the lamp of joy.
'Tis theirs in pleasure's brightest noon,
The fibres of the heart to tune
To tones of rapture, which might even
Prelude the harmony of heaven.

ON ANCIENT TIMES.

There always appears to me something solemn and impressive in the view of an ancient building ; and the effects which venerable and neglected decays of art are wont to produce upon a mind addicted to melancholy, and absorbed in contemplation, afford one of the most pure and rational delights which the human mind is capable of enjoying.

The ruined castle, with all its romantic accompaniments ; the lonely tower, the romantick turrets, and the extensive battlements, all crumbling into dust ; the rattling drawbridge indignant at the pressure of the wain, and frowning, as it were, upon the lazy waters that roll be-

low ; remind us of scenes of former grandeur, and of the rapid destruction which age and neglect cannot fail to bring down upon the perishable labours of human industry.

I often recal to my imagination, the splendid and independent dignity of the feudal Baron, surrounded by his kindred and friends, his vassals, and his servants, carousing in a spacious and magnificent hall, and decorated with the rude and varied architecture of the Vandal and the Goth ; and emblazoned with the arms and escutcheons of a long line of proud and distinguished ancestors.

Sometimes I behold him stretched, in idea, under the canopy of an oak, whose gigantick limbs ex anding far and wide, and overshadowing the angles of his storied pile, refresh beneath the heifer and the fawn, with the undulation and the variety of its shades.

Does he seek the forest, accompanied by his bugle man and his hounds, arouse the wolf from his thicket, or impel the stag from his lair ; we see the country up in arms, the villages in tumult, the implements of labour neglected, and the echoes awakened by the trampling of steeds, the baying of dogs and the shouts of man.

In the sports of the woodlands and the fields, for in those days no delight was taken in the pusillanimous persecution of the hare, both fatigue and danger were seen to run the same career. The rock overhanging the cataract, the narrow and rarely trodden path, and winding along the edge of a precipice, were to be surmounted ; the torrent was to be contemned, the quicksands leaped, or stream defied ; and these impediments overcome, other risks were to be interposed, and fresh exertions endured. The purloiner of the neatherd was to be taken and the antled sovereign of the forest to be subdued.

Did insult awaken resentment, or outrage excite his vengeance, the spear was polished, and the cuirass gleamed ; the war horse champed upon his bit ; and richly caparisoned, not only shook the ground with his strength, but seemed to anticipate, by the breath of his nostrils, and the light of his eyes, confusion to the foes, and triumph to the armies of his lord.

How great and degrading in personal prowess, is the contrast between those athletic days, and the softer amusements and refined tactics of the present day ! The modern sportsman unkennels his hounds at the time the former returned from the chase ; and victorious over the fox or quail, recounts with smiling complacency the hazards he has run, and the toils he has encountered, without adverting to the daring atchievement, surcharged with the spoils of the wolf, the tiger, or the bear.

The modern refinements in the art of war, have almost made courage neutral, and reduced the murder of the species to calculation, and the weight of metal ; but after all, if human ingenuity can devise any means to be less prodigal of blood, the inventor must certainly be entitled to the approbation of the man of feeling ; for in whatever light it be regarded, a state of hostile competition will ever be attended with misfortune, and marked with crimes.

* RECLUSE.

FOR THE COMPANION.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE II.

(Continued from page 333.)

Leander and myself having returned to town, it was immediately agreed upon that we should stop at his lodgings, being nearer than mine, and enquire a little further into the history of our young orphan, or the "poor girl ;" for whose safety it must be acknowledged we felt no small concern. The very great interest which Leander began to take in the story, may be accounted for when we consider that the gentleman behind the fence had not only intimated something of an unhappy result, but had, by what Leander considered an insinuation against his character, hinted at the *manner* of her supposed destruction—against such a vice, no man raves more furiously than he, nor can any one hold in greater detestation the abominable character of a hell-destined seducer.

Reaching Leander's apartments, we found we had yet time to read a chapter before breakfast—which you shall immediately have, Mr. Easy, if you have recovered your serene state of mind, which was perhaps somewhat discomposed at the abrupt manner in which Leander broke the narrative. But, sir, as I hope to receive your thanks for this history, so do I desire that you will properly discriminate between Leander and myself. If, from the eccentricity of his behaviour, you are at times disappointed—yet you should constantly bear in mind, that had it not been through the friendship of this very Leander, I had never known the history of Susan S.

'This was indeed (continues our author) an affecting 'scene. The death of such a woman as Mrs. S. is amongst 'the important matters in the history of human nature. 'Educated in the school of morality and religion, possessed 'of a natural goodness of heart, she was a compound of 'sweetness, benevolence and kindness. To the sound 'morality and constant piety of these people, she added 'a large fund of useful and pleasing information—but not 'much of that kind which we might properly denominate 'SCANDALOUS KNOWLEDGE—she was not sufficiently

'acquainted with the secret histories of her neighbours, 'to enable her to escape from the designing in pecuniary 'matters; but her character was above impeachment: in 'short a constant impediment to the obtaining of local in- 'telligence with her was, the determination on her part 'to support no conversation, even with the most intimate 'acquaintance, on subjects or circumstances which had a 'slanderous tendency. To this admirable trait in the cha- 'racter of Mrs. S. is to be imputed the unfounded opinion 'which had obtained with some of her illiterate neigh- 'bours, that she was *unsocible*—unfounded indeed it was, 'for few persons could have boasted more ingenuous virtu- 'ous sociability than Mrs. S. possessed. But such neighbours 'were not calculated to appreciate her real worth—and her 'independent spirit, even under the chilling frowns of for- 'tune, could never court the smiles of mercenary great- 'ness: she was therefore the afflicted child of poverty— 'but an exalted honour to her sex.'

I could discover, from the mellowness of Leander's countenance, and the increasing softness of his voice, that this description of character touched his sensibility—and with a sigh he wished he knew Miss Susan, for her mother's sake, were she yet living. But to the story.

'Such was the woman whose death was now lament- 'ed—and lamented by none more sincerely than the good 'old maiden lady who had been for a short time employed 'as house-keeper by Mrs. S. This kind woman, whom 'Susan had been taught to call AUNT BETTY, had a sis- 'ter married to a respectable man in the city, whose cir- 'cumstances were too low to admit of Betty's living on 'him without evident injury. This was no great cross, 'as she was quite ambitious of living at her own expence, 'as she termed it; that is, she was willing to earn her 'own bread; but immediately after the funeral rites, 'taking upon herself the entire management of Susan, she 'determined upon placing her with her sister. She accor- 'dingly conveyed Susan to the house, destined as she sup- 'posed, for the future residence of her charge. Betty had 'never thought of the cold unfeeling operations of law— 'she loved the child; the child was fond of her aunt, and 'destitute—thus thought Betty, had nature and humanity 'constituted her Susan's proper guardian. It was no fault 'of thine, kind woman—for thou hadst never studied 'law—nor knew of such a power, as the *Orphans' Court*.

'According to ancient usage, a person duly authorised 'claimed the child—Betty would not give her up—con- 'tending that she had a right to comply with the last re- 'quest of the deceased, which was that she should pay 'every attention to the wants of Susan, who was now 'without any other parent. "The state is now the guar- 'dian of this child, and by an order from the proper 'power I claim and insist upon having her," angrily re- 'plied Mr. Legality. This happened to be one of those 'inferior kind of gentlemen, who, "clothed with a little 'brief authority," cannot stoop to instruct one less know- 'ing than themselves—and who, possessing no quality ca- 'pable of obtaining respect, are constrained to cause ho- 'nest people to abhor them, or remain themselves un- 'known in the depth of obscurity. Fortunately a well 'disposed neighbour, hearing of the difficulty, stepped in, 'and by explaining the case as became a good citizen and 'a christian, soon removed Betty's apprehensions, when 'he informed her that she might have every influence with 'the court that was proper or necessary. Things being 'thus placed in a proper light, Aunt Betty, with the as- 'sistance of her friend, so managed matters over the head 'of the surly claimant that Susan was formally bound to 'Mr. J——, Betty's brother-in-law, to the satisfaction of 'all who were entitled to satisfaction in the case.

'Mr. J. was an old resident, of small estate, and with- 'out children; being of a religious turn of mind, he was 'not anxious for riches in this world; he retained the es- 'teem of Mrs. J. and they lived agreeably together, in 'a retired part of the city, on the profits of a small shop 'of stationary and school books. He was not able to pur- 'chase a general assortment of books, nor did he wish it; 'but contented himself with the sale of such as were most- 'ly used in schools, and which always sold for cash. Mrs. 'J. might be called in general a good woman—but she 'had faults not easily overlooked; she claimed no ac- 'quaintance with the world of authors; nor was she sen- 'sible of the merits of any one book manufactured by the 'numerous disciples of FAUST or GUTTEMBERG; the 'bible excepted: this she would often open, and from it 'would frequently reap comfort.

'In this situation Susan had almost every opportunity 'for improvement that books could afford—and she con- 'tinued to receive much good advice from her reputed 'aunt, who frequently visited her sister. In a few years 'she became by imperceptible degrees the chief attendant 'in the store, where she did her sewing or studied, as by 'turns it suited her inclination. In this secluded state, as 'in all other situations in life, advantages were counter- 'balanced by their opposites. She had no opportunity of 'poisoning her mind by the perusal of a promiscuous col- 'lection of good and bad works, impos d upon the world 'under the specious pretence of being delineations of life and 'manners, when they are in general descriptive of nothing

'in nature, but the "writers' corrupt imaginations:" on 'the other hand, she could learn nothing of the villany and 'intrigues of men, in whose company she had not been, 'and of whose lives and very nature almost she was neces-'sarily ignorant.

'She had now arrived in comparative peace and happi-'ness at that age, when her aunt thought proper to teach 'her a little of female policy. Betty first introduced to 'her niece ALBERT a young man of respectable family 'and connexions, who was at once pleased with the beau-'ty and simplicity of Susan. Albert felt a strong desire, 'notwithstanding her humble situation, to become ac-'quainted with the "poor girl." Her person was not 'very remarkable—being neither delicately slender, nor 'grossly robust; and yet it was handsome. In her soft 'blue eyes, Albert found something peculiarly interest-'ing—and in her fair hair, her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips, 'her lilly hands, her easy carriage—and in all the fine 'parts so often and so wonderfully described by the admi-'rers of beautiful women—he discovered a collection of 'excellencies, which charmed him: But in the beauties 'of her mind, in the ingenuous simplicity of her heart, in 'the irresistible attraction of her unaffected manners, 'he found that which ought and ever will most powerful-'ly engage every man of feeling, whether virtuous or 'otherwise, whether learned or ignorant, whether rich or 'poor, whether bond or free. For such a person will ever 'excite interest, and raise pleasing sensations in the breast 'of saint, of savage, and of sage. This description of cha-'racter in a woman, will pass current as something of un-'common value, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America. 'May it ever be prized and peculiarly cherished, from Su-'perior to the Atlantic, and from St. Croix to the Missis-'sippi.—'

And all over Louisiana! exclaimed Leander. Aye, all over the world, rejoined I, with as much sincerity as I ever prayed in my life. I beg pardon, Mr. Easy; Leander broke out first—and I don't much like being left far behind in such a case as this. However I will go on with the reading of this history—and forward it with all speed.

RARIO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. C. S. RAFINESQUE, a young Italian of whose insatiable curiosity concerning any thing relative to Botany, and of whose laudable and unwearied perseverance in the pursuit of this study, the writer of this article can confidently speak, from an intimate acquaintance with him, has been for *upwards of three years* engaged in collecting materials for a catalogue or flora, for an hundred miles or more, round Philadelphia. He has already explored the eastern and western shores of Maryland, the state of Delaware, and the northern part of Virginia. He is now engaged in visiting the northern parts of Pennsylvania and new Jersey, and in the next season he expects to visit the southern part of New-York, and Long Island.

MR. HUGH MAXWELL of Philadelphia, has now in the press a translation of the minor poems of Camoens. It is said by the English criticks that they are not translations, but ranking in a higher order, they aspire to the praise of originality. Why the Viscount Strangford should shelter himself under the name of the ill-fated Portuguese we know not, but it must afford a sensible pleasure to every one to see a young nobleman who disdains the vulgar and licentious pursuits of his peers in age and rank and courts the converse of the wise or wanders amid the bowers of the muse. We hope the industry of the printer in disseminating poetry, rich and luxuriant and in the purest style of the translator of Anacreon, will be liberally remunerated.

MR. JAMES HUMPHREYS of the same place has issued proposals for printing the first American edition of DR. JOHNSON'S ENGLISH DICTIONARY—It will be printed in four volumes royal octavo, which will be ornamented by an elegant engraving of the author—and another of the colossal statue consecrated to his memory in St. Paul's church Cathedral. Mr. Humphreys does not include the PREFACE in his enumeration of the contents of this edition—we hope it will not be omitted.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In the absence of the gentleman whose taste aided by the talents of many right worthy and worshipful friends has contributed in no meagre measure to the amusement of the readers of the Companion, his humble substitute, a mere novice in his occupation, finds no slight difficulty in his disposition of the numerous communications which crowd his table—A youthful writer himself, he asks every indulgence from the catholic disposition of criticism; and he observes it is in the very spirit of this work to foster and encourage the productions of those who aspire, with a laudable ambition, to the meed of Fame. But in despite of his own individual wishes and his anxiety to preserve the integrity of the plan committed to his charge, the present Editor, "a very underling to a deputy," finds himself imperiously compelled to reject many pieces that are offer-

ed and disappoint the pride of juvenile authorship. This is not less unpleasant to him than it will be mortifying to them. But his duty to the patrons of this work is of a higher nature, and must be regarded. Much might be added to avert the displeasure of those to whom these observations will apply, but it is hoped their own good sense will induce them to acquiesce silently in this decision; meanwhile the Editor, imitating the prudence of Prospero,

Will to his book;
For yet, *ere supper-time*, must he perform
Much business appertaining.——

If JULIO courted his "Lucy" with no greater skill than he woos his muse we cannot be much surprised at her disdain. His "EXPOSTULATION" at her "*downright neglect*" of his "*two sonnets and one acrostick*" is couched in a stile so intemperate, so unlike that in which a *cavalier* should address his mistress, and withal so exquisitely "in the right butter-woman's rate to market," that he must excuse us if we offer him no other condolence than the homage of our sorrow for his misfortune—

He dreams of her, that has *forgot* his love;
He doats on her, that *cares not* for his love:
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, *alas!*

FLETA writes with spirit—we shrewdly suspect him to be one of those hopeful readers "who study Shakespere at the inns of court;" and we are delighted to contemplate the occupations of one who unites so happily the learning of the lawyer with the accomplishments of the poet. Although we would gladly accompany him when he chuses to rove through the flowery fields of poesy, yet we cannot refrain from reminding one in whose professional success we take some interest, of a truth uttered by a brilliant scholar—*The law*, said sir Willian Jones, *is a jealous mistress*, and *will admit no rival.*

"OAKLY" is a very *Procrustes* in the art of lengthening and curtailing lines. We should do him justice were we to publish his "Contrast" without some further corrections. He certainly must know that such violent elisions as *obsequ'ous*, *prem'nent*, cannot be tolerated by readers of poetry—nor can we think his mistress "whose beauty *luxur'ous* once caught my eye" would read his verses with much complacency, notwithstanding she possesses

"Such innate worth as *appertain'd* to few"

He is, however, not without merit, and we will chearfully print his effusion after it has undergone a proper revision.

The author of the lines on the "Maid of Potowmack," beginning

Along Potowmack's rugged shore,
Beneath her lofty clifts was seen
A maid oft sit her fate deplore
And tells her sorrows to the stream,

is advised to endeavour to cheer the female in whose distress he sympathises so poetically and *lift up her discontented countenance* * by his conversation rather than his pen—we really cannot invite him to a seat at the *Easy* table. His Pegasus is a stumbling jade, and must be newly shod.

"Z's" *thoughts on* "*the Grave*" ought to be buried in what he somewhat oddly denominates "the repository of nature."

For a youthful valetudinarian, and a correspondent with this miscellany, who afar from his friends, seeks the smiles of Hygeia amid wilds and mountains, we would most ardently invoke the God of Friendship and the muses of poetry to support a favoured votary—*tam chari capitis.*

——————many a time
The harmony of his tongue hath into bondage
Brought our too diligent ear——

and we sanguinely hope he may soon return, his mind enlivened and his body invigorated, that he may long continue the pride of his relatives and the delight of his friends.

The author of some elegant lines on the pleasures of rural Solitude, published in the Companion at a time inauspicious for such enjoyments, is respectfully requested to pursue his rambles in a more genial season. In his next walk we recommend the following *picture* to his contemplation.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook, with sleep inviting sound:
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom, he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward, through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.
Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light at once reveal'd;
Oft, as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

The lines on Chloe from one whom we delight to honour, contain a bitter satire on a vice which is but too prevalent.

Correspondents who do not find their communications noticed must not be impatient; but remember with the royal Poet, *that there is a time for all things.*

* *Virgil.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE FROM THE GREEK OF THOMAS MOORE ESQ.

The following is a translation of the Greek ode by THOMAS MOORE Esquire, prefixed to his late elegant version of the odes of Anacreon. The argumentative part resembles a dialogue supposed to have been held in the shades between Aristotle and Anacreon. It is quoted by Joshua Barnes in his elaborate *Vita Anacreontis* as from a work entitled *Novi Dialogii Mortuorum*, and the extract he gives is also in the Latin language. Upon a further research I find that this passage which has every appearance of being from a Latin work, is merely a translation of a part of a dialogue in the celebrated *Les Dialogues nouvelles* of Monsieur Fontenelle.

Once the Bard of Teios smiling,
With his harp his hours beguiling:
Sweetly swell'd the jovial strain
Into pleasure melting pain—
The sparkling goblet passed around
Enlivened by melodious sound.
The gentle loves their force combin'd,
And in their arms the poet twin'd.
They rais'd the song of Hymen's chains,
And sang the joys of Cupid's pains.
With choicest flow'rs of various hue,
With lillies white and vi'lets blue,
Their hands a rural garland made
To crown the gay Anacreon's head.

Now from Jove's empyrean groves
Minerva views the sporting loves.
And as they twin'd the mazy dance
In accents bland she broke their trance.
"Since on earth the sages call
"Anacreon WISEST OF THEM ALL,
"Why doth the beauteous Queen of love
"And Bacchus, all thy numbers move?
"How, old man, canst thou be wise
"With Pallas ne'er before thy eyes?
"Why only sing in amorous lays,
"Nor let thy harp resound my praise?
"Why prefer thy nymphs and wine,
"To every sober law of mine?"

"Nay chide me not," the Bard replies
With pleasure beaming in his eyes,
"That all on earth unite to call
"Anacreon wisest of them all.
"I dance and sing—my fingers roll
"O'er the chords that melt the soul:
"Around in crodws my vot'ries play,
"List'ning to the rapt'rous lay.
"And though from wit I ne'er refrain
"I scorn the jest that leaves a pain;
"Since like my harp my soul affords
"Nought but love's harmonious chords.
"Thus I live—my soul and lyre
"Nought but love and joy respire.
"Thus am I the friend of mirth,
"Thus am I most wise on earth."

SEDLEY.

ON CHLOE.

Oh Chloe, of those sighing swains beware,
Who gaze with rapture, and who call thee fair:
Not more could boast the Cytherean dame
To raise in love sick Gods the amorous flame,
Than thou, in whom all blooming nature vies
And thousand loves are playful in thine eyes,
Thy vermil cheek with charms now blushing glows,
Thy lip's sweet fragrance emulates the rose,
Thy speaking eye with melting softness smiles
And of his heart the trembling youth beguiles.
That angel form, where every grace is seen
"Now looks a Goddess and now moves a queen:"
And oh! fond youth, do not two rashly gaze,
On softer charms her snowy neck displays;
Her swelling bosom burst upon the sight
And thrilling joy is yours and soft delight.
With charms like these, O, Chloe, then beware
Of raptur'd swains who gaze and call thee fair:
Tempt not the secret windings of the grove
Nor list, unguarded, to soft tales of love.
Thus Chloe's guardian friend express'd his fears,
Anxious to save from unavailing tears.
A laughing Sylph reliev'd his lab'ring breast
And in his ear these wond'rous truths exprest.
No lurking danger threats the lovely fair,
She is not Cupid's or his mother's care;
Form'd with each charm to kindle soft desire,
Herself unconscious of the tender fire,
Beholds with apathy the dying swain,
Who sighs unheard and supplicates in vain:
Yet void of passion, Chloe loves!---'tis true---
Oh heaven's how much she loves!—*to play at loo.*

TO HER WHO MAY UNDERSTAND IT.

How light I lived---how free from care
Before I saw the lovely fair:
No anxious thoughts disturb'd my breast
And all my mind repos'd at rest.

Jocund pass'd my happy days,
At ease I sung my sportive lays:
For love had never fir'd my brain,
And I had never tasted pain.

But fate had doom'd a sudden change
And stopp'd my gay, excursive range.
No more to riot in wild fancy's beams,
She mixt my sleep with Cupid's dreams.

Mary she plac'd before my sight,
Mary the care of many a sprite,
Mary the pride of village maids,
Whose praises fill the lowly glades.

Now all the night and all the day
'Tis she inspires my mournful lay.
While grace and truth to men are dear
And loveliness has nought to fear,
Mary shall prompt the plausive strain:
Oh may I, nymph, not sing in vain.

SEYDOR.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

" A CHRISTIAN *is the highest style of man.*
" And is there who the blessed cross wipes off,
" As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow ?
" If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight :
" The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
" More struck with grief or wonder who can tell ?
" Ye sold to sense ! ye citizens of earth !
" Ye deaf to truth, peruse this parson'd page,
" And trust, for once, a prophet and a priest :
" Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die." YOUNG.

Mr. Easy,

IN my last paper I commenced the discussion of a subject which appears to me to demand a conspicuous place in your Companion—and introduced the question on the answer to which it is now my intention to enlarge—with a few desultory remarks.

" To what cause can this practice be attributed, which " claims the *disgrace* of vice, and shuns the *honour* of " virtue ?" *To a groundless fear, or to a devilish ambition.*

My design now is to point out the folly and wickedness which characterize the former description of persons, or those who thus act from a principle of fear.

I shall forego the privilege of ridiculing this vice and its consequences for the present, and offer a few reasons, which, if they should convince and reform any one of your unstable readers, will afford me unspeakable gratification.

But I must premise that my arguments will be founded upo · the idea that the system of religion promulged in the word of God is of divine origin—and that none are exempt from its controul : indeed I have before presumed that the man who boasts of vice from fear is a believer in Christianity.

Bear with me therefore, whilst I attempt to prove—that this fear—is criminal in the sight of God—that it is a crime committed against our nature—that it is contrary to the happiness of society—and that the causes which produce this fear, are ignoble and unnatural.

That *fear* which actuates the appropriation of vice—and the discarding of virtue, is criminal in the sight of God.

The strongest denunciations of the King of Kings are published against the timorous Christian—against him who is afraid of an avowed assimilation to the immaculate Redeemer of mankind—Lukewarmness in the cause of truth, when it involves the benefit of society is a crime very nearly allied to an opposition to its interests : and that man who feels cold and indifferent in the defence of virtue, may be safely pronounced to be unworthy of the blessings which he enjoys. I need not refer you to the injunctions of the holy scriptures—" Be strong"—" quit you like men"—" Be faithful unto death"—&c. &c. or to the awful threatenings which they promulge against him who is chargeable with tergiversation, inconsistency, or a want of fortitude on the subject of religion.

Let those who are guilty of this crime remark that upon all mankind is enjoined as strict a conformity as possible to the example of Jesus Christ—and that in all the traits of his character it behoves every man, and especially the believers in the truth which he taught to imitate him as much as possible—Incessant pains are required to be taken by all those who would in any tolerable degree walk in the path in which he has preceded us—for the allurements of the world—the temptations of the enemy of mankind—and the corrupt propensities of our own hearts are so strong that they demand the most unwearied and ceaseless assiduity to counteract their influence.

One of the most prominent characteristics of our Lord (if there can be any difference, where all was ineffable perfection) and of his apostles, was their undaunted firmness in defending their religion against its opponents. By the cold

hearted lukewarm professors of our day—a strong love to God is burlesqued as enthusiasm—a desire to extend Christian truth, as madness—and a strict adherence to the injunctions of Heaven—as superlative folly.—But the opposite qualities are highly criminal in the estimation of him who judges righteously—and before whom all mankind will at his appointed time stand to hear their irreversible doom. Ye young, fearful, perverted characters—learn, that by this conduct of yours—you expose yourselves to the vengeance of Heaven, you are despised by all good men—and you know that you feel all the pangs of a guilty conscience. Desert then immediately the standard of vice, and boldly assert your attachment to those principles which will ensure you the approbation of that "God who is over all, blessed for ever."

2. That *fear* which impels the claim of vice, and the apparent shame of virtue is a crime committed against our nature. The highest dignity to which man can arrive is to be declared an heir of Heaven—the greatest honour to which human nature can attain is to be admitted to the company of the Son of God—consequently, the most valuable blessing in our possession, is a knowledge of the means by which our nature can thus be exalted.—But the timid creature, who is afraid to be known—as an expectant of these dignities—who is ashamed to be considered as making use of the means which God has prescribed, and who offends his conscience by professing an attachment to that which God condemns, and a hearty disapprobation of that to which God has affixed honours and felicity inconceivable, is of all criminals the worst, as he offends against his own nature—and is a coward of the most vile kind—because he is afraid of that which is his brightest ornament—afraid of the opinions of those whose crimes although they may not be actually cognizable by the laws of society—have rendered them a subject of abhorrence to God, of detestation to all good members of this social state—and of exultation to the inhabitants of the infernal regions—afraid of being known as a man in whose house there is an altar for God—whose orisons ascend daily to Heaven—whose mouth emits no profanity—no obscenity—no calumny—afraid of being received in any other light than as an unprincipled libertine—a blasphemer—an enemy to God, and to man—whose pestiferous breath poisons and corrupts the whole circle in which he moves, and taints the air with the venom which daily issues from his tongue, as a professed gambler—a drunkard and a subverter of the whole superstructure of *virtue and morality*.

Nature revolts at the contemplation of the immense absurdity of this man's character—that with a heart disposed to do good, he should boast of vice—that with steady upright principles a man should debase himself to the level of the pests of society—and that with a conscience struggling against the folly which he daily exhibits, he should persist in openly asserting himself the opponent of virtue and the votary of sin—is a paradox inexplicable—a subject of lamentation immeasurable—a proof either that a man has no principles—that his principles are weak—or that he is as yet under the influence of bonds which if not speedily loosened will enchain him until he is dragged down to the gulph of endless perdition.

3. This practice is contrary to the happiness of society. Uprightness of character is enjoined not by the laws of God only, but is involved in that contract which the members of any society make with each other. It needs not argument to prove that sincerity is the basis upon which all individual and social happiness rests—and it appears absurd, to warn any persons against this, of all other kinds of hypocricy the most despicable. Self interest, the protection of life, or a sense of shame may induce the denial of a charge upon which the conviction consequent might materially affect a man: but this species of deception is not excusable upon these grounds, and is highly injurious to the welfare of society. What should we think of him, whose continual boast was that he pilfered his neighbour's property, slandered his character, and took every opportunity to injure him? This man would be deservedly reprehensible, would upon his own confessions be forced to appear to answer to the laws of his country—for the violations of their precepts which he had acknowledged—whilst the more retired, but not less criminal offender not only passes off his boasted vices with impunity, but acquires a wreath of laurel for the consummate impudence which he manifests in setting at defiance the laws of God, the authority of conscience, the regulations of society, and the terrors of future retribution.

Our case supposes that the character under consideration is vicious in profession—mark then how his example operates—not as an individual only—but as forming a part of our species who are determined by *sheer impudence* to laugh every decent person out of countenance, and to uphold each other by the violence of their vociferations in attaching honour to a distortion of nature, to *puppyism*, and to a criminal course of life—and opprobrium and ridicule to those who have not forgotten the God who formed them, the dignity of their rational powers, the duties required of them, the immortality which lies before them, the great responsibility by which they are bound, the tremendous misery which awaits final impenitence, and the

celestial glory succeeding a life of holiness. Although he may not be guilty of any one of the vices of which he claims the *honour* of being the perpetrator—yet his boldly exulting in the part which he took in a riotous broil, in a turbulent party, in a gambling quarrel—encourages his auditors to long for an opportunity of engaging in such scenes where so much *fun* is to be enjoyed, so much *spirit* manifested, and so much *praise* to be acquired.

How men in this country can openly avow infidelity of the most injurious nature is truly astonishing—and how others of decent characters can suffer this new species of dignity to pass off without expressing their dislike to the vices of which they make a boast, and giving a severe chastisement to the persons who are thus guilty; is a subject of grief with all those who feel interested in the welfare of the youth around them; who, often without fixed principles, without experience, without friends, and without courage to withstand the fascinations of those vices which too soon become agreeable to our depraved nature, are seduced into the vortex of dissipation by the silly conduct of a weak-headed boy—who although actually not culpable—is the mean of making one of his fellow creatures completely wretched. This glaring impropriety, which is really a growing evil, should be noticed—and it is to be lamented that some public spirited man does not act as if the relation were true, and lay an information before a magistrate that it might be seen whether the guilt which he confesses does not subject him to "forty stripes save one."

I have long been thinking to attack a braggadocia of my acquaintance in this way, and to strive thereby to recover his lost sense of decency and propriety. There is a small number of *bipeds*, the individuals of which think themselves leaders of the rest of mankind, because they have brazened their faces to all idea of that which is proper—and their jurisdiction extends even to the mode in which a man is dressed. I myself have almost been put out of countenance by these staring puppies—who when they could find fault with nothing else have reprobated the collar of my coat!!! cursed the tailor who made it—and ridiculed me for being seen with such an uncouth thing around me—all this, except the *swearing*, I can bear very well—but when a man begins his conversation with an appeal to all the Devils in Hell, and tells me how many bottles of wine he poured into his throat on some late occasion; how many dollars he had lost at loo; and how much he had spent in other vicious and degrading company; when it is well known that his whole visible income is not half the amount of his boasted extravagance, I am sickened to the highest degree, and think thus with myself—this is a contemptible character, whether his account of himself be true or false—if I conceive the former, I dislike him—if the latter, I most heartily pity him.

These timid creatures who have not courage to withstand the sneer of the puppy, the jokes of the profane, or the ribaldry of the scorner—and in consequence join to exult in vice, and ridicule virtue, are rebels against God, enemies to our nature, and destroyers of all the happiness of society.

4. The causes which produce this fear are ignoble and unnatural.

This part of my discussion I have already slightly developed from the manner in which I have considered the subject—it will be unnecessary therefore to add much; and as it has been proved that the effects of this fear are ignoble and unnatural, it follows that the cause of the fear must be similar. How ignoble and unnatural must be those principles in the breast, those views of men and things, and that estimate of the deity and his creatures which are manifested in the fear of being known to be a lover of virtue, and an enemy to vice? They reverse the order of creation, subvert the authority of heaven, and have a tendency to open the flood-gates of vice upon us—Those happy spirits who surround the throne of God, whose enjoyments are correctness, whose affections are harmony, whose desires are purity, and whose object is to sing the praises and to chaunt the goodness of God, are bold in the cause of virtue. They are ministring spirits appointed to watch over those, who, like themselves, although not so pure, not so perfect, not so happy, not so devoted—are in a state of probation, hastening to the enjoyments of the same felicity—all these characters are stern—and unmoved, and like Abdiel "Faithful though alone."

Addison expresses his idea in Cato thus:—

"If there's a pow'r above,
"(And that there is all nature cries aloud
"Through all her works) He must delight in virtue;
"And that which he delights in, must be happy.

As the motives which actuate firmness in defence of religion, and the effects which it produces are both laudable, we are justified in concluding that the causes which produce the fear which I have opposed are improper as the effects are discordant, inimical to our individual comfort, directly contradictory to all our duties, and generate misery among mankind.

Let us all strictly examine our own hearts, measure our exact proportion of courage in resisting the encroachments, and delusions of vice, and by boldly avowing our attachment to Christianity, and living consistent with it—discourage this practice, which arises from the fear of being laughed at by those who are raised from insignificance by

the impudence which they evince, and the licentiousness and profanity of their characters. CATO.

Dear Mr. Easy,

YOU cannot imagine how much I was delighted at finding by your last number, that there are gentlemen in your club, who have sense and spirit enough to espouse our cause and endeavour to put a stop to the censure and abuse which has been poured upon us by the mere witlings of the day. We are, sir, as you justly observed, inoffensive, and we have been wantonly insulted. Why cannot these self-sufficient gentlemen who pride themselves in their fancied superiority, enjoy their horse-races, their odious segars, and their brandy and water, and leave us undisturbed in the industry of the needle and the necessary relaxation of the dance. If we have tea drinkings, where women assemble after the fatigues of the day and converse with sprightliness and ease, on each others dress, or even if Mr. "Gravity" will have it so, on the failings of our neighbours, the gentlemen neglect their business and waste at least one half of the day over wine which enfeebles their constitution, and *to keep up conversation* (this is the very reason I have heard frequently alledged) segars, which destroy their breath and ruin our furniture. Then let the conversation after dinner and that which follows tea be contrasted. and I will cheerfully submit to any candid observer, which possesses the greater interest——If they should be a company of young merchants, mercy on a stranger to commerce who unfortunately may happen to be among them! their poor heads can carry them little further than the limits of their day-book and ledger—If they do talk of a foreign country, they know no more of it, than its current price for indigo or coffee or some such commodity—The studies of a lawyer, it is true enlarge his mind a little beyond his profession, and he can sometimes *travel out of the record* to enliven his conversation by appropriate narration and elegant criticism on popular works. But if he should mention any thing like a wound or a disorder, the company will soon be edified by a dissertation on diseases by some young Esculapius, or shocked by a prophecy of his future doom, from some reverend Divine. Thus you see, Mr. Easy, how much the different classes of men are affected by pedantry and how insensibly it insinuates itself in their intercourse with the world. From this disgusting quality, I think you will allow, our conversation is totally free. You cannot call talking of dress pedantry, or if you do, you cannot say it is peculiar to us; for I have heard two gentlemen dispute with more warmth of the different cuts of the various Taylors, than I have ever listened to among ladies of the slopes and trimmings of their milliners.

Consider next how the conversation of the different sexes is enlivened—There is one resource which is common to both--I mean singing. And here we claim a vast superiority in taste and in real gentility of manners--The gentlemen never sing until the ladies rise from table—I remember once asking my brother the reason of this ill-natured exclusion, and you may guess what was my astonishment at learning that *their* songs were not fit to be sung before ladies. How gross, how low must be the taste of him who can only be delighted by pleasures, from which modesty and virtue must be excluded! We evince the satisfaction we derive from an air well sung, by silence, the most expressive of all encomiums—they imitate the boisterous clamour of the *gods of the gallery*. Our entertainment concludes with a reel or a cotillon—Theirs by their reeling under the table, or, if they can get so far, by rolling in a gutter from which they are after taken home by the watch. I will not disgust you by describing the scene which generally follows, but charitably draw a veil over a picture that they are ashamed of the next morning—when a throbbing head, a swollen eye and a trembling hand, woefully remind them of the manner in which the preceding day had been disgraced.

I might extend this parallel much further—but enough has been said to convince you, that we know our own value and can appreciate the merit of those who abuse us—and further, sir, that a party of us have determined to remain no longer in silence under the insults of scribblers, whose school-boy essays evince as little knowledge of the rules of orthography and grammar, as they do of the dictates of politeness, decency, or even common sense.

† ELIZA.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The illustrious character of Pierre de Corneille, the popular dramatick poet of France, induced those who approached him to expect something in his manners, address and conversation, above the common level. They were disappointed; and the same thing has happened in a thousand peculiar instances.

The friends of Corneille, as was natural enough, were uneasy at finding people express their disappointment after an interview with him. They wished him to appear as respectable when near as when at a distance; in a personal intimacy as in the regions of fame. They took the liberty of mentioning to him his defects, his awkward address, his ungentleman-like behaviour. Corneille heard the

enumeration of his faults with great patience; and when it was concluded, said, with a smile, and with a just confidence in himself, "all this may be very true; but, notwithstanding all this, I am still *Pierre de Corneille*."

The many defects, infirmities, faults, and disagreeable qualities, which the friends of Dr. Johnson, have brought to publick light, were chiefly what, in less conspicuous men, would be passed over as foibles, or excused as mere picadillos; and however his enemies may triumph in the exposure, I think he might, if he were alive, imitate Corneille and say, "Notwithstanding all this, I am still Samuel Johnson."

Few men could stand so fiery a trial as he has done.—His gold has been put into the furnace, and considering the violence of the fire, and the frequent repetition of the process, the quantity of dross and alloy is inconsiderable. Let him be considered, not absolutely, but comparatively: and let those who are disgusted with him, ask themselves, whether their own characters or those they most admire would not exhibit some deformity, if they were to be analized with a minute and anxious curiosity. The private conversation of Johnson, the caprice of momentary ill-humour, the weakness of disease, the common infirmities of human nature, have been presented to the publick, without those alleviating circumstances which probably attended them. And where is the man that has not foibles, weaknesses, follies, and defects of some kind? And where is the man that has greater virtues, greater abilities, more useful labours, to put into the opposite scale against his defects?

Biography is every day descending from its dignity.—Instead of instructive recital, it is becoming an instrument to the mere gratification of an impertinent, not to say a malignant, curiosity. There are certain foibles and weaknesses, which should be shut up in the coffin with the poor reliques of fallen humanity. Wherever the greater part of a character is *thriving*, the *few blemishes* should be covered with the pall.

I am apprehensive that the custom of exposing the weakness of eminent men to every age, will have an unfavourable influence on virtue. It may teach men to fear celebrity; and, by extinguishing the desire of fame and posthumous glory, destroy one powerful motive to excellence.

I think there is reason to fear lest the moral writings of Johnson should lose something of their effect by this unfortunate degradation. To prevent so mischievous a consequence of his friends communications, I wish his readers to consider the old saying, *that no man is wise at all times*; and to reflect that reason and argument do not loose any thing of their value from the errors and foibles of a writer's conduct. Let them also remember the old complaint, that many see and approve the better part, while from the violence of passion they pursue the worse.

Is it to be believed that the greatest men in all history, would have appeared almost uniformly great, if the taste of their age, and the communicative disposition of their intimate friends, had published the secrets of their private conversations and of their chambers?

It was usual to write the lives of great men *con amore*, with affection for them, and there ran a vein of panegyrick with the narative. Writer and reader agreed in loving the character, and the reader's love was increased and confirmed by the writer's representation. An ardour of imitation was thus excited, and the hero of the story placed, without one dissenting voice, in some honourable niche in the temple of Fame. But this biographical anatomy, in minutely dissecting parts, destroys the beauty of the whole; just as in cutting up the most comely body, many loathsome objects are presented to the eye, and the beautiful form is utterly disfigured.

It is said indeed that not only truth, but the whole truth, should be published and left naked for the contemplation of mankind; for as the anatomy of the body contributes to the benefit of human nature, by promoting medical and chirurgical knowledge; so the dissection of characters tends to the development of error, which, by being thus exposed, may be avoided.

From such an exposure some advantage may be derived to the philosopher; but, I fear, little to the multitude.—I am rather induced to believe, that the abasement of great characters, and the exposure of defects, prevents the salutary operation of their good example, and of their writings. The common reader seldom makes refined and philosophical observations. But he says, if such men, so learned, so great, so celebrated, were guilty of this failing, or remarkable for that misconduct, how can I attempt, with any hope of success, to avoid it? He gives up the contest, and shelters his surrender under the name and authority of the defunct philosopher, whom he once admired, and, while he admired, endeavoured to imitate.

I think it was in Egypt that a tribunal was established to sit in judgment on the departed. Johnson has been tried with as accurate an investigation as if he had been judicially arraigned on the banks of the Nile.

It does not appear that the witnesses were partial. The sentence of the publick, according to their testimony, has

rather lowered him; but time will replace him where he was, and where he ought to be, notwithstanding all his errors and infirmities, high in the ranks of Fame.—Posterity will forgive his roughness of manner, his apparent superstition, his mistakes in making his will, his prejudices against the Whigs and Scotch, and will remember his Dictionary, his moral writings, his biography, his manly vigour of thought, his piety, and his charity. They will make allowances for morbid melancholy; for a life, a great part of which was spent in extreme indigence and labour, and the rest, by a sudden transition, in the midst of affluence, flattery, obsequiousness, submission, and universal renown.

The number of writers who have discussed the life, character, and writings of Johnson, is alone sufficient to evince that the publick feels him to be a *great man*, and it will not be easy to write him down through mistaken friendship or declared enmity. He was indeed a great man; but mortal man, however well he may deserve the epithet, Great, comparitively, is absolutely, but a little being; and the example of Johnson is an additional proof of this obvious, but humiliating conclusion. I wish, nevertheless that his life had been written in the manner of the French *Eloges*, and with the affection and reverence due to supereminent merit.

Many of his apparent friends we may suppose were of those who forced themselves into his company and acquaintance in order to gain credit and to flatter their own vanity. They seem to have had little cordiality for him, and no objection to lower his fame, if they could raise their own names to eminence on the ruins. Many of them had, perhaps, been hurt by his freedom of rebuke, and were glad to gratify revenge when retaliation was out of his power. If he were alive he would crush the swarms of insects that have attacked his character, and with one sarcastick blow flap them into non-existence.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

THE KING'S FOOL, OR MY LORD'S.

The character of the fool or clown was originally introduced into the world to supply the want of that freedom in conversation which was unknown to the savage manners of our ancestors. When half the kingdom of England was in a state of slavery under the Norman race, and their immediate successors; when vassalage universally prevailed, and Englishmen were subject to the will of a despotic king and his haughty and imperious barons; the pride of war was the principal commerce of all the nations in Europe, and tilts and tournaments their great and almost sole amusement. The social intercourse and elegant diversions which so happily employ both sexes in this refined age, were utterly unknown; instead of the entertainments of the stage, which we now enjoy in its almost perfect state, the mysteries and moralities, of which some specimens are preserved in old writers were the only theatrical spectacles exhibited from Richard the second's days to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mystery was the tragedy and morality the comedy; the latter, perhaps, owed its origin to the clown or fool, in a motly dress, which every noble family in the kingdom entertained as a necessary appendage of state and grandeur. Nature will insist upon her rights in some shape or other; and mirth is so congenial to man, that it must have a vent. A sarcastic and perhaps a harmless jest, from one equal to another, in the rough days of the feudal system, would, in all likelihood, have brought about serious consequences, and perhaps ended in a single combat: But kings could not live in their palaces, nor great barons in their castles, without some instrument to excite meriment. They had no wits, indeed, to flatter them; but they had, what men of the most refined understandings love better, a fool to laugh at.

A fellow, dressed in a patched coat, was hired at a certain salary, to divert the great man and his guests. All now was safe; for nobody could pretend to be angry with the sarcastic gibes of a party-coloured hireling; one too, who was himself the butt of the company. The fool treated all alike; the master and the guests were equally the objects of his sarcastic mirth; and a keen-witted fellow would, doubtless, sometimes revenge the disgrace of situation on his betters, by uttering severe reproach and home truth under the cover of a joke which no man durst resent without being exposed to the derision of the company.—*Viola* in the TwelfthNight aptly describes the business of a fool by profession:

> "This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
> And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
> He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
> The quality of the persons, and the time:
> And, like the haggard, check at every feather
> That comes before his eyes."

THE PERSON WE LOVE.

There is such a relative charm, in that which appertains to the person we love, let it be never so insignificant and worthless that we are sure to be pleased with it, because it calls to mind the object of our affections.

> ——"I love him for his sake;
> And yet I know him a notorious liar,
> Think him a great way fool, solely a coward:
> Yet these fix'd evils sit fit upon him,
> That they take place when virtue's steely brows
> Look bleak to the cold wind."

Helens's remark, that the slight and worthless, provided they have talents to excite gaiety and cheerfulness, are often preferred to the meritorious, but less pliable in temper, is a just observation, in support of which many instances can be produced.

TEMPLE OE LOVE—AND OF FORTUNE.

What Petrarch has said of the temple of love, is still more applicable to that of fortune:

Errors and dreams and thoughts half form'd abroad,
And crowd the baseless fabric all around;
While at the threshold false opinions stand,
And on the steps, vain hope, with magic wand.

WEALTH.

One of the most dangerous yet distinguished writers of our day, who will probably do more evil than good by his works, presents us with the following neat and elegant observations upon wealth and the proper application of it—"Wealth" says he "should be estimated as the means of dispersing happiness around us;—of giving shelter to the houseless child of want and joy to the afflicted heart; as a sacred deposit entrusted to us by an Almighty Power for those purposes, which, if so applied, will nourish placid and delightful reflections that like soothing friends will croud around us in the bed of sickness or death, alleviating the pains of one and the terrors of the other."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Carr, author of the Stranger in France, and other works, having, during the last summer, visited Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, and made a circuit of the Baltic, intends to favour the world with an account of his travels, accompanied by various engravings from his own drawings.

The Abbe de Lille's long expected translation of Milton's Paradise Lost is just published at Paris; and, in the same city, the posthumous works of Marmontel have also made their appearance very recently.

An Italian translation of Blair's Lectures on Rhetorick and the Belles-lettres, by *Francisco Soave*, has recently been published at Parma.

An Essay, Philosophical, Moral and Political, on the present extended commerce of Great Britain, and on its advantages and disadvantages is in the press, and will speedily be published.

A new edition of Dr. Smith's History of the Peloponnessian War, with a life of the translator, is nearly ready for publication.

A work intended as a continuation of Dr. Paley's Natural Theology, is in considerable forwardness.

The long-disputed MSS. of the Poems of Ossian, in the original Gaelic, are now in the press, under the auspices of the Highland Society. They will be accompanied by a Latin translation, by the late Mr. Macfarlane.

A new translation of the works of the *Swiss Theocritus*, the amiable Gesner, is in considerable forwardness. It is intended to follow the popular essay of Zimmerman on Solitude, executed for the *Select Foreign Classicks*, a work which from the numerous advantages it combines, bids fair to supercede all the preceding translations of modern classick authors.

Dr. Charles Hall has in the press a treatise, entitled, The Effects of Civilization on the People in European States.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Circumstances unforeseen and unavoidable concurred to cause the absence of several members, and prevented the usual meeting of the *Easy Club* last week; the communications and essays therefore were delivered to, and arranged by the gentleman who obligingly in the absence of our regular secretary acted as secretary *pro tem*—a promise of more regular attendance induces us to hope that we shall not again be without the necessary quorum to examine and decide on the merit of the several communications.

The Translation from a polite author which has been promised us by a young lady whose good sense teaches her to reject with equal contempt the dissipation of *cards* and the frivolity of compliments, is anxiously expected. The task will improve her and be highly gratifying to us. She has the talent to make her likeness faithful, and her genius will make it elegant.

A number of essays both in prose and verse too numerous to particularize at present, have been received, and after due consideration by the Club, shall be noticed according to their respective merits.

S. who sends us some verses which have *already appeared* in a former number of this miscellany, under the signature "Clara," is equally foolish and impertinent, in attempting to palm so gross an imposition upon us. He is informed, *and others in like case offending may take warning*, that he is known, and that we have some inclination to publish the piece, with his *real name* prefixed. His conduct during the ensuing week, will have some influence upon us.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following impressive address to the Students of St. Mary's College is written by a young gentleman of this city formerly a pupil of the Rev. Mr. Du Bourg, who presides in that institution...we insert it with pleasure as it gives us again an opportunity of testifying our respect for the talents and amiable character of that gentleman.

Lines occasioned by attending the Examination of the Students in St. Mary's College in this City.

Ye happy youths who tread, with willing feet,
The path to learning's venerable seat;
Where Truth's fair form in classick shades is found
And Science breathes her inspiration round—
Oh say, while youth yet folds you in her arms,
And hope yet flatters with delusive charms,
While joy attends, Companion of your way,
And no dark cloud obscures your infant day,
How sweet to range the Academick bow'r
And cull with eager hand each classick flow'r:
To dwell with rapture on each mighty name
That shines resplendent on the Roll of Fame,
And catch a spark of that celestial fire
That rousd the Hero, or that wak'd the Lyre!
How sweet to dwell on Homer's glowing line,
Homer the Great High Priest of all the Nine:
And hear the letter'd Prince of Roman song
Pour the rich tide of melody along:
With festive Horace—sprightliest son of mirth,
Whom Attic doves instructed at his birth,
Press the rich clusters of the teeming vine
And pledge, in Lyric draughts, the tuneful Nine.
Or list the Telan Bard, whose sportive soul
Glows in his verse and sparkles in his bowl,
Thrill all the madd'ning raptures of his lyre
While melting spirits wanton on the wire.
Or if the mind in sorrow love to share,
And seeks anothers load of grief to bear;
Then pensive pour o'er Curtius' flow'ry page,
And mourn th' effects of Macedonian rage,
Sigh for Darius from his empire hurl'd,
A splendid ruin to instruct the world.
Not to the ancients only are confin'd
The various pleasures of the student's mind.
'Tis his with fancy's eye to range each clime
And even arrest the "feather'd feet of time,"
To pierce wherever truth or science shone
And make the labours of the world his own.
Hence, tho' to one small spot of earth confin'd,
We view the daring ardour of his mind
Look through all nature with a single glance,
Shew what depends on fate, and what on chance,
With Newton trace the comet on its way,
Or count each beam of light that gilds the day,
Delighted mark the varied planets roll,
And own the wise concordance of the whole,
With Locke and Reid unfold the inward man
And each fine spring of human action scan,
The secret chambers of the mind explore,
And feast the soul with metaphysick lore...
These are the sweets that crown your rising hours,
That strew your infant path of life with flow'rs,
That in yon hallow'd walls delight to dwell
And lure her votaries to learning's cell;
For you the world yet spreads no wily snare,
For peace and angel innocence are there.
Oh may ye learn, beneath his* fostering hand,
To whom is lent the promise of our land,
Whose liberal soul enlighten'd and refin'd
Delights in all the good of all mankind,
Delights to form to truth the infant breast
And blessing others is himself most blest,
Oh may ye learn t'improve the precious hour
Which Heav'n indulgent places in your pow'r;
To wake each noble impulse of the soul,
Restrain each passion under just controul,
To own the finer feelings of the heart
And bid the sigh at others sorrows start,
To view misfortune with a pang sincere
And give to misery pity's tenderest tear...
Oh cherish in your commerce with mankind
The dear instinctive sympathies of mind,
And ever be with this great truth imprest,
'Tis virtue beams the sunshine of the breast.
But most of all religion's sacred pow'r
Cheers pilgrim man thro' life's sad varying hour;
To her in awful reverence we bend;
The athiest's terror—but the christian's friend.
Hail! meek religion, 'tis to thee we owe
Each source of bliss—each antidote of woe;
'Tis thine when clouds life's transient day deform
To lift the sinking soul above the storm,
To beam the smile serene, the transport ev'n
And grant a foretaste of the bliss of Heav'n.
And thou† to whom in gratitude belong
The heart's warm tribute, and the muses song,
Who led'st my infant steps to learning's shrine,
And taught'st me to revere her form divine,
Taught'st me when journeying thro' life's turbid ways,
Where sorrows thicken and where hope decays,
Where those desert us whom we held most dear
And nought is left for misery but a tear,
To raise, like Anaxagoras, my eyes
And place my hopes of bliss beyond the skies,
To seek resign'd religion's fair abode
And rest my hopes and sorrows with my God.
Oh may'st thou long, to us and science dear,
Defer thy flight to heaven and linger here;
Still linger here a blessing to mankind
And perfect what thy mighty soul design'd.
And when at length, thy course of virtue run,
We mark the lustre of thy setting sun;
When the last hour shall come when we must part,
(Oh fatal truth that rends the poet's heart)
May no rude pangs thy parting soul annoy,
But dreams of bliss thy latest hour employ;
May soothing recollection of the past
Beam comfort round, and cheer thee to the last,
While joyful angels point thy trackless way
To blisful regions of eternal day.

B.

* *Mr. Du Bourg President of the College.*

† *The writer of these lines was formerly a pupil of Mr. Du Bourg.*

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains. POPE.

Mr. Easy,

THE animal and vegetable kingdoms yield obedience to the all-controuling power of habit, nor is it demonstrated that the motions of this terraqueous globe, of our solar system, and of all the systems of the universe are not *continued* by this extensively pervading principle. Certain I am that the microcosm called man, is very universally and powerfully influenced by it; which opinion has been concisely expressed by the wise, the witty, the euridite, the gay, the philosophical, the poetical, the concatenating Dr. DARWIN, or some other sapient and profound investigator of nature, who says "Man is a bundle of habits."

I have endeavoured, as you will perceive, to shew that custom rules on the greatest, and the most contracted, scales; which you will please to consider as an indirect vindication for having permitted myself to be carried into the vortex of its operation.

I suspect that I had originally a disposition unusually inclined to the didactic, for from the first dawning of memory I recollect to have been attempting to give precepts to people greatly superior to myself, in intelligence, and much my seniors; and this inclination has increased with me, in proportion to the encouragement which I have given it; this accounts for my having been engaged in giving lectures on so many subjects, as you will find by my communications. When I have not a regular auditory, I cannot remain silent, but am under the necessity of harassing my friends with a little piece of philosophy or natural history, or of any other subject that occurs to me; I have little doubt but the ladies, with whom I have occasionally the honour to converse, sometimes wish me dumb, or absent, or more entertaining, as I frequently engage them in criticisms on the moral and metaphysical authors, or the writers on Belles-lettres, or in a recapitulation of the prominent points in the biography of men who have taken a conspicuous part in national affairs; for which indulgence I am particularly grateful, as I sometimes find that it has been granted through pure complaisance or in amiable compassion to the paucity of my subjects for, or embarrassed and dessultory manner in which I support my part of, a polite and fashionable *tete-a-tete.*

To relieve my friends and to gratify my inveterate propensity to communicate my opinions, I shall occasionally furnish a lecture for "The Companion," which you may use at any time to fill up a blank that may be left in your paper, by the general engagements of your other correspondents in writing poetry or in making excursions to the country. I think it well to apprize you, that my notes are in as great confusion as the leaves of the Sybil's book, which will prevent any thing like order in the arrangement of the subjects, or punctuality in supplying the Lectures.

If, Mr. Easy, you are satisfied with the matter and the manner of my first Lecture, I shall at my leisure pursue this or some other subject, and when convenient I will send you another.

L.

THE LECTURER.

There never was any period of the existence of any nation, which presented to a contemplative mind a view so grand and extensive, as is afforded at this time by the United States. Possessing a territory so large as almost to prevent the idea of the whole of it being taken into the mind at once, constituting certainly a very large portion of the habitable globe, a great proportion of it peopled by an intelligent, industrious and enterprizing race; favour-

ed with a form of government most admirably calculated for our particular circumstances, of vigour sufficient for all necessary purposes, and of allowed superiority to any other form which has been projected by theorists or tried in practice; remote in situation from the nations of Europe, and therefore secure from the dangers of being involved in their political intrigues and destructive wars; the prospects of the future greatness of our country are boundless; its claim to be at some period one of the most powerful nations, incontrovertible, and if our affairs are committed to the management of wise and good men only, its attainment of pre-eminence and rank over all other nations, unquestionable.

The dominions of Russia are also immense, but great as is the difference between savage and civilized people, between freemen and slaves, so great is our advantage over that country; those who form settlements in our new countries are for the most part sensible, orderly and well disposed men, who encounter the difficulties resulting and inseperable from these situations with the laudible view of providing for their rising families, they carry with them a respect for intelligence and an entire conviction of the indispensible necessity of education for their children; hence we find that a school is the first public establishment that is formed in a new settlement, which secures the diffusion of knowledge in a direct ratio with the extent of population.

There is no doubt but that luxury has advanced in this country with a rapidity unparallelled; this is however by no means extraordinary, nor ought it to be considered as a circumstance peculiar to us, or as auguring unfavourably of this country, but as the natural consequence of physical causes. When our forefathers left the different countries of Europe which contributed to the formation of this nation, they were not, as far as we are informed, prejudiced against the pleasures and luxuries of their respective native countries, nor do I suppose that they were principled against enjoying them; other motives, religious and political, which are too well known to require enumeration in this place, stimulated them to abandon their homes, and to seek in this country for an asylum from religious intolerance. If we are disposed to censure our ancestors for bringing over with them the luxurious appetites and propensities, which had grown out of the state of society in which they were born and raised, we ought surely to give them credit (which will be more than a counterpoise to the blame) for the advantages which we receive from the refinements, improvements and extensive knowledge of the arts and sciences which they also imported with them, and which renders it unfair to make a comparison between the situation of this country and what we may suppose others to have been when so recently settled—as the mature tree will produce fruit much sooner after being removed from one situation to another, than it can be procured from a seed, so we who were a transplanted nation could not fail to advance much farther in the same time, than a nation which was to become organized and formed out of the disconnected elements of society.

The information which we have derived from the old countries, has enabled us judiciously to form our institutions on their models, which have been produced after a thousand errors into which they have fallen and from which they have successively recovered.

If we are allowed to judge from the experience of all ages, we might deem ourselves authorised to assert, that the acquirement of great wealth generally through a nation is certainly followed by luxury, that luxury inevitably gives birth to effeminacy, depravity of morals and all the various modes of vice. It has been found that under these circumstances neither the exertions of the greatest moral writers and the ablest preachers, the unremitted attention of the most enlightened legislators, the firmness and perseverance of the most intelligent potentates and rulers, have been effectual in arresting the headlong current of vice and irreligion.

Knowing this, is it not in an eminent degree our interest and our duty to investigate the causes of these destructive consequences, to ascertain the best preventives for the evils which we foresee, and the most probable remedies for the disorders which already exist in our young country. A general corruption of manners in a nation, is a uniform and certain precursor of the ruin of that nation. A nation may be conquered and plundered and oppressed by a more powerful one, but so long as it maintains its general manners unvitiated, it preserves within itself a principle which will enable and dispose it, to liberate itself as soon as an opportunity presents. We know it has been found by some conquerors out of their power to keep certain nations in subordination to them, while they retained their national manners and customs, they therefore took measures which issued in the production of a corrupt state of these societies; when they were found reduced to that point, at which they were fit to be slaves. The first marks of the declension and the first indications of the corruption of the commonwealth of Lacedemon were connate, and made their appearance along with the money which was introduced about the time when Agis

ruled over that state. The gold and silver could not have been the immediate cause of these effects, and could have produced them only by the luxury and effeminacy which were, (though in my opinion not necessarily) their consequences or concomitants. The Macedonians were depraved by the taste for luxury, which they acquired in their expeditions against the Persians and other eastern nations. The Romans also declined and became effeminate, in consequence of the introduction of the refinements and luxurious habits and practices of the nations which they subdued.

From these and various other instances we are authorised to attribute the decline of empires to a corruption of manners; this is produced by luxury, and luxury we are sure can be the child of no parent but wealth. Almost every other subject has been handled by the ancients and re-handled by modern writers, but I do not recollect ever to have seen any plan proposed by which the depravity of the manners of a nation might be corrected. Penal laws certainly will not be successful in reforming a society, the majority of whom are vicious, as the perpetrators of crimes will be by them either efficiently protected or so much supported as to make their punishment extremely troublesome, if not dangerous, to those who undertake it. The powers of satire are non-entities in their operation on men who have become proficients in the school of vice. How ineffectually were the apparently omnipotent and irresistable shafts of satire hurled at his depraved countrymen, by the incomparable and indignant Juvenal; when the sun of glory of imperial Rome, shorn of most of its beams was hastening to the western horizon, where its remaining light was so soon to be extinguished, never more to be relumined.

I cannot conceive that any physical cause, law of nature or arrangement of Providence can in any degree be fixed in opposition to a nation flourishing indefinitely.—We have seen that all the celebrated empires of antiquity have had the three periods of existence denominated the rise, the flourishing period, and the decline and fall. But the circumstances which led to the destruction of these empires are obvious and prominent in their histories even at this distant time; and we may observe that these circumstances did not inevitably arise, but were produced by the injudicious relaxation of some law, the mean submission to a despot, dissensions and civil discords, of which ambitious and enterprizing neighboring nations took advantage; all which might have been prevented if the robust and hardy constitutions and the original virtue of the people had been preserved.

I should be much chagrined and humbled by finding myself under the necessity of conceding the point—that human nature is incapable of a long continued course of virtuous actions, or that we have implanted in our constitutions the seeds of decay, "which grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength." As I do not agree to charge on Nature the short duration of nations; it may be incumbent on me to give my opinion of the cause of that phenomenon, to which I most cheerfully address myself. And on the fullest examination which I have been able to give the subject, I think it palpable, that the immediate cause is the corrupt state of manners, which I have already decided to be the offspring of luxury, and that luxury derives its existence from wealth. We thus find wealth at the beginning of the chain of causes which operate the destruction of nations. But whether wealth shall be advantageous or injurious to a nation depends on the manner in which it is applied, and nothing more is necessary to secure its proper application than to give correct education to those, at whose disposal it is to be; which leads me to charge defective education as the source of the greater part of the numerous evils of society, and of the ultimate ruin of empires. By education I do not mean exclusively an acquaintance with different arts and sciences, but that general result from all the different instructions which a young person receives from the first dawning of intellect until the age of maturity is attained; during which period the character is formed, and will generally bear a semblance to the examples which it has seen, and to the circumstances under which it has been moulded.

Man is an imitative animal, and from his constitution more disposed to follow bad examples than good ones, when both are present, and, of course, uniformly imitating bad ones when he has no opportunity of observing those of a different cast. If then we admit the existence of a general depravity at this time in the world, or in any particular country; in the regular course of things, amendment cannot take place, unless the rising generation is put without the influence of example, and a plan of thorough reformation adopted. Where ignorance predominates, there vice and impiety and superstition will be found vigorously to flourish; the introduction of knowledge is the only method of exterminating these pestiferous weeds; and to effect a general diffusion of knowledge, I know of no other plan than to adopt extensively correct systems of education.

The effect of education is strongly evinced by the elevation to which some nations were carried by it. There appears no other effective cause of the greatness of Athens, Spar-

ta and Rome, so obvious as the particular attention which was given to the education of the youth of these places. The peculiar method of education in China, (I cannot answer for its eligibility on an abstract view) secures the repose of that country. I hold it to be no inconsiderable proof of the importance of education to a nation, that history attests the beneficial influence which the education of only one or two members of communities have had on those communities—Which influence was felt by Thebes, from the education given to Epaminondas and Pelopidas by Lysias, a great philosopher, and the instructions of the same teacher made of Philip of Macedon, then a hostage at Thebes and in the house of Epaminondas's father, so great a man, that he raised his before contemptible state, not only to a superiority over all Greece, but laid the foundation for its becoming mistress of the greater part of the then known world.

It is much to be regretted that the ruling powers have taken so little care of education, one of the most important of national concerns. A most elegant, and if it were carried into execution, a most extensively useful plan of education, has been proposed by the legislature of a neighbouring state, which embraces the cultivation of the talents of every child in that state, and provides for securing from the common mass the more valuable and useful parts; whereby society would receive the advantage of those germs of genius, whose hard fortune has placed them in a sterile soil, exposed to the destructive effects of penury, ignorance, contempt and obscurity; those who possess talents not above mediocrity would receive a suitable degree of cultivation, and all would receive, according to this plan, as much instruction as would be necessary for the ordinary occasions of humble life. Although the present generation is too much engaged, about matters of much less importance to society, to think of executing the plan which has been proposed by some of our wisest and first statesmen, I hope that at some future time, it will be viewed with more interest, and be adopted not only where it originated, but that it will be extended over the whole of this country.

This culpable inattention to education on the part of legislators cannot be defended by the poor plea of a want of precedent. The code of laws which was given to Athens by Solon, the wisest of the sages of Greece, contained particular laws with respect to the education of youth, in which he has decended to detail some of the minutiæ of his plan; pointing out the age at which children were to begin to receive public lessons, and the hours during which they were to attend to these lessons; also specifying the talents and characters which were necessary to their masters and preceptors. And to guard effectually against the contagion of bad example, a law was enacted which condemned to death any man who unnecessarily intruded himself into the place where the children were assembled which was under the superintendence of one of the courts of justice; when these children had acquired sufficient strength to perform the athletic exercises, they were removed to a place appropriated to this branch of education; in this place, the solicitude to protect them against bad examples and the danger of seduction, still continued; the wisdom of the great law-giver foreseeing that various new passions would arise in the hearts of youth as they advanced in years, he multiplied menaces and threats against the vicious, but to the virtuous were promised and assigned recompences and rewards.

Calculating justly the noxious effects of a bad example to society, this wise man decreed, that when any citizen became notorious for depravity of manners, however exalted his station in life or however brilliant his talents, he should suffer many important privations; he was excluded from performing the functions of the priesthood; he could not be admitted to the magistracy, the senate or the general assembly; he was not allowed to speak in public or undertake an embassy, nor to have a seat in the tribunals of justice. Cowardice was treated with great severity by the institutes of Solon, though it has never been decided whether courage is a constitutional or purely adventitious quality. It is, however, I believe, generally granted that much may be effected in regard to firmness or courage, by the particular circumstances under which a person is raised; and cowards were particularly unfit to be citizens of a warlike republic in a military age. Studied delicacy and effeminacy among men were prohibited by law, and women, whose influence on the manners of men is almost boundless, were restrained within the limits of modesty and rigid decorum.

Some of the philosophers who have traced the causes of great effects, have observed that one age bears within itself in some manner the age which is to succeed it. This bold metaphor teaches us a truth which is confirmed by the history of Athens. The age of laws and virtue gave rise to that of valour and glory; the latter effected the age of conquest and wealth, which was followed by that of luxury and depravity, naturally terminating in the destruction of the empire.

I think it extraordinary that so few writers have attempted this subject, and it is equally astonishing to me, that those who have written on it, particularly if the celebrity of

their names is taken into consideration, have produced works so exceedingly defective, notwithstanding the interest and copiousness of the subject. I have seen a treatise on education by Milton; one has also been written by Mr. Locke. Milton, whose soul appears to have been habitually towering in the highest regions of imagination, and incessantly filled with the grandest and most sublime images, with a mind familiarized with ideas of perfection, the originals of which were not to be found in this world; has recommended a plan of education which might perhaps suit the Utopians or the citizens of the republic of Plato: He points out clearly the defects of the present mode of education in England, (and as we cherish all the faults of their literary institutions, his observations apply equally to us) but the remedies which he has proposed are deemed by Mr. Sheridan too harsh for the feeble constitution of the present time. Mr. Locke, as if he considered the case desperate and hopeless, has done little more than to direct a few palliatives of the disorders which exist in the present method of education.

To Mr. Sheridan, who has also written on education, we must certainly give the credit of having paid great attention to his subject, and we must admit that his plan of education has been very judiciously made out; but whether its utility and applicability would correspond with the beauty and symetry of its parts, will perhaps admit of a doubt. He specifies the different subjects which should be embraced in a course of education, according to the particular professions or avocations for which his pupils are suited by nature or designed by their friends: Which is a very important point, that appears entirely to have escaped the notice of teachers in general; and the greatest exertions of parents have been rendered abortive by the unadvised manner in which teachers have disposed of the one, two or three years attendance at school, which were intended by the parents of such children to give them some advantage over others who might be engaged in the same walks of life; and when they leave school, instead of possessing a competent knowledge of those branches of learning, which are immediately useful in business, they have a paltry smattering of Greek and Latin, having learned the grammer of the first, and progressed as far in the latter as Ovid or Virgil, which they scarcely ever open again in their lives, and in two or three years their school knowledge is almost totally obliterated from their memories. L.

WILL WHYMSICAL is in the habit of producing to the Club short essays, in his own characteristic stile, which he uses, after they are read, to light his Segar—and thereby prevents their publication: The following, which was read at the last meeting, by accident got into the hands of the Secretary, who moved for its insertion in the next Companion, as a punishment for the severity with which he treats the ladies, for whom he professes so much respect, the motion was agreed to with the exception of Will's own voice, who strongly protested against it, declaring it would materially injure him in the opinion of many of his female acquaintance, who were, he acknowledged, a little too loquacious, but in other respects extremely agreeable. This opposition however did not avail; but he was promised a full opportunity of making honourable amends by appearing as their champion, either in answer to what he insisted was not his real sentiments, or to the unjustifiable attacks of others.

HINTS FOR OUR FEMALE READERS.

A witty European Essayist, lamenting the monopoly of power which has been most ungallantly assumed by the Lords of the creation, to the total exclusion of the fairer part, proposes that they might be formed into a separate body, enjoy peculiar priviledges, and be allowed to be the supreme judges of the fashions and dresses of their own sex. How pleasing, says he, would it not be to hear a beautiful woman gravely argue on the utility of a tucker, or the dimensions of a sun-fan; into what attitudes, what captivating positions, might she not throw herself while explaining the properties of a parasol; and who could resist her fascinatig eloquence when accompanied by the swaying of a fine arm, or the gentle heaving of a white bosom.

If one of these female corporations were established in every country, it would certainly be the mean of pruning those excrescences in dress which so continually shoot themselves up before us. Young ladies would then only be cloathed according to the "Statute of Female limitations," and an action would lie in the same manner against the transgressor of the law of fashions, as against a common housebreaker, or a highwayman.

But besides having supreme judicature over the fashions and dress, they should be allowed to take cognizance and enact laws for the better preservation of etiquette and politeness among us. We should then have the pleasure of beholding laws purposely made for the elucidation of these at present incomprehensible mysteries. The blunders that now so frequently occur would thus be avoided; and perhaps in a short time after the institution of some such society, we shall have the satisfaction of seeing a table of these perplexing ceremonies laid down in as concise a manner,

and who knows but upon the same plan, as our present table for avoirdupoise weight : thus

2 Glances may authorize 1 Bow,
2 Bows.....1 How d'ye,
6 How d'ye's.....1 Conversation,
4 Conversations.....1 Acquaintance.

By this mean every person may understand what he is about. The greatest fool, as well as the politest gentleman, may know how to conduct himself with propriety—when to approach, and when to retire—when to salute with the short nod of familiarity, and when to bring his nose parallel to the earth with the profound bow of admiration.

One thing, however, must be regarded in this society of *ladies*; viz : "That no woman of whatever rank, judgment or abilities, or however great her oratorical powers, shall be allowed to debate on the same subject (and she must not speak on *more than one* while she is up) at the same time, for more than the space of one hour, and the *Presidentess* shall hold a watch to determine the time." This I think is a necessary regulation for such a society ; for if a woman of ordinary endowments can talk all day long (as the phrase is) *about nothing at all*, how long may a lady of understanding, debate, when she has the important subjects of a fresh head-dress, or a new invented ruffle, to supply her with words!

For the communication of these hints, I certainly expect many thanks from our female friends, but I hope they will shew their approbation in a more substantial manner. If they should adopt the plan, they may, by way of reward, make me an honorary member on *feast-nights*; but I solemnly protest against any fine for non-attendance on days of *debate*.

WILL WHYMSICAL.

*

Pride and envy put a man perpetually in opposition to others; and dispose him to relish bad more than good qualities, even in a companion. KAYME.

Mr. Easy,

The most predominent feature in the characters of most men is PRIDE. This failing is rarely observable in the man of respectable mental acquirements, and never in the disciple of true religion ; but it chiefly inhabits the breasts of those, whose pretensions to vanity seem to be totally unfounded, and whose condition would rather justify humility. Many causes are alleged by different persons in extenuation of this fault, which, were they examined by the ordeal of scrutiny, would be found insufficient and unworthy of attention.

Wealth is the grand fountain from which insufferable pride mostly proceeds. Those men, who, deprived of respectability in life by their limited education, and not exalted by their wisdom above the narrow views of man, regard riches as their sole object, the acquirement of which elates their minds with self-sufficiency, and they tyrannize over those who accidently are their subordinates. They commend their own industry and economy, and pride themselves upon the enjoyments of those gratifications, which Providence in his liberality has bestowed upon such undeserving and ungrateful wretches. The beggar who craves a pittance from that bountiful store, is spurned at with comtempt, and his supplications are not listened to by those ungenerous men, who consider their wealth a title of authority over their indigent and unhappy fellow mortal.

Self-admiration is another cause of Pride. Those who are afflicted with this *mania*, will recount with pleasure the numerous shoals they have avoided, on which others, more incautious, have been shipwrecked ; the dangers they have undergone ; their happy retorts; their flashes of merriment ; and their lucky observations. They exult that their hyprocrisy has caused their companions and the world, to believe, that religion is their supreme pleasure, and that honesty and sobriety are their characteristics. If any principles of honour and religion should germinate in their bosoms, they would soon decay and be "uprooted by degenerate art." Fools! they forget that there is an all-seeing eye, from which the innumerable instances of folly and irreligion, by which they have transgressed, cannot be concealed, and even a mortal can draw aside the veil and exhibit them surrounded with the satellities of immorality.

The next source from which pride proceeds is ignorance. It is a lamentable truth, that most young men consider the nice disposition of their cloathes more essential to their introduction to company and future prosperity in life, than the embellishment of their understandings, or the extent of their information. Such petty heroes are inflated with *pride*, and bloated with self-consequence, not proceeding from their worth, but from a compound of self-admiration and Ignorance. Pride may be denominated the *insignia* of their order, and what most others denote a weakness, they commend and call a virtue. The aggressions of vanity are scarce ever resisted by such persons, and the syren voice of flattery (for who speaks candour to these *gentlemen*) is too potent for the ignorant minds of such mortals to withstand. If candour under the mantle of a friend should whisper these daring truths in their ears, his kindness would be construed into insult, and perhaps his life alone might atone for his imprudence. They are ignorant that precedency belongs to the discerning and religious, and that their outward decorations cannot supply a want of

information. In fine they appear to have adopted Chesterfield's maxim, that 'nothing contributes so much to general success in life as an engaging first appearance', without considering that he meant, *when mental improvement had decorated them intrinsically, the assistance of dress was not superfluous*; and not that deficiency of intellect could be supplied by elegance of dress.

There are many other trivial sources of *pride*, which I have purposely omitted; as the above are sufficient to expose the folly of indulging ourselves in that "PITIFUL WEAKNESS." GEORGE GRAVITY.

Mr. Easy,

It is a matter of surprise to me, that none of your correspondents have noticed a most pleasing phenomenon which daily occurs in this City; I allude to the *re-echo* of the *Town-Clock* from the *Bells* of *Christ Church Steeple*. A hint of this circumstance was given some time ago, in one of the Papers of this City, which induced me, amongst others, to attend to it; and I confess myself much indebted to the writer, for the pleasure it afforded me. Standing at the corner of Market-Street and Market-Space, for this purpose, I prefer with him to any other. In this situation, each stroke of the *Town-Clock* is heard distinctly *re-echoed*, as though *two* sounds were emitted at a moment's interval. Frequently the *repercussion* is louder than the *original* sound. The writer of the paragraph, perhaps, was not aware, that this phenomenon is observable in several places, besides a "direct line" between the two edifices; but such is the fact: for if you are to the eastward of Christ church steeple, the *echo* will appear to proceed from the east side of it, and when to the northward it issues from that quarter; and in a few particular situations, several vibrations will strike the ear, as from so many different sources. It has lately been remarked, likewise, that during the ringing of the *Bells* of the *Church* in *Second-Street* every Sunday morning, the stroke from each of the *two Bells* is distinctly returned, by two reveberations from those of *Christ Church*, and instead of *two* bells ringing, there seem to be *four*! I have been much diverted to observe some persons, to whom these particulars had been mentioned, sit down with all the gravity imaginable, and endeavour by geometrical lines, to account for them; but finding themselves unequal to the task, declare their DISBELIEF! But "facts," Mr. Easy, "are stubborn things," and, to clear up their doubts, I would advise those sceptics, together with the curious, and the philosophic, to take a walk to Christ Church bridge, when the system is refreshed by the cooling shades of evening. There at a time when noise & bustle have ceased, their scepticism will vanish, their curiosity be gratified, the reality of the phenomenon be acknowledged, and, perhaps, their minds incited to the pleasurable pursuits of philosophical studies.

It has been said that this repercussion depends much upon the wind that prevails; but I can assure you I have heard it as distinctly with a North, as a South; and with an East, as a West wind, and vice versa. The current of wind, unless it be very strong indeed, seems not materially to affect it; though, it must be confessed, the calmer and stiller the evening, the louder is the *echo*.

That air is the *medium of sound*, and this acting upon the *Bells of Christ Church* produces the *echo*, we understand; and perhaps the *Number of Bells* there, occasion it to be more *distinct*: But why those effects should be observable in Christ Church steeple alone, I do not so clearly comprehend. Why do we not perceive the same phenomenon from the Bell of the First Presbyterian Church? And let me ask further, is the *echo* really caused by the *Number of Bells*, in Christ Church steeple? or does it proceed from *one Bell*, in *unison* with the *original sound*, upon which the air acts, and causes the reverberation.

OMEGA.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Whenever the convenience of THE LECTURER will permit, we hope to be favoured with his assistance. We conceive ourselves peculiarly fortunate when noticed and aided by gentlemen of talents and liberality: It is to the friendship of such, that works of taste and publick utility must ever look up for their prosperity and fame.

We are afraid that the poetry of P. Q. is not adapted to the taste of the times. Authors may be better than their age. In the phrase of our city, we publish a *sample*:

"And when in sorrow I give vent to sighs,
Because no better way I know,
O give clearness to these eyes,
Contentment in my heart let grow."

If more is asked, more shall be given.

TIMOTHY TREADDIRT is informed that his oath is on file; we sincerely hope he will scrupulously observe it.

An oath, an oath I have; an oath.....
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice!!!

Lines on the death of a child, in our next.

We are asked "Where is my Grave?"—Answer—We know not.

In the patience and *friendly* disposition of some of our numerous correspondents, we hope to find a powerful advocate, whose eloquence can clear us from the charge of "suppressing valuable communications."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON GOLD.

What is this envi'd heap of gold ?
This glitt'ring mass of hoarded treasure ?
For which coy beauty's charms are sold ;
For which is barter'd every pleasure ?

In search of which rash mortals go
Through trackless desarts, parch'd with heat :
Or where bleak Ocean's waters flow,
Near Zembla, Nature's last retreat.

For which the guilty Spaniard dar'd
Heav'n's vengeance, on that wretched land,
Where Inca's sacred rites prepar'd
Could not restrain his murderous hand.

The thirsty dagger hires for gold,
And midnight robbers point the sword :
The warning voice of conscience told
In thundering sounds, no more is heard.

The hapless Youth, deserted, sighs,
And oft indignant fires with rage :
When from his arms the false one flies,
And shuns his love for gold and age.

Detested dross ! I know thee not ;
Nor e'er obey'd thy wondrous pow'r :
For thee, no duty have forgot,
Nor e'er exchang'd one quiet hour.

When Delia's eye benignant smiles,
While I with rapture fondly gaze ;
When mutual sympathy beguiles
With mutual bliss the happy days ;

When friendship crowns my social board,
And the full heart imparts its store ;
I pity those who friendless hoard,
And prize my tranquil joys the more.

Hence then thou ore of boundless pow'r !
No charms hast thou to sooth the heart,
If adverse clouds should on me low'r,
And friends and Delia from me part.

No, not the wealth Golconda owns
Could give me bliss or ease my pain ;
If on my passion Delia frowns,
And she should never love again.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

Exil'd from my lov'd natal scene to roam,
To quit each object that my heart holds dear ;
Still Fancy leads my wand'ring thoughts to home,
And with sweet day-dreams strives my soul to cheer.

Still in those groves where late I fondly stray'd,
Ev'n now, methinks, a well known voice I hear :
'Tis thine, Amanda, bright enchanting maid !
And sweet it warbles on this conscious ear.

Farewell ye streams—no more for me ye flow,
On your green banks I woo the Muse no more ;
Far from these haunts of young delight I go,
A youthful wand'rer from his native shore.

Proud Ocean cease ! nor roll thy waves so high,
Fain would I view those much lov'd scenes again ;
Far o'er thy bosom strain an anxious eye,
And gaze once more on thee, my native plain.

How vain the wish ! still louder roars the blast,
And higher still, the foaming billows swell :
Turn, busy Fancy, from these pleasures past,
And bid them all, with me, a long farewell. LEANDER.

Mr. Easy,

The following lines were written by a female friend, and are probably a first attempt. If you should think they merit a place in the "Companion," you are welcome to publish them. CLARA.

For me no more let fragrant breezes blow,
Nor vernal suns their wonted beauty shed ;
I'll seek the place where poppies love to grow,
And mournful lay me on their drowsy bed.

Oh guide my footsteps, some benignant power,
To where sad Lethe winds her silent stream ;
Where scorn no more shall mark each passing hour,
Nor busy foes disturb my final dream :

For sick at heart, and longing after rest,
Deny'd so long, these weary eyes of mine ;
There, free from woe, no more by sorrow press'd,
To sweet Oblivion I'll my cares consign.

SELECTED POETRY.

SONG.

You have ask'd me, my friend, what of life's the best end !
And bid me the question revolve ;
But the point, you must know, is so hard to be known,
'Twill take up some time to resolve.

When the brisk glass goes round, and our spirits abound,
Say, what with the bottle can vie ?
Ev'ry care is at rest, and our wishes possest,
For *that* all our wants will supply.

But the sportsman won't yield the delights of the field,
When hallooing the vallies resound,
As he flies o'er the plain, while he pants in each vein,
He swears no such joy can be found.

When the lover hears this, he vows that all bliss
Dwells with her that possesses his heart ;
That to live in her sight is extatick delight,
But 'tis death's cruel pang when they part.

Then in short, my dear friend, it must come to this end,
To each of these pleasures repair... .
Take the sportsman's delight, let the bottle invite,
And crown both with the charms of the FAIR !

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

ON THE PLEASURES OF SOCIETY.

Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or prunks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at the mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good. GOLDSMITH.

Friend Easy,

I HAVE been often and highly gratified with the weekly treat presented in the pages of the "Companion"—a work which is an honour as well to the taste and literary spirit of Baltimore, as to the character of an individual, whose unremitting assiduity has established a paper calculated to instruct and amuse the serious and the gay;—a paper, which, like another Spectator—as I most fervently pray—will tend the more as it is more known, to divert the attention of our youth from ignorance and dissipation to the pursuit of knowledge and happiness.

Among those of thy first readers, and greatest admirers, I have sometimes thought it my duty to assist in the good work; but a natural diffidence, strengthened by habitual reading without composing, has prevented my attempting to furnish thee, in the form of an essay, with my thoughts relative to the great cause in which thou hast so nobly embarked. In order that I may the more completely relieve my conscience of a load no way pleasant, I have determined to assist thee some little at this season (although thou seemest not much in want of it;) and it is with a degree of inward satisfaction that I am afforded this opportunity of bearing testimony to the truth and utility of thy moral essays, and to acknowledge I stand thy debtor. I do not suppose that the "Companion" is read *generally* by the people called Quakers; but it is received by some, *of whom I am one*, and I could wish it were more common in their houses:—The heads of families ought to provide interesting *short readings* for their offspring—and when periodical works of acknowledged merit, whose chasteness and moral worth is questioned by none, are to be had, cheap and without trouble, if they are not fostered by the *Parent*, the *Guardian*, and the *Patriot*, be the charge—if any where—at their door.

I must needs submit myself to be charged with prolixity, should I proceed much farther without having commenced my observations on the *pleasures of society*. Permit me then to state to thee some arguments, in new language and manner at least, if I should not abound with original ideas. Indeed how can I hope to produce any thing entirely new, on a subject often handled by much abler persons, than thy humble friend. Nevertheless I may yet hope to produce *one* interesting passage, or place *one* just sentiment in a favourable point of view—so as to please thy fancy, and possibly to the edification of some of thy readers. Should I be so fortunate, I will say to myself—thou hast wisely spent an hour.

The Pleasures of Society may be variously considered—But the real substantial pleasures, resulting from friendly intercourse and conversation amongst innocent people, are those of which I write. I do not consider as worthy the appellation that intoxicating revelry so prevelent in the night season amongst many of the youth of our seaport towns: Because any practice, whose direct and inevitable consequences are the destruction of innocence and health, cannot, although producing momentary gratification, be worthy the pursuit of reasonable men; for what are mo-

ments of sensual enjoyment, compared with years of inward condemnation—years of mental anguish, from the increasing complaints of a conscience that had been dealt unfairly by—an injured conscience, from whose company no bad man can escape?—Or what are years of mirth and illicit pleasures compared with an eternity of wretchedness?

Wonderful fatality!—stupid inattention! Seduced by the false glare of a painted midnight beauty, the willing victim seizes the polluted prize, and in defiance of his God, in contempt of punishment here and hereafter, flies from moral duty, and violates a positive commandment. Confounding right and wrong, and pain and pleasure—a miserable outcast, he is lost to himself and to the world—unhappy in this world, and doomed to————

Nay, he will not believe me—what does he know of reasoning, who has lost his reason; how can he judge of these predictions, who has thrown away his judgment.—Yet in part he may. Seeing that he pays—and that no little—a physician, for patching his broken constitution; seeing that he cannot sleep, eat, or rest, as better people do, his little remaining sense convinces him he suffers *here*. But, alas, so blind, so obstinately perverse, that though convinced of half, yet, afraid of the truth, he runs backward from the light, and will not see that which is so plain before him. Not all the persuasions of the good, nor all the pain and lementations of the bad, can convince him of the fact.

Poor deluded traveller! indeed I pity thee—I would thou wert in the "right way." There is a more pleasant road—which leads to peace—and on which thou wilt find an abundance of cheerful happy people, in whose innocent company are the best *pleasures of society*.

Instead of the noisy out-door "amusements"—as they are called—how much more rational the friendly associations of domestick life. Society should not be limited to scenes no way superior to the faculties of dumb creatures. The conversations of innocent people are infinitely above the ruinous practices now so pravelent. How swiftly hours, weeks, and years pass away in the estimation of a moral man. He does not in the evening "wish it were to-morrow," nor in the morning "wish it were night;" no verily—the morning flies fast away, long ere he has arranged all his good intentions—the day has gone by, before he can execute the works of goodness which piety had planned, and benevolence was busied in performing—and in the evening, O beauteous retrospect, how pleasant to review the works of the day!

But, Friend Easy, if we were but all negatively good, how much improved would many be. Omit positive crimes, dissipation, and improper amusements, how much more happy might we not be: and here permit me to peep into the social circle.

It happens, unfortunately for the improvement of morals, and consequently for the happiness of mankind, that the common topicks of conversation, are such as tend to render the youth superficial and irreligious and obscene. I would not give a fig, says a young buck—I could wish it were less the case with old ones too—"I would not give a fig for your insipid relations of travels, voyages, &c. with the accompanying old-fashioned remarks on the difference of learning and improvements in different ages and nations. Give us something funny—that will excite laughter—or hand out the cards, that we may pass away this stormy evening—Oh how long it is till bed-time!"

I remember being on my way from Baltimore to Hagerstown a few years ago, when it happened that I was compelled to seek shelter from a shower in a publick house on the mountain. I there joined company with an elderly friend and his son, who were returning from a visit to their relations in Pennsylvania. The old man said much on the internal improvements of that state—remarking that he had been much pleased with the industry, simplicity, and hospitality of its inhabitants. He thought they were a good and improving people—and appeared very thankful for having been favoured with an opportunity of travelling over a country now abounding with clover-fields, turnpikes and bridges, which a few years back—"yea, indeed," repeated the old man, "within mine own remembrance—which a few years back was little better than a wilderness." He informed me that he had travelled with two objects in view—his own pleasure, and his son's improvement. Here the son first condescended to take a part in the conversation—such a part, Edward, and with such effect, as thou soon shalt hear.

The young man, who was called George, was in his nineteenth year—was one of those young friends who require much watching, and much advice from parents to be kept within the bounds of moderation; nor could it be with safety said of George that he observed such bounds when from under his father's eye. He rode a fine horse—and to prove that he valued him high, George would willingly kill him rather than be left behind in pursuit of a fox.

On the old man's stating his reasons for travelling—"the improvement of his son," &c.—George begged that he might be suffered to remain behind hereafter;—"for indeed, father, I don't larn nothing a travelling, "nor my horse don't larn nothing neither." When

George had finished his speech, I felt very thankful that he had not interrupted us before—and equally confident he would raise no argument with his father in this way, for who would pretend to *begin* teaching a fellow during a short retreat from a shower—or whose vanity, friend Easy, would induce them to endeavour at convincing George that his horse had been studying geography, architecture, or any thing else than eating and drinking. Such however is the fact—some people might just as well travel blindfolded and gagged as otherwise: for unless it so happen that they fall in with something "*funny*"—that is, mischief—or something adventerous—as fighting; they can inform one of nothing they have seen. The journal of one of these people would state that he had reached Baltimore from the capital, in one day; Philadelphia in two more, and so on;—but no unnecessary notes between these entries—that would not do, as he would then have something to talk about after his return home, beside drinking, cursing, fighting, &c. &c. Now it will not do for these empty-headed folks to talk sociably on any subject that will not admit of profanity, obscenity, and loud *ha ha's*—unless thou wilt convince them that the *pleasures of society* consist not in such intemperate mirth, and wickedness. Some few, I will grant, can keep up a conversation of some length by calumniating persons not present. Though this last mentioned practice does not much prevail in this city, yet as such a contemptible vice as slander has a footing here, I apprehend, friend Easy, it becomes a part of thy duty to attack it in its youth, and expel it "while yet ye may." Slander, it is said, runs to great heights in some parts of this country—insomuch that considerable numbers of people, (who cannot swear,) cannot talk, if she be expelled the company. I wish it may be no calumny to make this statement—but if so, I shall be sorry for having spoken so ill-naturedly of any portion of my brethren and countrymen—however, Edward, as I have it, even so I give it thee.

I have heard some young people—I hope I may not be told it is the case with some old people—say that there were not subjects for social conversation, without canvassing one another's characters—without drinking and swearing and fighting. So thought George, and, perhaps, George's horse too. But ADDISON, JOHNSON, YOUNG, or SWIFT, whose labours are a lasting monument of the true dignity of mankind, thought not so—and I hope that thou mayest place it in the power of posterity, and they may have honesty to acknowledge, that the useful labours of "EDWARD EASY, ESQ." have tended very much to enlighten and soften the manners of this people. It is likewise my wish, that with the increasing circulation of thy papers, literary men may flourish, and be rewarded by their fellow-men here, for their efforts to please and inform—by their Maker hereafter, for their pious works and good intentions.

Let us not be told, by the dissolute, the Fribbles, and the Shallows, of whom thou hast from time to time given us some account, that more useful and more rational subjects cannot be held constant topicks of conversation. Let no one think light of the blessings we enjoy in virtuous female society. For myself I can find no company so pleasing as that of my wife and children. Though the assiduous gilder Time has, in three score years, silvered o'er my head, though the troubles of a long life have worn off the keen edge of ardent youth in me, and deprived the best of women of her external charms, yet am I happy and grateful with my constant friend and partner through life; the beauties of whose mind, defy the corroding hand of Time himself; she is my consolation in sickness, and the partaker of my pleasures in healthful seasons. I well remember too the pleasures of past times—when from the simplicity of my manners and my reputed integrity, I enjoyed the confidence of the young women, with whom I spent many an happy hour—whose company I ever sought when vexed in the world of business; for here we must meet with troubles and vexations, but there we may soon forget them all. It is in virtuous female circles we check the course of anger, soften the disposition, render smooth the rugged road of life—in short, it is here we may find the true *pleasures of society*.

The more virtuous any people are, the more happy; therefore I apprehend no contradiction from the most angry political champion when I say—*that he who teaches his countrymen* VIRTUE, *deserves his country's thanks*. For which desirable purpose preaching alone will not suffice—we must shew a good example to the younger branches of society. If thou art not already impatient at the length of this paper, I will furnish thee with a humorous literary anecdote, which seems not foreign to this part of my discourse. It is related by JOHN MOORE, in his "*View of Society and Manners*.

'A lady, whose education had been neglected in her 'youth, and who had arrived at a very ripe age without 'perceiving any inconveniency from the accident, had ob-'tained, by the interest of some of her relations, a place at 'the *Court of Brunswick*. She had not been long there, 'till she perceived that the conversation in the Duchess's 'apartments frequently turned on subjects of which she was 'entirely ignorant, and that those ladies had most of her

'royal highness's ear, who were best acquainted with 'books. She regretted, for the first time, the neglect of 'her own education; and although she had hitherto con-'sidered that kind of knowledge, which is derived from 'reading, as unbecoming a woman of quality, yet, as it 'was now fashionable at court, she resolved to study hard, 'that she might get to the top of the mode as fast as possi-'ble. She mentioned this resolution to the Duchess, de-'siring at the same time, that her highness would lend her 'a book to begin. The Duchess applauded her design, 'and promised to send her one of the most useful books in 'her library—it was a French and German dictionary. 'Some days after, her highness enquired how she relished 'the book. Infinitely, replied this studious lady—It is the 'most delightful book I ever saw—The sentences are all 'short and easily understood, and the letters charmingly 'arranged in ranks, like soldiers on the parade; whereas 'in some other books which I have seen, they are ming-'led together in a confused manner, like a mere mob, so 'that it is no pleasure to look at them, and very difficult to 'know what they mean. But I am no longer surprised, 'added she, at the satisfaction your royal highness takes in 'study!'

I am of opinion, friend Easy, that this lady, and George, and George's horse, would form a little circle, on whose stupid hours the Genius of Literature would never intrude—three happy beings, equally incapable of appreciating the true *Pleasures of Society*. T.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE II.

(Concluded from page 342.)

Mr. Easy,

I have been unpardonably negligent with regard to the conclusion of this narrative. The fact is, I have not altogether the command of my own time—and being otherwise engaged, I thought, from the number of original papers provided by my brethren of the quill, you would be willing to indulge me a week. The second week I satisfied myself with a like excuse; but now a third has come, I must forward the remainder, before the philosophical OMEGA engages all your writers in a *war of bells and sounds!* I will now give you the balance of the history.

'From repeated visits, Albert had imbibed a relish for 'the society of the amiable Susan which rendered him in-'different to that of his equals in respect to pecuniary cir-'cumstances. He was now seldom recognized in the gay 'circles, and scarcely ever made his appearance in the 'fashionable ball-room, where he formerly acted so con-'spicuous a part. Doubtful as to the sentiments of his fa-'ther, he had purposely delayed making known his wish-'es, lest he might be commanded to forsake the "poor 'girl." However he had remained silent as long as the 'ardour of his passion would permit, when he came to the 'resolution of consulting his honoured parent—who no 'sooner heard his honest (and honourable) declaration, 'than, offended at what he termed a vulgar humiliation of 'spirit, he peremptorily commanded his son immediately 'to choose between "his protection and the young beg-'gars' love!" Awed by his father's dreadful frown, alarm-'ed at the idea of being himself reduced in a moment to 'the very lowest poverty—for he was not nineteen, nor had 'he made himself master of any profession which would 'afford him an honest maintenance—Albert, prompted by 'the infernal author of deep laid mischiefs, without much 'seeming embarrasment, promised obedience to his father's 'orders. He now, in the fogs of desperation, lost sight of 'his favourite quotation; and no longer exclaimed,

> 'Hail, wedded love!———
> 'Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure.

'But commenced deceiver. He was too deeply entang-'led ever to think seriously of not seeing Susan—at the 'same time too mercenary to be honest. He determined 'to keep Susan ignorant of what had passed, that he 'might now have an opportunity to corrupt her heart, and, 'if possible, destroy her by her own consent. He became 'more assiduous to please—"Oh how he loved the sweet 'angel!" Many fine presents and repeated asseverations 'of eternal love follow on in swift succession—until Aunt 'Betty took the alarm: She remarked, that as Albert's 'flame increased, "so did his caution too." Although 'his visits were frequent, yet they were generally under 'cover of night; in short, the suspicious Argus observed, 'that Albert would never in his love-sick walks with Su-'san come into town, especially near that neighbourhood 'where his home was—and being herself more under the 'influence of Minerva than Venus, she determined to ex-'ercise her ingenuity in unravelling this mysterious web 'that now concealed the destiny of her niece. She made 'acquaintance with Albert's neighbours—from one of 'whom she soon learned, "that the young gentleman *had* 'been attached to a young woman in obscurity at the other 'end of the town—but it having come to the knowledge of 'his father, Albert had dropt the acquaintance without 'much regret—and never went that way now."

'Satisfied with this information, Betty returned with one 'more argument in favour of her position; for Betty enter-'tained no better opinion of the men than did the spiteful 'Alexander Pope of her sex—but Betty was least to be

'blamed, for she never aspired to immortality as an author, 'or teacher of mankind. Betty returned to the house of 'Mr. J. repeating—*every man is at heart a knave.* She 'informed the astonished Susan of what she had heard; 'conjuring her to avoid Albert as she would a serpent—'"in truth," continued Betty, as she became quite sub-'lime in her denunciations against the men, "man is 'himself the secret serpent, the common enemy of inno-'cence—who waylays female virtue at every turn in life, 'and feeds on our characters and peace as a tiger on his 'prey! In your journey through life to peace, my dear 'girl, I fear you may, when without me for a protector, 'meet

"Such ambush, laid among sweet flowers and shades,
"Waiting with hellish rancour imminent
"To intercept thy way, or send thee back
"Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss!"

'Betty used every argument she was possessed of in or-'der to break off the intimacy—but from her entire igno-'rance of the duplicity of this description of men, Susan 'could not be convinced that she was really in danger 'from any possible design on the part of Albert; for she 'gave full credence to his declaration when he said, that 'it was a malicious lie of some enemy who envied his sit-'uation. Fearful however that this delusion could not con-'tinue long, he made a bold attempt under cloak of affect-'ed sensibility to unhinge the "prejudices of education," 'by talking much of the "rights of women" and of the '"perfectability of man." He had hoped that by a well 'cemented platonick friendship, he might so far gain the 'affections of an unsuspecting girl, as completely to tri-'umph over religion, morality, and virtue. So far as she 'could see the tendency of his doctrines, she abhorred the 'innovation, and by a proper communication with her 'aunt, Betty was enabled to defeat this diabolical attempt.

'Albert's case being now thought desperate, he formed 'the villainous design of kidnapping the girl. He had 'read of ladies being stolen, and secreted in caves, and 'castles, and other horrid places, by such European ad-'venturers as never had existence, but in the pages of ro-'mance; and began to ape their practices. He at length 'really had a coach in waiting, when one evening he walk-'ed out with Susan. But such was the confusion of his 'brain, that he neither procured assistants nor provided a 'haunted castle to lodge her in—so that before they had 'drove far, Susan discovered from his wild behaviour, oc-'casioned by the disturbed state of his mind, that he meant 'no good—she informed the coachman of her apprehen-'sions, who, being none of those imaginary understrap-'pers in villany that novel-writers would make us be-'lieve infest other parts of the globe, he put several un-'expected interrogatories to Albert, which he found in-'convenient to answer. Upon being thus detected, he at-'tempted to escape; but the coachman seized him, and 'calling assistants, they were proceeding to bind the cul-'prit—but his guilty conscience smote him; he was ter-'rified at the idea of being publickly exposed in his native 'city, as such an abandoned wretch; being worked up to 'a state of mind, little short of insanity, he drew a loaded 'pistol from his pocket, with which he immediately ended 'his crimes and his existence here.

'Since the death of Albert, the life of Susan, who had 'an evident partiality for him, has been completely mise-'rable. She continually accuses herself; though as inno-'cent as Virtue's self, yet is she as miserable as Lady 'Macbeth. She will at times, in waking dreams, talk 'strangely of pistols, and most piteously implore the bullet 'not to kill her Albert! Her recovery is very doubtful. 'However, to the lasting honour of Albert's father be it 'said—that though his contracted soul, brooding over 'Cent per Cent, caused him to deal too severely with his 'son, and wrong him in the tenderest place, yet has he 'sensibility and manly feeling which impel him to provide 'all he can *with money*, for the comfort of that distressed 'girl, who should have been his happy daughter.

'Dear Brother, I have told you all that prudence will 'permit of this matter, except of the place of Susan's pre-'sent residence—she lives with a family of good repute, on 'the bank of the Delaware, within two miles of my Uncle. 'Here creeps through life an unfortunate, who often re-'minds me of Sterne's Maria.'

Here, Mr. Easy, broke off the Letter; it bore the date of May, 1799; which Leander thinks an inducement to undertake a ramble up the Deleware. But, sir, the Delaware is a long river, and without knowing within two hundred miles where that spot is from which the letter is dated, I feel no way disposed to accompany him. If any of your Pennsylvania correspondents will enquire whether Susan be yet living, and if so, inform us where, I will agree to undertake the perigrination—but not until the *fall sales* are over.

RARIO.

From the manner in which Will Whymsical's essay in the last Companion was introduced, we did not suppose that any of our fair readers would have taken offence; it was there stated that his "Hints for our female readers," 'were inserted as a punishment for the severity with which he treats the ladies for whom he professes so much respect.' To this circumstance we suppose our respected correspon-

dent did not attend, or we should not have received such a severe reprimand for giving the ladies an opportunity of defending themselves against a charge often unjustly made in conversation.

Our friend Helena stands on high ground, and is exempt from the reigning follies of the day; we will therefore, to her hazard an observation which we hope she will communicate to some fair ones less prudent than herself: truth stings more keenly than falsehood, or in law-phraseology, "the greater the truth the greater the libel." It is commonly therefore better to remain quiet under general censure. For in such case, if an individual shew displeasure, the ill-natured world will be wicked enough to say "the shoe fits." We kiss the hand of the fair Helena, even though raised in anger.

Gentlemen of the Easy Club,

The ridiculous jargon of words thrown together by WILL WHYMSICAL, and published in your last number, is totally beneath notice; it is certainly too pitiful an abuse of the female character to excite any other sentiment than that of contempt. But I must acknowledge my surprize, that the gentlemen of the Easy Club should give countenance to such scribblers, by inserting a piece that wants both *wit* and *spirit* to render it amusing, and *truth* to make it respectable.

Should there be a corporation of female *Ideots*, their debates *about nothing at all*, (as Mr. Whymsical would say) would amount to full as much, both as to wit or substance, as his unmanly attack on the whole sex. The ladies whom he visits must certainly be very polite if they always accommodate their conversation to their company, and discuss no other topicks than those of dress and fashion in his presence; he is surely very ungrateful to rail at them for their great condescension.

The Editor (Mr Easy) thought two much of the dignity of his paper to sacrifice to insignificancy a page that might be usefully filled; therefore, gentlemen, is it not better to leave Mr. Whymsical in quiet possession of his waste paper? that when he takes a whim to light a segar, he may have a whim of his lucubrations to set fire to it: they would then shine for an instant in borrowed lustre and sink into everlasting oblivion, leaving not the *shadow of a shade* to tell that "such things were."

HELENA.

To the Easy Club.

I was highly flattered by your kind attention to my complaint in the 39th number of the Companion. You therein declared your fixed determination to "*protect the ladies from insult*," &c. Oh how my heart leapt with joy at witnessing the existence of a Club of loyal knights, whose gallant spirits, partaking of the chivalrous honour of ancient times, thus impelled them onward in defence of weak and inoffensive women! Oft have I offered up my fervent orisons to heaven, as by bright Cynthia's light I paced the flowry aisles, for your prosperity and happiness. But alas! how are the mighty fallen! Just at the time when I was about to make another appeal to your justice—with what amazement did I read the insulting piece of one of your own body! Pardon the momentary suspicion of a timorous female—for in the moment of alarm, I imagined you had all turned traitors to the noble cause in which you had so honourably embarked: but, on again reading over your preface to that saucy fellow's calumny, I became reconciled to all the Club, except the *Whymsical Traitor*. He may deceive you, by false declarations—he may, in moments of brandy-mellowness, make large oaths of his friendship for us; but indeed I would not trust him. And a clear proof of his doubtful integrity is, that the only essay of his which you have thought proper to admit to light, and that most undeservedly, is an ill-natured, good for nothing libel on us. You say, it was published by way of punishment to him—but really now, dear Mr. Steady, and Mr. Razorblade, Friend Scruple, and Captain Frankly, (for I cannot address myself again to that unworthy member) I think you should *expel* the traitor.

I am not angry—nor will I scold; and yet I must be permitted to insist upon this, that the traitor shall have no vote on any piece of mine.

I will now state my case, with all the composure I am mistress of—but I know I shall make a poor hand of it, because my temper was a little ruffled to think of the faulty member.

However I have to trouble you this time on the subject of *receipts*. I have heard of many—such as, "to cure a cough," "to whiten the skin," &c.—"to make a good husband," or "a kind mother"—but I wish you to publish a receipt to enable a diffident person to assume a degree of confidence that will prevent their feeling awkward or uneasy when in company with strangers. I don't mean, dear Easy, that you should cover my face with a brazen shield, which, while it prevents a blush, repels respect too: O no not for the world! I would no more like an *impudent lady*, than I would a *treacherous friend*—no personal reflections, gentlemen.

Your chastising HAIRBRAIN for me, and the representation of one or two friends, have so far opened my eyes as to clear me of his visits. Now I am fully sensible of

his unworthiness, and feel no longer a predilection for him—but am often teazed by my acquaintance, who are continually alluding to my former attachment, in an oblique manner which disconcerts me very much. When I am in good spirits, and assisting in no small measure to the rational entertainment of the company—some evil-disposed person present will break out with "what a pity 'tis that some people of intelligence should patronize ignorance by admitting such, or such, illiterate characters to intimacy." My crimsoned cheeks immediately attract the attention of the company—and though their goodness induce them to avoid as much as possible noticing it, yet such is my unconquerable diffidence, that I am for the whole evening completely out of countenance. The case here mentioned, is the most common with me; but on most occasions, I am terribly punished by what Addison calls a *shameful bashfulness*. I am willing to believe, you will befriend me herein—but don't ask the advice of the *traitor*.

EDITH.

The Easy Club present their compliments to Miss Edith, assuring her that her case shall in some future number be attended to. We hope she will not be offended when we say, that Will is too valuable a member to deserve expulsion for *one fault*. Besides he ought to have a hearing.

PARAGRAPH EXTRA—BY RARIO.

All up in arms! says Leander, as he entered the hall, where half a dozen of us were in a friendly manner picking holes in WILL WHYMSICAL'S coat. "All up in arms, who are worthy of bearing them," replied Lavinia—and possitively, Messieurs the gentlemen of the Easy Club, I never before witnessed so much spirit in the charming little creature. Had I not previously been her most passionate admirer, her spirited resentment of the *whimsical insult*, as she termed it, and the bewitching effect it had on her animated countenance, would have chained me down to her foot-stool. It was not *passion*—no—it was Virtue, Dignity, and Intelligence, all, through the medium of my adorable Lavinia, entering their solemn protest against the common enemy: It was their united voices raised in defence of the gallantry and politeness of the age. Leander said it was strange that the town should blame Will, for writing a paragraph for his own amusement. "We do not blame him for *writing*; but he certainly is to blame for having it published—and it matters not under what deceptive trick it got to the press, for it could never have appeared in the Companion without the consent of the gentlemen who conduct it." Here I was compelled to take a part in the debate, rather than permit the company to turn their aritillery against the Club generally, whose members I very much esteem—and whose characters, so long as they labour in the vineyard of Literature, for the entertainment and instruction of us all, I would defend even against the ladies—yes, if possible, against my own mistress. I declared in plain terms that I was personally acquainted with Will—and knew very well he would contradict the sentiment in the piece which was the subject of the debate: For, says I, addressing myself to Lavinia, although, as you have justly observed, Will seldom writes for the publick eye, yet I myself heard Mr. Easy say, that Will's wit and sprightly conversation on club-nights, always enlivened the other members, and enabled them to write—so, like Falstaff's wit, Will can write, and he can do more, *make others write*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is with reluctance we refuse to insert any communication from a correspondent who often assists us with valuable essays; but it will sometimes happen, that the production of a good writer will be such as would not add to his reputation if published. We endeavour to decide impartially, without any fastidious objections on account of trifling errors, which we always take the liberty to correct; but when the whole essay, in our opinion, falls far below the writer's usual stile of composition, we think we perform our duty to him, as well as the publick, by omiting to publish it.

The "Ode to Laura," and "the Dew drop," for the above reason, cannot be inserted; they have not been polished with that attention which this writer, for his own sake, should bestow on all his writings before they are sent for insertion; and they are not such as, from his former productions, we have a right to expect.

We request the writer of "Verses on the death of a young friend in the West-Indies," to shew his production to some judicious and candid friend, who will point out to him alterations which will make his verses more acceptable to the publick, and reputable to himself; they contain several weak lines, which are the more inexcusable as the general tenor of the verse and sentiments prove that the author is capable of writing better. The same objection exists to the "Verses on Hudson."

GEORGE GRAVITY, YELSE, and "A warning voice" were received too late for this week.

The author of the "*Essay on Taste*" is requested, if consistent with his plan, to make each essay longer, which will enable him to treat the subject more at large.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO HIM WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

O how it sooths the woe-worn heart
To have one faithful friend,
To whom each grief we may impart
And on his truth depend;

And ev'n when mirth the mind employs
And animates the breast,
True friendship can increase our joys
And give them greater zest.

Tho' blest with riches, power and health,
Without a friend sincere
Not all the aid of pomp and wealth
Can happiness confer.

That jewel rare so much desir'd
I hope to find in you—
A friend by mutual faith inspir'd
Affectionate and true.

PHILO.

LINES BY A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD

Pause, gentle friend! pass not in silence by,
For in this grave sweet innocence doth lie.
Unhappy day! with what a dismal light,
Dost thou appear to my afflicted sight!
In vain the cheerful spring returns with thee,
There is no future cheerful spring for me—
While my dear Sally withers in the tomb,
Untimely cropt, nor sees a second bloom;
The flowers no more their former beauties boast,
Their painted hues and fragrant scents are lost;
Nor stars, nor sun, my gloomy fancy cheers,
But here on earth a gloomy prospect wears.
The hour that snatch'd my Sally from these arms,
Rent from the face of nature all its charms.
Best gift that heaven's indulgence can bestow!
To thee our surest happiness we owe;
Thou all the flying pleasures dost restore,
Which but for thee, blest memory, were no more:
For we no sooner grasp some frail delight,
But ready for its everlasting flight;
Ere we can call the hasty bliss our own,
Without thy aid it is for ever gone—
O! could I hear thy gentle voice again,
Or one short moment sight of thee obtain;
If but to take a last a sad adieu.
What vain illusions my wild thoughts pursue!
The shades of death are drawn—perpetual night
For ever hide thee from my longing sight.
O when shall I, stretch'd on my dusty bed,
Forget my woes and mingle with the dead?
To pay the pang of parting, fate ordains
A blissful meeting on the heavenly plains;
In those bright realms of never ending joy,
Where peace eternal smiles without alloy.

ARRABELLA.

O love, thou lenient balm to every care,
How sweet thy influence on our chequer'd lives,
When chaste thy vows, and piously sincere,
How great the good that man from thee derives?

Lost to the world, and to himself is he
Whose heart's not gladden'd by thy genial ray;
Whose soul, devoid of sensibility,
Ne'er feels thy aid in life's tempestuous day.

Who wants that bliss thy genial flame inspires,
Wants the best good, our genial state can give;
Whose heart not glows with thy celestial fires,
Say to what end what purpose does he live?

"Then come, my Anna, loveliest of the sex,
"With me oh twine the silken tie of love;
"Sooth the harsh cares which human life perplex,
"With joy, affection only can improve.

"Yes, let me cherish hope, nor hope in vain,
"To share with thee the bliss it can bestow:
"Of thee possest, that bliss I shall obtain,
And have complete my highest wish below.

"Alas! what sorrows wring my tortur'd heart,
"To morrow's dawn imperious fate commands,
"That I from thee, my love, my life, must part,
"A cheerless wanderer in far distant lands.

"But oh! forgive the fears that haunt my breast,
"Perplex my thoughts, and rack my nightly rest,
"I know thy truth,...and may life cease to move,
"If I neglect thee, or e'er change my love.

EDWIN.

Written on hearing a Lady shriek at the sight of a Mouse.

NATURA, ALMA MATER.

To all her dear offspring has nature been kind,
Tho' fools all their lives to her favours are blind:
To some she gives strength, as their lot may best suit,
And fleetness to others, to avoid the pursuit,
In vigilance too she has safety design'd;
While flocks find protection in union combin'd,
With passive defence the Tarapin's arm'd,
And by semblance of death th' Opossom's unharm'd;
But on themes more exalted, her wisdom's more shown,
For the *shriek of a Lady* 's a life guard alone.

FLETA.

TO SOLUS.

Since poetry, you say, your trade is,
And you are laureat for the ladies;
Your promised aid we now expect,
When by Will Whymsical attack'd.
We hope you'll trim the scribbler rarely
For writing 'gainst us so severely,
And punish him for his ill-nature
By your severest wit and satire.
If you're *our man*, you now must shew it,
We'll hail you then THE LADIES' POET.

EIGHT LADIES.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

" *The worst of cowardice is that base fear*
" *Which dreads the scorn of fools, the coxcomb's sneer;*
" *Makes man, the bubble honour to defend,*
" *Insult his* GOD *and sacrifice his friend.*

PERHAPS there is no subject which has oftener employed the pen of the moralits and the divine, than the wicked practice of *Duelling*; and it is certainly highly necessary that every periodical publication which is intended either for the instruction or amusement of the rising generation, should occasionally be furnished with essays on this subject, calculated to fortify the minds of youth with sufficient resolution to enable them to resist the fashionable impulse of raising their fame by the deliberate murder of a fellow-creature; a practice which outrages humanity, is disgraceful to us as reasonable beings, and repugnant to every principle of natural and revealed religion.

The distinction between true and false honour is well marked in the following essay, and we hope will be attentively considered by such of our readers as have any doubts on the subject; the arguments, if not entirely new to all our readers, will at least be found interesting from their arrangement.

Mr. Easy,

The following essay contains my deliberate, and I hope, immoveable opinion on the subject of Duelling. I am a young man, and if I know my constitution, I think not a coward; but I am afraid to fight a duel. I will thank you therefore to conceal my real name, for if it were known that I would not fight, I should be immediately harrassed with challenges, and every paltry fellow would chuse to establish a fashionable reputation upon me.

Duelling was introduced into Europe by those barbarous nations who overcame and extinguished the Roman empire, in the early ages of the christian æra. The want of those laws which are capable of regulating and restraining the actions of men in society, caused a kind of necessity for adopting this cruel expedient. Hence we find that *Trial by Combat* was an article of jurisprudence among the Feudal Nations; and that, when a calumny could not be proved, or a case occurred which could not be rendered certain by evidence, the parties engaged in battle, as if it had been perfectly certain, that the victory would not be to the strong, but to the person whose cause was just, though in prowess far inferior to his antagonist. This species of trial was regarded as an *appeal to heaven*, and the victory as a righteous decision of Him who knew the hearts as well as the actions of mankind. Whether our modern duellists are actuated by the same motives as their rude predecessors, or whether they are merely influenced by that *honour* which teaches them to fear the scoffs of ideots and gamblers, more than the abhorrence of virtuous men, or whether they are hurried on by a desire to display that obstinate and desperate bravery, of which they suppose themselves possessed, is perhaps not in my power to determine. But if I may be allowed to conjecture the motive, from the character of the men, I would say that it must be one of the latter motives which actuates them; for I am much mistaken if duellists would not rather shun than demand a decision from that God who hates them.

Among the ancient nations with whom this abominable practice originated, we find the supreme executive power extremely limited. Their king, to whom the execution of those rude laws which governed them was entrusted, found himself incapable of coping with the power of the nobles. They, discontented with imperfect laws, claim-

ed a right of doing justice to themselves, and gratifying their revenge by the exercise of their own right hand. This right, which is the true origin of Duelling, was the cause of those private wars, which for many centuries disturbed the various nations of Europe.

When we observe that military feats were the only honourable employment among these nations, we will not be astonished that they preserved this right so jealously. So eager were they to retain it, that we find them forcing nature, throwing aside all animosities, and leaguing with their most inveterate enemies to defend it against the encroachments of their king.

Although this account of Duelling gives to it a more honourable origin than some are willing to allow, yet it certainly is not much to be boasted of, since its ruinous tendency was perceived even by the ignorant princes of those barbarous ages, who exerted all their prerogative for the suppression of so horrid a practice. Here we have some colouring of pretence for the adoption of this system, and I am convinced that this is the true origin of Duelling, for unless it had been introduced under the specious appearance of aiding the law, of avenging justice, it never would have found its way into any society whatever.

Although we find that Duelling has fallen into ridicule and contempt in proportion to the progress of civilization in society; yet we have still the mortification to see that it prevails in our days, even among nations where it is punished by a severe penalty, and where law and equity are sufficient for the distribution of justice to every individual.

If a duellist is asked why he is willing to assist in continuing this practice? He replies "my honour demands it." And this certainly is a very poor apology; for the honour which they boast of is a very infamous one indeed. Let us contrast it with *real honour*.

Real honour is the inseparable attendant and reward of virtue; false honour, or fashionable honour, is a mere gothic phantom, dependent on custom, and the opinions of duellists, gamblers and highwaymen. The first is either *active* or *passive*; active as it denotes such a sense of the beauty of virtue, as prompts men to honourable actions—passive, as it denotes the respect that the virtuous receive from others. Honour is rarely used in the first of these senses, and most commonly signifies a submission to the opinions of the profligate. Men of false honour annex the idea of meanness to some bad actions, but not to others. Thus—it is infamous to steal, but not to commit adultery; and it is *honourable* to kill or be killed in a duel. In short they reckon no action base if a man is willing to fight for it. The honour of blowing a man's brains out is sufficient to wipe away all the infamy which would be attached to a duellist for having debauched a wife or a daughter.

As the conduct of the duellist depends entirely upon the opinions of others—as he has no principles but such as fluctuate and become right or wrong according to the uncertain judgments of the most foolish and wicked part of mankind, it is evident that such a man cannot be trusted with safety. What security can he give for his faithfulness? Is he not bound by his most ordinary maxims to defend the greatest crimes? It would be wise for every man, except such as are weary of their lives and seeking for an opportunity of losing them, to avoid carefully every communication with men of this description. For a man, whose only *honour* is that of a duellist, cannot be a faithful friend, or an useful member in society.

As we find no *reason* to support this too prevalent practice, but on the contrary find it directly opposite to every thing that is reasonable—to every thing that is favourable to a regular distribution of justice, or conducive to the true interest and happiness of society; we are justifiable in concluding that it is a species of mania, and that the ordinary remedies of madness would not be improperly applied as its cure—bleeding and low diet—clean straw and a dark room.

It is much to be lamented that no method has as yet been found sufficiently efficacious in restraining and abolishing this murderous practice. The laws of all nations are defective in this respect, either in themselves or for want of sufficient rigour in the execution of them.

Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden, hearing of a duel between two of his courtiers, begged to be a witness of their valour, but came attended by an executioner. "Now," says he, "Gentlemen, fight till one of you is slain; I "have given orders to strike off the head of the survivor." And the edict of Louis the 14th was equally severe with the order of Gustavus. By it the survivor was hanged by the neck and the slain combatant by the heels, on the same gibbet. The punishment of murder in a duel, by death, appears not to be too severe; for it is to be supposed that each wishes to take away the life of his antagonist in preference to losing his own. And it is but just that blood should be given for blood. It will be urged by duellists that they may fight duels without ever having a design to take away the life of their opponents—that they are forced to it by the fear of being branded *coward*, which they reckon even more infamous than *murderer*—that they would sacrifice every thing rather than their *honour*. But

this silly reasoning is worthy of its authors. The amount of it is—that they will defy the laws of their country—provoke the God that made them, and by committing murder render themselves detestable in the eyes of every virtuous and honourable man, rather than lose the applause of the most contemptible part of mankind, whose good opinion would disgrace even a moderately virtuous man. They do all this to preserve their honour, which they fancy they possess, but which they are as ignorant of, either theoretically or experimentally, as they are of virtue.

In the city of Malta, all duels were formerly appointed to be fought in the great square at midday, and if either a woman or a priest forbad the combatants to proceed they were obliged to desist. This remedy, though not so rigorous as the former two, might perhaps be more effectual, if the knights and citizens of Malta paid more respect to the laws of their country than we do; which is extremely probable from the strength and vigour which they have frequently displayed. Dr. Swift was of opinion that duels ought not to be prohibited, as they never could take away any life that was worth preserving, and that honest men had no concern in what manner knaves and fools contrived to rid the world of each other.

The professed object of duelling (although it generally has no object) is to preserve polite behaviour and genteel deportment in society. This would be much better secured by just sentiments and social affections, than by the fear of death.

If duelling has this blessed effect, which I can by no means admit, it is purchased by society at an awful price—Dreadful compromise between duellists and society! The fashionable complaisances, decencies and politeness of the day, (which at best are but artificial) are preserved—in return a violation of moral and religious principle, and the very law which society herself has made, is permitted. I would ask, what is the friendship of a fellow worth, who appears to respect you, and is complaisant to you merely because he fears your displeasure? It would be a blessed state of society indeed if decent deportment and the friendly intercourse of life had no better principle to rest upon.

ALCANDER.

My ears with female scolding ring.....Imit. of Sappho.

I must confess that I feel most sincerely obliged to my fellow-members for the liberty of a hearing, which they are so kind as to say I ought to have. They were not content with snatching my *hints* with which I was about to light a segar, but they have published them, and provoked an hornet's nest, which I fear will not soon be quieted. The consequences of its publication evince how well calculated it was for the purposes for which it was destined—its inflammability has set on fire some fair ones who had much better been mending their stockings—"Two at a time are more than one man can bear," says a song which was once warbled by every pretty mouth in the British dominions, and worked on their 'kerchiefs or displayed on their tuckers. What then will be thought of the situation of a lazy lounger, such as I am, who finds himself stung "*severely*" and "*rarely*" by the *rhymes* of "*Eight Ladies*"—and quite anathematized by the effusion of "Helena," who like the maddened dame of Troy rages without knowing why. But "pitiful abuse" and "ridiculous jargon" are soft terms to that used by the soaring "Edith," who without hesitation calls me a "*Whimsical Traitor.*" When my friend Frankly first read her rant to me, the similarity of sound made me think I had received a compliment, and that I was about to be dubbed a *Traiteur* to the ladies. But I am most wofully disappointed: instead of good words I have received nothing but stripes. And with this these fair ladies, who set on me with *tooth and nail*, content themselves. Their letters exemplify, in a striking manner, the truth of one of the remarks on which they lavish such unqualified abuse. I mean, that *they can talk whole hours about nothing at all!* more than three columns of the invaluable Companion without one single argument! O! *trumpery!* said old Cicero, when he spoke of the dresses of the Roman dames, and so he would exclaim again, if he were to read the scribbling of the Baltimore *ten*.

But what right have these ladies to abuse *me*, who am idle and inoffensive, and always sedulous to please them by *listening* most attentively to them until I quite gape with fatigue, paying them compliments until my tongue is almost blistered, and stooping for their fans and ridicules, to the great discomposure of the finest positions that Indolence herself could fancy? I entrenched myself behind the authority of a "European Essayist," and I again disclaim, as I did before, all the merit of the "Hints" but that of *communicating* them to the "female readers."—For such a present I modestly asked only an invitation to their "feasts," not meaning a feast of *tongues*.

To borrow an expression of my friend Edith, which I suppose means something, let me but *pace the flowry aisles* without interruption, from any but those who have *real* cause, and can give a better than what Orlando calls, "a woman's reason" for a contradiction, and I promise to offend no one. These fair accusers having stated no specific

fact against me, I content myself with the plea of not guilty; and leave them to pare their nails and sharpen their pens for another attack. WILL WHYMSICAL.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE III.

'From bounteous Nature's unexhausted stores
'Flows the pure fountain of sincere delight;
'Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours—
'Sleep drowns the day, and Riot rules the night'.

I was walking slowly up the long aisle, which divides the Gardens into the eastern and western ends, with my hat drawn down over my forehead—for I was really unwilling to let it be known that I visited such places—when what must have been my surprise on perceiving, as I supposed, the figure of Leander! As the object advanced towards me from the back part of the enclosure, which part is not lighted up, I perceived plainly it was he. Having my back to the lights, I walked apparently inattentively along without being recognized. There is something mysterious here, thought I. And to examine the case a little, I seated myself under a tree, out of view.

THE COLUMBIAN GARDENS—'BY AUTHORITY!' are famous in Baltimore, because of the Indian Chiefs exhibiting a grand national ceremony here for the gratification of the citizens; on which occasion I myself attended—and from his assiduity and attention to please, I thought Mr. Leaman deserved handsome remuneration of the expence he incurred in fitting up the place. Since that time until the present, I had not re-visited the place. But the Gardens, I had understood, were converted into a *Summer Theatre*, with stage and orchestra erected, where a detachment from the Baltimore company of Comedians under Mr. DURANG, amuse the Bucks and Doxies of the town. Against the principle of well-regulated Theatres, I have nothing here to advance; nor have I any objection to the managership of Mr. Durang, whose merit, in its proper place, will ever be rewarded, by a liberal people: But I am fully of opinion that the existence of any cause, which operates to demoralize the community, is to be regretted by all who have regard for publick virtue and national respectability. If the minds of the common people (on whose integrity and good sense, the very existence of our government in a sound state, must in a great measure depend)—if the minds of the common people, are diverted from every thing useful or serious; if by bringing the populace together in large moonshine assemblies, where no useful lessons are taught—but where, in the midst of riot and dissipation, Immorality reigns predominant, and her throne is supported by the flower and the leaders of the gang;—if by such means, you render vice pleasing, and irreligion popular, you prove yourself not only a traitor to the republick, but a daring enemy of God. In which case, without sincere repentance, you will, and you ought to be damned!

In the midst of these reflections, I had become so abstracted as to forget both *time and place*; and, growing rather warm in the cause, I pronounced aloud the concluding clause of the last sentence, just as a young man of spirit was walking by in the dark, in company with a lady who could not be imposed upon me for a Diana. Thinking, no doubt, I was some over-religious recluse, watching the manœuvres of Sin, he, after a characteristick preface of oaths and imprecations, demanded what business *I* had here?

Very true, says I, this question is in its proper place—but I am not in mine, I confess. Being no way enamoured of broken heads, nor passionately in love with either clenched fists or bullets, I very prudently begged his pardon; adding, as was most truly the case, that I was not addressing them. As the *gentleman* had other (nameless) business to attend to, he very kindly let me off—much to the well-being of my body, and greatly to my own private satisfaction.

Though I was not disposed to inform SWAGGERLEWD of the cause of my entering here, yet, Mr. Easy, to you, as to a great Moral Confessor, I will give an account of this adventure. And as you have published an account of my former rambles, for the amusement of your readers, so will you use this as you may think best comports with their interest, and the prosperity of your labours.

In the first place then, had you opened the door of my study, about eight o'clock, P. M. the scene would have been thus:

RARIO, *solus*—Sitting in an old chair with one arm—his left elbow on an old poplar table, whose top much haggled by several generations of children, had been painted red—his head inclining to the south, and window-wards, supported by the left hand—on either end of the table lay, without order, books and white paper—in his right hand an anonymous author, in whom Rario with great earnestness was reading this passage:

——'I took her right hand, and held it within my 'left; she was on my right side. I placed my right el-'bow against the ledge of the window, with my cheek 'pressed in the palm of my hand. I looked at her full in 'in the face, with the eye of contemplation—she did the 'same by me; and I perceived that she saw into the very

'bottom of my soul—and that we understood each other 'perfectly! It was a conversation of the eyes. O tread 'lightly ye fairies!'——

No more, says I, throwing down the book—it was Lavinia, whose hand he held; and holding it is warring against me—I cannot bear it.

I had waited patiently an hour over the time appointed by Leander to call on me. I had no longer any expectation that he would come—so I put on my hat, extinguished the taper on the table, and marched off to seek him.—Coming down Market-Street, I met with an acquaintance, who asked me if I was going to the Gardens? Like most other people whose heads are filled with their own adventures, instead of answering the question, I asked if any thing uncommon was to be seen to-night? He said the entertainment was common enough *there*—but seeing my friend Leander in the Gardens as he came out, he thought I might possibly be on my way thither. I thought it strange that Leander would rather go to such a place than fulfil the promise he had made—and on parting with my acquaintance, I determined to know the bottom of it.—Accordingly I paid twenty-five cents for admittance to the entertainment—which consisted of scenick representations, fire-works, balancing, riding, &c. &c. as per *bills*—together with some movements in the front and back grounds, which my pencil seems unwilling to exhibit on paper, and of which, perhaps, you can form a tolerable idea without such assistance.

Soon after my arrival, I found myself in the situation before described, at the upper end of the principal walk.

Escaping from the difficulty into which my

MEDITATIONS ON SIN

had well nigh reduced me, I came downward and mixed with such an assembly as would disgrace any civilized country, where I was resolved to see and learn as much as I could for my twenty-five cents. The first remarkable personage who struck my eye, was a *steady* member of the Easy Club!

Is it possible, grave man, says I, as I clapped him on the shoulder, that you can so soon descend from your dignified station—you, one of the learned six,* who dictate moral law to the polite circles in which your papers circulate? Permit me to explain to you, interrupted the moralist—but pray, Mr. Rario, triumphantly asked Leander, who stood behind the other, have we not caught you rather unexpectedly! After a friendly rebuke, addressed to Leander, which relieved his countenance of the air of triumph, so unaptly assumed, I told them the whole story as above related; which afforded a hearty laugh for the associate Dictator.

'Rario, said Mr. Steady, I could cheerfully forgive 'your rambling into this place, even were the cause not 'as you have related—because I am well aware, that by 'an occasional peep into places which will not even bear 'naming in the chaste sheet which we issue for the perusal, instruction, and amusement, of the learned, the 'youth, and the virtuous, you may gain that kind of in-'formation for which we will always thank you—whilst 'at the same time, I am convinced that such occasional 'scenes of depravity and wickedness are incapable of 'weakening fixed principles of virtue, but will operate 'rather otherwise.'

I was much pleased with this short addrses from him, which contained within a small compass a full and satisfactory defence of us both. For I must here beg leave, Mr. Easy, to enter my protest against a certain description of prejudiced, mechanical moralists, who condemn indiscriminately every thing that has ever been deemed of immoral tendency, without ever condescending to examine or enquire into the merits or demerits of any practice or institution, which some senseless zealot may have denounced.

Just at this time we were very insultingly addressed by the gentleman from whom I had a few minutes before received some very ill-language. He had overheard our remarks on the tendency of the institution—and was greatly enraged by one sentiment which fell from your assistant: which was, that inasmuch as the moral of a good play, and its elegant language and the dignity of good acting, were altogether compelled to give way to the low buffoonery of the theatre and the mad licentiousness of the mob, the bringing together so many idlers in this resort of dissipation, had an absolute tendency to vitiate the taste and relax the morals of the city. This *spirited fellow* roared and flourished a good deal; but fortunately he did not devour us.

I thought this fellow an arrant blockhead, to be sure—but Leander pretended otherwise. He said whenever he met with any one of these fire-flies who pronounced himself a d—— spirited and clever fellow, he took it for granted the man knew more of himself than he did, and always respected him accordingly!

A fellow of this description, continued Leander, is very sure he never did any thing wrong. If you express any doubt of the solidity of his brain, or the correctness of his morals, in order to prove himself what he professes to

* I Think in your second number you gave an account of five associates, who, if I understand it, form the Easy Club.

be, he will most likely demand an opportunity to shoot you—and if you are such a fool that you can take no delight in the idea of deliberate murder, why he will——

Here my friend's speech was abruptly broken off by a tumultuous huzzaing towards the house. With a curiosity very common in man—and even in woman too—we turned about to enquire whether a band of rival devils had forced into the gardens; when we were not a little diverted with the ludicrous procession which was witnessed. It seems that this night was for the benefit of the proprietor—on which occasion (with all that attention to propriety and religion which characterizes these midnight orgies and their *praiseworthy* conductors) he was to bring, "*for the first time*," his young daughter on the stage, for the purpose of "speaking a speech!" Here he comes.

Make way! make way! re-echoed from every side, whilst the motly cavalcade, to the no small diversion of the *sovereign throng*, moved forward in absurd and awful majesty. At the head of the troop was the christian parent, mounted, all in regimentals, on his fiery Rozinante. His majesty held, "high raised in the unopposing air," a matchless blade, whose burlesque edge might well defy a wind-mill's surliest spike to dull it!

Close after this dread personage followed a number of the corps, all mounted. They were proceeding onwards as fast as his majesty's heralds at arms could clear the way, in the midst of the most terrifying noise that need be heard on this side Bedlam, when a scene very different, and which bespoke very little civilization, but much against the respectability of this genteel place, drew our attention to another quarter. From repeated cries of a female voice, we were induced to suspend our mirth, that we might be of service even to the lowest grade of womankind. Off hands, barbarian! exclaimed Leander, as he flew to the relief of an unfortunate girl, who, on being accused by her hostess of intent to walk off with a quart tumbler, which had improperly stuck to her, was got into the hands of a courageous gang of ruffians, whose only apparent superiority over the inhabitants of the fields and forests was, that they possessed the power of speech.

As Steady and Leander came there only to see how low Human Nature can be degraded, (and I for reasons before stated,) I observed to them, that the repeated battles amongst the men (as they are called) and the shameful language and behaviour all round the gardens, might be borne with for a few minutes—but positively I would not see any thing in the shape of woman kicked, and choaked, and abused, as was, to the eternal disgrace of the city, the case this night. It is utterly impossible for me to do justice to the scene—and although it may be common rather to exaggerate than otherwise in telling a story, yet, Mr. Easy, this scene defies injustice in that way. RARIO.

Easy is the way, and passage plain,
To Pleasure's palace; it may soon be spy'd,
And night and day her doors to all stand open wide. SPENCER.

To no divinity is there more obeisance paid, by erring mortals, than to *Pleasure*.——All nations and climes have confessed her prodominant sway, and millions are now prostrated at her shrine. Drest in gaudy habiliaments, and decorated with brilliant ornaments; arrayed in soft atire, and apparent delight enlivening her countenance, man cannot resist her allurements, or his succumbent soul be insensible to the enticements of her enchanting form; and having sipped her luscious potions, he seldom deserts her fascinating banner, or forsakes her luxurious repasts. But when enervating disease essays her strength, and the corroding tooth of concsience knaws his vitals, then the manifold gratifications he received from this enchantress disperse into air—in vain he invokes her wonted enjoyments—in vain he calls upon her divinity to sooth that anguish which preys upon his heart—his voice is not heard—and his invocations are unregarded. The subsequent history will better elucidate these remarks.

Benefitted with an excellent education and accustomed to listen to the voice of sincerity and candour, Eugenius was placed in the counting house of an eminent merchant, and his credulous parents, relying upon the excellent principles they had endeavoured to inculcate in him, never apprenticed him. Fatal delusion! unfortunate mistake! he chanced by a blind fatality, to form an acquaintance with one who stiled himself a *friend*, and he was imperceptibly inducted by this *esteemed friend* into the labyrinth of vice, through the gateway of pleasure; remonstrances being tried in vain, his patron turned him from his threshold, and bade him reform or never again enter. He awoke from his pleasing delirium, recognized himself the victim of misguiding pleasure, and execrated the wretch who had led him from his duty. But he made no attempt to reinstate virtue on that throne which vice and irreligion had usurped; until fortunately his friend was taken dangerously ill—*fortunately* did I say—the result will justify my expression. Alive to all the horrors of his condition, he requested he might behold Eugenius once more; at his approach the wretch extended his hand and addressed him in these words:

'Eugenius, urged by rash impetuosity and sensual dic-
'tates, I have erred; and, oh madning thought! I induced

'you to follow my rash conduct. Retract thy indiscreet 'footsteps, and let thy future demeanour be an example of 'morality and religion. Does vice alleviate my sorrow or 'lull my throbbing heart to rest? Does it ameliorate the 'pangs of death or blunt the stings of conscience? No, 'my dear friend, it sharpens that which virtue would as-'suage! I have pursued folly under pleasure's garb, and 'for that happiness I promised myself, have embraced mis-'ery and misfortne! You see how ineffectual are the vain 'boastings of pleasure's devotees. Farewell: pardon my 'past behaviour towards you.'

Receiving the forgivenesss of his injured friend, the cloud that o'ershadowed his brow, dispelled, and joy reillumined his countenance. He languished a few days, and a sincere penitent, expired in the arms of friendship. Eugenius meditating on the sad catrastrophe, saw his folly in relying on those attachments, the "Ephemera of a day," whose seeds are sown by (misnamed) pleasure and nurtured by vice; and reforming his conduct, acquired a blessing enjoyed by too few, a cheerful "easy friend;" whose exemplary character in some future essay I may attempt to delineate.

Thus, Mr. Easy, I have portrayed, under the fictitious name of Eugenius, the life of the *reformed*

GEORGE GRAVITY.

Mr. Easy,

A celebrated natural historian observes that as long as the human body encreases, the skin stretches in proportion, but when by old age the flesh begins to diminish and becomes more compact, the skin not having sufficient elasticity to restore it to its primitive state, forms itself into wrinkles, and thus he accounts for the wrinkles in the face, and pleasantly observes that they follow the disposition of the muscles, and that the different passions and emotions which are expressed on the face leave behind traces and impressions which in old age will be the lines along which wrinkles will form themselves; and upon examination of the face of a young person when in violent agitation, one may perceive already drawn the lines of wrinkles never to be effaced.

As it will be a subject of great consolation to beautiful women, when time (at whose touch beauty shrinks and fades away) has robbed them of the most valuable gift nature can bestow, to have some traces left behind to shew what they once were, this is recommended to their particular attention. When the surface of the water is ruffled by the breeze, a stillness in the air restores it again to its wonted calm; and so to the end of time this calm may succeed its agitation: But not so with the human countenance—In the bloom of youth it is true, when the skin has all its elasticity, the angry passions may continue to distort the face, and the countenance may as often assume its usual serenity; but when age causes the flesh to shrink and the skin to shrivel it will then be too late; the countenance will then in vain attempt to invest itself with those graces which in younger days it could assume with pleasure—wrinkles never to be effaced will form themselves along the lines already traced out for them by the prevailing passions.

How worthy is this of the attention of all young women, particularly of those who depend entirely upon their beauty for preserving the influence they have acquired over the hearts of men, and to whom the preservation of that beauty, or at least some traces of it, even to the last moment of their lives, has always been of the first importance—To those who are already advanced in age, I fear the warning comes too late, already perhaps have their wrinkles assumed their unalterable character; But the young may yet profit by it—When the time comes (and no one can tell the hour) when the passions and emotions, which have so often agitated the female bosom, shall be indeliably stamped upon the face, how mortifying will it be to a beautiful woman before her glass, to behold instead of smiles and dimples, all the turbulent passions reigning with never-ceasing empire, the frowns of anger, malice, hatred, jealousy and revenge indeliably imprinted upon her beautiful and placid countenance!

A WARNING VOICE.

Some time ago, a sailor happening to be in a tavern in London, when the bells were ringing for church, asked what it was for? For church, answered the landlord. "I believe I'll go, replied the sailor, but how must I behave?"—You must sit down in the first vacant seat you see, and not speak until it is out—or they will turn you out. He walked up the aisle, leading to the pulpit, and seats himself along side of the Clerk—who, as usual, when the first part of service was over, cried out *amen*. "Hush! hush! shipmate," whispered Jack, "or they'll turn us both out."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The essay signed MOME was not received until the matter for this week was arranged—it will be inserted next week.

RARIO, we hope, will not censure us for omitting a paragraph in his ramble—though we have no doubt that the circumstances which he relates did actually occur, yet it is not at all times advisable to tell the whole truth.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

To Miss Alæ.

(Tune—Sally in our Alley.)

While lively youths, by nature warm,
Delight in placid faces,
Are pleas'd with every softer charm
And doat on timid graces:
My almost frozen heart requires,
Its spirits dull to rally,
A fair whom sprightliest wit inspires—
Just such as lovely Sally.

So many charms in her unite
'Tis heaven to be near her;
For, while her beauties please the sight,
Her wit delights each hearer:
Should anxious care disturb my breast,
Bear me to charming Sally
O wings of love! her smiles can best
My scatter'd spirits rally.

'Tis not her *beauty*, though too fair
For me to sing her praises,
Her *mind*, endow'd with virtues rare,
My admiration raises:
While grac'd with beauties so divine,
O could our wishes tally!
What endless raptures would be mine,
Bless'd with the love of Sally. J. J. D.

Addressed to a young lady in consequence of her intended visit to a distant state.

Ah! why from your friends will you fly,
And leave them in sorrow to mourn?
Ah! have they not reason to sigh,
When so doubtful you make your return?

What hope for relief can they find
When far distant from her they adore?
Your image will rest on their mind
But your absence they still must deplore.

The friends you're impatient to see,
Cannot grieve as a loss they've sustain'd,
The sweet converse they would have with thee,
Since this pleasure they've not yet obtain'd.

Then do not new friendships prefer
To those which you know you possess;
Their love cannot be more sincere
Their endearments perhaps may be less.

The pastimes that here you partake
Are elegant, pleasing and gay;
Not a swain but is eager to make
Every month seem as pleasant as May.

And in their endeavours to please
If a tincture of love they express;
In pity don't frown upon these
Whom a smile would relieve from distress.

Yet perhaps 'twere less cruel to frown
Than to smile, where you know you can't love;
If their wishes you never can crown,
Then do not their incense approve.

With charms such as make you belov'd,
What heart can resist the soft flame?
What eye can behold you unmov'd,
Since to see you and love you's the same?

Then must we not envy the lot
Of the youth who'll be blest with your favour;
Though happy you'll be in his cot
Yet we lose your dear presence forever ——

TO SALLY'S LIPS.

Dear balmy lips, of her who holds my heart
In the soft bondage of a love sincere:
Dear balmy lips! your cherub smiles impart
To your adoring suppliant's earnest prayer.

Not the fresh rosebud, charg'd with vernal dew,
Nor the warm crimson of the blushing morn,
Nor the gay blossom of the summer's thorn,
Are half so glowing or so sweet as you.

Dear lips! permit my trembling lips to press
Your ripen'd fondness in a tender kiss;
And, while my throbbing heart avows the bliss,
Will you, dear lips! the eager stranger bless?

"Ah fond request," the beauteous owner cries;
"Cease, wayward youth—whoever touches—dies!" TYRO.

To Miss ——— on her recovery from sickness.

Dear to the wanderer on his way
Are the first beams of rising day;
Dear to the sea-boy 'midst the storm
Appears fair Cynthia's silver form;
Dear to his bosom is the gale,
That wafts him to his native vale;
But ah! a thousand times more dear
To me, did your lov'd form appear,
When freed from sickness and from pain
Heav'n gave you to my sight again. B.

Written on a window, under a vow against matrimony.

The lady, who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass, to shew it *might* be broke.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

"And vindicate the ways of God to Man." POPE.

Mr. Easy,

YOUR early insertion of my reflections on the principles which govern the conduct of human life afford an assurance of their having met with your approbation, and encourage me to pursue the train of ideas which have, for many years, engaged my attention. I cannot conceive any effort of the human mind more sublime than an attempt to trace the ways of Providence in the exercise of that supreme wisdom, by which the whole of his wonderful works are strikingly characterised. I have to regret that other pressing avocations have occasioned so long a delay in my pursuit of the subject.

In directing our attention to objects of so much interest, it is absolutely necessary that we should extend our views, beyond the narrow limits, by which an idividual is naturally circumscribed. It has been the practice of moral philosophers, who have of late years laboured to investigate the operations of the human mind, to analize their own conceptions, and their own feelings, and in this way they have been very successful. Because the feeling of one man must in many respects, be the feeling of every man. But according to the advice of the great Bacon, after having sufficiently occupied our minds with particulars, we must ascend to generals, after having minutely considered the individual, we must take into our view that which regards the whole.

I have offered it as my opinion that the leading propensities of mankind were given to secure employment to every individual, and I trust it will appear that the means have been sufficiently adequate to the end. The passions are plainly the instruments by which the whole scheme is affected, and reason is bestowed for the purpose of governing them. But reason is incapable of exercising its functions, until after the fact, and is therefore inadequate to the government of the passions, because these last commence with almost the earliest dawn of life, whereas the first can only be exercised after experience, and that would come too late to correct errors.

I have before observed, that supreme wisdom feresaw and provided against every contingency, that could attend any of the operations of his power. He gave to every species, both animal and vegetable, a tendency to multiply to excess. To man he gave this tendency to go to excess not only as it respects multiplication, but also in the exercise of every passion.

Reason was given to the human species, as has been already alledged, for the purpose of supplying a mean of judging between the necessary, and the superfluous; but as has been also remarked, reason can have no influence until after experience, and if evil were to be perpetuated, until experience had ascertained its destructive effects, the period requisite for acquiring it must have exposed the objects of it to great wretchedness, if not to inevitable destruction.

The supreme ruler of all things has not evidenced so much disregard to the happiness of a being, we are taught to believe, he created in his own image. He has not left any race of the human kind unsupplied with the means of happiness, or of obviating the evils, to which an indulgence of their passions to excess, must expose them. As reason could alone exercise its influence, in judging of things already past, the great Creator provided against every difficulty, by imparting to the highest terrestrial object of his power, such laws as were necessary for his government. These laws proved a guide for the operation of reason, for experience evinced that laws were good,

and that the real enjoyment of life was exactly in proportion to the observance of, or deviation from these laws.

Sceptics have laboured to shew, that either these laws were never given by the Creator, or that they were unnecessary. Experience has in every instance ascertained the reverse. This has been manifest as well with respect to nations as to individuals. There is not an age of the world in which this truth has not been demonstrated. The revelation of the divine will, constitutes religion, and without it, the rich would be reduced to beggary, and the beggar would be incapable of supporting life. It is the uniting chain by which the whole of mankind is linked together, and which is the only security for the man of power, or the dependent, for the oppulent, or the poor. It sheaths the sword and dagger, it averts the poisoned cup ; it curbs in short the unbridled passions, which would lead to universal extermination.

As then religion appears to be so necessary to human preservation, we are not to wonder at the solicitude, which our beneficent creator has manifested for securing to us its advantages. Well knowing our propensity to deviate from the path which he pointed out, and to be forgetful of his instructions, he has, in his infinite goodness, vouchsafed to promulgate them at three different periods, in the way most effectual for making an indelible impression.—All have had the same object in view, and no one differed from any other, except in manner. And this difference was always such as exactly suited the occasion.

It has been objected to these promulgations that they were communicated with an unaccountable partiality. But this objection cannot be valid, because there was no other way, in which it could be made consistently with the constitution of man. As it clearly appears to have been absolutely necessary, it was therefore imparted at the beginning of life, and as every enquiry contributed still farther to confirm the scriptural account, that our race originated from one pair, to that pair it must have been given to every requisite extent. No future pair could require it more, because, placed in existence differently from all their successors, in the full possession of every bodily and mental faculty, devoid of experience, without information, they could not have adopted the means necessary to their own preservation.

Every other animal has stampt upon it by nature an instinct, which prompts it immediately to adopt what it requires, and what it requires is provided ready for immediate use. Man knows not how to use almost any thing, until he has been taught; and as all the human race have required teaching, a peculiar characteristic of their nature, the first pair must have had the same characteristic, and must therefore have been, in equal necessity, provided with the requisite instruction. As the progeny of every other animal resembles its parents, the same resemblance must exist with respect to us—whatever therefore we have been in need of, must have been equally needful to the root from which we sprang.

The requisite instructions then having been given to Adam and Eve, they would necessarily perpetuate them in their issue. As these instructions had respect not only to the present, but as they partook of things appertaining also to a future state of existence, and as there is nothing obvious in the former which can give a correct idea of the latter, the account of them, passing through successive generations, must have been susceptible of much misrepresentation. There is a natural propensity to form all our conclusions from the impressions made upon us by sensible objects. This propensity, in process of time, led those by whom the promulgations of divine will were transmitted, to have more reference to what was temporal, than to what was spiritual, and hence the deviations from the simple truth came so to multiply, as to make it scarcely discernible. The design of the excellent instructions became so much involved in obscurity as nearly to lose its effects. The passions were exonerated of their necessary restraint, and the tendency to excess which accompanied them threatened universal destruction.

In order to obviate consequences so fatal, a communication of the divine will, from its original unsophisticated source, became absolutely necessary. But it was impossible that all the inhabitants of the globe could be congregated together, without offering too great a violation of the general laws of nature; the necessary information could not therefore be given to every individual at the same time; the only alternative to be adopted was to impart the requisite knowledge to a select few, through whom it might be propagated to all the rest.

A select few were chosen, and to them the unadulterated truth was made known, in a manner suitable to the magnitude and solemnity of the occasion. It was not to be now made known to individuals whose minds were free from erroneous impressions, and therefore prepared to receive it without difficulty, and without prejudice, but to a portion of the inhabitants of the earth whose minds were clouded with error, and filled with notions strongly opposed to the reception of principles, on the admission of which however, the preservation of the whole depended, and sufficiently numerous to disseminate it universally.

In order to free the minds of these from the ruinous pre-

judices, by which they had been so long and so fully contaminated, it was absolutely necessary, that the information should be communicated with suitable dignity, and so as to awaken a due sense of the awful majesty of the divine lawgiver. Indeed it is not to be expected that laws, for regulating conduct, should be acknowledged, unless they are derived from an authority entitled to competent respect.

There is no phenomenon in nature more capable of striking terror, or of filling the soul with dread, than repeated flashes of vivid lightening, and its consequent peals of thunder. All the circumstances, that led to and accompanied the enunciation of the laws, were works calculated to excite astonishment, and to prepare the mind for the wonders that were to follow. No words can equal the description of the scene as we have it in the original—

And the Lord said unto Moses, lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the People may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee forever. What must have been the sensations excited, when the people were told by Moses to be *ready against the third day, for the third day the Lord will come down in sight of all the people, upon Mount Sinai. And thou shalt set bounds to the people round about, saying, take heed to yourselves, that you go not up into the mount, or touch the border of it: whosoever toucheth the mount shall surely be put to death. And it came to pass on the third day, in the morning, that there were thunders and lightenings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud, so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp,* SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN *besides women and children, TO MEET WITH GOD. And Mount Sinai was altogether in a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice.*

Such was the manner in which the laws were proclaimed, intended in adequate progression, to be acknowledged by all the human race. From a consideration of the subject, it must plainly appear to have been morally impossible, for such a proclamation to have been made to every inhabitant of the globe at the same moment; but the number present were sufficient to secure to it, through their descendents, and those who had an intercourse with them, an acceptance, in due time, by the whole of mankind—we are impious when we question the propriety of the slow advances it has made—as the proofs are irresistible, to every reasonable mind, that the laws were promulgated by the Deity himself, we must be presumptuous indeed, if we hazard a doubt, that the best and the most effectual means were adopted for accomplishing the purposes designed.

It is the same stumbling block which was the source of so much error to our forefathers, it is the indisposition to look at objects farther than as they superficially strike our senses, that entangles us in so much difficulty, when our thoughts are employed on things of a spiritual nature.—And yet if we were rightly to improve, in surveying the objects of sense, they would furnish us with all the proofs we require.

The present state of the remnant of the Jewish nation, in their strict adherence to the rites and ceremonies which they have been ever known to trace up to the tremendous scene exhibited on Mount Sinai; the perpetuation of the religious forms, attributed by every one of them to Moses; the perfect silence of every writer, both ancient and modern, as to a suspicion of their having any other author; all these circumstances combined, together with the internal evidence they afford of their being of divine origin, must silence every sceptic who is not resolved, by wilfully closing his eyes, to continue in darkness, and not to profit by the light which is shining so splendidly all around him.

The advances to improvement in the human kind, from their promptitude to err, appears to be very slow—It is evidently an arduous task to regain that height of perfection, from whence they fell, but to which the christian system is well calculated to conduct them. I have many observations to make, respecting the interval between the second promulgation, and the last and most interesting of the divine interpositions, which would extend this essay to too great a length, and must therefore be delayed to another opportunity. J. C.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE III.

(Continued.)

I had intended, Mr. Easy, to take another opportunity of furnishing you with the result of my

REFLECTIONS ON SIN.

My former part of this ramble, by the pressure of an excessive load of vice, was impelled to a much greater distance from the fountainhead than I had first contemplated—I intended to have proceeded three columns from the grand starting post, on which I hung, in CAPITALS, the word which has served to cloak Immorality and Vice; but the magnitude of my object, and the unexpected fruitfulness

of the field, have urged me beyond the limits prescribed. And however Self-interest may menace, or the degraded votaries of dissipation writhe, I shall not shrink from the dangerous duties necessarily devolving upon the office to which the imperious mandates of Morality, Religion, and Law have called me. In ancient Rome, when uncommon danger threatened the tranquility of the commonwealth, a legal Dictator was created, and he was clothed with authority above the common Censors, or Guardians of the state—but the refined republicanism of *our* day, would suffer no such controul—if any citizen were here invested with " AUTHORITY" to remonstrate on all occasions, with no regard either to time or place, his life would undoubtedly answer for the prosecution of his duty. This being the true state of things, it becomes the duty of every good citizen to afford his aid against the overwhelming torrent which threatens the peace and welfare of the community. ——— This may be done in publick and in private, in the Senate and in the Closet—the PEDESTRIAN is pleased to do his part through the medium of the Companion—this he will do, without fear of chastisement, or hope of reward.

——" Let his name be secret as the grave,
" And the Gods, alone, reward his labour."

The curiosity of the city has been greatly excited, and every one asks " *who is*," or says, " *I know* this Rario." I have overheard parts of several conversations on the subject—when, like one beneath the invisible cloak, I have, unsuspected, heightened and enjoyed the yoke.

The confusion and alarm occasioned by throwing squibs, (my remarks on which you chose to omit) was fully equal to my description of it—but I am satisfied with your apology.

On our return from the Gardens, we were very near being favoured with a little of that treatment, which I understand passes current there for the *genteelest spirit*. Leander, as he perceived several young men entering a house which never was used as a Church, thought we had better drive them home—on looking in at the window, he found the inhabitants so numerous, that we soon prevailed on him to desist; but an apprentice boy, who felt his dignity insulted, began to abuse us for " peeping" into the *ladies'* room —" he had been insulted to-night before," he said " and had it not been that the young *lady* was with him, he would have kicked the FANATICK;" this led me into a secret, and I wished to avoid him. I had no doubt of his being the same person who had been offended at my exclamation in the early part of the evening, upon which I sensibly felt an uneasiness in my legs—the fact is they are at times cowardly; or at least so extremely prudent, as always to remonstrate against my going into unnecessary danger. Now to have opposed this Buck, or have spoken irreverently of his Doxy, were to have gone into unnecessary danger; for with a dozen or twenty such, we three could not stand in combat, especially when we take into consideration the circumstances of their being in possession of a large quantity of real imported spirits, furnished in abundance at the Gardens, and being to display their skill in the presence of their Dulcinas!

Passing over the bridge, not a mile from the aforesaid house, we heard several predicting that something would be said in the publick papers, about this night's disturbance. One person remarked, that it had now arrived to such an height as would render it necessary for Mr. EASY, in pursuance of the plan projected in his prospectus, to take up the subject. From this remark, I understand that that gentleman is one of those who are confidently charged with writing these papers. Another gentleman, who it seems had benevolence enough in him to interfere in the case of the young woman, (to whom, I have since been told, Mr. Leaman says the tumbler *did not stick*, but that she was actually, with intent to rob the said Leaman, carrying it away)—this gentleman has also been dubbed " Leander," from the exclamation, " off hands," &c. Now any one who discovers the writer hereof, must have more penetration than he who could suppose I meant to insinuate that the tumbler did actually march up, and stick itself to the girl's clothes!!—O wonderful!!!—Upon the honour of a well shod Pedestrian, I assure the good man, I never meant so—and know now all ye whom it may concern, that I, the Pedestrian, verily believe the aforesaid tumbler was *clean* and wholesome, until it reached the hands of her to whose hand it stuck!

I had parted with Mr. Steady and Leander, and was hastening to my lodgings, in order to consider over the report I should make to Mr. Easy.

My footsteps were suddenly arrested at hearing a beautiful young lady declare, " that such a fate was more than a proper chastisement for his crime. Albert, she said, appeared to have been a bad man—but his father, contrary to the principles of justice, had injured his son beyond possible reparation. A spirited young man, reduced to despair, he knew not what he did—he was not accountable for a meditated mischief, whose cause was the unnatural temper of a parent, guided by no rational design, content with no extent of wealth. His father's cruelty was the immediate cause of the son's untimely end—and Divine Mercy must punish such inhumanity, as Eternal Justice

could not chuse but hear the murdered youth's blood crying aloud for vengeance."

I had stood pretending to search my pocket-book as long as I dare without risking a discovery—and lamented greatly that the necessary restrictions in social life should thus prevent as well disposed a member as need be in the great family of mankind from hearing the merits and demerits of a story which he had himself enabled you to present to the world. I have furnished you with the history of "the poor girl;" and to procure it, Leander & myself had shoved ourselves, in an unwarrantable manner, into a new acquaintance. If Leander had been along this time, I verily believe he would have ran up to the door, and entered into conversation with them. Such is his great admiration of Nature, in all her crooks and hiding places, that if he ever leaves the path of prudence, etiquette, or decorum, it is in pursuit of her. She, by her common and most obvious laws, so acts upon his honest, uncorrupted heart, that he would at first thought throw himself in the bosom of the ocean to assist a fellow mortal, no matter how unworthy—or break his shins over a stone fence to relieve the most trifling animal of the woods, if entangled, it hung struggling in a grape-vine.

I walked slowly up street with a heavy step, questioning within myself how far this power was legal, which evidently curtailed my pleasure. But I soon acquiesced in the general opinion—for my present interference, had it been admissible, would constitute a heavy drawback on the pleasures of these very people with whom I wished myself acquainted—beside, this removal of restraint, to be just, must be reciprocal; here is my objection then; for in arguing the case as I walked along, says I—Rario, would you be well pleased if, in a favourite ramble in the fields. you and Leander were indulging in pleasing speculations on the grandeur, the beauty, and the simplicity of Nature—if in such a moment, an awkward country fellow were to join you, and pester you with his nonsense, would you find any compensation in the unqualified liberty you speak of? Or did you exult in the lawful privilege which society grants even to a mutual acquaintance, when on a certain occasion your friend broke up a pleasing conversation between, you and your esteemed Lavinia! No, no—Keep up necessary barriers, I say: Here, Mrs, Policy, take a part of my liberty, and in return, guard well the rest.

This private difference with myself amicably adjusted, I was highly gratified on reflecting upon the easy practicability of doing good. Here stood two or three young people, who, instead of abusing absentees, ("for want of subjects of conversation)" were very learnedly criticising what they considered the production of the Pedestrian's fanciful imagination. How much better, thought I, is it to do good than mischief—I owe Mr. Easy many thanks for his obliging readiness to afford a page in his valuable miscellany for the reception of my innocent speculations—and I determined, without waiting to consult Leander, that I would authorize you to give my most respectful thanks to all those good folks who so kindly enquire after, and speak well of me. RARIO.

Mr. Easy,

I have read, with some attention, the essays in your forty-second and forty-third numbers, under the signature of George Gravity, containing some strictures on the ladies; and, an intended retaliation, signed Eliza. Mr. Gravity, who acknowledges himself to be a young man, appears to have taken too hasty, and circumscribed a view, of our ladies, and to have returned disappointed from his survey, because he did not find all the graces, and amiable qualities, with which his own imagination had endowed them. What most struck his attention in a few ladies, he ascribed, as peculiar to the whole, and, thus (I hope without designing it) his well meant observations assumed the complexion of indiscriminate satire. On the other hand, the author of Eliza, or the ladies' advocate, appears to have been equally precipitate, and, not very happy in his mode of defence. To say that the gentlemen are addicted to horse-racing, smoaking segars, and the too free use of brandy and water, is, certainly, no excuse for any foibles to which the fair sex may be subject. To urge that, merchants talk of commerce, young physicians of their profession, and that a divine may occasionally, in company, give good advice, are things by no means absurd, but on the contrary, proper under certain circumstances; and, can form no excuse, or apology, for those ladies, whose ideas never rise beyond the wayward forms of dress, whose eternal prattle, dwells only on the failings of their neighbours and companions.

Writers who bring before the public nothing but indiscriminate censure, or indiscriminate praise of either sex, may find readers to approve of their drawing, but cannot be considered, by good judges, as genuine painters of human nature. In every place and city, where either business or curiosity has carried me, I have met with good and bad men, with amiable and unamiable women, with merchants, divines, physicians, qualified to contribute their part in literary or political conversations; with ladies of refined manners, who could speak of books without pedantry; of matters of science and taste with knowledge

and discrimination; and, when the moment was apt, make the most trivial subjects by their wit and manner, irresistably pleasing, to the most grave and retired.

Your indiscriminate censor would say of the ladies: Formerly, the heads of our fair were composed of piles of curls, cemented together, by powder and pomatum, and, raised by the dexterous friseur, one upon another, by the help of a stepladder; now, their heads have assumed a more natural form, and they are content to turn up their hair with gold-mounted combs, set with pearls.

Formerly, the fair citadel, protected by bishops, or fortified by extensive outworks of double dimity and whalebone, smiled at the attempts of the most magnanimous beaux; now, stripped of these immeasurable defences, and guarded only by a slight muslin or gauze envelope, the trembling fair one, is in constant dread of being obliged to surrender, to the most puny assailant.

Formerly two capacious pockets graced the sides of our ladies; now, instead of these useful appendages to good housewifery, a little bag called a ridicule, is seen suspended by a ribband, from the elbow or wrist, and, like the pendulum of a clock, is in a state of perpetual vibration.

Formerly, morning visits were paid, and the weighty subjects of dress or scandal, discussed without any adventitious aid; now the tongue, must be roused and animated to combat, by large potions of brandy tinged with a little cherry juice, and denominated bounce.

Formerly, the ladies' noses were of as pure a white, as their foreheads; now, a carrot nose is no uncommon sight, made such, by the colorific qualities of Scotch snuff.

Formerly, they were as remarkable for their delicacy, as they are now for its reverse. Formerly, they would have shuddered at hearing an oath; now, it is fashionable for young things, scarce in their teens, to curse and swear like troopers.

Formerly, our fair were accustomed "to meet the sun upon the upland lawn;" now they lie a bed till he has nearly reached his midway-stage. Formerly, the wash-tub and ironing-table, sweeping rooms and making beds, gave firmness to their limbs, and roses to their cheeks; now, indolence and ennui have relaxed their frames and stolen from their cheeks that healthy and beauteous ornament. Formerly, card parties were unknown in the city; now, they are the stated amusement of all classes, from the aged matron, down to the little miss. Formerly, the needle was employed in making shirts, and mending for the family; now, this work is transfered to semtresses and hirelings. Formerly the wives and daughters of our richest merchants, were content with a one-horse chair; now, the daughter of every shopkeeper expects to ride in her chariot. Formerly, besides the Bible, prayer-book and catechism, the family shelves contained, the Religious Courtship, Pilgrims Progress, and Robinson Crusoe; now, instead of these we see in the parlour and bed-chamber, novels

> "Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusions
> And give it false presentments,"*———

with sentiments calculated to seduce virtue; representations to destroy all taste for quiet and domestic life: descriptions to dissolve the soul in licentious languors; and, scenes to kindle in the breast of unsuspecting innocence, voluptuous madness.

Our indiscriminate censor proceeds and gives as little quarter to the young men of his day as to the ladies:

The large bushy sheep's tail, that whilome graced the shoulders of the petit maitre, is succeeded by the tiny pig's tail. The cheek, lately so smooth and sleek, is covered by the portentous whisker, reaching from ear to ear. The short and massy stick has dwindled to the scarce visible switch. The breeches have usurped the place of the waistcoat, while the cape of the coat forms a night cap for half of the head, and a vizor for half of the face. Next behold the shopkeeper, instead of serving his customers, risking his neck in a gig. The apprentice, at the gaming-table, on the race-ground, or in the play-house. The student carousing in a tavern, or held in durance vile, by the watch, for a riot. In a word—neither young nor old, lawyer, divine, merchant, or mechanic, are discovered to be in their proper sphere. All, are where they ought not to be. All, are saying what they ought not to say. All, are doing what they ought not to do. All, are ruining their health, fame, and fortune, precipitating themselves into disgrace, disease, and destruction, with the speed of an arrow, or velocity of a ball from the mouth of a canon.

Now, though I can admit, that there are a few of both sexes, in Baltimore, to whom some of this indiscriminate censure may be applicable, yet it is certain, that it is by no means characteristic of the generality. With some exceptions, the young ladies dress with becoming neatness, and even, in those rare cases, where the wanton stile appears to have been glanced at, as a model, the copy is so corrected and chastened, as to offend, as little as possible, the eye of modesty. The young men also, who neglect for dissipation, gaming, or horse-racing, their studies or business, are few in number, and tradesmen or merchants who excel in the bottle, more than at their business, are not more numerous.

* Milton's Comus.

I shall not affirm that in every instance the education of your young women, destined to be the wives of divines, lawyers, doctors, merchants, tradesmen and mechanics, have been the best calculated, to prepare them for the situation, they will be called upon to fill. No boarding school accomplishments can atone for ignorance in the *science of housewifery*. From the moment a woman becomes a wife, this science is worth all the seven. Without it the graces are useless, French a jargon; the harpsycord sends forth no music; drawing looses its effect; and the most elegant dancing, excites no pleasure. I believe however that this science is sedulously taught, by mothers to their daughters, in most families here, and owing to this circumstance alone, no city in the union can supply more accomplished wives, than Baltimore. And yet, I would not have it understood, that the young ladies, highly as I estimate the science of housewifery, are in no other respect accomplished. Many of those I have conversed with (and I have at different times conversed with most of them) have their memories well stored with geographical and historical knowledge, know as much as they ought of the English classics, are correct in their behaviour, pleasing in their manners, and, not unskilful in the arts of conversation.

I may be wrong, but, I ascribe no small share of their knowledge and taste, to the *City Library*. In this are few books which are not calculated to improve the mind and form the taste. As to novels, generally speaking, those are excluded from its shelves which give a wrong notion of life and happiness; which represent vices as frailties, and frailties as virtues; which engender sentiments of love, unspeakably improper; which overstrain every thing and which tends to debauch the minds of youth and poison their morals; and with a few exceptions, such only admited, as may well be considered, auxiliaries to virtue, and ornaments to literature. I sincerely believe, that this institution has been greatly instrumental, in improving the general taste of the city, and, especially, in giving a proper direction to the studies and reading of that fair portion of it, "*who can make our homes so delightful, when we please them, and, mhen we provoke them, no less uncomfortable.**

MOME.

* See Miss Talbot's letter to a new born infant.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter from a correspondent, (whose essays we always insert with pleasure when we think them such as do justice to the character of the writer) accusing us of "apathy" towards correspondents. "Why (he "says) my last communication has been treated wtth un- "couth discountenance, I am absolutely at a loss to conjec- "ture, and therefore beg, that you will relieve my mind "by a candid and explicit acknowledgement of the fact in "your next number." We *candidly* and *explicitly* acknowledge, that some parts of his essay are far beyond our comprehension; take the following as an instance; speaking of an imprudent wife, fond of gadding and ostentation, who has "*gilted*" and "*defamed*" her husband, the writer of the essay breaks out into this exquisite apostrophe:

"O thou inconsiderate and *ungreatful* woman! source of con- "nubial emulation.—"

From this sample, we think the writer will thank us for neither publishing his essay, nor mentioning his signature in this note; he certainly must acknowledge, that in noticing what we think the defects in his essay at his own pressing request, we "advise him thereof mildly, and not in such satirical terms of criticism and ridicule as *(he says)* has appeared in some of our numbers!"

FORTESQUE No. I is received.

The following beautiful and spirited Ode was inserted about the time it was written in some newspaper, or other ephemeron publication; but we believe there is no printed copy of it now extant. The author of it is since dead, we wish therefore to preserve it from that oblivion which we fear will be the fate of too many of his beautiful poems, unless those who hold the manuscript copies will favour the public by communicating them.

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA.

An Ode—Inscribed to GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON, *on his return to Mount-Vernon—December,* 1783.

Thine all the fame that war bestows—
All that peace can give, be thine!
Far expell'd thy country's foes,
Olives with thy Laurels twine!
Now the work of death is o'er,
Pale ey'd danger quits our shore:
Sheath the sword, unbrace the drum,
See the great deliverer come;
Wake, my bards, your choral lay,
Hallow this auspicious day,
And hail, as freedom's joyful ardours burn
In glory and in peace my Washington's return!

Thus from yonder fleecy cloud,
Streak'd with many a bright'ning ray,
Lifts her grateful voice aloud
The Genius of America.
Smiles adorn her native bloom,
Graceful plays her snow-white plume;
Waving gently o'er her head,
See the starry banner spread:
A golden sickle decks her side,
Her hand a volume, opens wide,
While at her feet a useless quiver flung,
Her arrows all unbarb'd, her mighty bow unstrung.

Exalt, she cries, the plausive strain
To all my heroes great and free,
And chief of all the illustrious train,
Immortal Washington ! to thee.
You heard the trumpet's hostile sound,
You saw the meditated wound ;
And as became the wise and brave
Arose, your country's rights to save ;
Your bosoms throbb'd with new alarms
Instant you sprang to glorious arms ;
By danger undismay'd, unaw'd by death,
On freedom's sacred fane to hang the laurel wreath.

Fair Freedom smiles—the work is done—
The laurel wreath adorns her fane—
By me she greets my Washington
And pays this consecrated strain ;
Nor thou refuse the hallow'd lay
Thy country's genius still shall pay :
For not alone th' ensanguin'd field
Rich harvest of renown shall yeild,
But pleas'd beside thy calm retreat
The civic virtues fix their seat :
While thro' thy groves, and o'er thy chrystal springs,
Contentment still shall smile and honour wave her wings.

Here frequent shall the great and good,
Who made, like thee, mankind their care,
Who tyranny like thee, withstood,
Their happy spirits bid repair ;
Here sages, Heroes, Patriots old,
Shall frequent sacred converse hold
Of arts to grace the rescu'd land,
Of arms, and thy unconquer'd band ;
Here oft thy ravish'd eye shall see
The victim of Thermopylæ ;
And there the chiefs of Marathon's fam'd field
Where freedom's dauntless son's bade slav'ry's million's yield.

There too the Decii's awful forms
Shall glow, with former ardours fir'd ;
For whom e'en death itself had charms
When their lov'd Rome their lives requir'd ;
There the great Fabius, pleas'd shall see
His glories bloom again in thee...
There Cincinnatus joy to lead
Thy steps along the tranquil mead
And all thy arduous labours pass'd,
Bid the rural pleasures taste.
Bid thy dread sword a pruning hook appear
And to a peaceful share, transform thy light'ning spear.

Methinks, e'en now, I view his smiles,
To see thy brave companions claim
The chief reward of all their toils
Distinction from his honour'd name,
And, laid their warlike weapons by,
Again to rustic arts apply.
In contrast strong, there the stern shade
Of Brutus, lifts the reeking blade ;
The name of friend no more avails ;
With unrelenting soul, he hails
The bold assertors of his country's cause...
Lo ! Cæsar prostrate lies, who trampled on the laws.

From where Helvetia's mountains rise
Her Tell shall gratulations bear,
For fled from soft Hesperian skies,
Fair Freedom fix'd her dwelling there.
From Belgium, long contested land,
The Nassaus come, a shining band :
For thee with fond officious care
A victor's wreath their hands prepare.
Like thee, the rage of power they dar'd,
Like thee, their gen'rous breasts they bar'd,
Like thee, asserted Freedom's equal reign,
Threw off a Tyrant's yoke and broke base slavery's chain.

Even from Albion's far fam'd Isle
A virtuous few shall glad repair,
There venerable Locke shall smile
And Hampden love to visit there.
There Sidney hold the free debate
And Russel glory in his fate—
Immortal spirits ! vain the aim
Of Sycophants to blast your fame,
Vain all their deep malignant rage,
Tho' it has blotted learning's page ;
Vain their base arts to prop a tott'ring throne
Their despot's right divine, their " millions made for one."

But who are those that hither haste
Along the bright etherial plain,
With honest wounds each bosom grac'd ?
They are my sons in battle slain.
More than human seem their forms,
Redoubled ardour Warren warms ;
Mercer points to fields afar,
Where first roll'd back the waves of war ;
His Laurels brave Montgom'ry shews
Blooming amid Canadian snows,
And leading on to thee, the glorious train
" Exult," they cry " we have not bled in vain.

What transports swell each gen'rous breast,
What glorious prospects meet their eyes,
In these fair regions of the West,
While they behold an empire rise !
See industry extend her reign
And clothe with harvests every plain ;
See commerce spread her swelling sail
On every tide, to every gale ;
See Science light her morning ray
And lead on intellectual day ;
See justice rear the adamantine throne,
And valour still protect what Washington has won.

Hail Patriot Hero ! meet compeer
Of all the worthies hov'ring round,
Whose plaudits soothe thy raptur'd ear
With more than music's sweetest sound.
Yet not such bliss can they bestow
As thou, my darling son shalt know,
While thou beholdest still these lands
Deriving blessings from thy hands,
The joy supreme, of giving joy,
Thy conscious breast shall still supply ;
While realms which freedom from thy virtue prove,
Shall add to Fame's loud praise a grateful people's love.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

" A little learning is a dangerous thing—
" Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring."

WE consider it somewhat dangerous to sport with such opinions, as are contained in the following essay; but we present it to our readers, in hopes that some one will step forward to rescue *study* from the charge of *servility*. The task we believe will not be difficult. To exalt *genius* we do not consider it necessary that *study* should be humbled. The former seldom attains much splendour, but by the aid of the latter; and we think it ungrateful to degrade, or even to conceal the means, by which we attain eminence. There is a certain grandeur and majesty in genius, to which we are ready to pay due homage: but if to these, are added haughtiness, and a disposition to degrade the industrious, or even the *plodder*, she no longer commands the same respect. Erskine, the first of advocates, has very properly associated GENIUS with some mighty objects, thus:

" It is the nature of every thing that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular; and we must be contented to take them with their alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism; but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom, when it advances in its path; subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks, which are fattened on the soil which they fertilize in the summer: the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish for hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings, and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which, without them, would stagnate into pestilence."*

Genius is the happy gift of a few; the many can only attain the pleasures of learning by toil. Let us therefore encourage the diligent, and cherish his just hopes of distinction. The Editor of the Port-Folio, who leads the van of the American Belles Lettres Corps, calls *Literary Labour* " a coin which, though it does not shine so resplendently, perhaps wears better than genius itself."

Mr. Easy,

The following Essay, which is an attempt to shew the insufficiency of *study alone*, to strengthen the intellect, unfold the genius, or establish the reputation of the votaries of science, was written by an ingenious young gentleman with whom I have long had the pleasure of being acquainted: if you deem it worthy a place in the Companion, please give it an early insertion. B.

" With various readings stor'd, his empty skull
" Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull."

NO man, says the author of the Rambler, ever became great by imitation. With equal propriety it may be advanced, that no man ever became great by constant application. Study diff rs little from imitation. The former implies an attention to the *sentiments* of various authors; the latter to the *manner* of thought and expression of one alone. The task, however, of the im tator is generally considered servile and degrading, while the sedulous applicant is admired for his perseverance and respected for his learning. But if we consider the pernicious effects of the confinement that excessive study requires, and the listless-

* Here we have the singular satisfaction of delighting our readers, by an extract from a law book, and may perhaps induce some of the twigs of the law, more frequently, to open books of that description,

ness and dependance of mind that it produces, we may reasonably disapprove of a practice which destroys all powers of observation and reflection, all strength of understanding and all the ardor of aspiring genius. He who has habituated himself to rely on others for mental nourishment, to receive with unqualified submissive acquiescence the opinions of another, soon loses all desire of exertion, and sinks into a torpid state of helplessness and dependance. His mind becomes passive, slavish and inactive; no longer self-supported, firm and original. The plodder may be compared to the workman who spends all his time and strength in accumulating materials, until age comes on, and deprives him of the power of using them and benefiting by his labour.

The natural weakness of our understanding and the variety of acquirements to be made, render it however necessary that we should improve ourselves by the labours of others. What mind could alone erect the extensive and magnificent systems of science which are now presented to our view. With a little labour the present generation may enjoy the advantages of those truths, for the discovery of which hecatombs were formerly sacrificed, and embrace in a few years the works of the lives of ancient philosophers, as the traveller quickly passes over those roads which thousands with difficulty had made through wildernesses and forests once barren and pathless, over marshes and waters which were before impassable and insecure. It is not however necessary to examine every little improvement in our course, but to take a general survey: not to attend to the work of every meaner laborer, but to consider the designs of the grand architect of the whole. It is not necessary, in the ocean of science, to paddle into every creek and explore the windings of every shore; We must content ourselves with the superficial observation of many things at a distance, and the knowledge of the nature and extent of the sea in which we sail. We must hasten to the end, and there by our exertions, strive to extend its limits for the benefit of those who follow us.

The indolence of mankind produces a fondness of ease and an aversion to exertion. Few are fond of the labour of thought, and the pleasure of enjoying the ideas of another incline us to that fascinating occupation. "To read is heaven." But he who reads incessantly reads in vain. His mind becomes incapable of thought and reflection. Its strength and elasticity is destroyed by the servility of study. All originality is lost; for how can he be original who has no ideas of his own? Learning may indeed be acquired; but what is knowledge without the power of applying it to some useful purpose? Shut up in his closet, the plodding student devotes his time in devouring what he cannot digest, till his mind resembles the workshop of a Tailor, where shreds and patches, rags and pieces, the leavings of his customers lie useless in confusion. By his comments and annotations of old authors, he may perhaps at last get the reputation of a learned man, but certainly he will be considered a dull one. His works will "fall dead from the press." His fame, like his ideas, will be confined to the enclosure of his study, and his library will be the only monument he will leave to posterity of his learning.—The book-worm is a grovelling animal, that always crawls and cannot soar; always digging and buried among rubbish; it cannot stand erect in the open air.

We seldom see Genius stoop to the servility of study. It cannot bear restraint or controul. It is lively, wild and luxuriant; full of fire, vigor and confidence. It "creates and amplifies." Like the bee it seeks for flowers only, that it may extract the honey itself. It does not satiate itself upon the honey which others have made: but only learns from them how to produce it. How can Genius brook confinement, or how can it be confined without injury.

The disadvantages of study are fully illustrated in the observation, that the hardest students have seldom most brightly shone in Literature. Those in fact, who have attracted the most notice in the republic of Letters, were men of the world. Locke, Hume, Bolingbroke, and Swift, were statesmen and politicians. They read much, but read few Books. They recollected the maxim of an intelligent poet: "The proper study of mankind is man." They studied the book of nature, and acquired wisdom. Thus they erected monuments of their talents more durable than brass: while the student on the basis of his book-learning builds a fabric which soon dissolves, and "leaves not a wreck behind."

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE IV.

'Twas on as fine a morning as ever blessed the year, that I accompanied Rario in a visit to the place of his nativity. This jaunt had long been in contemplation, and we now took the earliest opportunity of putting it into effect. The morning blushed indulgent on our expectations.

After clearing the suburbs, we stopped to look back on the city which we had just left—a thick smoak almost hid it from our view—we compared it with the country before us, and felt thankful that we had been blest with dispositions to enjoy the contrast—We soon arrived where,

"The soothed soul to rapture springs,
"And soars sublime on Fancy's wings;
"While caroll hymns salute the ear,
"And beauty flies in swift career."

Every thing around us appeared in unison—the little birds on every bough felt the influence of the scene, and the anthem of gratitude resounded in glory of the great Creator—we will freely enjoy ourselves, said Rario, and as I am pretty well acquainted through the neighborhood, every house will be a home to us—Mrs. F—lives in our way, and there I will introduce you to the lovely EMILY, who will be eager to lead you through all the fairy groves and dells throughout the domain.

It was on this very spot, said Rario, suddenly breaking off, that I had a most curious adventure—which I believe I never told you of—some weeks ago, continued he, having a little business to execute a few miles from hence, as I was passing this thicket I observed a young lady of beautiful appearance walking slowly along, and apparently buried in deep contemplation—indeed so much so, that I passed close to her without being discovered. Her bonnet was drawn so close over her face as not to allow me a sight of it, and indeed at the time, I took little notice of the affair—until having done my errand, and passing the same place, my ears were greeted with the sweetest sounds they ever heard—the strains were melancholy and melodious, and I made out to distinguish these words:

I cull'd for him the sweetest flowers,
And bade him keep them for my sake;
He vow'd he would, and wish'd the powers
Of love, might blast his fairest hours,
If e'er ungenerous he this vow should break.

I listened attentively for sometime, in hopes to hear more, but the singing had ceased. You may well suppose, Leander, that I became interested. I hastened to the farther end of the grove, and had just time to observe the harmonist as she entered the back door of a house, which I will shew you after we have crossed yonder fence. And did you never hear who she was? asked I. No, answered he, I could learn nothing further than that a family had lately moved there from Pennsylvania, but from what part, or who they were, I could not understand. Come, cried he, as we leaped over the fence, I will shew you where the minstrel resides. It was a small building, and so surrounded with oak as just to be perceived from the place where we stood. Rario pointed out a path which he thought would most probably lead us past the back part of the house, and as it would cut off a considerable distance of the road, he should like, he said, provided I would accompany him, to reconoitre the mansion—as he felt an uncommon curiosity to know what kind of people lived there, and whether there was a possibility of becoming acquainted with the fair one who had so charmed him a few weeks before. Will you go, Leander? O yes, answered I, any where you please; for to tell the truth, Mr. Easy, I had from Rario's description, some how, I don't know for what reason, become as anxious as himself, and felt as though I could have walked five miles out of my way for a sight of her.

But Rario, said I, as we were drawing near the house, I should not like them to catch us peeping—nor I neither, said he, but we can be looking at the garden, and should they even see us, our object will never be suspected. This way, said Rario, as she is fond of walking perhaps we *may* find her in the garden. As I live, cried he, flying past me, I hear her now!—Hurrying along as fast as the bushes would let me, I joined Rario, who by this time had got to the palings and was eagerly peeping through them. So you see her? asked I, almost out of breath, and my heart beating violently—see her! repeated he, and turning round, oh heaven!—look for yourself—I did so, and beheld in the object of our pursuit such a face, that I involuntarily exclaimed with Rario, oh heaven! and burst into a loud laugh; which, in spite of me, and the mortified looks of my companion, I could not suppress.

Here ended an adventure as full of disappointment as it was laughable. We waited not to see whether we had been observed, or whether my laughing had been overheard by the rural nymph; but with one consent precipitately steered our course towards the main road. In the name of common sense, cried Rario, who would think that ever voice and features were so contrasted! I'll be hanged, added he, if I would not go any time, five miles out of my way to avoid her—and——

Come, come, said I, interrupting him, you are too hard on the poor girl; you know she had not the fashioning of her own face, or I dare avow it would have been much more pleasing. I should not think so much of it, said Rario, had I not been so woefully disappointed; besides she might have shewn her face when I first saw her, and so saved us all this trouble, which I am certain if known, would render us a laughing stock to all the town—but come, let us forget her and think of Emily, for we are close by the house.

Notwithstanding Rario wished me to forget the subject, I could perceive in him every moment strong inclination to laugh, and frequently interrupted our conversation with "well, who could have thought it." But now Mrs. F's being in view, and having other things to think

of, we soon dropt it entirely, and hastened forward with the most pleasing anticipations.

Rario opened the gate, with all the freedom of an old acquaintance; but no Mrs. F. nor smiling Emily welcomed his approach. We heard the words "not at home, sir," with drooping hearts. Every smile which but a little while before had rested on Rario's countenance disappeared in an instant—where had they gone? and when would they return?—The servant said they had started the day before yesterday, but could not tell when they would be at home, as Miss Emily was unwell, and was going to travel for her health. Well then, replied Rario, I suppose you can give us some refreshment.

Is this not rather free, said I, as we rose up from regaling ourselves over a cold ham, &c. No freer than we would be welcome at all times, answered he; and were Mrs. F. or Emily here, instead of feeling any embarrassment, you would be invited by their smiles to think you had been acquainted with them all your life.

Give my respects to your Mistress and Miss Emily, continued he, turning to the servant, and tell them I will do myself the pleasure of calling on them soon—come Rario, another glass—almost six o'clock, and we have many a mile to walk before we get to our journey's end.

Having again set forward with spirits cheered by refreshment, and our limbs by rest, for a while we obeyed the impulse of our feelings, and gave way to the most extravagant follies. At times we ran at half-speed, or walked slowly along, just as our humours prompted—the loud and vacant laugh, the song and halloo, followed in course, together with every other ridiculous caper we could think of.

We anticipate thy sneer of contempt, cold moralist—and would wish to avert it. Know then, we had but just escaped from the toils of business in a noisy city—our souls were joyful, and our hearts glad—in admiring the beauties of Nature's fair work, we were filled with affection for each other, and with benevolence for every object around us, and expressed our satisfaction in the best manner we could. But as every thing of this nature quickly gives place to something more moderate, we soon relaxed into our former feelings, and began talking over the pleasures yet to come.

Rario dwelt with paricular fondness, on the house, the orchard and fields where he had passed the first days of his life; and promised to shew me, on our arrival at one of the most beautiful spots on Deer Creek. Evening was approaching and the inhabitants of the wood were beginning to seek their accustomed retreat, and to twitter a farewell to departing day.

What a lovely scene! exclaimed Rario, as we were descending into the bosom of a beautiful valley. A towering wood rose on each side—a little branch flowed peacefully on our left, and cheered us with its murmurs—the sun had disappeared behind the hills, and his last beams still lingering in the stream below, discovered a thousand variegated colours on the unruffled surface. It was truly calculated to inspire the most delightful sensations. Seating ourselves upon a jutting eminence, we for a time enjoyed this enchanting picture of creation. Rario observed, that were he to take any place as a description for fairy revelry, it would be this spot—for it appeared indeed as though

Here each night upon the green,
Little elves to sport and play,
By the wandering moon were seen,
Tripping o'er the dewy way.

Night had insensibly stolen on us—we were aroused from our further meditations by the distant sounds of music—the strains were quick and appeared to proceed from different instruments. We arose, and soon gained an apple orchard, on whose border stood a wooden edifice.—Meantime the music grew more distinct and we could hear the sound of many voices—the nearer we approached the more clamorous they became, and frequent bursts of laughter denoted a happy party. Rario thought it could be no intrusion for us to join this assembly of happy mortals, especially when our situation became known to them, and proposed stopping. I jumped into the scheme in a moment—the company consisted of about a dozen lads and lasses, who immediately on our arrival amongst them kindly invited us to join their little circle. Upon our consenting, the timbrel and sprightly violin again awoke the night to musick—songs, dances, blind-man's buff and story telling composed the amusements of the night.—Here were assembled beings of all descriptions—the plain honest farmer, freed from his harvest-field garb and dressed in his best Sunday clothes, was seen enjoying his youthful days anew, and dispensing his innocent jokes to many a merry listener. The good-natured dame too trigg'd out in her cleanest cap and gown, was telling over the sport of former days, when she was alike young and mirthful. The blooming lass, healthful and elegant, the wishing yet timid swain of raw nineteen, languishing and fearful of offending, yet attentive to every movement of the fair one, while the bashful maiden, unconscious of his flame, alike suppress the feelings of her heart.

We were soon surrounded by old and young and bid to

select partners for the next set—Rario quickly supplied himself—as for me, I stood awkward enough—come young man, said the old lady, addressing me, don't you see they are waiting for you?—my dear madam, said I, I am extremely sorry that I cannot be a partner in this kind of amusement, but the truth of it is I cannot dance. Not dance! was vociferated from every mouth, while each seemed to wait with impatience for a contradiction of my assertion—I was mortified at being ob iged to make this confession, and felt no way relieved at the rapeated titterings of some of the girls, who with Rario, I could not he p thinking appeared to enjoy my distress. However I plainly told them, which was the truth, that I had been so dull a pupil, as never to learn the art, and that I should only spoil their sport by attempting it now. This pacified them, and they once more resumed their glee.

Upon enquiry, we found there had been a wedding among them that evening, and that Philemon and his Miranda were at length made happy with each other—they had long loved, but from the poverty of the former, it had been doubted whether a union would ever take place, as old B—, the uncle and guardian of Miranda, was decided in his resolution of never suffering his niece to marry a "b ggar," as he stiled him, and although fortune had once smiled upon his family, yet that only made his objection the stronger, for he thought as the parents had been extravagant, the son, who had shared in it, was as likely to become so, and until he could bring the girl something more than a name, determined never to consent to their marriage. Death however had stepped in and freed them from all persecutions in this way—As soon therefore as decency would permit, they left the old gentleman to slumber quietly in his grave, and without any more delay the fair Miranda, rewarded with her hand and little property, the long suffering swain of her first affection. The young couple appeared quite happy, and as is generally the case with those who have already made their fortunes, advised the boys and girls to follow their example. We received an invitation to dinner the next day, which we had to decline, and thanking them all for the civilities shewn us, took our leave, and continued our journey.

LEANDER.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

The storm grew more & more impetuous, & I now began, for the first time, seriously to repent my having valued the old woman's wholesome advice so slightily. She had earnestly requested that I would not attempt to cross the stupendous mountains, upon whose barren heaths I now wandered in doubt and painful uncertainty, at least until I could have the light of day to assist me in my toilsome route.

But I was now too far on my way to think of returning, and, indeed, had I been so inclined, I was not able to trace back my footsteps through the darksome night.

The moon's pale lustre feintly streamed through transient openings in the heavy clouds, that thickened from the north, and rolled over the heaving billows of the ocean, which undulated its black expanse into the deep gloom upon my right, through which ever and anon, glared the quivering flame of far distant lightening, while the hoarse rumbling of remote thunder, growled in triumph over trembling nature.

The storm rolled onward, and the furious whirlwind raved amongst the forest oaks, and hurled aloft their mighty arms. The black pines that crowned the mountain's towering height with sable plumes, nodded o'er the rocks below, and frowned terrific on the gloomy scene.

Alone, and surrounded by contending elements, that seemed to convulse heaven and earth, I urged my steed to his utmost speed, and soon found myself upon the summit of a very lofty mountain, around which the northern blast blew fiercely keen, and whistled o'er the barren heath.

I was now upon one of the loftiest mountains of the Highlands of Scotland, and so gradual had been my ascent, that I was astonished to find myself suddenly elevated high above the dreadful storms which howled far below my feet, and exhibited a spectacle awfully sublime.

Above my head was a clear, but deep azure, bespangled with a countless multitude of stars, while amidst them all, the silver orb, that cheers the lonely traveller on his way, or lends her wan lustre to melting lovers, rolled in solemn majesty, proudly eminent. Far below my feet appeared a boundless chaos, that seemed to rend and tear the earth with horrid fury. It seemed as if I alone was to escape the hideous ruin of the universe, and was preserved by Almighty power to witness the final destruction of the world. The thunder appeared to rend the poles, and split the solid earth. The lightning, in streams of living fire, shot along the black bed of sulphureous clouds, and quivered through the lurid air, while an howling whirlwind drove furious from the north.

I had been so powerfully struck by the awful scene around me, that I had mistaken the road I was to pursue, and was now a benighted traveller upon a vast and trackless waste, without the appearance of any object to break

the dead sameness of the dreary prospect, or guide my search.

As I stood in a thoughtful mood, unknowing what to do, I imagined I beheld the tall figure of a man stalking along through the obscure distance, by the edge of a terrible precipice.

I immediately proceeded towards him, and as I drew near, he appeared suddenly to awake from a reverie, and making a dead stand, called out in a loud, commanding, yet sonorous voice, 'Who art thou, wanderer of the night? that dares the inclemency of the northren storms at this dread hour, and steals along the lofty mountain's brow?' 'A benighted traveller,' I replied, 'who has had the misfortune to lose his way, amid the darkness of the storm, and who is now searching for an habitation during the night.

The stranger immediately drew near, and in the most courteous manner offered me his assistance, in conducting me down the steep of the mountain, to a small village that was situated in the valley below, where he said I should, most probably, be able to meet with accommodation at the little inn it contained; and should I be disappointed in that particular, he very kindly offered me a lodging in his own habitation, which was not far distant, provided I could put up with the poverty of his accomodation.

Having thanked him, in the warmest manner I was able, we proceeded down a narrow path that led to the valley below, and in a short time arrived at the village he had mentioned, and was soon directed to the little ale-house it boasted of as an inn.

I had no sooner informed the landlady that I whished for a bed, than she replied that the only spare one in her house had been previously engaged by a young officer, who sat in a small adjoining room, into which I was immediately conducted, followed by the stranger who had relieved me from the horrors of an exposure to the inclement night.

By the side of a cheerfully blazing fire, sat a genteel looking young man, in the uniform of an Highland grenadier, who rose on my entrance, and with all that warmth of genuine hospitality, for which the Highlanders of Scotland, even to the lowest orders, are so justly distinguished, begged I would not remove from the inn that night, as I was perfectly welcome to the use of his bed. But this generous offer I as positively refused as he insisted upon; 'till at length we could agree in no other manner, than a mutual resolution to spend the remainder of the night (which was now very far advanced) in the apartment in which we then were, and over a cheerful fire, pass away that time in interesting conversation, which nature required to be employed in sleep.

I had now, for the first time, an opportunity of viewing the person and dress of the courteous stranger, whom I had met with in so extraordinary a manner; and never have I seen one in whom I felt so much interested upon the first sight.

He was very tall, of a commanding, and most exquisitely proportioned figure, that appeared no less elegant than vigorously robust, uniting great activity to uncommon muscular power. His hair was thick, black, and curling and so were his broad horizontal brows, that finely contrasted with the snowy whiteness of an expansive forehead. His large dark eyes flashed the keen fire of a vehement imagination, that seemed to be without bounds and without measure, but at times their black lustre melted into a softness of melancholy expression, whose meaning no words can convey. The rest of his features were in perfect harmony with those I have described, and a general expression of uncontroulable independence and uncommon mental power, spoke in every look and every gesture.

His dress was so extremely singular that I cannot pass it over in silence.

Upon his head he wore a large cap, made of fox's skins, from the top of which suspended a plume composed of the tails of those animals. Over a piece of black taffety, that surrounded his neck, appeared part of a check shirt, of very coarse cloth. He wore a short loose kind of jerkin, together with a waistcoat made of strong leather, which he afterwards assured me he had worn for many years, and had no doubt but that it would serve him in the capacity of a coat, for the remainder of his life. His trowsers were composed of the same durable materials, and upon his legs and feet he wore a pair of immense boots, having wide loose tops that turned downwards. Over his shoulders was cast a broad belt of untanned leather, from which was suspended a hugh claymore, or Highland broad-sword.

Such was the singular garb of this interesting stranger, for whom I already felt so strong an attachment, that I ardently wished to learn his history; and I was not a little delighted, when he stepped forwards, and in the most polite terms, begged he might have the pleasure of remaining in our company during the night, not only from the motive that he might, in some degree, assist in alleviating the tedious hours we had to pass away before the morn, but he assured us that he so seldom met with any persons, in those wild regions, with whom he could hold any kind of converse, that nothing could give him greater pleasure

than an opportunity of passing a few hours in our company.

The young officer was not less eager than myself to testify our pleasure at this proposal, and having informed our hostess that we should not require her bed, and ordered into our apartment plenty of fire-wood, and good store of provisions, we surrounded the fire, and became so mutually pleased with each other, that the stranger, at my very earnest entreaty, consented to relate the principal incidents of his life; although he assured me, that he fervently wished the waters of oblivion could wash away all remembrance of the events of his past life, and wipe away scenes he could not bear to contemplate, without feeling an enimity toward all mankind, & hate that existence, which was given him to be as a blessing to himself and his fellow-creatures, but a cruel fate had ordained it otherwise, and he bowed down to its decrees.

The stranger then commenced the narration of his life in the following words. *(To be continued.)*

OF THE LATE MR. MALLET.

Among words which, in their present acceptation, are far remote from their original and rigid meaning, none perhaps are more striking than Deism and Freethinking. The former, which, in its strict import, signifies nothing more than a belief in the existence of the Deity, in opposition to Atheism, is now universally understood of all persons who reject the Christian revelation; and the word Freethinking, which should convey the idea of a man of a liberal and ingenuous disposition, free from vulgar prejudices and unmanly bigotry, and investigating truth with virtuous views and a deep veneration of the Supreme Being, is now commonly appropriated to those persons who, from a love of singularity, and affectation of superior understanding, or innate malignity of mind, would combat truths the most universally received and revered in all ages and in all countries, and would dissolve those sacred ties by which society is united, and destroy those hopes of immortality which God has given, as incentives to virtue, and the best security of our happiness here and hereafter.

An anecdote of the late Mr. Mallet affords a remarkable instance of the truth of this observation, and cannot fail to convey some useful advice. This gentleman was a great Freethinker, and a very free speaker of his free thoughts. He made no scruple to disseminate his opinions wherever he could introduce them. At his own table, the lady of the house, who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions, would often, in the warmth of argument, say,—"Sir, we Deists."

The lecture upon the *non credenda* of the Free-thinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness that the inferior domestics became soon as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at the table, being thoroughly convinced, that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate.—Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his prey to his master's house, who examined him before some select friends. At first, the man was sullen, and would answer no questions: but, being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said,—"I had heard you "so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and "that after death there was no reward for virtue, nor pun-"ishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the rob-"bery."—"Well; but you rascal," replied Mallat, "had you no fear of the gallows?"—"Sir" said the fellow, looking sternly at his master, "what is that to you, "if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed "my greatest terror; why should I fear the least?

A FAIR PREFERENCE.

A grandee of Spain handing some refreshments to a circle of ladies, observed one with a most brilliant ring, and was rude enough to say in her hearing, "I should prefer the *ring* to the hand."—"And I" said the lady (looking stedfastly at the glittering order suspended to the Don's neck) "should prefer the *collar* to the *beast*."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of Fortesque has sent his first number in such an unfinished state, that we are at a loss what to determine respecting it, until we receive some more numbers, sufficient to enable us to judge of the author's intention; at present we cannot perceive either the propriety or humour of stopping in the middle of a sentence.

But what shall we say to TYRO, who has imposed on us his address *to Sally's lips*, copied from a Magazine, as original? Convinced as he is that *we know him*, that we had reason to expect from him very different conduct—For tho' we are always thankful to those who take the trouble to copy and send us judicious selections, we must consider the attempt to impose them on us as original, trifling and puerile.

SINGULAR is received.

TRANSLATION.

When friendship yields to stronger love
Our *peace* on earth is ever fled ;
When friendship yields to stronger love,
Our joys are number'd with the dead.

Beware lest hapless passion move,
Nor by soft sympathy be led ;
When friendship yields to stronger love
Our joys are number'd with the dead.

When love to sacred friendship yields,
The *charm* of life is ever fled ;
When love to sacred friendship yields,
So dull ev'n life itself seems dead.

Esteem in vain and honours bed
The hero urge to glory's fields ;
The *charm* of life is ever fled,
When love to sacred friendship yields.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PORTER.

You, to whose care I've now consign'd
My house's entrance, caution use,
While you discharge your trust ; and mind
Whom you admit, and whom refuse.

Let no fierce passions enter here—
Passions the raging breast that storm—
Nor scornful Pride, nor servile Fear,
Nor Hate, nor Envy's pallid form.

Should Av'rice call, you'll let her know,
Of heap'd up riches I've no store :
And that she has no right to go
Where Plutus has not been before.

Lo ! on a visit hither bent,
High plum'd Ambition stalks about ;
But should he enter---sweet Content
Will give me warning---shut him out.

Perhaps the Muse may pass this way---
And tho' full oft I've bent the knee,
And long invok'd her magic sway,
Smit with the love of harmony :

Alone tho' she might please ; yet still
I know she'll with Ambition come ;
With lust of fame my heart she'll fill ;
She'll break my rest---I'm not at home.

There is a rascal, old and hideous,
Who oft (and sometimes not in vain)
Close at my gate has watch'd assiduous,
In hopes he might admittance gain---

His name is Care---if he should call,
Quick out of doors with vigour throw him ;
And tell the miscreant, once for all,
I know him not---I ne'er will know him.

Perhaps then, Bacchus, foe to Care,
May think he'll sure my favour win---
His promises of joy are fair,
But false---You must not let him in.

But welcome that sweet power, on whom
The young Desires attendant move :
Still flush'd with beauty's vernal bloom,
Parent of bliss, the Queen of Love...

O ! you will know her ! She has stole
The lustre of my Delia's eye...
Admit her—hail her—for my soul
Breathes double life when she is nigh.

If then stern Wisdom, at my gate
Should knock, with all her formal train,
Tell her I'm busy...She may wait ;
Or, if she chooses...call again.

THE BEAU AND THE BEDLAMITE.

A Patient in Bedlam, that did pretty well,
Was permitted some times to go out of his Cell :
One day when they gave him that freedom, he 'spied
A beauish young spark with a sword by his side,
With a huge silver hilt, and a scabbard for steel,
That swung at due length from his hip to his heel.
When he saw him advance on the gallery ground,
The Bedlamite ran and survey'd him all round ;
While a Waiter suppress the young Captain's alarm,
With..." You need not to fear, sir, he'll do you no harm."
At last he broke out..." Aye, a very fine show ;
" May I ask you one question ?" " What's that ?" said the Beau.
" Pray, what's that long dangling and cumbersome thing,
" That you seem to be tied to with ribbon and string ?
" Why, that is my sword sir,"..." And what's it to do?
" Kill my enemies, master, by running them through ;
" Kill your enemies !...Kill a fool's head of your own,
" They'll die of themselves, if you'll let them alone."

EPIGRAM.

To heal the wound a Bee had made
Upon my Delia's face,
Its honey to the part she laid,
And bade me kiss the place ;
Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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BY THE EASY CLUB.

WE consider the subject of the following letter interesting. It shall be presented to Mr. Easy immediately on his return to the city, and, we have no doubt, will command his earliest attention. Meantime we would advise our friend Peter to confine himself to the five-penny tables, as we cannot promise him immediate relief. We admire his candour. There are many Pigeons in a much more distressing situation than Peter, who are plucked daily, but who have not the sense to discover that they are Pigeons. We must endeavour to open the eyes of some of those dupes; they require more serious consideration than Peter, or his family.

Mr. Easy,

THE country is now deserted, and the votaries of pleasure again crowd the metropolis, eager to run their giddy round of thoughtless gaiety. The meads are no longer verdant, and the piercing air inclines us rather to seek a shelter than a shade. It behoves you, sir, as the guardian of the morals of the town, to take care that our amusements be lawfull, and such as may exhilerate and relax, but not debauch the mind. It is incumbent upon you to prohibit in the most peremptory manner, all games that may endanger the morals or corrupt the heart. I am not so carried away by the rage of innovation, as to wish you to pull down, before you are prepared to build up; I would therefore advise you not to lay an absolute interdiction upon the fashionable ways of killing time, until you have substituted something in their place. Besides, there are stronger reasons for the delay of this interdiction than the mere want of amusement. It will be absolutely necessary to give some notice of your intention to put an end to *card-playing*, if this should be your pleasure, lest some of the loo-gentry should be deprived of a principal mean of supplying pocket-money. Let them therefore have time to seek some fairer game to provide for the wants of the winter. Cornelius Scriblerus informs us that "the Ly-"dians invented play as a remedy against hunger; and "that Sophocles says of Palamedes, that he invented dice "to serve sometimes instead of a dinner." But I am doubtful whether the stomachs of our modern gamesters would be so easily satisfied; you must therefore let them have the advantage of a bet with the game, for by this they will be enabled to supply more substantial food than play.

I shall only insist upon this toleration for a short time, lest sudden innovation should be attended with disastrous consequences. But when you have taken this subject into your serious consideration, and given due notice of your intention, I shall expect from you, as your bounden duty, to issue your proclamation against all games for money. Their immoral tendency is pretty generally admitted, and is even acknowledged by some of those who are most eager at play. As such they must fall under your high displeasure. Indeed if they were not immoral they are at least inconvenient, and too expensive for the means of many fashionable people. Several husbands who have light purses and imprudent wives, have informed me, that they intend to assume a little authority this season, and to insist that the fruits of their industry shall be applied to the education of their children, instead of being scandalously dissipated at the card-table.

I shall expect to hear from you shortly on this subject. It certainly requires serious animadversion. I trust, sir, that your fertile genius will be able to supply something equally amusing, and less expensive. In the mean time, I with my family, who are totally ignorant of the

arts of the game of loo, who never entered into any copartnerships, and are entirely unacquainted with the significancy of looks, nods and winks, must submit to be plucked. I give you my honour, Mr. Easy, I have received but two touches on the toe since I first played: the first was purely accidental, and the second was intended for the toe of another person.

Your's truly,

PETER PIGEON.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE IV.

(Concluded from page 389.)

After an absence of nine years, said Rario, as the well known scenes of infancy gradually opened to his view; after an absence of nine years, how well each spot is remembered. With what sensations do I tread these fields!

I was sensible of the nature of Rario's feelings, and respected them accordingly. Well this is just as I could wish it, added he, as upon coming up to the house, we found it to be uninhabited; and here is a sweet reception I little expected to find; that of viewing these reverend walls without interruption. Now had this house been occupied by many a one, and I had been known to the family, I should have been pestered with a thousand impertinent questions. O there is nothing I hate so much as a conversation of this kind, and yet there are people who would compel you into it if it were for nothing but to mortify you. I speak of those pretenders to gentility who have accidentally got above board in the world as the saying is, and who, were it not from a desire to shew themselves, would rather see you up to your neck in a mill-pond, than entering their house. It is to this wish we often owe the condescensions of the great, continued Rario; for notwithstanding they would scorn to speak to yo in some particular places, yet at home, and where no one observes their familiarity, they are all communication—they will tell you of the vast expence they are at every year in their family—how many hundred dollars it cost them to make such and such improvements—how they have made paradises of deserts, and run far above their neighbours in all their plans. They will then ask you how *you* are coming on? whether your father's affairs are in any better standing; and conclude as though they pitied you—Ah poor man I always thought so—he never did as he ought—had he taken advice, and managed matters as I have done, he might now hold up his head with the best of them. In short, I hate them all, and pray heaven I may have nothing to do with them, much less to bear with their impertinence.

Rario had hurried himself beyond his usual bounds; and now as suddenly relaxed into the deepest melancholy—Here, Leander, cried he, is the very room which received the first breath of your friend—here as I trotted by the side of my much loved mother, how unconscious was this young heart to the various miseries attached to its being!—Then I was blest with every indulgence—each want was supplied ere I knew of its existence.————Kind sisters, and good brothers, too, once trod these floors—now—

The heart of Rario was full. I had no inclination to interrupt the pause, and we found ourselves without speaking at the farthermost end of the orchard. Here for the first time, my friend found that many alterations had taken place since he had lived there. The worm fence had been torn down and one of stone put in its room—several of the largest cherry trees had disappeared and left nothing but their stumps to tell they had once been. A flourishing garden, where the rose and tulip had once bloomed in vernal beauty, we beheld converted into a potatoe and melon patch!—not a vestage of its former pride remaining. Rario pointed out the spot where his favorite cherry tree grew, and proceeded to describe it: Having a remarkable spreading top, said he, we once erected a summer house in it, and many a rail have I panted under to forward its completion. Never shall I forget the happy hours spent in this tree. I remember it was then the favourite resort to all the young people in the neighbourhood. Alas! how altered, and what——he was interrupted by the approach of a third person, one whom Rario introduced to me as the schoolmaster of the neighbouring village.

My friend, among many other enquiries, asked him who had last occupied this farm. The old man sighed as he answered, Mr. D. Poor man, continued he, misfortune pressed heavily on him in his last days—

But what do you tell me? interrupted Rario, Mr. D. dead!—ah good old friend!——but he said not half what he felt—the tear of sensibility clouded his eye, as he raised it to the face of the schoolmaster, as much as to say, go on, sir—tell me all about him. Yes, he lived there last, continued our informer, and many a hard day did he see of it. For the last year of his life a rheumatism confined him almost constantly to his house; & having no one to look to his affairs they soon went to wreck—his rent became due without a possibility of paying it—he stated his situation in the most pathetic terms and begged for the indulgence of another year—but deaf to the voice of misery, and dead

to every feeling of humanity, his unpitying landlord refused compliance—his cattle were seized upon and sold for half their value—the house was stripped of every thing and knocked off to the highest bidder, and the wretched inhabitants turned out of doors,

"To seek a shelter in an humbler shed."

In this truly distressed situation all that remained was to do the best he could—accordingly he removed to a little hut about a mile from hence, where about six weeks ago, he bid farewell to the world and all his troubles together. Poor man! sighed Rario, as the schoolmaster concluded, at length, then, thou art at rest—thy fate was indeed severe, and thy sufferings many—but thou art now in that quiet home, where the cruel frowns of the rich cannot reach thee; and where sickness and sorrow never dwell. When Fortune smiled upon thee, every one was thy friend—thou hadst favours upon favours pressed upon thy acceptance, with the flattering words of "it does us good to serve you"—but when thou wast in need of assistance—when sickness overtook thee, and want stared in at thy door, where were then those friends, whom it had once gave pleasure to oblige thee?

After a pause he continued—but this is the way of the world. I remember when Mr. D. was counted wealthy. He was then generous to an extreme, and to his humanity there was no bounds—many an aching heart have I known him to send rejoicing from his door—and after all these things, to die bereft of the common necessaries of life—unfriended and in want——alas!

As Rario had visited this place from no other motive than to view once more the green hill of his nativity; and to take perhaps a last farewell of the scenes of early life; he now proposed returning home, as he said the unfortunate conclusion of the life of Mr. D. whom he had respected almost as a father, had fixed itself so on his mind as to leave nothing but melancholy reflections. In passing through the orchard every tree, continued he, has the appearance of an old friend and reminds me that under their shade I have passed the happiest moments of my life—yet a little longer, he added, turning round and looking towards the house, would I linger near thy threshold! Farewell then, dear native scenes of many a juvenile hour!—Ye hills and plains, witnesses to many a sportive summer's day, farewell!

The schoolmaster had taken leave of us immediately on concluding his little narative, so that we had no one to interrupt us as we traced back in the most solemn silence, thr road that had first led us to this spot. We had proceeded nearly three miles on our way ere either of us attempted to interrupt the pause. Rario at length broke silence, by telling me he meant to take Mrs. F's in our way home, as that lady would probably return by the time of our arrival, or should it be otherwise we would proceed on to Baltimore.

It was drawing towards evening as we again approached the dwelling of Mrs. F. The door was hardly open before Rario found himself in the arms of this good lady. I received the smile of welcome. My friend's wandering eye soon found a vacancy. Where is Emily? asked he. Mrs. F. burst into tears—Good God! said Rario, what has happened?—Alas, my poor child! said she, still weeping, must I ever see thee thus wretched!—Rario grew alarmed and approaching her, begged to be made acquainted with the cause of her tears. My poor Emily, replied Mrs. F. will never be happy again—at least not in this world. She had scarcely spoken when the door of an adjoining apartment opened, and a young and lovely girl approached us. Rario flew to meet her—she started, and with a smile advanced towards him, and then as if disappointed, again sunk into melancholy. Do you not know me? asked Rario, mournfully: know you? replied she, raising her head and regarding him stedfastly a moment—no—I do not know you!—Wretched Emily! thy peace had flown forever.

Emily F. had once been happy, gay and beautiful; she had attracted the notice of many. Among the rest was a young man whom I shall call Moreland, possessing a handsome person & an insinuating address, it was not long ere he discovered the sentiments with which he had inspired her. Unhackneyed in art, reserve became a burthen, and while listening to his protestations of constancy and affection, with the most artless simplicity confessed her partiality. From this moment her soul felt new existence and she already conceived herself the happiest of beings—a month had nearly rolled away, at the end of which Emily was to be a wife. Alas! how often are our happiest prospects blasted—the joyful day was appointed, and Moreland took leave in order, as he said, to apprize his family of the alteration about to take place in his affairs. The time arrived on which he was to appear, but he came not—a week passed away without bringing him. Meanwhile the wretched Emily gave herself up to the most poignant grief—she was ready to dread every thing except his perfidy, and that she could not believe. The distressing situation of her daughter now determined Mrs. F. to make some enquiry concerning the fugitive. Emily saw the messenger depart with a tearful eye. On the following day he returned, with the account of More-

land's marriage to another, to whom he had long been engaged! With caution they informed the deluded girl, and in the most tender manner, strove to sooth her grief: it was not violent, but of that slow kind which ever proves lasting. Supposing that change of scene might probably

"Minister to a mind diseas'd, or
"Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,"

Mrs. F. had commenced a journey long in contemplation; but on the second day after leaving home Emily was so much worse that she was obliged to return.

We had now been in this family nearly a week, during which time Emily daily declined in health and spirits—the rose had ceased to bloom on her once florid complexion—solitude became the only charm, and to that she daily retired. At the foot of the garden, and nearly concealed by bushes, was a little summer-house. Emily was fondly attached to this spot—it had witnessed the first sports of her life, and in it she had enjoyed a thousand pleasures. It had likewise been witness to the many vows of the perfidious Moreland—that fiend who had crept into this garden of peace, and blighted so prematurely the fairest of all its flowers, the lovely Emily F. It was in this place that we beheld her one evening in all the wretchedness possible to imagine. Alas! how altered—pale in grief was that face, at whose approach the heart of every swain had been wont to throb—the heavenly smiles which once adorned it were fled forever. She was indulging her sorrow, unsuspecting of any beholder. "O! how could you," she cried, "cruel Henry, thus use a too fond and believing girl?—How faithfully he promised—that the heaven he appealed to, can witness, and yet he has left me, and left me to be miserable!——wretched Emily! what hast thou left to console thee—my poor mother too—how my unhappiness wounds her affectionate heart—daily does she beseech me to forget him, but oh!"——

The reflection was agonizing—her voice failed her—she clasped her hands together, and raising her eyes to heaven, "may he be forgiven," exclaimed she, "and never feel the pangs he has made me suffer." Presently she became more calm—she smiled, and taking from her pocket a paper, in a strain of wild melancholy proceeded to sing—

The rose, whose scatter'd leaves lie there,
Was once the garden's pride;
A litle while it flourish'd fair,
But soon it droop'd and died!

How true an emblem this, of me,
Then why should I not grieve?

O Henry! if but bless'd with thee,
How sweet for thee to live!

But ah he's gone! and I no more
Shall meet him in the grove;
Adieu, false youth—forever more,
Farewell! farewell, my love!

Rario could bear this scene no longer, with a sorrowing heart, he led the distracted mourner from the garden. This night she complained of a fever, and soon retired. Before the morning we were called on by Mrs. F. who with tears in her eyes informed us that the child of her heart, would in a few moments be no more! we were led to the room of the dying Emily—there on the bed from which with life she was never more to rise, lay the faded form of the lovely Miss F. She appeared quite calm, and a few fleeting minutes soon wafted her gentle spirit where storms assail no more!

I need not tell you of Rario's affliction. In this house of woe we did not remain long. After bidding farewell to the broken-hearted Mrs. F. and paying a last sad visit to the grave of the hapless Emily, we in silence took the road which led to Baltimore. LEANDER.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 391.)

In me you behold the younger son of the eldest branch, of a very ancient and highly honourable family, who, through a long succession of ages, have proved themselves worthy of their name, and of their country.

I am descended from Scotch ancestry, and was born upon the family estate, which lies in the north-western Highlands. Although my parents were distinguished for the possession of every virtue that can adorn human nature, and respected for great and uncommon mental endowments, I shall not call your attention to the events of their lives, nor trouble you with a history of their characters, because such a relation could have no material connection with those peculiar circumstances of my life, which have concurred to drive me for ever from the society of my fellow-creatures; and taught me how to derive happiness from an abode in the wildest recesses of nature, where I can contemplate the infinity of her God, uncontaminated by the vanities of man; and enjoy a train of lofty thoughts, inspired by the sublime objects with which I am every where surrounded, which my mind could never have attained amidst the tumult, the uproar, and the jostling of the vast mob of society.

The state of infancy seldom allows of extraordinary or

even interesting events to an unconcerned fellow-being.—My childhood was passed under the fostering care of a fondly beloved mother, and evinced no remarkable circumstances, unless I except the uncommon impetuosity of my passions; which, even in the earliest state of my infancy, refused all manner of controul; and as it was my fortune to be the favourite offspring of one of my parents, I had full opportunity of convincing all those within my own immediate circle, that I would never bow down to any authority but that which I conceived to be just. This unlimited power, which I have hitherto possessed, has had various effects upon my character, at different periods or stages of my life.

During childhood it made me mischievous, headstrong, petulent, authoritative, and very desperate in all my undertakings or adventures. At this period of my life, I despised with equal contempt, the advice or the controul of any human being.

But as my days increased in number, and my years became more advanced, that reason which God has bountifully bestowed upon all the sons and daughters of men, began to dawn upon the darkness that 'till then had dwelt upon the uncultivated garden of my mind, and like the morning star, that glimmering in the east, dispels the vaporous clouds of night, and with beaming lustre proclaims the glorious birth of day, so with equal radiance fired, the bright influence of reason, dispelled the darkness of ignorance, that 'till then had occupied my mind.

I now began to observe the effects of unbridled passions upon society. I found a necessity to controul them, and render them amenable to the will and power of reason, that they might be properly regulated so as to produce good instead of harm to those of my fellow-creatures with whom I was connected, or held an immediate commerce with.

Perceiving that almost all the evils, under which mankind laboured, originated from this cause, I immediately set about a reformation in my own character, and began to check the impetuosity of those passions which I had, hitherto, suffered to take their own course, to the great injury of my education; and by daily and determined efforts, I soon found myself capable of governing them, and directing them so as to produce great benefit to myself, instead of hurrying me into my former excesses; and I so far overcame my irrascibility of temper, that I was soon considered to possess one of the best and most equal of dispositions.

I mention this circumstance, (which *some* may deem insignificant) to shew that perseverence will finally accomplish the greatest apparent difficulties. I have many times (during that period of my life, when I was engaged amongst the public croud of society), heard persons declare that it is impossible to conquer irratibility of temper. This assertion is absurd, and ill-founded. The most irritable disposition can be rendered mild and placid by strength of mind, applied with all its force against the influence of those trifling and adventitious circumstances, that continually occur in life to vex and teaze mankind; I mean those painful realities of life, which relate to the means as well as the happiness of his existence, for sure no other circumstances are of sufficient influence to ruffle a man's temper.

If a man, possessing great natural abilities, who has unfortunately indulged the irratibility of his temper, until his peace of mind is perpetually disturbed by the most trifling circumstances, will only exert that degree of mental power, which nature has blessed him with, against every impression that can weaken it, he will find himself gradually rising above the influence of all the petty and trifling accidents of life; which I consider all those to be that do not tend towards the perfectability of the human mind.

It has often given me much pain to see very highly-gifted men suffer themselves to be carried away by their passion, and consequently guilty of follies and crimes, which their cool hours of reason have afterwards so justly condemned, when with so small an exertion of their minds, they might triumph over such a despicable weakness.

It was at a very early period of my life that I began to perceive the great weight and consequence which a man derived from the cultivation of his mind. I soon found that knowledge was the only permanent power a man could obtain. Riches, indeed, I saw had an astonishing influence upon the general condition of society. Emerging from the shade of my paternal roof, under which I had been taught that merit was the only standard by which a man's worth, or excellence, should be adjudged, I very naturally supposed that those who had the greatest general influence in society, were the most meritorious for mental endowments or accomplishments; but I was soon most miserably mistaken. I found myself spurned and looked upon contemptuously by persons who were proud, ignorant, and in every respect but one, my inferiors, from the accidental circumstance that they were in the possession of a few more guineas than myself. The existence of such folly and injustice amongst a people who made a boast of their peculiarly enlightened age, gave me poignant an-

guish, and sowed the first seeds of disgust, for what is termed a worldly life, in my mind.

Since almost every human being seems to allow that mental power, raised upon a strictly virtuous foundation, is alone worthy of distinguished praise; it appears strange to me that men should be valued for ther superabundant wealth, when that wealth is employed entirely for the support of false wants, lawful vice, or destructive luxury. Did every man who is in possession of more riches than he can usefully employ for his necessities, aid those of his fellow-creatures who were in distress, or who required a small sum to forward their means of existence, he would then indeed be worthy of praise and honour; even though his mind was not highly cultivated. And this mode of employing superabundant wealth can alone render the possessor respectable in the sight of every good and great man in this world, and insure him eternal bliss hereafter.

Notwithstanding I found the influence of wealth was amazingly powerful and extensive upon society, as it is at present organized, I perceived that knowledge was yet, and ever must be, the only power that could not be affected by adventitious circumstances, and which alone could extend its influence to after-ages, even unto all eternity.

I soon perceived that a handful of highly intellectual men, supported and wielded all the nations of the world, and led the rest of their species by the nose, or directed them in what manner they thought proper, making them submit, upon all occasions, to the laws which they had formed; and, in fact, making use of all the human species according to their own will.

All that I saw, and all that I read, inflamed my ardent imagination with the love of learning, and being determined to perfect my education by all the advantages I could obtain, I solicited my father to send me to the university of Cambridge, where I remained until my twenty-first year. Having, during my abode there, perfected myself in the mathematics and the classics, I was now considered as a most excellent scholar, by all the students and professors of the various colleges, and my fame spread abroad with great rapidity.

Finding that I should not gain more by a longer stay at Cambridge, than I could now obtain by study at home, I took my final leave of the university, in which I had laid such a noble ground-work for a compleat education, and returned to my paternal roof.

I was no sooner re-established in my father's house, than I began to divide my time between the sports of the field, and the intensity of my studies. I found great advantages from this division of my time. The delightful diversions of the field, formed a pleasing relaxation, from which I derived more advantages than many pretended wiseacres (who affect to despise all rural sports, because they have no relish for them) would imagine.

My constitution, which was not naturally strong, was by these means rendered extremely hardy. I found my spirits greatly exhilarated by having my imagination perpetually employed upon pleasing objects. I found my mind became expanded by the frequent excursions I made amongst the grand and beautiful objects of nature, and I am indebted to the sports of the field for planting resources of perpetual pleasure in my mind, which I believe I should otherwise never have attained; I mean for teaching me how to relish the beauties of Nature, to which I found myself gradually becoming so much attached, that I could afterwards scarcely endure the confinement of a town.

Another very material advantage accrued to me from indulgencies of this nature; I always returned with increased ardour to the delights of study, after I had enjoyed a few hours sporting amongst the wild recesses of the neighbouring country.

But to detain you no longer upon this, comparatively, inactive period of my life, I will hasten to a more interesting one, wherein I have to relate those few important incidents which together, concurred to wean me from all connections with society, and place me amongst my native rocks and mountains, there to dwell in peace and solitary happiness, surrounded by all the animate, and inanimate beauties of the creation.

The books I had read during my solitude had fired my mind with an ardent desire to see more of the world than I was yet acquainted with, for notwithstanding my long abode at Cambridge, I had acquired but little acquaintance with my fellow-students, and having never made any extensive excursions, I was, comparatively, very ignorant, of the then present state of society, and knew still less of the general face of the country.

Being determined to commence my travels without any further delay, I proceeded to Inverness, which is considered the metropolis of the northern districts of Scotland, in order to proceed through the western Highlands, and enter England by the way of Cumberland, with the intention of continuing my route first through Great Britain, and afterwards to visit the most interesting of the continental nations of Europe. The first part of this tour I have always considered as the most delightful period of my life, and I shall with pleasure recount its principle incidents.

(To be continued.)

A CASE FOR THE GENTLEMEN OF THE LAW.

Will Webster, of Sandford, sold as good a cup of ale, as ever mantled in a beer glass. He was a bred baker, and, as is common in the country, he always sold bread; and it was as usual for working people to call for a penny-loaf as a penny worth of ale at his house.

A man came one day for six penny-loaves. Webster served him as he sat in the drinking room; after they had been delivered to him he said, "Master Webster, take one of your loaves back. I will have but five, and bring me a penny worth of ale, *that* will make up the sixpence, all the same you know. The ale was brought him, he gave a loaf for it, drank it and called for another, and another, and another, until he had exchanged his six loaves for six penny-worths of ale; then rising up, said, Mary must do with brown bread, which he believed would be quite as good for her health; and was deliberately marching off, when the landlord desired to be paid, "*paid! for what?*" said the fellow. "For my bread," answered the landlord. "Your bread—have you not had it again?"—"Why then pay me for the ale," said the publican, "I gave you bread for it," answered the defendant. "That is true, answered Boniface "yet *somehow* I think I am cheated, but if ever you *bother* me again, call me *cut*, that's all, you shall always pay for every thing as I bring it in."

Law *Query*. Upon what can the landlord bring his action?

OF SIR THOMAS MOORE.

When he was lord chancellor, he decreed a gentleman to pay a sum of money to a poor widow, whom he had wronged, to whom the gentleman said, "Then I hope your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it;" "I will grant your motion," said the chancellor, "Monday next is *St. Barnabas' day*, which is the longest day in the year; pay it to the widow on that day, or I will commit you to the fleet."

OF SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

The famous Sir George Rooke, when he was a captain of the marines, was quartered at a village where he buried a great many of his men; at length the parson refused to perform the ceremony of their interment any more, unless he paid for it; which being told captain Rooke, he ordered six men of his company to carry the corpse of the soldier then dead, and lay him upon the parson's hall table. This so embarrassed the priest, that he sent the captain word, "*if he would fetch the man away, he would bury him and all his company for nothing.*"

OF A CHINESE MANDARINE.

A mandarine, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old sly Bonze, who following him through several streets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. What does the man mean? cried the mandarine; friend I never gave thee any of my jewels.—No, replied the other, but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourelf; so that there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I don't like.

The friends of Infidelity about the year 1770 circulated through Europe their intention of erecting a statue to Voltaire, and that the celebrated Houdon was engaged as the Sculptor.—The wits of the age were much occupied about the inscription. The following appeared shortly after the project was made known, in the journal of Freron, and was supposed to have put an end to the scheme.

VOLTARIO,
IN POESI MAGNUS,
IN HISTORIA PARVUS,
IN PHILOSOPHIA MINIMUS,
IN RELIGIONE NULLUS:
CUJUS
INGENIUM ACRE
JUDICIUM PRÆCEPS
IMPROBITAS SUMMA:
CUI
ARRISERE MULIERCULÆ,
PLAUSERE SCIOLI,
ET FAVERE PROFANI:
QUEM
DEI HOMINUMQUE IRRISOREM
HUNC STATUAM ATHEI DONAVERUNT.

A translation is requested.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received FORTESQUE's second number, and are satisfied with his explanation; but though we have thus far no objection to the *manner* of his story, we hope he will excuse us for delaying the publication until we have received more of the narrative. Without a personal knowledge of the writer we think it unsafe to commence a history, the future progress of which may not meet with our approbation.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES BY AN ABSENT HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

Seest thou yon dark cloud envious throw
Its veil athwart the orb of day,
As o'er the mountain's rugged brow
Effulgent beams his morning ray ?

Deep glooms the verdant trees among
Descending quick invest the grove ;
Mute is the field-lark's matin song,
And hush'd the robin's tale of love.

Not long indeed its murky reign
And powerful spell the cloud shall boast,
For lo ! Sol's fires burst forth again
And darkness 'midst the blaze is lost.

Again exulting nature sees
Her offspring claim their wonted joys ;
Sweet Music floats upon the breeze,
And fragrance-breathing odours rise.

By absence thus my light obscur'd
That beams from Mary's sparkling eye
Shall, when to her fond arms restor'd,
Bid evanescent sorrows fly ;

And when possessing and possest
How will our kindred bosoms burn!
True as the turtle to her nest
Shall rapture, wing'd by love, return.

SELECTED POETRY.

On the death of Mr. W. D. who died of the fever in Baltimore, in the month of October 1802.

If silent long the drooping Muse appear
On one she lov'd so well, she held so dear,
" Blame not her silence, brother, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge my bosom by your own."
When floods of sorrow eddy round the heart,
And grief, even grief forbids the tear to start,
Can the pale Muse exert poetic fire,
Or wake with trembling hands the slumb'ring lyre ?
Ah no ! the verse comes heavy, harsh and slow,
That springs from pure and unaffected woe ;
That woe I own, nor would its pow'r resign
For all the glowing numbers of the nine.
Yes, brother ! mourn with me the ruthless hour
When death, arrayed in plenitude of pow'r,
His victim chose, his mortal arrow sped,
And numbered D———x with the silent dead.
Had Death's fell pow'r been partial o'er mankind,
Were but the wicked to the grave consign'd,
Were friendship true and piety sincere
The garb of immortality to wear,
Thou still, dear shade, hadst graced the world's wide stage,
And liv'd the pride and pattern of the age,
Yet, ah far happier, happier is thy lot,
Thy bliss commencing, and thy cares forgot.
No doubts nor fears thy happiness now cloy,
Or ruffle the smooth current of thy joy.
And when offended Heav'n in cholar dire
Shall wrap the guilty world in sheets of fire,
When the last trump shall summon from the grave,
Sound thro' the world, and penetrate the wave ;
Thou undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruin rise,
And mount triumphant to thy kindred skies.

SONNET TO A LADY WHO WEPT AT A TRAGEDY.

Oh ! woman, woman, did you really know
The source from hence your best allurements flow,
No longer would you trust the diamond's glare,
But grace your beauties with a pearly tear.

Dress may attract the gazer's wanton eyes
Who makes your charms expos'd his lawless prize ;
But when the tear in silence trickles down,
We see your heart, and conquer'd yield our own.

Pow'rful in tears, upon the desart coast,
Thus Ariadne mourn'd her Theseus lost ;
When Bacchus felt unknown emotions rise,
Love mix'd with awe, and pity with surprize.

Urge then ye fair ! the pow'r which nature gave,
And lordly man shall bow your willing slave.

TO AUTUMN BY MRS. RADCLIFFE.

Sweet Autumn ! how thy melancholy grace
Steals on my heart, as through these shades I wind ;
Sooth'd by thy breathing sigh, I fondly trace
Each lonely image of the pensive mind.

Lov'd scenes, lov'd friends...long lost !...around me rise,
And wake the melting thought, the tender tear :
That tear, that thought, which more than mirth I prize...
Sweet as the gradual tint, that paints thy year !

Thy farewell smile, with fond respect, I view,
Thy beaming lights, soft glitt'ring o'er the woods ;
Thy distant landscape, touch'd with yellow hue,
While falls the lengthen'd gleam ; thy winding floods,
Now veil'd in shade, save where the skiff's white sails
Swell to the breeze, and catch thy streaming ray.
But now, e'en now, the partial vision fails,
And the wave smiles, as sweeps the cloud away :
Emblem of life !...thus chequer'd is its plan ;
Thus joy succeeds to grief...thus smiles the varied man !

BOOK, JOB, AND MUSIC PRINTING,

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS,

BY COLE & HEWES, 4 N. CHARLES-STREET.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1805. N°. 52.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due. POPE.

AFTER an absence, which has been protracted much longer than was at first intended, EDWARD EASY again resumes his editorial labours, and takes the Companion under his direction. He acknowledges that he feels much gratified in the possession of his accustomed seat in the Easy Chair.—He has been in the habit of considering his readers and correspondents as his familiar acquaintances, with whom he found pleasure in conversing; and he entertains a belief that they feel for him a similar attachment.

A year has now elapsed since the publication of the first number of the Companion; the great object of which was to afford an opportunity to those who have literary abilities or inclinations to indulge them, and to encourage a propensity to write, by giving a ready publicity to such essays of the youth of our city as should be judged fit to meet the publick eye. It was hoped that by this mean a spirit of emulation might be roused, and the character of Baltimore, in the literary world, in some measure retrieved. This avowed object of publishing the Companion seems to have been either mistaken or forgot by many of our readers, who make it a criterion to judge of the merit of the Companion by comparing it with the *Port Folio*.—But as the plan and ob ect of the two publications are so very different, such a rule of judging is certainly inapplicable. The Port Folio is edited by a gentleman of the first literary abilities and most correct classical taste, who devotes his whole time and attention to that sole object, and is ably assisted by men of genius and talents in all parts of the United States; the intention is to make it an elegant, critical and classical paper, to which character it is eminently entitled. In the attempt of the editor of the Companion to induce and encourage the exertion of talents, he considered it more important to insert the productions of others than his own, and for the same reason he has preferred the insertion of original essays, to extracts of much superior merit, from other works, to which his readers had the same opportunity of resorting as himself—his object therefore was different, and when the place of publication is considered, not less meritorious, and he flatters himself not altogether unsuccessful.

Fond of his ease, the Editor never intended to dedicate his whole time to the Companion, or to make it a matter of business; as an occasional amusement for a leisure hour, he wished to assist in promoting the establishment of a literary paper: and he has had the pleasure to find the undertaking approved of, and aided by some of his most valued friends: so far it has been successful beyond his hopes. The continued increase of subscribers and correspondents gives him the fullest confidence that THE COMPANION will be supported, and that it will have the intended effect.

But it is not the literary taste alone of the city that may be improved and benefited by such a publication; some of the more publick and fashionable vices have already begun to shrink from the scrutinizing examination of the Companion. Its publication therefore will be attended with a beneficial effect on publick morals: for the Editor and his assistants will always claim the right of exposing vice and folly to merited ridicule and contempt.

With the aid of his associates of the *Easy Club*, MR. EASY will chearfully commence the second volume, confident of support, as every respectable citizen is equally interested with himself in the success of a publication, from which the Editor derives no emolument, and whose ob-

ject is of more real importance to thousands of others in this city than it can possibly be to him.

The same rigid formality will not be observed in the arrangement of the matter for the second, that prevailed through this volume; as it is not thought necessary to adhere to the former plan of placing a long serious essay first in every number. Mr. Easy will hereafter make it his study to provide such variety, and so arrange the essays, as to deserve the appellation of a more lively Companion. Yet he will not so far descend from the dignity of a moralist, as to indulge at all times in the light amusements of a numerous crowd of triflers, who are pleased to condemn him as a dull Companion.

THE PEDESTRIAN—No. V.

-Once more, DEMOCRITUS, *arise on earth,*
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth.
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest.

DR. JOHNSON.

I must ask the favour of Mr. Easy to be permitted to talk a little about myself—and I know not any one of our great family who has not indulged more or less in this practice. The Spectator frequently spoke, of, and even prophecied concerning his future fame. Though imitation may be deemed rather "*servile*," yet, (as every position has been taken by my celebrated forefathers) I would be proud to be pronounced worthy of imitating ADDISON or JOHNSON, SWIFT or STERNE. Mr. Easy being acknowledged the rightful head of that branch of the PERIODICAL FAMILY which has settled in this part of America, the Pedestrian is fully satisfied with the privileges of a younger brother.

In pursuing my rambles thus far I have very much pleased myself—and I believe afforded some little amusement for many well-disposed persons, who have proved themselves qualified to partake of the *pleasures* of *imagination*. I have not intentionally offended any one who deserved our friendship—indeed I can safely say I have not made an enemy, except in one case, and then no one would have deserved the high honours which are bestowed upon our family had he remained silent. I have nevertheless been grossly insulted in some companies, and have received several abusive notes, from persons determined to go all lengths in support of foolish Fashion, and their own more than foolish inclinations. The following extract from one of the letters which I have received as acknowledgements of my merit, deserves my thanks. It is in the hand writing of a Lady, who appears to have paid particular attention to the story of Susan S in the 42d, 43d, and 46th, numbers of the Companion. She feels for the wrongs, and melts with tenderness over the partial frailties, of woman. After a few prefatory remarks, wherein the fair critick kindly compliments the Pedestrian for a story, which she presumes the offspring of his own invention, she thus continues:

'As to the story of SUSAN, I agree with the Pedestrian 'exactly. I was afraid she was to be seduced, and trem-'bled at the thought. It requires a nice hand to make 'an history of seduction fit to be read. Some may not 'like the suicide; but as we were taught from the begin-'ning to believe it must end badly, I felt relieved at the 'manner. I would rather hear tell of Albert shooting 'himself, and Susan going crazy, *ten* times over, than a 'fall *worse than death* or loss of intellect to *one* unfortu-'nate sister: though, "Frailty, thy name is Woman,"— 'O the pity!——I have seen the fall in this place of a 'single woman older than myself, that has wrung my 'heart with anguish. Her family respectable—herself 'heretofore respected;—but alas! she has fallen—fallen to 'rise no more. Her seducer stalks the streets in triumph— 'saluted by the gay—visited by the grave—and his heart 'dwelling in tranquility; whilst she is banished from the 'sight of her family, slighted by her former associates, 'and assailed by the unceasing reproaches of her own 'conscience.'

I believe, with this fair writer, that stories of this kind are not often drawn with sufficient regard to the amiable modesty of the female reader. Besides, *had* the Pedestrian made that tale, to which you gave publicity, he would have told it very much as the writer has done; for though I am willing to acknowledge that a civilized Barbarian, possessed of uncommon address and perfidy, may here and there find a woman weak enough for his purpose, yet I have too high a sense of the virtue and dignity of women in general to think of looking to this source for a subject for moral declamation. At the same time I believe you would join me, Mr. Easy, in assuring my correspondent, that should she furnish a proper history of the *fall* which she mentions, it shall be published early in the second volume.

As I said before—which reminds me of a tedious orator whom I once heard harrangue a company into the gapes; and who with no small difficulty escaped with whole bones from the rostrum; for a mischievous fellow present, who had been yawning and scratching his head until his patience was exhausted, rose up hastily at about the fortieth repetition of the above expression, swearing the

speaker should be mobbed if he said it again—adding that any part of a discourse, the whole of which was without either wit or instruction so often repeated, was intolerable. He muttered something about *Sancho's swing*—the orator must have been acquainted with blanket-tossing, for at this he ceased to speak. And I would here lay down the pen, could I think my audience impatient; but as I hope they are willing to hear me out, I will have my say.

As I before observed, I have received several abusive notes, accusing me of having impertinently attempted to ridicule characters—that I have endeavoured to excite laughter at the expence of "certain individuals, who are much more useful in society than myself," &c. &c.—— but on the other hand, I have frequently heard a very different account of my merits, from those whose opinions I have ever considered of more importance, because they are generally such as are fully acquainted not only with the beauties and useful tendency of judicious satire, when aimed at vice and folly through the medium of a style and manner which, while they pull down, forget not to build up. While the Pedestrian, say these, declaims against the viciousness, or laughs heartily at the folly of those around him, he at the same time is studious of pleasing as much as possible by the *manner* of his lecture: So that although he rebukes his guests for every impropriety committed in his house, yet his familiar conversation and the respectful simplicity of his demeanour, at the same time convince the accused that the accuser is their social, ingenuous *friend*, and not a pompous, pedantick, and austere *dictator*.

"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
"Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo."

So say my very good friends. I feel proud of their friendship—and my future conduct shall evince my desire to preserve it—say I.

But I must be permitted, during the winter season to change my *rambling ground* from the fields and woods to the parlour and bar-room;— from the interior of the country, where "NATURE wantons in her gayest mood," and displays her grandeur beyond the reach of corrupting ART, to the interior of private and publick houses, where this same Nature hobbles along, wounded by the vice, or entrameled and disguised by the folly too often attendant on polished society.

Yes—as yet generally attendant on highly civilized communities.

I have heard Leander describe a high pitch, to which, he says, society may yet arrive, that would seem almost to constitute "a paradise below." Gigantick as this undertaking (with a plan of which he may, in some future number, furnish you,) may appear, he has almost convinced me of its practicability.

I never pronounce this long rough-sounding word, that I dont think immediately of DR. JOHNSON. Prac-ti-ca-bi-li-ty—yes, I see the Doctor, with my mind's eye—folio in hand—with *obumbrated* brow, stationed behind the cragged points of this castle-of-a-word, practicability. The Doctor may be a favourite of yours, Mr. Easy, so I say nothing disrespectful of him—but as I always think of him when by accident (for it is never design) I pronounce a hard word, I feel anxious to get out of his company.—Your servant, Doctor, "down to the ground."

—Bless me!—how glad I am, that I have arrived again in the company of you, my free and *easy* friends, familiars, and *equals*.—*You* will not *knock me down* if I should unfortunately advance a disagreeable or an erroneous opinion; but, like my friend and other half Leander, impute the error of judgment to some noble cause, like the universal love, which burns within himself, and almost deifies the man.

The world has said—and who dare demur to what "THEY" (i. e. the world) says!—

That, says Leander, is a nondescript Scoundrel, who raises more false reports, and fabricates more scandal, than any one society of men, however learned, however virtuous, can counteract. If it is whispered that such-a-one's affairs are desperately situated, or that such a lady has not been so prudent as a virtuous woman should be—and you ask who says so?—your informant, with an unconcerned countenance, replies, "They" say so; the people, or the world, say so. Now I do insist, continues Leander, as he grew warm in the cause, that this THEY lies, and ought not to be believed.

Softly, Leander, says I—this unknown (or rather *well* known) personage, who you call THEY, must be in nature, somewhere—and with every other thing in nature, is constituted of good and bad properties, or parts. For instance, as I was about to say to Mr Easy, just now, when you rather uncourteously interrupted me—

"They" says that you, Mr. Easy, have lectured and preached very finely, and many times very learnedly, (but generally *too gravely*) for a whole year—that you have effected some good, and afforded some innocent amusement—and that, for the literary honour and moral and scientifick improvement of Baltimore, and adjacent towns, you ought to be, and will be, further encouraged in your honourable labours through the second volume.

Amen, say I.—

Amen, Amen ! repeated Leander, as he clapped his hands together, and leaping excessively with joy, his head, in contradiction to the powers of gravitation, smote with such violence the high ceiling of our chamber, that he fell at full length along the carpet—

I knew he was not much hurt—so I laughed heartily at this curious freak of dame Nature. It was certainly the sudden impulse of

LEANDER'S NATURAL FEELINGS

which threw him up with joy—and it was also Nature, (acting up to Sir Isaac Newton's system of *attraction and repulsion*) who without sophistry, brought him down again.

To conclude—Leander and myself have determined to exert every nerve, and give all our aid, if you will set apart one page for us. We may some weeks neglect you—but in other numbers, if you please, we will furnish you with abundant information. We can ramble into the Theatre—into the Coffee-House—to the assemblies—In short, wherever VICE is found, the Pedestrian will endeavour to chastise her—wherever FOLLY appears impudently conspicuous, he will raise the laugh against her. His satire may offend the incorrigibly wicked, and he may incur the displeasure of the absurdly silly—but

"The man whose mind, on virtue bent,
Pursues some greatly good intent,
With undiverted aim—
Serene beholds the angry crowd ;
Nor can their clamours fierce and loud
His stubborn honour tame."

Sir, you will please to inform the Pedestrian in your next, whether his assistance in the winter would be acceptable.

RARIO.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 404.)

The extraordinary sublimity of the prospect I had already contemplated, having raised my soul to an unusual pitch of enthusiasm, I proceeded forwards, as rapidly as my little beast could carry me, to explore the hidden beauties of the romantic scenes before me.

I had continued to ascend for upwards of a mile, through projecting rocks, hanging woods, and small cascades ; till looking over a low wall (which seemed to defend the traveller from the tremendous precipice that rose over the lake) I found myself elevated some hundred feet above the level of the water, and from this distinguished eminence I had once more the delight to contemplate the exquisite scene, now rendered singularly beautiful and interesting, by having a most brilliant and perfect rainbow, arched over from the north to the south shore of the lake, appearing like an enchanted bridge, built by fairy hands.

The thoughts that are inspired in contemplative minds, by scenes such as these, are indescribably lofty and sublime, and are far more delightful to the enthusiastic imagination than can be the influence of any works of art, however mighty & comprehensive they may be. When I am admitted, as it were, into the deep and teeming womb of Nature, and when reposing upon her glowing bosom I am shut out from the cankering cares of this world, placed beyond the reach of her follies and her vices ; it is then, and then alone, that I rejoice in my existence, there I can humble myself before the Deity, and adore Him in his mightiest works without being shackled, controled, and degraded, by any of the infernal laws of mankind.

Eager to reach General's Hut, from which I was to procure a guide, to conduct me to the celebrated Falls of Foyers, I staid not long to enjoy the rich views by which I was at present surrounded, being afraid to delay time, lest I should not be able to reach Fort-Augustus that night, which was many miles distant, and there was no other place upon the road where I could gain a night's lodging.

I began now to experience the effects of a misfortune I had not anticipated. The man of whom I had purchased the poor brute, that bore me and my luggage, had imposed upon me, for that humble companion of my toils, suddenly began to shew very evident marks of disapprobation at the roughness of our road ; which, indeed, to an animal perfectly sound would not have been very pleasant, as in many places it became almost inaccessible, on account of the many loose fragments of rock, and large heaps of stones, which had been washed down by the late heavy rains, from the high mountains that rose immediately from the side of the road. On account of the frequency of these sturdy obstacles, and the increasing lameness of my poney, I was obliged to dismount almost every ten minutes, in order to lead her over them.

She limped onwards with great pain and difficulty, to my no small dismay, for setting aside the compassion I felt for her sufferings, I began to fear that I should be compelled to leave her behind me, to drag out a miserable existence in that wild country, and be myself under the disagreeable necessity of peregrinating a long journey on foot, ere I should be able to meet with a conveyance for my baggage. For here I have found no traveller's rest ;

no habitation of joy or comfort for the stranger to be refreshed at; no bourne for the repose of the wearied pilgrim; nor any good Samaritan to aid the wanderer in the hour of his sickness or death; but here Nature seems to dwell alone in her wildest grace.

I had already passed a few miserable huts that were scattered upon the declivities of the mountains. These lonely habitations were chiefly composed of a black kind of peat, which gave them a very forlorn appearance, that was much increased by having no chimney's erected for the evacuation of the smoke, which in most of the poor Scotch hamlets, remains in the apartment, until it obtains vent at the door or windows. Some of the inhabitants, indeed, have the wisdom to leave a hole in the roof of their wretched cabins, in order to allow a free vent to the smoke; but others affirm that they wish it to remain in their apartment, because they say it imparts some degree of warmth during the severity of their winters. When I entered one of these mean dwellings I was nearly suffocated by the smoke, while the inhabitants appeared to be not in the least incommoded by it, so wonderful are the effects of custom.

At every step I now took, the country grew more and more impressive. The rocks became more enlarged, rugged, and abrupt; while the woods, as if more anxious to hide their haggard nakedness, and effectually screen it from the view, became more luxurient.

The road becoming somewhat more even and level, I was enabled to reach General's Hut, by one o'clock, to the no small gratification of my beast.

This small inn derives its name from the circumstance of the Duke of Cumberland having ordered an hut to be erected on this spot, for his accommodation during the memorable rebellion of 1745. Its situation is singularly beautiful and romantic, commanding one of the grandest views I ever beheld.

It stands about one third of the way up the steep of an immense rugged mountain, whose base is washed by the murmuring waters of the Loch-Ness, and whose awful summit appears to overtop the clouds. The precipice of this mountain is every where covered by thick woods of birch, whose tints, during autumn, are peculiarly rich and beautiful. The present inhabitants of the hut, had, by dint of great labour, cleared a small patch of ground, just above the house, which then served both as garden and farm. It could boast of a few potatoes, some small sheaves of corn, and herbage for a little black cow, at whose teats an *Herculean* wench was vehemently tugging when I arrived.

At the sight of a being so wholly different, in every respect, from those she had been accustomed to see, she started from her stool, and stood aghast; but in this sudden revolution she upset her milk-pail, and overthrew its contents, which were irretrievably lost, and wholly regardless of this event, she placed her arms a kimbo, and in one steady vacant stare, eyed me from top to toe.

So profound, indeed, was the apathy of this wench, that all the shouts of mine host, (who had by this time sallied out of the hut) could not arouse her. It was his desire that she should act the part of an ostler and take care of my beastie; and as he found that words were of no avail, he took the liberty "*of lending his loving wife a loundering lick.*" This manœuvre, as might be expected, had the desired effect; and she conducted my poney to a wretched hovel that stood hard by, while mine host led the way to an apartment of his house, into which I was shewn.

I now found myself in a small room, whose floor, walls, and ceiling, were severally composed of a brown mud. One chair, and one table, were all its furniture; and the light made its way through a small window, from which I looked down upon a most delightful prospect. Over the opposite shore of the lake, a grand amphitheatre of rocks and mountains, piled on each other as far as the eye could reach, rose a sublime spectacle to the heavens; and the sun-beams striking upon the snow that capt their towering summits, rendered the dazzling whiteness of a beautiful contrast to the deep blue of the sky.

Here the lake appeared to be scarcely two miles broad, and its placid surface exhibited a glowing reflection of the opposite scenery, which was only occasionally disturbed by the appearance of a solitary sea-fowl, upon the watch for its prey.

I made an hasty meal of potatoes, butter, and salt, (being the only provision even money could procure) and sat out, with my guide, for the Fall of Foyers, which was not more than a mile distant.

The road we pursued continued to ascend, without interruption, through thicksets and woods of birch, whose elegant branches being suspended over the road formed a delightful avenue that extended all the way to the celebrated cataract I was upon the eve of beholding. As we drew near, the loud roaring of the fall began to be heard, & echoed from all the neighbouring recesses of the rocks. My expectation was raised to the utmost pitch by the extraordinary grandeur of all the surrounding scenery, and when my guide directed me to look through a fissure which appeared by the side of the road, I beheld a scene that words can but faintly pourtray.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERS.

It has been remarked by some of the ablest judges of human nature, character, and caprice, that England is the only nation in the world where truly original portraits of whim and humour can be found. In France, every man is a *petit maitre* and a *beau garcon* by profession; fashion and dress are his study, and however vacant his head, his heels have every possible attention paid to them, as not a mirror in a coffee-house throughout Paris, can fail testifying, where he practises his cabrioles every time he enters. His amours stamp the finishing of his character, and whether real or imaginary, they are always very numerous. The Spaniard, as a Don of the house of Castile, or any other of celebrity, thinks every thing beneath him, that is inconsistent with the dignity of his family; and though literally almost starving, would eat his black bread and garlick, rather than submit by industry to gain an easy livelihood. His wife must, however, be as chaste as Dian. The Dutch have constantly the main chance in view, which they invariably pursue, and *Mynheer* would think a moment fruitlessly lost in pulling out his watch to tell a stranger the hour, unless he thougt it might conduce to striking a bargain.

These are national sketches that all travellers of observation make; but in this country we have characters & caricatures of every cast and complexion. We have our fops and puppies; orators without rhetoric or action, which, we are emphatically told by the Stagyrite, constitutes all eloquence; actors whose voices are perpetual monotony; physicians who never read Galen or Hippocrates; surgeons who never made an incision with a lancet; and statesmen who fancy party is politics, and politics party.

There are, besides these, many characters of superior as well as inferior ranks. From amongst these I shall select a well known caricature, whom I shall call Peter Plumb.

He is now verging upon seventy, and has never yet spent a superfluous shilling, and in the course of fifty years trade, of a very advantageous kind: he never gave a dinner to a friend, or a glass of wine to a visitor: he knew, at least thought he knew, the value of money, and the proper application of it—which according to his system was placing it in the funds to accumulate, and lend it upon usurious interest. From this contour of Peter Plumb's portrait, the reader will readily suggest, that he was not guilty of generous actions, or that he ever forgot the old adage, "Charity begins at home."

The art of living as well as dying, are studies that few men make any proficiency in, on this side of the grave.—The happy medium is seldom discovered, or at least pursued; the generality of the world are generally spendthrifts or misers. Those of the first description, often die in a goal, after having run through a good fortune, despised by those who ruined them, and laughed at by all the world. The miser hoards and hoards, not allowing himself the necessaries, much less the conveniences of life, till he has amassed a large fortune, at a period of life, when if he would, he could not enjoy it. All his passions are blunted, all his corporeal powers exhausted, and all ideas of felicity are vanished. But the pleasing reflection of being possessed of a hundred thousand pounds, supplies all the want of powers, inclination, and abilities; and the emaciated wretch in counting his ill-gotten pelf derives that felicity, which nothing on earth besides can confer.

But I have not yet done with Peter Plumb, whose sole ambition, vanity, and glory is to die worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds; the greater part of which he is already in possession of. However, he does not mean to leave his fortune to any of his relations, but to charitable donations, that his name may be repeatedly introduced in the newspapers, and that his posthumous charities may be handed down to the latest posterity. In order to prevent any of his relations forming the least expectancy by his death, he has quarrelled with them all, under some pretext or other. The last time he conversed with his nephew, whom he has since cut off with a shilling, the following dialogue, almost literally, took place.

Jack Sprightly and Peter Plumb.

Jack. I am astonished, uncle, considering the immense property you possess, you should live, or rather starve, in such a miserable manner.

Peter. You blockhead, what signifies what a man lives worth—Let me die worth two hundred thousand pounds, and I shall be completely happy. Jack, I pronounce you are such a profligate rascal you will never die worth a farthing.

Jack. No, very likely; but I am resolved to live all the days, aye and nights of my life.

Peter. But what will they say of you in the papers? Such a day died John Sprightly, without a single unit added to your name.

Jack. What shall I care for that—I shall be equally satisfied, as I never yet heard there was one packet established for conveying the papers across the Styx, or any other navigable channel that communicated with the other world.

Peter. You always was an extravagant, obstinate, im-

pertinent blockhead, *(aside)* and so I am resolved to punish you by cutting you off with a shilling.

These are portraits of living characters and some of your readers may, probably, recognize their features in these sketches. DEPICTOR.

A PICTURE OF TRUE POLITENESS.

BY THE LATE MISS TALBOT.

Politeness is the just medium between form and rudeness. It is the consequence of a benevolent nature, which shews itself to general acquaintance in an obliging, unconstrained civility, as it does, to more particular ones, in distinguished acts of kindness. This good-nature must be directed by a justness of sense, and a quickness of discernment, that knows how to use every opportunity of exercising it, and to proportion the instances of it to every character and situation. It is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence upon every irregularity of the temper, which, in obedience to them, is forced to accommodate itself even to the fantastic laws which custom and fashion have established, if by that means it can procure, in any degree, the satisfaction or good opinion of any part of mankind: thus, paying an obliging deference to their judgment, so far as it is not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

This must be accompanied with an elegance of taste, and a delicacy observant of the least trifles, which tend to please or to oblige: and though its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it can scarce be perfected without a complete knowledge of the world.

In society it is the medium that blends all different tempers into the most pleasing harmony, while it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation. It represses the ambition of shining alone, and increases the desire of being mutually agreeable.——It takes off the edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit. It preserves a proper subordination amongst all ranks of people, and reconciles a perfect ease with the most exact propriety.

To superiors it appears in a respectful freedom; no greatness can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can sink it into a regardless familiarity.

To inferiors it shews itself in an unassuming good nature. Its aim is to raise them to you, not to let you down to them. It at once maintains the dignity of your station, and expresses the good of your heart.

To equals, it is every thing that is charming; it studies their inclinations, prevents their desires, attends to every little exactness of behaviour, and all the time appears perfectly disengaged and careless.

Such, and so amiable is true politeness; by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes, and, by the generality of mankind, confined within the narrow bounds of mere good-breeding, which, in truth, is only one instance of it.

LITERARY NOTICE.

COLE & HEWES, of this city, are preparing to publish, in one large octavo volume, a collection of the *Annual Epistles* from the Yearly Meeting of FRIENDS in London. It will contain the whole of those valuable and highly esteemed papers down to the present year.

This undertaking has been strongly recommended by some of the most respectable and weighty members of the Society—and there is no doubt but it will be well received by them generally. It is expected the work will be completed in a few months from the present time.

The English wits not only laugh at us, but make us laugh at ourselves. The following scraps from a late British publication will show how indespensibly necessary it is, that the manufacturers of anecdotes *should* lay the scene at a distance.

Legal Refinement.—The coroner's jury having sat a few weeks ago on the body of a young lady in Baltimore, America, who had hung herself in a fit of *Love-phrensy*, brought in their verdict "*Died by the visitation of Cupid.*"

An American Printer has advertised an edition of the Common Prayer Book with this N. B. "The *matrimonial* article in *large type*, for the *use of ladies advanced in years* who may be tempted to enter into that holy state.

The following advertisement is copied from a New-Jersey Journal: "To be sold on the 8th of July one hundred and thirty-one law suits, the property of an eminent lawyer about to retire from business. NOTE—The clients are rich and obstinate.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The PEDESTRIAN's privileges, as a "Younger Brother," will always be freely granted. He is therefore requested to prevail on *his* fair correspondent, to furnish such an history of that young woman's fall, as MODESTY herself would not blush to read.

DRANCER—and A LITTLE FARMER's remarks on the benevolent Miss M—— J——, are received. They will be attended to in due time.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TRANSLATION

Of Dr. Johnson's *Ode from the Isle of Skye to* Mrs. Thrale.

By an American Gentleman.

" Permeo tenas ubi nuda rupis."

Thro' lands abrupt, I roam, and wild,
Where rocks on rocks sublimely pil'd,
In naked grandeur pierce the skies ;
Where industry with hopeless toil,
Faints hungry o'er th' ungrateful soil,
And art 'midst sterile Nature dies.

Thro' scenes like these in mazes lost
Of rocks by famine crown'd, and frost,
Ice-cinctur'd hills and misty heath ;
'Mid tongues unknown to rule and fame
(That want, for even want's a name)
Dear Thrale thy memory I breathe.

Say at this moment dost thou prove
All cares how light when borne by love,
Or cherish fond thy infant throng ;
Or touch'd by literary lore
Dost thou the page of wit explore,
Or ardent wake the classick song ?

To friendship's rites serenely true,
Our mind's sweet intercourse pursue—
So, constant to the Hebrid gale
(That rolls the billow-mountain hoar
On Skye's ulterior steepy shore)
I'll sound thy soothing name my Thrale.

Lines written, extempore, during the flight of the inhabitants from New-York ; on observing at Haerlem a guide-board with this inscription : " To Hell-gate Ferry."

CHARON's SOLILOQUY.

Doctors and Fever both combine
To aid the business of my line,
And load my wherry ;
While, lest the wandering ghosts might stray,
This guide-board kindly points the way
" To Hell-gate Ferry."

Thanks to the *Faculty* demure,
Who *twenty kill* where *one* they *cure*,
And scorn to fly ;
They know the *treatment* which *I* prize,
So *physic, sweat, phlebotomize*—
Who would not die !

I'll send this *learned body* word
(Since *they*, too, soon must cross Hell's ford)
For Ferriage, what my rate is:
Here, Mercury, inform the *curs*
They've sent so many customers
Themselves may pass o'er gratis ?

Cambridge, Md.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO HER WHO NEVER THINKS OF ME.

When Winter chills the dreary plain,
And binds the flood in chrystal chain,
If chance a transient sun-beam cheer
The heavenly maid I most revere,
How have I wish'd that beam to be
For her who never thinks of me.

When burning Summer's heats arise,
And languid nature drooping lies,
If chance a passing gale might bring
The cooling fragrance of the Spring,
How have I wish'd that gale to be
For her who never thinks of me.

The morning dew that wets the rose,
Its blooming tints more lovely shews ;
So on that Angel face appears
The pearly lustre of her tears,
When other's woe she weeps to see ;
But oh! she never thinks of me.

The trav'ler on some mountain's side,
Who dreads the dangers yet untried,
Amid the night's bewild'ring noon,
Enraptur'd views the rising moon :
So I rejoice, the form to see
Of her who never thinks of me.

Where'er her mournful footsteps go,
My thoughts attend in silent woe ;
When clad in smiles her charms appear,
My ravish'd soul is ever near :
Nought can my vanquish'd fancy see
But her who never thinks of me.

When round the youth in transport gaze,
And love forbids the pow'r of praise :
While she with artless mien beguiles,
And sweetly wounds with fatal smiles,
Her triumphs still I'm fond to see,
Altho' she never thinks of me.

Then go, fair hope ! forever go,
Here will I nourish dearest woe ;
For sorrow's self can sweets impart,
Sweet ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
And sweet to die 'twill surely be,
For her who never thinks of me.

BOOK, JOB, AND MUSIC PRINTING,

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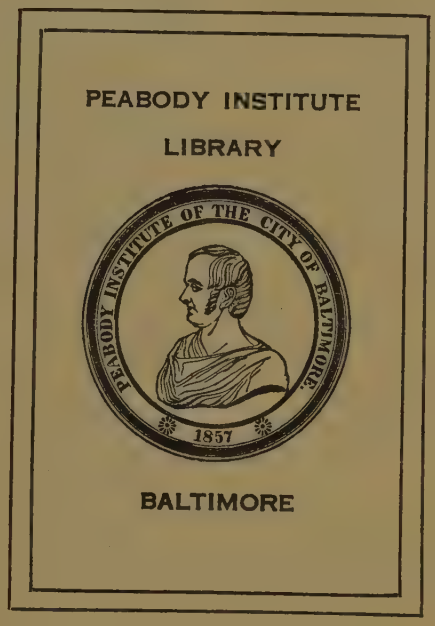
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1806





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No 27 in definition



ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1806.

AGAIN the happy morn returns
When each warm heart with ardour burns,
To meet a friend with hearty cheer,
And wish him pleasure thro' the year.
I, though an humble carrier boy,
Partake the universal joy;
And in th' accustom'd way rehearse
My wishes in my annual verse:

In serving you I've not been weary,
Whether the day was clear or dreary;
And on a sultry day, when walking,
Thus to myself would I be talking—
"What though the weather is so warm,
"The papers heavy on my arm;
"The more I serve, the less remain,
"And I shall soon be home again;
"Besides, old winter fast is coming"—
And then this song, will I be humming:

"In a season so rude and forlorn,
How can age how can infancy bear,
The silent neglect and the scorn
Of those who have plenty to spare?

Then the pleasures of neighbourly chat,
If you can but keep scandal away;
To learn what the world has been at,
Or what EDWARD EASY may say.

Abundance was never my lot,
But out of *the trifle that's giv'n*
That no curse may alight on my cot,
I'll distribute the bounty of heav'n."

Thus would I cheer the lagging hours away,
Hoping for my reward on New Year's Day.

I will not pester you with pleading,
For that's no way to show my breeding;
But you'll not find in all this city,
A lad that more deserves your pity.
And if I prove that *you* distress me,
You can't withhold a boon to bless me.

This I can do to demonstration;
For, know, that 'tis my occupation
To labour hard from morn till night,
Yea, even by the candle's light,
To have before the week is at an end,
"A safe *Companion* and an *Easy* friend."

A *safe Companion* is a treasure;
Whose worth is quite beyond my measure;
And tho' my days are all employ'd
In forming them to be enjoy'd,
They will not stay—alas! what can the matter be?
They leave my arms, and fly to your's on Saturday.

And though it would appear that they're not *Steady*,
I *Frankly* do declare I think them so;
And *Scruple* not to say they're always ready,
Whether you think them *Whimsical* or no.

Now after all my pains in making friends,
And finding weekly that they'll not stay by me;
'Tis hop'd that you will make me some amends,
And prove that you're my friend tho' others fly me.

Then will I toil another year,
And bring *Companions* to your door;
Contented, whatsoe'er's my fare,
Nor ask, till then, a farthing more.

vered. In short, she fulfills that holy injunction "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth."

On this theme the *Editor* knows not when he should grow weary; but his *readers* may perhaps be impatient for the "Little Farmer." He will therefore defer any farther remarks on this subject until the severity of the weather shall have rendered charitable actions more necessary. When the pinching cold is felt, and the howling of the storm is heard, the hearts of the rich will be more easily assailed by the cries of the poor. And the Editor is not without hopes of prevailing upon the *fashionable nudes* and *skeletons* of Baltimore, to supply food and raiment to the distressed, and relieve them from the dreadful necessity of being *fashionable*.

Mr. Easy,

As the follies of the ladies seem to be the theme of many a disappointed swain, arising no doubt from the former not thinking so highly of the dear creatures as they do of themselves; it becomes necessary to paint them in their *true* colours. For myself, I can truly say, 'tis alone the cause of *Truth* I espouse, as I am, Mr. Easy, what the world calls an *old* man; having married a woman whose virtues and kindness have improved with time, I should be ungrateful to the donor of all good gifts not to enjoy and set a true value on them. This panegyrick on my own, naturally leads to the sequel of what I wish to communicate to the *unbelievers* respecting the *unmarried* ladies. Living a short distance from the city, in my morning perambulations towards the seat of commerce, I have for some mornings past met the amiable, good and charitable Maria, accompanied by her little sister, carrying things necesssary for the comfort and relief of a much distressed family in my neighbourhood. A family, Mr. Easy, whose sufferings could not easily be told;—suffice it to say, that the husband, wife and two daughters, all lay sick, without the power of any one serving the other!—There did this pattern of her sex repair, and administer the balm of comfort to the afflicted—And with the dying breath of the father, and grateful praises of the mother, did I with pleasure hear her goodness extolled!—Is *she* the only one of her sex, whose goodness overflows in kind offices towards her afflicted fellow creatures? No—many there are, no doubt, who follow her example—but few, very few, I am afraid, of the "*Fashionables*" of our sex, will be found at the "house of mourning."

A LITTLE FARMER.

October 24, 1805.

THE PEDESTRIAN—No. VI.

I was sitting by a cheerful cracking fire, with no other company than Dr. Goldsmith—my left foot resting on a Franklin, while in my right hand I held the book of essays. I had made good work at the roast beef—and moistened it well with wholesome wine: the segar which I had just lighted afforded large columns of smoke, which escaping from my mouth, proclaimed warm times within.

Thus comfortably situated, I began to commune with the Doctor, who was in his merriest mood. His heart was softened with kindest juice of the grape, and he appeared disposed to entertain me.

Now ye long vinegar-faced mortals, who relish no tone higher than BB♭; who are of opinion that an all bountiful and merciful CREATOR called Man into existence for no other purpose than to try how doleful and how melancholy a species he could form:—I say all ye *too-good* people, who think it a sin to feel happy, and who are of opinion that no person can be religious or tolerably honest, whose features are not eternally distorted, and whose under-lip rests not always on his breast—with such as you, most holy and pious gentlemen, I have no business just now. If you will just step into the next room, I mean to enjoy a few minutes rational, pleasant conversation with some very good friends of mine, who think it no crime to enjoy the pleasures of this world in a moderate degree, and who think it an acceptable sacrifice to BENEFICENT INTELLIGENCE, to offer at the throne of grace a contented disposition and an heart without guile.

'Let idle declaimers, (says the Doctor,) mourn over the 'degeneracy of the age; but in my opinion every age is 'the same. This I am sure of, that man in every season 'is a poor fretful being, with no other means to escape 'the calamities of the times but by endeavouring to for-'get them.'—'In the character of old Falstaff, (continued the Doctor) I behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and shewing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical, as he.——'

I was preparing to argufy the matter with the Doctor—when my parlour opened its door to receive my friend Leander.

I have called for you, said he, to accompany me to the "Battle of Lodi." Much obliged to you, Leander, said I—but if fighting is the object, I must confess I am very comfortably situated at present. I have dined heartily on the good things of the land—and just feel so good-na-

tured towards the world that I question indeed whether I am hostile to any thing in it.

THE BATTLE OF LODI,

vociferated Leander, not a little hurt at my inattention to his discourse, is an elegant painting, to see which is well worth the paltry sum demanded for a *secure* view of this celebrated scene. When the very great friendship you feel for the members of your body, (sarcastically continued my irritable friend) urges the necessity of avoiding personal danger, 'tis well—but when cowardice so predominates as to sink the man—when fear renders a man childish, though I feel compassion for his weakness, yet I——

I shut the book, and taking the segar from my lips, turned round for the purpose of checking the increasing torrent which began to alarm me; for I am fully acquainted with the temper of Leander, and with his mode of reasoning. On my declaring that I had misunderstood him, we soon settled the preliminaries and marched in company *to the battle*.

This master-piece of painting is displayed to view, in a long building erected for the purpose, in Stillhouse-street, near Christ Church. The number of people present when we entered, spoke loudly in favour of the liberality of Baltimore. It was incontestible proof, Leander said, that the inhabitants of this city had no mean taste for the fine arts.

Leander's curiosity gained the gentleman's consent to having a close view, by entering the lower part of the house—where, though not genteely situated on the stage, we were better enabled to examine particulars.

Notwithstanding my admiration of the piece, my fixed detestation of blood and havoc, drew me into a silent meditation on the horrid effects of war. What pity, said I to myself, as I advanced towards a park of blazing artillery—whose hell-like flames and ball seemed destined to destroy the fairest part of creation—and whose dreadful thunder, which I seemed plainly to hear, appeared to warn a wicked world of the awful destruction of all terrestrial things!——what pity it is, that mortals should be so studious of mischief. When the machinations of Satan can arm man against his fellow, and from the most trifling cause excite the most deadly hatred between the first nations on the globe, involving in fiery ruin the fairest cities, and dispatching murderous blood-hounds round the world to destroy all that's good, grand, and desirable, how much should we rejoice, that, almost separated from the wicked part of mankind, we are blessed with civil and religious liberty, and remain ignorant of terrible war, except by hearsay, and such documents as the painted representation before me!—

—You appear much agitated, said Leander, as he approached, and interrupted my serious meditations. Don't be alarmed; it won't shoot you! says he, looking at a large gun before us. I confess, added my eccentric friend, as he pressed his bosom with his right hand, and pointing up to a charming little girl among those on the stage with the other, I confess, that the black artillery in that quarter has made a deep impression on me. Could politeness and decorum warrant it, continued the wounded Leander, I would most willingly surrender to her!

His pitiable plight now excited me to comfort my friend; and as he had had his turn with me, I was about to have some merriment at his expense, when the awkward appearance of a clown just entering at the door attracted the attention of the crowd within, as he soon afterwards did that of the boys without.

Leander, stiff as a statue, remained close to the canvass, with his left hand extended, as observed above, drinking destructive draughts from the black eyes of the enchantress; when the countryman cautiously advanced to have a nearer view of what he supposed to be the figure of a general giving orders. His imagination was worked up to a high pitch, and he was staring, mouth open, at the grand yet terrifick sight—when unfortunately Leander, intoxicated with "he knew not what, nor wherefore," stepped hastily forward, on his way to the fair one who thus unknowingly tormented him. The clown conceiving it to be the bloody-minded general making at him, extended both arms, but, too much terrified to retreat quickly, cried aloud for quarter!—Some wags present, who enjoyed the fun, jostled the poor man as he attempted to regain the door, out at which he swiftly passed, with hair erect and bare head, to the no small amusement of those in the street—for his hat, either by some mischievous person present, or the rebellious disposition of his hair, had been raised off in the house.

This curious turn of the affair had a good effect on Leander, in withdrawing him from his fruitless pursuit—and we returned home, well pleased with, and uninjured at, "*the Battle of Lodi.*" RARIO.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 413, *vol.* I.*)*

I saw, at a vast distance, in the very bowels of the earth, an impetuous river rushing in loud uproar, over huge fragments of rocks, which, by some violent cause,

had been separated from their parent mountain, and precipitated in one tremendous crash, to seek repose in the bottom of that dark profound.

I was much surprised when my guide informed me that notwithstanding the water I saw was in such a depth of the earth, it had not yet arrived at the fall which was so justly celebrated, but that it had fallen an hundred feet over a rock that formed a part of its bed about half a mile upwards, and was then endeavouring to find its way by another fall, yet more lofty, into the Loch-Ness.

Walking a little farther we arrived at a low wall, and upon looking over it, my eye sought in vain to measure the depth of a black abyss, that appeared to be interminable; my ears were then assailed by the tumultuous roar of many waters, that seemed to be endeavouring to find a passage through the very centre of the earth; and the affrighted spray as if determined to seek an asylum in air, was rising in thick and convulsive columns from the opening in the rocks. Till now we had remained upon the road which leads to Fort Augustus, over part of the Morven hills of Ossian, from whence the river that takes these amazing transitions has its source.

In order to command a full view of this mighty cataract, it was necessary to descend to a great depth, almost by a perpendicular direction, down the side of the abyss; and as my guide led the way, he desired me to follow him with the utmost caution, for if it was my misfortune to make the least false step, all the powers of man could not save me from the most horrible destruction. This very necessary advice I found some difficulty in observing, for the ground was made so exceedingly wet and slippery by the incessant fall of the spray, (which rises many hundred feet into the air) that it was with the utmost difficulty I could keep my feet firm under me. However self-preservation operated so strongly on my behalf, that we proceeded downwards with tolerable alacrity.

By the assistance of roots of trees, weeds, moss and stones, we arrived at a rocky projection which was about sixty or seventy feet down the precipice; where we remained a few minutes, in order to recruit our strength. Here for the first time I caught a glimpse of the whole body of water, falling through a shapeless breach in a huge rock, above the eye, in one rude, unbroken, and impetuous flood into the depth below.

While standing in this curious spot, my guide directed my attention to the bold projection of a rock that appeared at a vast distance perpendicularly below our feet, from which, he informed me we could command a full view of the astonishing cataract, and that there was no possibility of proceeding lower down unless by the assistance of ropes.

With this information we again proceeded downwards, but our progress was rendered extremely tardy, on account of the stones (upon which we could alone depend for safe footing) frequently giving way: yet notwithstanding the imminency of my danger, I could not so wholly regard my personal safety as not to behold without a considerable degree of sublime pleasure, the fate of those fragments of rock, which were broken off by our adventurous feet. After rolling from side to side, and being tossed from rock to rock with headlong fury and increasing velocity, they were at length lost in the foaming surge below, whilst the dying cadences of the secret echoes their passage had awakened, mingled with the hollow dashings of the water, and in a few seconds were no longer heard.

Watching the fate of stone after stone, I thought what a terrible, yet sublime mode of death it would be, to be hurled down that deeply-yawning abyss, and suffer all the dreadful transitions, I beheld the inanimate stones undergo. My reflections were not uninteresting; and I stood for a while in their indulgence until my guide (who was now descended far below), bawled out, desiring me to follow him with all due care or I should certainly miss the proper road, and consequently suffer that very death which I had been contemplating in my imagination.

Obeying his instructions, I arrived in a few minutes at the intended station, and was instantly gratified by the view of a spectacle, of which I had not formed the least adequacy of idea. It is not possible for me to describe the sensations of mind, this grand scene inspired. For some minutes I felt so amazed by the vast sublimity of all the surrounding objects, that my faculties appeared to have suspended their functions, and I stood gazing upon the scenery before me almost deprived of sensation.

I stood now exactly opposite to the torrent; nature seemed here to have opened wide her boundless womb, and exhibited a mighty proof of her gigantic powers, and unsearchable profundity. A vast pile of shapeless mountains appearing to support the heavens, and having a broad zone of silvery clouds, playing around them, enclosed this select spot and nearly precluded the light of day from visiting the black profundity of the abyss.

The base of these mountains, forming the bed of the river and sides of the vast cauldron into which the waters fell, exhibited a great variety of beautiful tints, and scattered clumps of young birch trees, whose autumnal foli-

age is peculiarly warm and variegated, and formed a fine and striking contrast to the gloomy wavings of the pines on the heights.

The rock, through whose narrow fissure the water rolls, is by admeasurement four hundred and seventy feet above the bottom of the cataract, and the fall itself, is about two hundred feet, bursting through an opening midway on its height.

This rock forms an immense cauldron, nearly circular, except the aperture through which the waters run after their descent, and this abyss is of an unknown depth, no line being able to fathom it. Down this black gulph the waters were precipitated with a tremendous roar, that appeared to shake the rocks which frowned above, and the water, as if angry at being so horribly disturbed, foamed and raged, and beat in furious violence. The knotted trunks of large and ancient oaks were to be seen tossing about, and played with as toys and as baubles. By way of exciting a dread of going too near the edge of the precipice, upon whose brink we stood, my guide began a long narration of the death of an interesting young man, who had fallen a sacrifice to his ardent curiosity, when visiting that fall, several years ago.

He informed me that a young Englishman who was making the tour of Scotland alone, arrived one evening at his hut. The hour was late, and the light of day had faded away from the west, but the moon shone brightly, and all the sage advice of the host of the hut, was ineffectual in his endeavours to prevent the young traveller, who was an enthusiastic admirer of nature's romantic scenery, from visiting the falls, even at that late hour in the evening.

Some domestic occurrence having prevented the guide from attending him, the hapless youth sat out alone by moonlight, in order to ramble through the solitary recesses of those stupendous mountains which every way surround the great fall of Foyers and examine their awful features, through that subdued but interesting medium of light which the moon in an advanced quarter oft-times gleams from her starry eminence, robbing night of all her ancient terrors.

This ill-fated youth was never seen after; he quitted the hut on that melancholy evening. His hat alone being found on the following day, hanging from a bush which grew about midway down the tremendous precipice, that guards one side of the great fall, was a sufficient indication of the horrible, yet sublime mode of death he had suffered, as it was a situation that could not be approached except by those means it was too evident the unfortunate youth had been compelled to undergo. It was supposed that in his endeavours to descend the rugged steep, in order to command a view of the cataract, his feet had slipped, and that he was in consequence precipitated down the horrid gulp, and dashed into countless atoms. His hat having fallen off, lodged by the way, on the bush where it was found. No other remains of him were ever afterwards found. But to return from this digression.

My guide informed me that notwithstanding I had then so fine a view of the Fall, I should have a much higher idea of its grandeur and sublimity provided I could submit to be let down by ropes from the projection upon which we then stood, and lower than which I could not go unless *I condescended to be suspended by an hempen cord.*

Not wishing to deprive myself of any gratification that might accrue from a small risk of my own most worshipful person, I eagerly embraced so novel an idea, (at least to me) and forthwith dispatched mine attendant for the necessary apparatus. During the absence of this man I endeavoured to make a sketch of the grand scene before me, but after several ineffectual attempts, I was obliged to relinquish my design, as the spray fell in a continual shower all around, and made myself and paper so wet, that I found my exertions to pourtray the magnificent prospect entirely vain.

My impatience, at the long absence of my guide, had arisen to no small height, when he arrived with a parcel of ropes and a large stake. He drove the latter into the earth very near to the brink of the awful crater, whose profundity I was about to explore, and I confess the sight of the preparations which were making, did not contribute to increase the small stock of resolution I had formed, and the impertinence of my inward sensations soon convinced me that my repentance was at hand. The little dependance I could place upon my head was the principal cause of my timidity, as upon many more trifling occasions I had experienced such an excess of giddiness, that my faculties were completely bewildered. However the reward that was held out upon the present occasion, being unusually great and enticing, I endeavoured to put aside my personal uneasiness, and at length submitted to have the ropes fixed round my body. *(To be continued.)*

Dr. Johnson was a great admirer of the wit of Cervantes. Speaking of books, he once observed, that there were few books of which one ever can possibly arrive at the *last* page; and that there never was any thing written by mere man, that was wished *longer* by its readers, excepting Don

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Mr. Easy,

AS I was a zealous advocate for the establishment of your paper in this place, and have watched its progress until the present time, with attention and solicitude; I cannot refrain from expressing my regret, at perceiving the introductory number of a new series of the Companion commence with matter so little original.

For the reputation and honor of Baltimore, I trust that a literary work may be still upheld, without a dependance upon extracts and selections for its support: and although we have every reason from past experience, to be moderate in our expectations; yet we must not despond, or make up our minds, to rank our city with other Bœotia's of celebrity.

If the talents and industry of the editor of a miscellany like this, or the Port Folio, be ever so respectable; still much is required to afford variety and matter of unquestionable merit for its pages. He who is acquainted with the labour of examining a number of productions in manuscript, preparing them for the press and the subsequent correction, to say nothing of the laborious researches, to make suitable extracts; will not be much surprised, if the Editor himself cannot produce to his readers weekly periodical compositions of variety sufficient to interest and please. He will readily suppose, that numerous assistants are calculated upon, not only amongst the immediate friends of the work; but from all those, who tired of the tedious sameness of mercantile news, or of the violent asperities of party writers, wish for some relaxation from the efforts of genius in every branch of intellectual entertainment. He will also imagine without difficulty, that in a society so extensive as this, there must be many of liberal education and correct tastes; many who having devoured with eagerness and rapture, the delicious fruits which the soil of genius and industry have produced, would be stimulated by the flavour, to cultivate their own, and impart its products, prompted by a generous and meritorious emulation.

The mercantile pursuits are tedious and insipid as to the occupation; the professional are laborious and exhausting; he will therefore conclude that where a taste and capacity for literature exist, some solace would be found, in the indulgence of a partiality for it; particularly as relates to composition. Great must be the disappointment then, at finding few of these probabilities realized.

The contributions to your miscellany, Mr. Easy, have been few indeed; your friend Mr. RAZORBLADE has not as yet sharpened his wit; Friend SCRUPLE has proved too much of the Quaker to have communicated much of the workings of the spirit; CAPT. FRANKLY has been more occupied with thoughts of love or war than of the Club; and as for WILL WHIMSICAL, he has only made his appearance once, like the comet, to startle,———the ladies—and provoke a smile——I wont say of approbation. The Lawyers have proceeded in the beaten track of commonplace pleadings; the Doctors have taken care of the city's health; the Merchants have been dreaming of cent. per cent. and the poor Companion has been left pretty much to take care of himself, and prove to the world that it is a very *easy* matter to have the title without the realities of social intercourse and assistance.

I consider it, my friend, as much a matter of public spirit to encourage and assist your paper, as to unite in overflowing us with the water from the Falls, or with waggons through the turnpikes.—The latter it is true, extend our commercial importance and proffer health and convenience; but why should we boast much of either, if we are to be classed in the grade of dunces? With all our wealth we shall be ridiculed and laughed at. The

neighbouring counties have their eyes upon us; they are capable of making an impartial comparison between the Companion and Port Folio; they know Philadelphia to have no more right to literary pretensions than Baltimore; yet in the former will the one flourish, nay increase in value and reputation, whilst in the latter, its existence seems to be merely eked out; it appeares barely to vegetate, and God knows, whether before the second year is out, it will be easy to call it by any companionable name.

I beg pardon, Mr. Editor, in making thus free with your offspring, your first born; but I feel conscious I shall find a ready absolution, when I confess my complaints are against your associates more than yourself. It has been conjectured by some of your sagacious readers, that this club to which you introduced us at the outset, was a club truly without brains; and whatever I may conceive to the contrary, I cannot think of contradicting them, whilst the honourable members themselves, do not think proper to convince them of their error. I have read of the Giant Club, and the Pigmy Club, and of the Anacreontic Club; but I never read of a Silent Club, and until the words are more clearly explained to my poor faculties, I shall never be able to join them together, and think of common sense at the same time.

But your club forms but a small part of the society of this metropolis. What are we to think of the general silence? Does there exist no ambition of a reputation of this nature; are we not desirous of being thought attached to something else than money and luxury? Does nobody in Baltimore read and cultivate a taste for literature? Have they no particular opinions on topics of criticism? Have they no beauties to point out or faults to find in an author of celebrity? Have they nothing moral to inculcate, sentimental to interest; or is there no abuse of society at which to level their indignation? Do they not at times choose to cull a flower from the gardens of poetry? Have they no mistress to celebrate, or tender passion to deplore, stimulated by the pathos and delightful poetry you have afforded in the charming verses on "Crazy Harry?"

What can be replied to these numerous interrogatories? A satisfactory answer I am sure. Why then suffer the cause of literature and good morals to faint for want of a timely aid? Why calmly contemplate, without shame and remorse, the struggles of an infant, whose increased growth and strength, would amply repay your trouble and care by a rich remuneration of credit and reputation?

Your paper, Mr. Easy, deservedly merits the support of an enlightened community. Its origin was not from interested motives; its tendency is evidently of the most unexceptionable nature; as a literary one it has an advantage over the Port Folio, by avoiding scrupulously every thing that partakes of a political or irritating quality. In your pages the ambitious youth may exhibit himself a votary of fame; he may try his powers and receive applause or correction, for his attempts, in the conscious security of anonymous communication. The more experienced writer may impart, the otherwise hidden, stores of his mind, for the benefit and delight of his fellow citizens.—The moral censor may take every occasion of correcting the times, by exhibiting the prevailing vices and follies, in such a point of view, as to make the latter blush though steeled with impudence, and the former tremble, lest all eyes should behold the justness of the resemblance. He may here employ that nice and delicate satire, which will correct the caprices of the humourist, banish rude and unmannerly behaviour from our publick places of amusement, and in a manner, direct the taste of a whole society. In short, why need the various purposes for which a periodical work may be employed, be here enumerated? They are obvious to all who have the power to assist, and if these will only condescend to have a little more *will*, the Companion shall be no longer called a dull one, but claim the title of a very clever fellow.

Thus, Mr. Easy, as a member of this community, I have claimed the right, and exerted it too, of recommending to your Silent Club, and readers generally, not to be lukewarm in the support of your paper. We have made so many attempts of the kind without success, that I am afraid if this falls through, we must content ourselves in future to pore over the pages of the Gazette or American; and instead of perusing some handsome couplets, content ourselves with a long string of advertisements.

A FRIEND TO THE COMPANION.

My Dear Easy,

I have perused a piece in your useful Companion, on "Study," the principles of which, if rigidly adhered to, would, I am confident, be very injurious to the dearest interests of society. Possessed himself of a *gigantic genius*, the author looks with disdain and contempt on mediocrity of talents. To concur with him in sentiments we must believe that every man has an exalted genius; we must believe that every Bœotian is a Shakespear. Experience has taught us the fallacy of such a supposition. Since then, all men have not an equal share of talents; since his genius will not enable every one

Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora; VIRG.

let him not be prevented from supplying the deficiency of nature by his own assiduity; let him not be debarred the privilege of availing himself of the labours and productions of other men. The attempt would, indeed, be highly ungenerous. Without using some of the ideas of other men, the greatest genius must languish in obscurity. The pages of a writer, however sublime his genius may be, will not all be cloathed with originality. Was Virgil, whom we so admire, all original? No! Study was his assistant. He looked up to Homer as his father, and received instructions from his works. Was Milton, the champion of modern poetry, in every part, original? No! He perused with marked attention the Eneid of Virgil. Evidences of this assertion will be found in many of the most beautiful passages of Paradise Lost. Do we admire these authors less because they have made the ideas of others subservient to their own plans. Do they sink in our estimation, because they have made use of the assistance of others in clambering the steep of science.—No! Unaided by such assistance, they must tumble down the declivity with precipitancy.—It is related of the elder Pliny, that he was so desirous of acquiring the ideas of others, and of accumulating his stock of knowledge, that he never performed even the menial offices of life without having some person to read to him. This great man was certainly possessed of genius, though I cannot but think that it was chiefly through the medium of application that he has arisen to that summit of celebrity, on which, his seat will be permanent. The advice of Lord Chesterfield to his son, relating to his application, is too generally known to need a repetition, and it was the opinion of Cicero, with which every reflecting mind must acquiesce, that no man could ever become a great physician, divine, or statesman, without the most assiduous application. It would be unnecessary to produce other examples to prove that genius disdains not application, and that study is not ineffectual and useless. As the flame without fuel to support it will languish and at length be extinguished, so genius without the assistance of study and application, will never shine with splendor, nor will its irradiations ever direct a misguided posterity, from the regions of error to the path of truth.

Your essayist, sir, in the very threshold of his production has advanced far beyond the utmost limits of propriety, and boldly denied the efficacy of study; he even tells us that the studious mind becomes "passive, slavish and inactive." Afterwards, however, he seems to be convinced that he has ventured too far into the ocean of theory and mere assertion, without a pilot to direct him, and that the vessel of his absurdity is about to be tossed on the rocks of reason; for he prudently retracts in the following words what he had before vaguely asserted: "the natural weakness of the understanding, and the variety of acquirements to be made, render it necessary that we should improve ourselves by the labour of others."—Through the whole piece there appears, indeed, to prevail the most glaring inconsistencies. Like an artful orator, he has thrown into the middle of his composition some concessions, which he thought necessary to preserve his credit, thinking that on account of the bold step with which he commenced, and the gigantic stride with which he concluded, the feebleness of the intermediate assertions, though pointedly contradictory to the exordium and conclusion, would pass by unobserved.

It seems, sir, that your essayist has yet to learn, that in the pursuance of science, something more is to be done than to take a general survey of the whole—that in sailing the ocean of literature, if we foolishly content ourselves with the distant prospect of the shore, however beautiful or picturesque it may be, without approaching it we will remain grossly ignorant of even the first principles of those sciences of which we are in pursuit. When interrogated on any branch of literature, we only know that such a branch exists. Our avidity of reaching without examination the end, would not permit us to tarry till the sun had arisen above the horizon, to dissipate the mist that obscured the light. All that we saw was perceived by reflexion thro' the haziness of twilight. It is that superficiality of observation too generally prevailing in this confederated republic that has made the deep research of Buffon and other European philosophers declare that, in America the powers of the human mind degenerate. Let genius follow with close steps the torch of application; for should it indolently linger behind, our rising empire will be overwhelmed in the obscurity of night—its fame, unless her sons should make an elastic exertion, will be forever blasted. SIDNEY.

Harford County, Nov. 1805.

COMMON SENSE.—No. I.

"Nothing so rare as common sense." JUVENAL.

Mr Easy,

I am utterly at a loss to determine a situation of greater delicacy and difficulty, than in the first sally of an author, in public. He is sometimes impelled by dint of cruel necessity, to intrude his productions on the public, without even the semblance of a recommendation, more than is

couched in his own remarks; and therefore, if he be a man of any, even the smallest degree of sensibility, he is placed in a dreadful labyrinth of trouble; for he is sure to say either too much, or too little. But the misadventures of a periodical writer, are still greater and more alarming, inasmuch as they are of a frequent nature; for even should his first production receive the smiles of public approbation, the smallest blemish in his subsequent procedure, often draws a veil of disgrace over the whole. In fact, his well being depends on the ajudication of thousands, not all of them learned, or even impartial.

Aware of these difficulties and dangers, Sir, it is not without emotions of diffidence, that I encounter them; but my inexperience as a writer will, I hope and trust, plead an apology for any faults that may occur. Were I armed with erudition, wit, experience and judgment, I would like unto the heroes of Homer, when cloathed in the armour of all the heathen gods, step forth with equal courage and confidence. Indeed authors are too apt to deem themselves learned, and consequently, expose their vanity and ignorance. Conscious of the latter infirmity, I humbly hope the Literati will be merciful, and not charge me with the former. I would not be thought so vainly presumptuous as Æsop's companions in servitude were, to profess the ability of doing every thing; nor would I willingly acknowledge myself incapable of doing any thing, as poor Æsop did; but respectfully submit my quantum of nonsensical phraseology, to the judicious scrutiny of men of letters, in hopes, that they will evince their friendship towards COMMON SENSE, and kindly approve what their lowly supplicant simply professes.

I have taken a sip out of Horace's cup of advice to authors, and have determined to offer this merely in the character of a modest preface to such miscellaneous remarks as may opportunely follow.

From what has been said, those who may be pleased to honor the informal effusions of my futile brain with a reading, have nothing more to expect than common sense, and barely that; however, should a little wit chance to pop in, they shall have it gratis, provided they will not be offended. Therefore, I beg, that readers will view my services as a lottery. As the wheel of fortune performs its revolutions, wit may turn up a prize; at all events, a blank equal to common sense.

I would not be thought so ignorant as not to deem modesty far more commendable than arrogance; and therefore, shall rest the definition of common sense, for the present, on the well known observation of superior knowledge, that "common sense is no common thing." Of this fact many stubborn proofs may be adduced; they are however, designed for future use; and in the interim I hope that my good readers will have the friendship and charity to excuse me, and consult their several friends and acquaintance on the subject. I propose to confine my future remarks on common sense, chiefly to the affairs of domestic life; and it shall be my chief pleasure and care, to assert its prerogative, and to contend for the expediency of reclaiming its radical dignity and credit; whereby, with the assistance of some abler pen, its lost empire may be retrieved.

In a word, Sir, my chief intention is to chide vice, ridicule folly, and applaud virtue; all which, in my humble opinion, come within the jurisdiction of common sense; common honour, and common decency too, are implied; I shall, therefore, most assuredly confine myself to decent things, and not dishonorably attack persons; then indeed, I may "amuse every body, without shocking any body."—

As my present determination is, that my name shall be kept a secret; I hope, that "Echo will not so much as whisper my hiding place." H.

A DIALOGUE

On Education, pronounced at a late public distribution of pirzes to the pupils of St. Mary's College, in this city.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

1. The Students of this College, had, last year the honour of discussing in your presence, a question relative to the literary course, which they are made to pursue. They now mean to undertake the discussion of another point, more comprehensive, as it embraces the entire plan of their education, in order to obviate an objection (more serious), than that which they then attempted to remove.—It was then proved, that the study of the ancient languages, which form the basis of our literary superstructure, is the most eligible mode for communicating knowledge to such, among a numerous body of pupils, as are susceptible of instruction. We shall to-day enquire, if our system of education, do not on the whole, entail consequences, which should prescribe its rejection.

The subject for consideration, is not, whether we have adopted a correct or efficient plan for the culture of the mind, but whether our intellectual attainments are not purchased at the expense of our moral qualities, or, whether the nature of our institution, does not tend to warp the understanding, and even vitiate the heart. The importance of this question must be generally felt. To investigate it fully, would require talents much more consi-

derable, than ours: in hazarding this discussion, we afford you, (Ladies and Gentlemen) a strong proof of our reliance on the lenity of your criticism.

2d. You do not, Sir, I imagine, mean to confine the application of this question, to this institution alone. It may, I think, be extended to every establishment of a similar nature, known under the denomination of a college. Those, which have flourished for a long series of ages, among cultivated nations, are also, schools in which youth assembled for the purpose of instruction, and which, with some slight shades of difference, are moulded after the same model.

1. True Sir: and this reflection furnishes me, if not with positive proof at least with a strong presumption, in favour of our system. It is difficult to conceive, that all the enlightened nations of the earth, would have adopted, and fostered institutions, of which experience had demonstrated, either the danger or the futility. Colleges have been regarded, in every country, as proper for the diffusion of useful knowledge. This patronage, so universal, and of such long continuance, must at least argue something in their favour.

2d. To this it will be replied, that you might have reasoned thus, half a century ago; but that philosophy has since detected and exposed the absurdity of such Gothic establishments, the hallowed sanctuary, as they were then deemed, of those erudite mummeries, with which our forefathers were so deplorably infatuated. The good people of former times, accustomed to revere every thing ancient, could conceive nothing more perfect, than what they found already established. But since philosophy, (to use the phrase of a modern luminary,) has applied the axe to the forest of prejudices, we have exploded this prepossession in favour of colleges, where, if we wish to form a virtuous or an useful citizen, our object never can be accomplished.

1. From the tone in which you pronounce this philosophical doctrine, you do not appear, as yet, thoroughly convinced, that we are in every respect wiser than our progenitors, or that we have gained much, by this modern substitution of the authority of fashion, for the respect which was heretofore entertained for antiquity. You do not appear far from conceding, that it is, at least as preposterous, to espouse every new system without examination, as to adopt blindly every idea which we find prevalent at our entrance into the world—Both should be maturely weighed: and when I adduced the antiquity and multitude of such institutions, as an argument in their favour, I merely intended to shew, how improbable it was, that they should have been so long and so universally upheld, if they really tended to sap the foundations of morality.

3d. I know not, if what we have just heard, respecting the language of modern illumination, be serious or ironical. But, as for myself, I can assure you, that I sincerely and unequivocally reprobate the general plan of our education. The subject is too important, in my eyes, to be treated with levity. Since you wish to ascertain what influence, such a system may have, on our social and moral character, let us, I beseech you, begin by examining the first step taken in this order of things; that of seperating us from our families, in order to collect us under one roof; a separation, which amounts in fact to a virtual exile. Is it judicious to practise such a trial on the heart, as that of tearing us, in our infancy, from the arms of our parents, on purpose, as it were, to stifle that filial tenderness, which is at once the first of our duties, and the most pleasurable of our enjoyments?

And how, I pray you, are we recompensed for so early and irksome a privation? Perhaps on the score of instruction? It is indeed true, that by spending our youth, under the eye of a mother, we might remain ignorant of the scientific jargon we come here to learn. But tell me ingenuously, would we be the worse for this? Under our paternal roof, we would have continued strangers to the beautiful and sublime sentiments of our authors, but then we would have heard the simple language of nature, the animated accents of tenderness. What lessons can leave so profound and delightful an impression, as those, which flow like honey from lips, that have smiled on our helpless infancy?

1. Do not, Sir, insist upon an objection, which it would be too painful to solve, if we were to give full scope to our feelings. I confess, that I should not have had courage to maintain my present opinion, had I been called upon to do so, some months ago, when I had nothing but a distant hope, to soften the harsh language of reason, which commanded me to remain here. But now all these gloomy images have vanished to give place to transports. To-morrow! Yes to-morrow, we shall return to our parents! We shall repair to shed tears of joy, on that bosom, which nourished our infancy; to receive in endearments, more tender than ever, the full reward of our long absence—When, about entering the port, I look back, with a more complacent eye, on the toils of the navigation.—They even beco ne a subject of congratulation, because I know them to have been indispensible to my improvement.

2d. But you assume the very point in issue; that pub-

lic education, is preferable to a course of domestic instruction, when viewed in relation to our social and moral qualities.

1. I do so :—But I do not mean that my assertions should be received as proof. I am ready to proceed.—

3d. What! You are not afraid of shocking the feelings of your hearers! You are not afraid of wounding the sensibility of that bosom, from which you drew life and nourishment, by denying to the authors of your being either the power, or the inclination, to train your youth, better than any other persons whatever! Assert if you please, that some of them are not erudite enough, to fill our heads with scholastic absurdities. This I grant you without hesitation, and I hope, without a blush.—But that the hands of a stranger, are best adapted to mould our understandings, and form them to virtuous habit; this is what I cannot admit.—

2d. I think, I can observe, Gentlemen, in your manner of conducting this dispute, a difference, that places it on an unequal footing. One attacks by feeling, the other defends himself by reason.—The former has every advantage. The majority of your judges, are parents, easily affected, and deeply interested in the result, who cannot hear the voice, without secretly preferring vows, for the triumph of nature. Our young friends, who are present, desire nothing more ardently, than that the advocate of good sense may be overcome. The disputant has to guard his own breast from the effect of those soft but powerful emotions, which, perhaps, make him waver already in his opinion.—I am curious to see the issue of this contest.

(To be continued.)

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 6.)

As I prepared for my terrible descent, I desired the man, into whose hands I was thus committing my life, to suffer me to remain down for a considerable time, that I might make every observation I thought proper. I was under the necessity of being entirely at his mercy, in this respect, because I had it not in my power to afford him any intimation of my desire to be drawn up, or let down, on account of the tumultuous boiling of the waters, and the thunder of the torrent, which would effectually annihilate all inferior sounds.

Having given my directions, I sat down upon the edge of the precipice, and gradually pushed myself off, at the mercy of the man and his ropes. In a moment every object swam from my dazzled sight, which suddenly became veiled as in a shroud of chaotic night; my bewildered faculties, no longer capable of their ordinarry functions, flew in wild uproar to the confines of that wilderness where distraction holds her infuriate course, snd where all is darkness, horror, and death. I suppose myself to have undergone, the first and most painful approaches to insanity; my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and animation no longer invigorated my frame. Suspended in the horrible vortex, and dangling amidst angry foam, I became as a lifeless log. I can recollect the sensations which I experienced when I no longer felt the firmness of earth under my feet, and when nought but the emptiness of air surrounded me, to be the most horrible I had ever sustained. I felt as if hurled into a bottomless abyss, through whose dark and interminable extent, I was doomed to fall, time without end. Had not an happy state of insensibility forbade me from a further knowledge of my situation, I should, doubtless, have experienced all the horrors of an incurable insanity.

How long I was kept in that situation I was then totally ignorant of, but I remember awaking as from a dream of terrors, and finding myself placed upon my back, by the side of the road which leads over the Fall, and the poor man hanging over me with clasped hands, cadaverous phiz, fixed eyes, and many other little inuendos that betokened his dire dismay. He had imagined my spirit was no longer of this world, and consequently was not without reflections of his own, touching the mode of my death, that did not sit very easy with him; however, I had no sooner perceived my situation, than I jumped up, much to our mutual satisfaction, & enquired how long I had been retained in my last perilous durance? He answered that under the supposition that I was enjoying the scene, he had suffered me to remain about a quarter of an hour, but when he drew me up, and found the real state of my feelings, he carried me on to the grass, and amidst the most painful apprehensions, lamented my supposed death.

Being completely recovered, I was now conducted, by my guide, to the smaller Fall of Foyers, which is situated about half a mile from the other, up the same stream. This cataract is surrounded by very wild and romantic scenery, falls upwards of an hundred feet, and is rendered more interestingly picturesque by the ornaments of a very ancient bridge, which is thrown over a chasm in the rocks, immediately over the Fall. The mind of the feeling spectator is filled by sensations of awe, and not a little uneasiness, when he stands upon this frail building, and bending over, eyes the immense profundity of the chasm under him, together with the impetuous force and loud uproar of the cataract which shake the bridge.

Although this Fall is extremely grand, and the surrounding objects remarkably picturesque, yet its vast inferiority to the other, in all the great requisites of sublime, or beautiful scenery, compels the spectator to the wish that it was seen before it.

The woods, water, rocks, and mountains, which are disposed in beautiful or magnificent groups, every where arrest the eye, and fix its attention. I derived a degree of exquisite and undefinable pleasure, from a contemplation of the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Falls of Foyers, which memory still dwells upon with delight, and whose yet strongly marked lineaments contribute towards my happiness, when I turn my eye inwards, and look back upon the days of my innocence, my inexperience, and my youth, when I wandered in the ways of men, with the steps of a stranger, and felt an ardent desire to join with my fellow-creatures in the bonds of amity and eternal fidelity. Then, indeed, I considered the sensations my mind experienced from an intercourse with Nature's most sublime or beautiful works, as a very far inferior species of delight, from that which I expected to derive from the society of an enlightened body of my fellow-creatures, whom I had imagined to have herded together for the express purposes of rendering the condition of man more worthy of his exalted nature, than when immured in his native wilderness, mountain, bog, or fastness; but poignant indeed was my anguish, when in after-life I found my dreams of joy to vanish from my grasp, and melt into thinnest air. But to return.

I amused myself with making sketches of the scenery, until the fall of twilight compelled me to bid a lasting adieu to the magnificent prospects before me, and I returned with my guide to the Hut. *(To be continued.)*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

At a time when those more immediately interested; those who inhabit the capital, *figuring* in the streets of this gay and (as our enemies say) illiterate city, stand at so great a distance from our inelegant and uninteresting sheet; it gives the Editor particular pleasure to receive the voluntary aid of classic compositions from distant counties. The Editor entertains the fond hope, that the patriotic example of a SIDNEY will have no mean effect on many of his worthy countrymen: may it prove a spark of literary pride, capable of arousing and illuminating at least the backward and neglected state of Maryland.

CLARA, LEANDER, QUID AGAM, and A FRIEND TO EASE, are received, and will be attended to.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN IMITATION

Of the Fourth Satire of Despréaux.

Easy, whence is't, that he with least pretence,
Will think himself alone possess'd of sense;
Will proudly leap in Aristarchus' chair,
And blow on Genius with a critick's air;
Or, puff'd with morals, snatch at Plato's stool,
Vend laws of life, himself life's merest tool;
That still we see this vanity prevail,
Where Pride and Dulness poise the equal scale?

The Pedant, of superfluous learning vain,
And full of Greek and Arrogance his brain,
Who, just as parrots con their themes by rote,
Can in a breath from fifty authors quote,
Or cite a thousand apophthegms profound,
Believes within a book all reason bound;
Judges of all by Aristotle's rules,
Nor thinks sense sense if not acquir'd in schools.

Reverse of him, see yon pert, powder'd beau,
Whose only trade's to make himself a show;
From place to place, unknowing why, he walks,
At each the same unmeaning nonsense talks;
Repeats cold trifles to a lady's fan,
And nauseates with the semblance of a man;
He prates of books—condemns them by the score---
And rails at science as a downright bore---
Thinks life is but abus'd by letter'd wits---
While free in charter'd ignorance he sits,
Holds this the happiest privelege of man,
And chains to college glooms the learned clan.

The haughty bigot, who, with impious mind,
Hopes by affected zeal his God to blind,
Loudly declaims 'gainst every vice in vogue,
And damns each errant from the decalogue;
Peruse his secret thoughts, in each you'll see
A deep-dyed libel on humanity.

No faith th' enlighten'd libertine can bind,
No soul has he to lose, no heav'n to find,
His pleasures are to him as laws supreme,
And all religion but an idle dream.
The tale of demons and a burning deep,
May dupe old maids, and frighten babes to sleep,
He knows 'tis fable all, fram'd but to please
The childish whims of wretched devotees,
And till his mind is impotent as theirs;
He'll never load it with such useless cares.

But 'twere an endless task, and out of place,
Of every mind the inward views to trace;
As easy might we undertake to tell
The names of all whom **** and calomel,
Those seldom-failing harbingers of death,
Have in one autumn only robb'd of breath.
Let us not stray in such a vague design;
But in one word my meaning to define,
And not offend the people who declare,
That they possess of light the largest share,

Enquire from pole to pole, the world around,
No perfect wisdom can on earth be found;
Each man's a fool, whatever pains he takes,
And more or less the only diff'rence makes.

As in a wood we see a road divide
In twenty paths, where trav'lers without guide,
To right or left, or this or that way bend
Their doubtful course, and all in error end:
Thus man, through life, a path uncertain treads,
As passion drives him, or as folly leads:
Yet most assume, seiz'd by some mania's rage,
To stand the Orpheus of a wand'ring age,
To hold a mirrour up to fashion's eyes;
In this alone his greatest error lies:
Unconscious of keen satire's piercing dart,
And blind to the perverseness of his heart,
He thinks his mind has caught some heav'nly flame;
And gives his foibles virtue's sacred name.

But wisdom always wears her own disguise;
And he with most will never think he's wise.
In him no vain presumption you discern;
He knows that mortals ever have to learn,
And diffident of his own erring sense,
To others reasons leans with defference;
Incessant censor of his private thoughts,
He counts with rigid justice all his faults,
On each bestows a punishment severe;
But human virtue still will faulter here.
Each on himself will lenient judgment hold.
The wretch who doats with transport on his gold,
Who sees his wealth in heaps on heaps arise,
With constant poverty before his eyes,
While patiently the world's contempt he bears,
A weary prudence calls his grov'ling cares;
Life can to him no other joy afford,
Than to accumulate an untouch'd hoard;
This is his toil by day, his dream by night.

Curse me, the miser's is a strange delight!...
Exclaims yon spendthrift, who, with senseless pate,
On every trifle squanders his estate;
Who still with open hand parades the streets,
A prey to ev'ry wiser head he meets;
He never half that happiness enjoys,
As when some prodigality employs
His languid hours. What change has he to fear,
Possess'd of twenty hundred pounds a-year.

View these; say which appears to you most blind?
Both seem to be disorder'd in their mind;
Replies yon sage, who with a palid face,
Awaits his fortune from a ten and ace;
Wealth has no value but to purchase bliss;
The only road to real life is this...
The cards are drawn...a flush his cheeks o'erspread...
But soon a deadly pale supplants the red...
His haggard looks, his gnashing teeth, confess
The disappointed gamester's happiness:
He foams, he starts, wild fury in his eyes,
Bent with loud blasphemy against the skies.

Had you beheld this Pytan, you'd have said,
He meant to take the heav'ns by escalade.
Him let us leave a prey to discontent;
His pleasures always bring their punishment.
Still there are follies whose delicious bane,
With softer charms inebriate the brain:
Whose precious nectar flowing on his soul,
**** felt all Helicon within him roll;
He grasp'd his pen; his Muse disgorg'd her freight;
And the press groan'd beneath the verbal weight.
What though his lines, inflated, turgid, dull,
Would meet the hiss of ev'ry grammar school,
Yet *one* with tranquil mind applauds their fire,
And as Columbia's Milton hails their sire.

Alas! what pity, if some hardy friend,
Should from his eyes the veil deceitful rend;
Should bring the naked poem to his face,
Devoid of Genius, energy, or grace,
A moody mass of new-coin'd epithets,
Distorted meanings, and of forc'd conceits,
Of words on words in crude disorder thrown,
Wide wond'ring what affinity they own,
Of terms remov'd in genuine sense, as far
As torrid libra from the polar star:
Oh! with what bitter rage he'd curse the day,
That drove the error of his mind away.

As once 'tis said, in other things no fool
A devotee of Swedenburg's new school,
By too much musing on his fav'rite strain,
Felt a strange fantasy deceive his brain;
Where'er beneath its pleasing pow'r he stray'd,
Unceasing harmony around him play'd;
Celestial spirits seem'd to touch the strings,
Or fan the sounding organ with their wings.
At last a doctor laid his case to heart
And cur'd him, or by chance, or by his art;
But howsoe'er success his pride may please,
A Doctor must be paid: he ask'd his fees;
I pay you? cried the zealot in a rage,
For what? what pangs of mine did you assuage?
Was it not you, who, by accurs'd address,
Drew me from madness—and from happiness!
I like his warmth; for in the dreadful strife
Of griefs, which rack the little span of life,
Of this we're sure, disguise her as you will,
Reason is of our ills the greatest ill;
Tis she that o'er the past holds fretful sway,
And with repentance only shares her prey,
Who, sternly, in the moment of our joys,
Usurps her pow'r and all their zest destroys;
And when some future bliss our hopes would crown,
She blasts the prospect with pedantick frown.
In vain some dotards have, enamour'd, strove,
To dress her as a deity of love,
To give her as a queen of heav'nly birth,
Whose reign would bring felicity on earth;
Whose precepts follow'd, man should be divine.
'Tis true on paper this is very fine:
I love to read it.—But each day will show,
That greatest fools are most caress'd below.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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Mr. Easy,

IN a country where literary pursuits, and literary eminence, are so rare as to excite the astonishment of almost every traveller from abroad; it is not very surprising to see such an incoherent rhapsody presented to the public, as the friend of your correspondent B. offers. Where Avarice, in all his various forms, accompanied with perfect inattention to every art of acquirement but one, meets us so generally at every corner, "in the high ways, and in the market place," I can scarcely conceive, that Mr. Easy could have selected a more popular or delightful theme, upon which to dwell. What with the mad doctrines of a Godwin and a Paine, and the exertions of others to exalt the mob at the expence of science and knowledge, it may safely be presumed, that we are in a very fair way, and progressing rapidly, to attain that national bathos of character which will enable us to arrive at the true perfectibily.

This writer tells us in very plain terms, that an attempt to gain knowledge by the only means by which it ever was gained, is pernicious and destructive of the powers of observation and reflection, all strength of understanding and ardour of genius. He calls the student a grovelling animal, and speaks of study only as servility.—This is certainly very curious doctrine; not less curious than amusing; and I imagine, Mr. Editor, he had in view some exercise of our risible faculties, in publishing it by way of compensating for that saint-like gravity your introductory essays have so ably preserved. Rejoice then! all ye dunces! your tender faculties shall be no more strained by useless application. If Nature meant ye should be any thing but dunces and idiots, she would infallibly have given you genius, which precludes all necessity of study. If you attempt to gain ideas any other way than by intuition or inspiration, you will only imitate "the sentiments of others;" and so far from gaining any advantage, or securing any merit, your minds will soon lose all desire of exertion, and sink into a torpid state of helplessness and dependence—They will become passive, slavish and inactive.

Godwin's *Man of Genius* is also a very curious personage. He performs a vast deal whilst he is going between Hyde Park corner and Temple bar; he cuts all kind of capers; he looks all about him; reasons within himself; calculates, and God knows what else: (as I have not the book by me) whilst the man of no genius goes strait forward. But this man of genius, strange as he is, is a man of learning and education: Mr. Godwin advocates a knowledge of the classics, which I apprehend cannot be acquired any other way than by studying them.

The fact is, the writer of this piece has started with a false proposition: it is no wonder then if all that follows is of little consequence. He has thought proper however to quote a venerable student, who received no injury that we know of from his laborious acquirements. He confounds an imitation of the manner and style of one author, with the information to be derived from the study of various authors; and supposes that because the one is servile, and betrays want of genius, the other must be so too. The word "*sentiments*" of various authors has produced this chaos and confusion; it does not follow that when we read the sentiments of authors, we imitate them in the strict sense of the word—that would be plagiarism. The study of authors implies no such thing; and this it is, which has bewildered the ideas of our advocate for no study.

After the foregoing has been read, the reader will be started at this writer's saying, that "the natural weakness

of our understandings, and the variety of acquirements to be made, render it however necessary that we should improve ourselves by the labour of others;" that is by the *sentiments* of others. Why this contradiction? Why is the utility of study acknowledged and denied in the same essay? What is it then that the writer really means to prove, or to say?

He says "no man ever became great by study," and "we seldom see genius stoop to the servility of study," and "that the disadvantages of study are fully illustrated in the observation, that the hardest students have seldomest brightly shone in literature." Now I humbly think the very reverse of all these propositions. The quotation of authors to establish the latter of them, is by no means a fortunate one; for I conceive they were every one close students, except, perhaps, Bolingbroke; and he is not a litttle ambitious to display the stock of learning he had acquired. Besides, if these are meant to be cited as of the greatest genius with or without close study, a very unlucky choice is made. If Hume chose to be original (and, according to this person, of course a great man) it was to very little purpose, for he certainly "amplified and created" in a manner that gained no great degree of credit; as the erudite labour of another profound student, as well as man of genius, Dr. Beattie, has well evinced.

We are told of Swift, that whilst he lived with Sir Wm. Temple, he studied so constantly every day for several years, that he imposed the task upon himself of running up a hill daily for the preservation of his health.—From the days of Milton downwards, those of the greatest genius produced by Great Britain, were profound and indefatigable students. In short, it would be a very puzzling and difficult matter to quote any thing purely correct, and of established fame, that was the production of an unlettered composer, like Burns and Bloomfield.

It was very far, Mr. Editor, from my intention to notice this essay, or whatever you please to call it, particularly. It appeared evidently the crude production of one who had not digested his subject; but as I perceive it has attracted the attention of a country subscriber, I thought it would not be amiss to disclaim the opinions of your correspondent, in town, and at least contribute something to fill a column or two in your Miscellany.

A STUDENT.

Mr. Easy,

At the commencement of your second volume, when the Genius of Literature seems to be making a bold, and, I hope, successful attempt, to rally round her elegant standard, the little but patriotic band, known to inhabit Baltimore; no true friend to the character and fame of this city, who feels conscious of ability to assist in snatching her name from the disgraceful history of ignorance and barbarism, but must read with pleasure your second number of volume II. The disinterested zeal, evinced in the timely address of a true "*Friend to the Companion,*" couched in the nervous language of several essays, well known and as much admired by the readers of your paper, gives to us of the minor class, good reason to hope, that we have not yet lost our ablest leaders. First on the list of literary contributors, this writer may assume new signatures; but his style, his manner, and his zeal, like the fixed integrity of the independent man, points out the true, unvarying patriot.—Whoever this writer may be, the citizens are obliged by his exertions—and the common cause depends much for success on the erudition and persevering energy of such masters.

As one writer is, and (in the true American style) "of right ought to be," unknown to every other; this cannot be termed impertinent flattery. Besides I have the generous example before me of him to whom I tender my respects, in the delicate encomium on "Crazy Harry," fruit of the muse of his worthy contemporary.

Such an air of consequence may sit rather awkwardly upon the flaxen head of a junior author; but a consciousness of just intention, emboldens me to deliver my opinion, that were Indolence to loose her hold of them, and Silence to unseal their lips, the members of a (now) "Nominal Club" might so arrange matters, as that the complainers against you would be easily silenced.

Reproached by the erudite sons of the transatlantic world, shall we, as "Maryland" says, lie listless on our arms, and dread the combat? No, Mr. Easy, I do not believe that "every thing done at home, is ill done."—The address from "A Friend to the Companion," the essay signed "Sidney," both in your last number, prove, there is spirit, and skill too, even in this state.

I have a liking for this Sidney. There is somewhat of nobleness in thus standing forward to defend his youthful country, from the unkind attempt to strangle her, made by the huge Philosophers of the Old World. And as the author of "Notes on Virginia" has successfully combatted one of the bold assertions of a great Naturalist*,

* An unaccountable prejudice will sometimes bias the strongest judgment. M. Buffon, as my friend "Sidney" remarks, has said, that on this side the Atlantic, the powers of the human mind degenerate: the same author asserted, without

we are at liberty to hope, that the increasing fondness of our countrymen for intellectual enjoyment, will be productive of data to exhibit against the other and most material charge.

It is chiefly to be lamented, that the desire of being instructed is not accompanied by an equal willingness to instruct. The citizens of Baltimore, indulging in a species of diffidence which prevents their imparting what they really know, cause foreigners to conclude, they know it not. For although there is a polished literary circle here, whose conversations have delighted and informed the writer of this, when the company was select and limited; yet a characteristic reserve in the company of strangers, and an apparently fixed determination, *not to write*, has very naturally made this erroneous impression on the minds of those not admitted on terms of intimacy,

Fielding has satisfactorily proved, in his well written discourse on the subject, that the chief pleasure of men, in a refined state of social intercourse, is to be derived from *conversation*. In admitting this, so far from arguing against the utility of literary works, it may be adduced to prove the indispensable necessity of those favoured with superior intelligence, wit, and erudition, to enlighten, by their written essays, those with whom they spend the most agreeable part of their time; in order that such a state of society may be preserved, as may conduce to the happiness of that distinguished portion of mankind, who are susceptible of the highest pleasure enjoyed by cultivated understandings.

Thus, I am persuaded, self-love, which, abstracted from every other consideration, is sufficient to move the most careless amongst us, urges the necessity of supporting the Companion. For by maintaining its respectability, in a literary point of view, we create and perpetuate a mean of lasting ejoyment for ourselves, and nobly pave the way, for an highly intellectual posterity;—whose shining talents and exalted genius may redound to the immortal honour of their meritorious ancestors.

Rise, spirit of Columbia—extend thy enlivening influence to the many dormant souls now useless through the land, and teach Americans the way to profit by their peculiar good fortune.

Placed at a happy distance from the wrangling nations of the eastern world, we may conveniently obtain, and enjoy in peace, whatever is necessary or conducive to the happiness of a wise people. How shameful then, to neglect the improvement of the mind, the only real advantage gained by man in his journey to civilization.—Doubly shameful would it be, for the citizens of Baltimore, the eligible seat for learning and for trade, to profit nothing by their central situation.

As it is an *easy* matter to retain what we once have possession of; I cannot suppose that your friends, and those friendly to the character of the city, will witness with indifference the success of the only literary work amongst them. They will rather heartily unite in the honourable employment of providing food for their entertaining Companion.

NOVICE.

A DIALOGUE

On Education, pronounced at a late public distribution of prizes to the pupils of St. Mary's College, in this city.

(Continued from page 14.)

1st. To shew you what a delicate task I have undertaken to perform, I shall begin with candour, by laying down a position, extremely harsh, which my heart rejects, at the same time, that reflection convinces me of its truth. It is, that our parents, precisely because they do love us with tenderness, are therefore least capable, of rendering us the most important of all services, that of fortifying our minds against a thousand bad habits, which we are liable to contract, under their inspection, and without their knowledge.

3d. Ah! there indeed Sir, I agree with you—It is a harsh truth, if however it be one; I expect your proof.

1st. I shall give it so much the more willingly, as it will serve both to explain my ideas, and reconcile that warmth of filial piety, which I actually feel, with a language, that might induce some of my hearers, to tax me

the shadow of a proof, that the quadrupeds of America were inferior to those of Europe. The illiberal prejudice, which alone gave rise to the latter calumny, has been properly exposed by the philosophical author of the "*Notes on Virginia*," in his comparison of the Cisatlantic with the Transatlantic animals, in that admired work. And there can be no good reason for a doubt, but that as time and national prosperity afford suitable opportunity for experiment, the science displayed by America may compare to advantage with that of any other quarter of the globe. Have we forgotten the philosophy of Franklin and Rittenhouse---the patriotism of Hancock and Washington---the learning of Wilson and Dickinson...the eloquence of Henry and Hamilton?...Who gave a West to the Royal Academy of Arts in Britain?

Were it possible to crowd into the small compass of a note in a weekly paper, a biography of the bright constellation, which has already risen, amongst the mountains and forests of America; yet it were needless here. Americans have this information; and this small portion of the union will, I trust, prove to you, Mr. Easy, that they can profit by these examples.

with a complexion of character, materially different.—Observe well: it is from the goodness of their hearts, the excess of their affection, that I infer the necessity of devolving the care of our education on strangers. Childhood, however innocent, has its share of dissimulation, its petty artifices, which too easily elude the search of an eye blinded by tenderness. The evil steals imperceptibly on the heart, and takes root, unheeded by the parent, whose discernment is dimmed by his prepossessions. Under the most seductive appearances an artificial character is thus formed, which timidity may at first serve to conceal, but which, when it one day bursts forth, must occasion much pungent sorrow and unavailing repentance, to a credulous father. Terence has made this remark, no less than two thousand years ago, in his Andria, and as his comedies are intended to represent the manners of his age, we may conclude, that the credulity of parents is not a matter of recent discovery.

2d. But do you believe, that public teachers are not also liable to be deceived. If they flatter themselves with such an exemption, they err most egregiously. However alert, or clear sighted, we never want means to elude both their penetration and their vigilance.

1st. I do not deny it. But, in one respect, they must enjoy an eminent advantage:—their vision is not obscured by that veil, which nature seems to delight in drawing over the eyes of a parent. Their pupils stand in the light of an adopted family, among whom they are to divide their cares. To govern so great a diversity of characters they are compelled to make them their particular study: and in the performance of this duty the experience which they derive from their profession, must prove an important auxiliary.

It is indeed true, that our parents, whose observation is circumscribed within the limits of their domestic circle, because they feel little or no interest in any thing beyond those limits, can rarely, attain the degree of experience, requisite to discover or check the growth of the passions. Thus, besides those strong prepossessions, which natural affection creates in favour of their children, they have to contend with a still more formidable obstacle. Their inexperience lulls them into a dangerous security; and seeds of corruption, the very existence of which they do not suspect, are suffered to germinate in rank luxuriance.—But in a college, the attention of the professor is always on the watch, to seize the first symptoms of the intellectual malady, and to apply an immediate antidote. The multitude of pupils, who successively engross his care, form, in some manner, a rapid succession of generations, which supply an attentive observer, with important aids, for the study of the human heart, through the first stages of its progress. If it were proper to compare small things with great, I would say, that the numerous train of pupils, committed to his supervision, assimilates his experience, to that of Nestor, whose wisdom, the fruit of his extraordinary age, rendered him the oracle of the Greeks.

3d. A magnificent comparison indeed. You did well to pave the way for it by an oratorical precaution, and I doubt much, whether that will shield it from a smile. We scarcely expected to see you ascend to the siege of Troy, to demonstrate the wisdom of confining us in a college.

But this leads me to speak of a defect, usually contracted at schools, and into which the best understandings sometimes fall. I allude to an affectation of knowledge, the offspring of a puerile vanity, with which we never should be infected, if, instead of coming to prosecute our studies here we were to continue, in modest seclusion, at home. In a community of young men, dedicated to various branches of study, every individual labours to establish the superior excellence of his favourite pursuits, and the paramount utility of his acquisitions. The mathematician, the most inflated, because he is the most unintelligible, incessantly vaunts the mysterious properties of the alphabet, while *we*, not being irradiated with a single beam of this cabalistic light, only know them as the representative of sounds and the constituents of words. The dialectician, entrenched in the subtlety of logic, delights in employing his sophisms, to perplex and confound his associates. The rhetorician, incapable of producing any thing original, decks himself in the borrowed plumes of the orator and the poet, in order to impose upon vulgar stupidity. The grammarian, armed like the porcupine, at all points, with Latin and Greek, finds ample matter for self-complacency, in the range of his erudition, and the profundity of his researches. The sole competition appears to be, who shall most ostentatiously display his learning. Would it not be well, to snatch a boy from the contagion of this ridiculous pedantry, even at the hazard of his remaining in ignorance?

1st. If this defect were necessarily inherent, or peculiar, to our plan of education, we should no longer disagree. But the case is diametrically the reverse—I mean, that a collegiate education, is the best preservative against pedantry, and if at all to be apprehended, it is particularly so, in a course of domestic instruction. The defect you mention, is one of the errors of self-love,

which leads us, in particular circumstances, to arrogate more than our due proportion of merit. Nothing so much contributes to foster this disposition, as praise unmeritedly bestowed. Under this point of view, a child cannot be more inauspiciously placed, than in the midst of his family, where every ear is open to receive his absurdities, and every mouth prepared to proclaim them the sallies of early wit. How can *he* believe himself any other than a superior intelligence, who is incessantly feasted with the voice of his own praise.

But flattery is not the evil of a college. His professors are rarely prodigal of applause, his fellow students still less prodigal. So far from finding both prepossessed in his favour, from the first, he receives only that share of commendation, which is necessary to assist the imbecility of his efforts; by the latter, every indication of pride is quickly detected, and severely reproved—Woe to him, who appears too well satisfied with his own talents; ridicule and sarcasm would soon supply both a corrective and punishment, for his self-sufficiency.

2d. Witness the manner in which my erudite simile was just now welcomed—I shall not, I think, soon again recur to Homer, for an example to illustrate my opinions.

3d. I trust however, that my merriment has not given offence. I would not have indulged it, but that I wished for an opportunity, of introducing my observations on a defect, which certainly can never be objected to you. I did not suppose, that you could deem it an abuse of that free, but decorous intercourse which subsists between us. It would not surely be before an assembly like this, that I could forget the deference due even to friends.

2d. Be easy on that head. If our hearers should imbibe a different impression, I would myself be the first to undeceive them—I only view it as a little malicious pleasantry, thrown out to enliven the intrinsic dullness of this discussion—I shall take no other revenge, than a retort when an opportunity offers. I shall also avail myself of an expression you have employed, to suggest another defect, generally ascribed to public education.

I speak of a certain churlishness of temper, which is eternally carping at every word you utter, however insignificant. There exists not in society, a being more vexatious, than one of these unmerciful critics before whom it is impossible to converse, without being called upon, at every moment, to justify a thought or an expression. Their observations consist for the most part of miserable cavils, and when just, they are rarely of any positive utility, and still more rarely, of that importance, which these gentlemen attach to them. The animation of their manner in such contests, might lead you to suppose, that the public weal was at stake. But no—The subject is some small inaccuracy of phrase; some loose remark capable of a sinister interpretation, and which they never fail to construe in the worst sense; some negligent periods susceptible of a more musical cadence; and a thousand other nothings equally important. Woe to you, if you have the presumption to doubt; you are then entangled in a dispute, from which there is no deliverance, but by flight or submission.

But it is in schools that these rigid Aristarchuses are said to be formed, who, on their entrance into the world, assume the character of instructors, and become the tyrants, of society. It is well worth the trouble of harrassing a youth for so long a time merely to render him the torment of his elders.

1st. This fondness for dispute is so nearly allied to the species of pedantry of which we have just before spoken, that it has the same origin and progress. To shew, therefore, that it cannot be justly attributed to public education, it will be sufficient to contrast the effects of the latter, with those of the opposite system.

It is not the habit of disputation, but an inclination to dogmatize, which engenders and nourishes that fastidious temper you have just pourtrayed in such ridiculous colours. But where is a boy more liable to contract this dictatorial habit, than in the midst of his family, which he governs without opposition or controul. Surrounded by parents who idolize, and servants who fear him, he sees on every side none but the slaves of his caprice. Every thing bends before him. The slightest inclination of his will is received as an irreversible law. Not only, is no obstacle opposed to his wishes, but they are anxiously divined and studiously anticipated. His opinions, however absurd, are never to be controverted—because his temper might be soured by irritation. He, therefore, never disputes, but it is for the want of an antagonist. The capriciousness of his taste affords the best proof of his perversity—Attempt to refuse what he asks, his tears and his shrieks soon force you to compliance. Grant his request, and he no longer cares for what he before sought, with so much eagerness and passion. His object is to make you feel his superiority. He loosens his grasp, when resistance ceases. Remove him at a proper age, from the bosom of his family into the world, and you will there find him characterized by the same traits—equally capricious, overweening and intractable.

3d. But is this portrait correct: it appears to me, that

I have seen many persons, reared by the hand of a parent, to whom it bears no resemblance.

1st. There are exceptions without doubt; because there are minds, so happily born, as to escape the mischiefs usually consequent on a bad education. But I speak of what must, and does actually happen, to such, as are not thus privileged by nature; and I assert, that domestic instruction is no less calculated to produce, than public education to reform such a character.

2d. Let us see, then, how you will establish your last position, and shew, that the continual practice of disputation, renders us less disputatious. You will have to contend against experience in the first place—You know of many persons, who can never overcome this propensity to vindicate preconceived opinions, however absurd or paradoxical. *(To be continued.)*

The following ingenious and classical piece of humour is copied from the Virginia Gazette.

BEEF STEAK AND OYSTERS.

What signifies all the dispute respecting the question of superiority in the ancients or moderns?....*Sir William Temple* and *Doctor Bently* and *Doctor Wotton* and the *Earl of Orrery*, might have shed ink till this time, and never would the superiority of the ancients respecting a knowledge of the properties and right use of the OYSTER have been established to the satisfaction of

GEORGE WATSON,

at the WHITE HOUSE, where the POST OFFICE was lately kept; and where he will always be glad to see his friends.

I am clearly for the superiority of the moderns...What are the facts? So superstitious and ignorant were the ancient Greeks and Romans, that they believed oysters to grow fat with the two first quarters of the moon, and become lean with the waning. *Ostreis et conchyllis omnibus*, says *Aulius Gellius, contigis, ut cum Luna crescat pariter, pariterque decrescat:* so says *Cicero*. *Gellius* quotes *Lucilius Luna alit ostrea*: *Horace* also says *nascentes implent conchylia Luna*. It is true they had some taste respecting the relish of oysters; and knew how to distinguish well. What says *Juvenal* of the nicely discriminating taste of an oyster epicure?

Circeis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, *Rutupinove* edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprehendere morsu:

i. e. he could tell at the *first taste* whether they came from the Caietan rocks, the Bay of Lucrinum in Campania, or from Richborough in Kent county, in England. And *Horace* mentions the great superiority of the Circean oysters.

Maurice Rejano melior Lucrina peloris
Ostrea Circæis Miseno oriuntar echini:

So also *Pliny: Circæis* autem ostrea neque dulcioro neque teneriora, esse ulla, &c. In short, it is my opinion, that these Circean oysters very much resemble the oysters at my house called the YORK COVE and QUEEN'S CREEK. They knew as well as we that the best oysters are taken from the *coves*; *optima sunt ostrea*, says Pliny, *si quando* LACUS *adjacet aut fluvius*, by which, says *Casaubon*, we are to understand the *Cove* oysters. But lord what is this to the purpose? It only shews that the ancients had a relish for *raw* oysters. Shew me that they e-er cooked them. Where is a treatise in Greek or Latin, on *roasting*, *stewing*, *frying*, and other ways of dressing oysters? Here is a proof of *modern* superiority. They had no *houses set apart* for the particular purpose of regaling the lovers of this delicacy. *Juvenal* to be sure mentions a *bad* lady's eating great oysters at midnight.

*Grandia** quæ medus jam noctibus *ostrea* mordet,

but from the context it may be seen that she *ate* them [or rather *bit* them off, *mordet*] at *home*. This is another proof of *modern* superiority. In short had G. Watson time to examine the writings of the ancients(much of which he has forgotten since turning his attention to the delightful task of pleasing the palate of a patronising publick) he might prove in almost every way, as it respects the oyster, that the ancients were far, very far inferior to the moderns. One proof more. Did they ever know the union of *Beef Steaks* and oysters? Homer may tell about the *ambrosia and nectar* of his un-epicurean gods and goddesses, but where in the Iliad will you find a syllable relative to beef steak and oysters? It is all folderol; they knew nothing of good living.

Who first discovered the good qualities of the oyster, and brought into general use, the first of shell fish; in comparison of which Crabs, Lobsters, Craw fish and Clams, "hide their diminished heads?" Did I know the name of such "benefactor of the human race," I would build him a *monumentum ære perennius* made of gold and cemented with oyster lime.

For *nourishment* what equals the oyster! What says "*Willich* on Diet and Regimen," a work that should be in every family? "Oysters are easily digested, they may be eaten with great advantage by the robust as well as the weak and consumptive: they possess more *nutritive ani-*

* Not unlike the New York Blue-Pointers.

mal jelly than almost any other ? Though G. Watson's reading is not so extensive as that of those who have read more than he has, yet he must acknowledge that neither in Galen, nor in Hippocrates, in Cullen nor Boerhave, has he ever found half a syllable against the wholesomeness of this sovereign of bivalved crustaceous aquatics : this animal that lives in a house not made with hands, with but one door, for cheapness flavour and sulubrity.

Bears like the Turk, no shell fish near his throne.

Come then to the Oyster Restorateur, where shall be wanting neither WINES, *red and white, rosy faced* BRANDY, *pure unspotted* GIN, *good old* JAMAICA, *foaming* PORTER, *sparkling* CYDER, nor *invigorating* BEER.

Cato the censor (and where find we a more rigid moralist ?) was wont to say, as Plutarch informs us, that a few glasses of wine assisted the discussion of philosophical subjects. Sir John Hawkins says of another rigid moralist, Doctor Johnson, that he seldom more enjoyed himself than at a well ordered public house, with his literary companions. It is the abuse, not the use, that injures health, wealth and reputation. Oh consider the dreadful ravages of intemperance :

This ugly monster.
'Tis strange he hides him in *fresh cups*, soft beds,
Sweet words ; yet hath more ministers than those
Who draw their swords in war.

G. Watson hopes that no one will suffer his *glass* to *wear the breeches* ; nor ever to permit his cheek to be crimsoned beyond the temperate hue of Hygeia's rose.—Thou destroying angel intemperance ; the sword and the plague bring but their hundreds, whilst thou bringest thy thousands to the court of death. What Virgil says of the bees may be applied to intemperence.

Tristi languebunt corpora morbo
Quod jam non dubiis poteris cognescere signis :
Continua est ægris alius color : tum horrida vultum
Deformat macies : tum corpora luce carentum
Exportant tectis, et *tristia funera* ducunt.

But let me draw towards a close by observing, that I am a great lover of *peace of mind*, and have a great *affection* for all my fellow creatures ; I hence strive to prevent any injury to my feelings, or the feelings of others : there is nothing that touches G. Watson's nice sensibility so quick as a neglect on the part of his kind customers, to settle all arrears, before leaving his house. With all his benevolence towards his friends, he must say, that he expects a *reciprocation of favours* ; this *indispensible* return is PECUNIARY and IMMEDIATE."

With a deep sense of gratitude for past favours and with a high hope of receiving more, I remain the public's most obedient, most obliged and most humble servant.

GEORGE WATSON.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Advice to Gentlemen in love*," is so very necessary an article, that we are very happy in having it in our power to serve up an ample dish of it in our next week's collation. We would be sorry to hear of any Patient dying, for want of more substantial food than *Love*, during the ensuing week ; but if it should unfortunately so fall out, we will not be to blame, as Doctor P. W's valuable prescriptions (which we consider no quack medicine) came to hand too late for this number. The favours of this new correspondent will be always duly honoured.

CLARA's beautiful poem, with which we had intended to grace the poetic department this week, is necessarily retained for our next. We would not wish to appear insensible of the friendship and assistance of this fanciful poetess—who, amid the gay crowd of idlers that infest the city, so happily courts the muses.

A complaint has reached us, through the politeness of a friend of the writer, that some verses were forwarded, which have not been noticed by us. We never received the letter alluded to.

SIDNEY's occasional assistance, were we permitted to intrude on the retirement of an elegant friend to Literature, would be very grateful to us. We have long hoped to receive proportionate contributions from gentlemen of leisure and erudition in other quarters, as well as in the capital ; for well we know that many a polished votary to science have their abode in the peaceful groves of the interior.

"*A Lover*" will find his piece, beginning with

Exempt from art, and base deceit,
Maria once I thought complete—

in the Ladies Monthly Magazine for Feb. 1803, printed on *much better paper than ours*.

HOT SPUR is very unlike his gallant namesake of Britain. We know not any good purpose possibly to be effected, by this kind of declamation. There are sufficient numbers of *Pullers-down* in the world, who never think of rebuilding, or of substituting any thing but immorality and confusion, in the place of such systems, civil or theological, as their confirmed impudence urge them to quarrel with.

"*Common Sense*" No. 2. will appear in our next.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MAID UNKNOWN.

Some courteous spirit kindly say,
Where hides this unknown fair?
O! point me out the blissful way,
And guide my footsteps there!

For long within my throbbing breast,
This lovely fair unknown
Has reign'd, the choicest, sweetest guest,
And held my heart alone.

Now o'er the yellow mead I rove,
Now down the lonely dale;
Her image haunts me in the grove,
Nor leaves me in the vale:

Strange whisper'd music now I hear,
And starting at the sound;
I think my angel beauty near,
And vainly gaze around.

Unseen the tender lutes complain,
While passing Zephyr sighs;
Now fainter grows the warbling strain,
Now, lost in distance, dies.

Ye Elfin tribe who ride the air,
Again your songs repeat;
And if you know my heavenly fair,
O! whisper her retreat!

All other cares I'll strait forego,
And to my charmer fly;
'Tis she can heal my bosom's woe,
Or bid the lover die!---

LEANDER.

RONDEAU,

ADDRESSED TO MISS H. S. OF BACK RIVER.

Enchanting Maid, thy laughing eye,
And dimpled cheek of roseate dye,
Have touch'd my heart; for thee I sigh,
Enchanting Maid.

That eye, that cheek, still let me see,
With gentlest greetings deck'd for me,
And hope for happiness and thee,
Enchanting Maid.

QUID AGAM?

Mr. Easy,

If you think the following lines worthy a place in the Companion; by publishing them you will oblige more than me. They were read by me some time since---where I do not remember.

EMILY.

TO ZEMMA.

Life of my life, thy charming smile,
With rapture fires this throbbing breast;
For thee through day I'd bear each toil,
And watch at night to guard thy rest.

Fearless O seek my calm retreat,
I'll deck each grot, each bower for thee;
Until this heart shall cease to beat,
Thou shalt be all the world to me.

The winter drear, with howling storm,
Drives from each plain the vernal bloom:
Thy charming look---thy angel form,
Shall make a spring midst winter gloom.

But should the storms of life arise,
My soul shall never know despair;
I'll look for comfort in thine eyes,
And in thy arms forget all care.

My life, my Zemma, when thou'rt near,
What transports in my bosom roll---
Thy name, thy gentle voice to hear,
Is music to the shepherd's soul.

How quickly throbs my anxious heart,
My life, my Zemma, when thou'rt near;
But forc'd, dear maid, from thee to part,
Would burst my heart with deep despair.

Mr. Easy,

Should you think the following Hint *will tend towards the reduction of* whiskers, *or keeping them* clean; *I will thank you to insert it in your useful and instructive Companion.*

Joe has whiskers thick and long,
That cover cheeks and throat;
They're of a monstrous growth and strong:---
Not more can boast a *goat!*

'Twas t'other day I ask'd the use,
Of such a bunch of hair?
Its keeps, quoth Joe, you silly goose,
My chaps from wint'ry air.

Just as he spoke, by chance I saw,
An animal alert,
Creeping beneath his nether jaw,
Much like a speck of dirt.

If for *such* purpose then, I said,
You keep this grisly mop,
You ought to *comb* it as your head,
Or make your chin a *crop*.

OMEGA.

BOOK, JOB, AND MUSIC PRINTING,

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS,

BY COLE & HEWES, 4 N. CHARLES-STREET.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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As it is well understood, that in order to furnish a proper variety in this sheet, we must frequently, *from a barrenness of matter*, offer that with which we cannot agree in sentiment; our readers will not censure *us*, for any thing heterodox contained in the present essay. They will not quarrel with the editor, for permitting P. W. to expose his cloven foot in averring, that *any* woman, possessed of good sense, as the most of women are, would be "puffed up" by the mere whining of the most servile suppliant.

With respectful deference, we present to our readers, the following "advice," from a new writer in this miscellany. How far his platonic system of *reasoning* with an inexorable mistress, will obtain, is not for us to say; but we are of opinion, that it has more the appearance of a selfish bachelor's sermon, than the genuine sentiments of an ardent admirer of the sex, "from whose love his being sprang," and whom he was born to protect and love. When a person is *far gone* in love—even with an unworthy object; they are not to be thus advised. The language of this writer is utterly unknown at the court of Cupid.—Lovers will, when thus addressed, always reply in the spirit of the Earl of Dorset, when wooing his mistress,

My love is full of noble pride,
Nor can it e'er submit
To to let that fop, DISCRETION, ride
In triumph over it.

ADVICE TO GENTLEMEN IN LOVE.

Mr. Easy,

AS those who have unfortunately fallen victims to the passion of love, have generally their intellectual faculties, in a manner, altogether deranged, their imagination so wholly taken up in the contemplation of their beloved idol, and their entire system so enervated, that they are, for the most part, incapable of deliberating upon, or pursuing the proper method by which they might have any probability of obtaining the object of their wishes; a few remarks on the subject, may be productive of the most salutary effects, by directing the steps of such as are afflicted with a calamity so little sympathized by the greater part of those who have never experienced its excruciating tortures.

The plan mostly pursued by men who are deeply in love, is diametrically opposite to that which they ought to pursue. When a man is infatuated with the charms and accomplishments of a beautiful lady, he becomes impatient till time and place permit him to disclose his mind to his beloved object; and when an opportunity offers, he commonly addresses her in such a servile manner, and vents his passion with so much timidity, and in such a humiliating style, as totally to defeat himself in the very onset.

The lady to whom such addresses are paid (if she be not in some respects peculiar from the rest of her sex) is puffed up with vanity, feels sensations of her own extraordinary beauty, which, perhaps, she never before had done, begins to hold herself of very great importance, supports an air of dignity, bordering on disdain, with respect to her suitor, and commonly treats with contempt his most earnest intreaties; whereas, were he to conceal the violence of his passion as much as possible, and maintain a manly confidence while making his first advances, he might, probably meet with a different kind of reception, and be treated with more complacency.

My candid advice, therefore, to all who may have the misfortune to be wounded by Cupid's darts, is to be very circumspect on paying their first addresses. If a man should unhappily get so far prepossessed in favour of a young woman as to imagine he could not exist without her, I exhort him of all things not to let the fair one know, that she has gained such a powerful ascendency over his imagination;

but rather summon all the ingenuity he is master of to hide it from her. Let him first address her with spirit and confidence (though modestly and politely) and inform her, that from the estimate he has formed of her many amiable qualities, he is induced to believe, that sharing life with her would add much to his felicity: and if she could vouchsafe to think favourably of his most unfeigned proposals, and place her affections on him, he would prefer her to all other women, would continually use his best endeavours to make her happy, and vow indelible attachment for her, which should only terminate with his existence. If these or such like professions should fail to move her to love, or gain her affections, all the adulation of lovesick whining he could pour out, would, in all probability, prove ineffectual also. And if after making such a candid declaration of his attachment, she should give him a slight, or even a peremptory refusal, let him by no means attempt at that time to persist any farther; but rather inform her, that her conduct in that respect did not, in the least, displease him, as it only evinced her good sense and cultivated mind in not encouraging a suit which, he supposed, she had reason to think did not answer her, and should therefore relinquish the pleasing idea he had entertained of obtaining her. But let him add, that as he had formed too favourable an opinion of her mental endowments, he would wish to continue his visits as a friend, for he considered her company both entertaining and edifying. She of course, being an agreeable and accomplished lady (for certainly she must be such when her charms are capable of wounding so mortally the heart of her lover) will not refuse so reasonable a request. He may then make his visits pretty frequent, and must upon all seasonable occasions be very assiduous to please, endeavour as much as possible to anticipate her desires, and be as cheerful and agreeable whilst in her company as his disease will permit. If the lady did not repent dismissing him so hastily when he first made his proposals, particularly as he accepted her denial so readily, she may now, perhaps, begin to view him in a different light, and wish she had given him better encouragement. If such be her sentiments he may easily discern them in her countenance, in case his love fit has left him capable of any penetration. However, he had better not be too forward in observing any favourable change, but rather appear quite disinterested.—He may in his conversation observe to her, that he is desirous of joining himself to an agreeable woman for life; and as he was not fortunate enough to gain her affections, he hoped she would point out some one of her acquaintance whom she knew to be of a similar disposition with herself, and, who, perhaps, would approve of his intentions, as they really were honourable and sincere; also to observe, that he never intended to betray the trust a woman might place in him. By such declarations, she will be convinced of his sincerity, and if she think well of him, she probably will make her intention known by some witty inuendo or other, which if she does, he had better improve the opportunity to the best advantage. At all events, he must make a second attempt, and should she still reject him and continue inexorable, let him immediately banish every idea of her, and make all speed to place his affections on some other fair one, who will receive him more cordially and be more worthy of his love. P. W.

COMMON SENSE.—No. II.

ALL THE WORLD IS BUT A STAGE.

Mr. Easy,

I intend, in this number, to say something of the stage; and ardently hope, that certain sects of good christians will not bestow on me the uncharitable epithet *Infidel*, should I appear to ridicule extravagant transports of enthusiasm, frequent places of rational amusement, applaud theatrical performances, and the like.

Although *some* of the productions of the ablest masters of dramatic composition, may savour of frivolity and licenciousness, yet the scope and tenor of scenic representations eminently tend to the improvement of public morals; as frequently the noblest characters in human life are portrayed, the prime design of biography accomplished, and the various passions and prejudices of the human breast developed.

I am decidedly of opinion, that religion, whose design and tendency is to correct and keep within due bounds the prejudices and passions; and to suppress every thing which might have a tendency to invalidate the rules; and precepts of the GOVERNOR OF WORLDS, may be powerfully aided by the great moral school, exhibited in the management of well regulated theatres.

Theatrical performances have long been a subject of declamation, amongst christians, under a belief, that they are pregnant with the most outrageous incentives to vice. Applauding the moral and religious examples of these pious people, I respectfully beg leave to differ from them in sentiment, and declare my respect for the drama. If they will take a peep into the ancient philosophers, they will find, that theatrical performances were held in the highest veneration by them; for, sensible of the inadequacy of school, and pulpit precepts alone, they had re-

course to the Drama, in order that the various characters of life might be represented to their pupils, in the most pertinent point of view; such as the Miser and Spendthrift; the Debauchee and Glutton, the Prodigal and Grotesque; together with all immoral practices and vicious habits; so as to excite in the youthful mind, an abhorrence of vice and immorality; for, by acting their parts well, the *personae dramatis* inculcated prejudice against such characters; which, no doubt, has a moral and edifying tendency. Theatrical performances, therefore, from their first institution, appear to have been designed to expose and ridicule vice, and, consequently, to inculcate virtue; inasmuch, as they point out deviations from decency, and reprehend the errors of all classes before their faces; which, indeed, often strike home with great force.

The reverend doctors instruct virtue and admonish vice, by dint of sermons, replete with edifying references to the holy scriptures, and invitations to pursue the infallibility, both scriptural and personal, of the Saviour of the world; which is conducive to great good. On the other hand, in my opinion, theatrical performances have a powerful tendency to check many growing follies of youth—warn them against vicious habits, by exhibiting to their view, the miscarriages of those who, unrestrained by prudence, fall victims to their immoral practices, gusts of passion and anger, which prevail, in a greater or less degree, in all grades of life: indeed, mankind are too subject to the bias of fashion and folly; and therefore, it is absolutely necessary and pertinent, that they should be checked when unruly passions unhinge their reason.

If those good christians, who declaim against dramatic performances, as "being a battery against religion," will draw aside the veil of prejudice, and open their minds to conviction, they will acknowledge, that some of the most pious and learned characters of antiquity allowed themselves free access to, and encouraged theatrical exhibitions. We find St. Paul, when at Athens, quoting that divine Lemeslée from the renowned poet and astrologer, Aratus of Cilecia, his countryman, whose words may be found in the 17th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

If necessary, I could quote various other testimony from sacred history to prove, that the drama first originated in religion. Milton, that sublime poet, in his quotation from the holy father Origen, says, "The scriptures also afford us divine pastoral drama, in the song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus; and Origen rightly judges."

As a powerful instance of the utility of theatrical performances, I would recognize the great law-giver of Athens, the wise, and the virtuous Solon. He delighted in plays; and was in the habit of frequenting them from youth to old age; under the impression, if we give credit to Plutarch, that they were of great use in giving a polish to manners, and instilling principles of virtue. The divine Socrates too, may be found aiding Euripides in dramatical composition. Hence it must evidently appear, that theatrical exhibitions had been esteemed by men of unquestionable wisdom, piety and virtue, as having a tendency to give a polish to the manners, purify the taste, irradicate absurd customs, and instil into the minds of youth, principles of virtue.

In modern times, we find countenance given to theatrical performances by Addison and Young, of unquestionable virtue and piety; and indeed Whitfield, we are told, was a play-actor himself. Wesley too, acknowledges in the course of his writings, that the primitive christians were in the habit of performing the sacred drama of Job on the stage. And lastly: the magnanimous, great, and virtuous Washington, whose name will ever continue the object of reverence, was fond of theatrical amusements.

H.

Mr. Easy,

Professing a particular partiality to, and a prodigious predilliction for, the letter P; the pleasing initial of that pretty Polly, to whom I am always proud to proffer my paltry productions; whether in presumptuously playful prose, or in piteously plaintive poetry, I present you with part of a British periodical publication entitled THE STUDENT, presuming you possess no peculiar prejudice, which will prevent or preclude the public eye from the perusal of a piece it contains—and am, your friend,

GÆLEBS.

Baltimore County, Nov. 4, 1805.

Parkplace, Nov. 2, 1746.

SIR,

Perceiving your desire to know how I past my time in *Pembrokeshire*, I here present you with an account of my proceedings in a progress I lately made to a gentleman's house purely to procure a plan of it.

I proceeded in a party of pleasure with Mr. PRATT of *Pickton-Castle*, Mr. POWEL of *Penally*, and Mr. PUE of *Purley*, who had proposed to go and dine with Mr. PRITCHARD of *Postmain*; which was perfectly pleasing to the party and soon put in practice. However I thought it a proper precaution to post away a person privately to Mr. PRITCHARD's, that he might provide for us; and we pro-

ceeded after him. The town where Mr. PRITCHARD lives is a poor pitiful paltry place, though his house is in the prettiest part of it, and is a prince's palace to the rest. His parlour is of a lofty pitch, and full of pictures of the prime pencils; he hath a pompous portico, or pavillion prettily paved, leading to the parterre; from hence you have a prodigious prospect particularly pointing towards *Percilly* hill, where he propagates a parcel of *Portuguese* and *Polish* poultry. The name of his house is *Prawfenden*, which puzzled me most plaguely to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and presented us with a plentiful dinner. At the upper end of the table was a pike, with fryed perch and plaise; at the lower end pickled pork, pease and parsnips; in the middle a pigeon pye, with puff paste; on the one side a potatoe pudding; and on the other side pig's petty toes. The second course was a dish of pheasants, with poults and plovers, and a plate of preserved pine and pippins; another with pickled podd pepper; another with prawns; another with pargamon for a provocative; with a pyramid of pears, peaches, pippins, plumbs, philbeards, and pistachios. After dinner there was a profusion of port and punch, which proved too powerful for poor Mr. *Peter* the parson of the parish; for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down by pints, which made him prate in a pedantick pragmatical manner.—This displeased Mr. PRICE the parliament man, a profound politician; but he persisted and made a prolix preamble which proved his principles prejudiced and partial against the present people in power. Mr. PRICE, who is a potent party man, called him a popish parson, and said, he prayed privately in his heart for the pretender, and that he was a presumptuous priest for preaching such stuff publickly. The parson puft his pipe passively for some time, because Mr. PRICE was his patron; but at length losing all patience, he pluckt off Mr. PRICE's perriwig and was preparing to push it with the point of the poker into the fire; upon which Mr. PRICE perceiving a pewter pint pot full of purl in the passage, presented the parson with the contents in his phiz, and gave him a pat on the pate, the percussion of which prostrated him plump on the pavement, and raised a protuberance on his pericranium. This put a period to their proceedings, and patched up a peace; for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry *peccavi* with a *parce precor*, and in a plaintive posture to petition for pardon. Mr. PRICE, who was proud of his performance, pulled him out of the puddle, and protested, he was sorry for what had passed in his passion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from some of his preposterous propositions, which he prayed him never to presume to advance again in his presence. Mr. *Pue* who practices physick, prescribed phlebotomy and a poultice to the parson, but he preferred wetted brown paper to any plaister, and then placed himself in a proper position, that the power of the fire might penetrate, and dry his purple plush breeches. This pother was succeded by politicks, as Mr. P—LTN—Y, the patriot's patent for the peerage, the king's of *Poland*, and *Prussia*, *Prague*, and the *Palatine*, *Pandours*, *Partizans*, *Portsmouth* parades, and the presumption of the privateers, who pick up prizes almost in our very ports; and places and pensions, pains and penalties. Next came on plays and poetry, the picture of Mr. P—PE perched on a pedestal, and the price of the pit, pantomimes prudes, and the primate of *Ireland*, and printers and preferments, pickpockets and pointers; and the pranks of that prig the poet laureat's progeny, though his papa is the perfect pattern of paternal piety. To be brief, I prophecy you think I am prolix. We parted at last, but had great difficulty in procuring a passage from Mr. PRITCHARD, for he had placed a padlock on the stable door on purpose to prevent us, and pretended his servant was gone out with the key; but finding us peremptory, the key was produced, and we permitted to go. We pricked our palfries a good pace, although it was as dark as pitch, which put me in pain, because I was purblind, lest we should ride plump against the posts, which are prefixed to prevent horse passengers from going the path that is pitched with pebbles.

Mr. PRICE, who was our pilot, had a very providential escape, for his pad fell a prancing, and would not pass one step farther; which provoked him much, for he piques himself on his horsemanship. I proposed to him to dismount, which he did, and peeping and peering about, found he was on the point of a perpendicular precipice, from which he might probably have pitched, had not his horse plunged in that particular manner. This put us all into a palpitation, and we plodded on the rest of the progression, *pian piano*, as the *Italians* say, or *pazz à pazz* as the *French* phrase has it. I shall postpone several other particulars, till I have the pleasure of passing a day with you at *Putney*, which shall be as soon as possible.

I am, Sir,

To Mr. *Peter Pettiward*
at *Putney*. Your most humble servant,
Penny post paid. PLITO CICER.

We prefer a pert apology to Cæleb's, for postponing the publication of his pretty piece so long, and hope we may be permited to propose his proffering further aid.

A DIALOGUE

On Education, pronounced at a late public distribution of prizes to the pupils of St. Mary's College, in this city.

(Continued from page 22.)

1. You yourselves suggest the proper reply, when you say, that there are many persons who obstinately defend absurd opinions. Some there are, who either from natural infirmity or a defective education, seem destined to mar the force of reason. A college can no more reform such men, than our dancing-master, skilful as he is, can straighten a cripple, or correct a deformity.

But as for one,

"Whom nature with a finer mould
Has wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame,"

the habit of familiar, argumentation, as it exists here, trains him to moderation in the defence of his opinions, because they can never be enforced by the voice of clamour, or the dictum of authority. We recognise no controversial legislator among us. The disputant must summon reason to his aid, or learn to be silent, when this necessity is duly felt, it operates as the most powerful of all checks, upon that contentious habit, which is the ordinary defect of a light mind, fond of pouring itself forth, without discernment or discretion.

That vanity, moreover, which leads us to thirst after the petty triumphs of conversation, is held under continual restraint, by the number of those, who are always on the watch to mortify it whenever it appears. We do not even tolerate the natural exultation of success ; if the student should appear elated, he would soon receive his punishment, in the raillery and sarcasms of his antagonists.

2d. I believe that pride is taught to disguise itself, and may, by this means, lose something of its grossness. But, public education is further said, to increase the activity of this principle in a two-fold degree, and to render it the main spring of literary advancement. We think, indeed, to conceal its nature, by decorating it with the name of emulation, and, by thus metamorphosing into a virtue, one of the most odious of vices, we strain every nerve, to give it additional energy. Eulogies, distinctions, rewards, all that can excite rivalry, or inflame ambition, is vigorously called into action. Even at this exhibition, where we are about to bestow the laurel wreath on the victor, what do we do, but crown the labours of pride ? From the moment we entered this house, we have been solicitously taught to regard this, as a day of triumph to some, and confusion to others ; that is to say, a day, on which self-love, was to be either gratified or humbled. Is it not deplorable, that in order to stimulate a youth to exertion, the first step in our progress must be, to instil into his mind one of the worst of vices, and to subjugate him to the dominion of a passion, one of the most cruel and calamitous that can afflict humanity !—

What can finally be expected from so imprudent a system, and what will be the character of the man, whose childhood, is for so many years thus disciplined in the warfare of vanity ? Your pupil will carry with him into the world the spirit of emulation which you have infused. The most insignificant of his faults, will be an insatiable thirst for applause, and a wish to be revered as a prodigy of erudition. Fortunate will it be, if he do no more than outrage the public with his extravagant pretensions, without violating the dictates of conscience, or the principles of honour ! He then will be merely a wearisome pedant from whom we may escape by flight. But if the love of glory, with which you have pampered him at college, should govern him as imperiously on the great theatre of the world, what flagrant errors, what acts of injustice, what atrocities may he not be driven to commit ? The lust of praise being then, as it is now, his sole principle of action, to gratify it, he will not hesitate to consult the genius of his age, by declaiming the language of impiety, or inculcating the maxims of libertinism. His pen will become the instrument of malignity to calumniate virtue. His voice will be raised at the bar, not to protect innocence, but to uphold oppression ; not to promote the sacred ends of justice, but to legalize the spoliations of fraud. Who can calculate the multitude or enormity of the evils, which a system of education, founded alone in pride, must entail on society ?

3d. How sir ! would you banish emulation altogether, and proscribe public education because it leaves no means untried to excite the former ? But what would you substitute for so necessary and operative a stimulous ? for, something is requisite to subdue the natural repugnance of a child for the dullness of study ? You cannot believe that at his age, he will be sufficiently impressed with the importance of the first elements of knowledge, to conquer, without some adventitious aid the disgust they are calculated to excite. From the means in your power you should select such as are most suitable to the dignity of his nature and best adapted to exalt his views, and qualify him for an important station in life—But I ask where is the incentive to be found, which so fully combines all these advantages as emulation ?

You cannot surely place the dread of punishment on the same footing. It may be applied to certain minds incapable of being actuated by more noble motives, and even

occasionally to persons, better disposed by nature, but whose indolence or levity, counteract the force of their reason. But this is still a violent remedy, always to be administered, with heart-felt reluctance, and never to be at all administered until after full proof of the inefficacy of every other.

The only punishment proper for the generality of children, is the disgrace attached to doing ill, or not doing sufficiently well. But the dread of this disgrace springs from the same source, and is essentially connected, with emulation—or rather, to speak more correctly, is the same impulse, which leads us to sigh for victory, and tremble at defeat.

Why stigmatise so laudable a feeling with the name of a vice? Why impress upon it the stamp of pride? Is there then no just measure of glory, which we can seek without guilt, and enjoy without arrogance. The proud man is he, who extends his views beyond his proper sphere, and claims distinctions to which he is not entitled. But the boy, who enters the lists and struggles for victory, obeys a generous and honourable impulse. He would be a coward to decline the contest. The proud man regards himself as a prodigy, swells with his own ideal importance, and looks with an eye of contempt on all around him. But these traits are not applicable to the boy, who while he reaps the reward of his labours, remembers, that they are but the labours of childhood, and that those, whom he now leaves behind, may, in their turn, be destined to outstrip him, in more dignified and important pursuits.

To demonstrate the impropriety of making emulation the soul of public instruction, after confounding the former with pride, you then ascribe to it a portion of the disorders, which that vice engenders in society. Nothing is more lazy, than to decry an institution, by attributing to it, effects properly appertaining to another cause. I do not acknowledge this as a legitimate mode of reasoning. But to the train of evils which emulation is thus erroneously made to produce, I shall oppose the incalculable benefits, it undoubtedly has confered and still confers on mankind. To it, we owe all those splendid efforts of genius, and that diffusion of intellectual light, which constitute the boast of human reason. Yes, mankind would still grope in ignorance, still writhe under the pressure of all its incidental miseries, had not the love of fame exalted some minds above the common herd! would those wise legislators, the original benefactors of our race, ever have become what they were, if a secret voice, an invisible hand, nad not pointed out their path, and hurried them irresistibly on, to the fulfilment of their destiny? Would the founders of empires whose moderation went hand in hand with the plenitude of their power, ever have aimed at bearing the burden of supreme authority, had not a secret, energetic impulse taught them, that such was the will of Heaven? Would the illustrious men of every rank and age, have run their glorious career, had they been insensible to the allurements of public esteem?

It is apprehended that we may be induced to purchase this esteem at the price of conscience and honour. But would conscience and honour be more secure, if we looked upon it with indifference? Is there no longer any obloquy attached to vice, that we should make it the basis of our reputation, or has virtue sunk so low, as to render her cause dishonourable? However degenerate this age, may be, the sound portion of the community, still patronize genuine merit, and a mind, ennobled by emulation, becomes still more tremulously alive to reproach, still more solicitous to preserve an unblemished fame.

1st. In acknowledging the ingenuity of your arguments, I shall take the liberty of ramarking, that you both appear to have fallen into an error, usually overlooked in the heat of dispute; that of considering two questions totally distinct; so that the arguments of each, tend reciprocally, to prove what the other has never denied. The advocate of emulation proclaims the extent of its benefits, when circumscribed within the bounds of justice and moderation; while his antagonist descants on the miseries it may occasion, when it degenerates into pride. The one speaks true, the other advances nothing false. But our object is, to ascertain the propriety of exciting emulation as it is done in colleges. This point is not settled. For how can we approve or condemn a custom, by simply knowing the good and evil it may produce, which only serves to prove, that there are reasons both for its rejection and admission?

I shall, therefore, take a middle course: In reflecting on the arguments of both, I see clearly, that emulation is the most powerful incentive that can be employed for children, and best calculated to exalt their views and dignify their sentiments; but I am, at the same time, convinced, that this laudable spirit may degenerate into pride. I therefore conclude, that emulation is a principle of action, which may be rendered, ministerial both to good and evil; and that if it should not be proscribed, because it it is necessary, neither ought it to be incautiously excited, because it is dangerous. An institution wisely conducted will preserve a medium, and in rousing emulation, will be careful to restrain it within proper bounds.

2d. I willingly submit to your mediation if this be the practice of colleges. However apprehensive I may be of the

evils I have heard detailed, I should sincerely regret the necessity, if it could be proved, of banishing emulation altogether; and to confess the truth, I know not how it could be dispensed with. But it will be difficult to point out, in our colleges, the means of restraining its excesses.

(To be continued.)

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

LONAD's defence of the friend of "B," was returned to the Printers, marked for publication. It has been mislaid by them; we therefore hope the author will furnsih us with a copy of it, if in his power. For although we do not wish to encourage controversy, yet are we willing he should be heard this once.

BIBO's Parody on Dr. Johnson's "Extravagant Heir" is received. We will give this *gormandizer* an early insertion. He writes in the true style of an English beef-eater; and his awful preparation to have at the Turkey, &c. reminds us of the havoc of the TIN-FINGERED CLUB, while we feel very thankful that we are at a respectful distance from his knife. From the easy carelessness of Bibo's production, we are not to infer that the writer is destitute of reflection; for the insinuation in the last verse, that an epicure may soon *eat his way into a jail*, evinces no common knowledge of the human character. Qure—Can't this correspondent mount his pegassus more than once a year?

We have been informed, that several have enquired of the Publishers, whether the "Scottish Tale" is not to be completed? It is our intention to continue this interesting story, after the next number, which will contain the last of the "Dialogue," a paper we esteem as much more interesting to our Baltimore readers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

With a high degree of pleasure, to be derived from the assistance of no common pen, we hasten to introduce to our friends, a *Grand Censor*,* whose pleasing strains, in various measure, have oft charmed the readers of the Companion. We delight to lend the rod to one, who understands so well its use. The satire of a master poet has a twofold effect; and the most stubborn bungler will remain passive, when corrected by one who is known to be himself correct.

We anticipate a continuation of the liberal assistance formerly afforded by this writer, whose nice hand has culled many a handsome flower for our parnassian wreath. But, busied in distant scenes, our pages have long lamented the absence of the classic verse of X. Gladdened on his return, we respectfully remind him, that *he* cannot

"Pass thro' the world's tumultuous throng—
"Unseen, *unheeded*, move along,
"And gain the envied bow'r"

of "Indifference."

** One flap of whose wing is sufficient to extinguish the glimmering light scarcely discernable in the following production, taken from the "Petit Censeur"—a French Magazine, published at Philadelphia.*

LA CHEMINEE.

COUPLETS FAITS AU COIN DU FEU.

Pour uncerveau comme le mien,
L'air est trop vif sur le Parnasse :
J'y suis transi, je ne sens rien ;
Et ma pauvre verve est de glace.
En vain dit-on qu'en d'autres lieux
Mes vers s'en iront en fumée,
Pour m'échauffer un peu, je veux
Ecrire sur la cheminée.

Dans l'hiver c'est un rendez-vous
Pour passer le soir en famille ;
Grands et petits, sages et fous,
Chacun rit, travaille ou babille :
Là sous d'innocens petits jeux
Douce pénitence donné,
Souvent allume d'autres feux,
Près du feu de la cheminée.

De mémoire encor combattant
J'aime à voir un vieux militaire
M'entretenir, en tisonnant,
De ses amours et de la guerre.
Il croit entendre le canon,
Et caresser sa bien-aimée---
Ce feu d'imagination
Vient du feu de la cheminée.

Sous la cheminée, en tout temps,
On voit faire des mariages ;
Juger des sots et des savans,
Des bons et des mauvais ouvrages.
Mais taisons-nous ; je m'appercois
Que ma verve s'est épuisée ;
Mon feu s'éteint, et, malgré moi,
Il faut quitter la cheminée.

LA CHEMINEE BURLESQUED.

I grant indeed it is not right
For Frenchmen to extend their flight
So far as mount Parnassus ;
For if they get there, we are told
They feel more senseless, dull and cold,
Than hanging on a gallows.
But tho' they seldom climb so high,
We meet with few who do not try,
Or teaze us with excuses ;
As one who own'd his lack of brain,
Yet chose a *chimney* for his strain,
In hopes to please the muses.

He tells us that when night comes on,
And morning's past and evening gone,
How pleasant in cold weather,
For great and small, wise men and fools,
To draw around their chairs or stools
And huddle close together;
Where each can chat and work or grin,
Talk scandal, kiss, or toss off gin,
And pass the hours in joking;
Where love is often known to stray,
Nor ever known to run away,
But when the chimney's smoking.

Again in lofty strain he tells
With what delight he often dwells
On barbarous deeds of battle,
When an old soldier at his side
By many a warlike feat beli'd
Describes the cannon's rattle;
And as he mumbles o'er and o'er
His wonton tricks with many a w——,
Though you or I should scorn her;
The poet asks what could inspire
Such courage, such uncommon fire,
Unless a chimney corner?

'Tis by the chimney side, he says,
In these, as well as former days,
We mostly form love matches;
And freely judge of right, or wrong,
Of ev'ry work, in prose or song,
That teeming fancy hatches;
And having thus ransack'd his sconce
To tell what's plain to every dunce,
---A chimney's meant for fire---
He tries at last to reach its top,
Then humbly begs our leave to stop,
Since he can climb no higher!

BLUE EY'D ANNA.

Smoothly swell'd the waves of ocean,
Hush'd the thunder's awful roar;
Lonely, and with sad emotion,
Blue ey'd Anna press'd the shore:

All beneath a drooping willow,
Emblem of her grief, she stood;
Whilst to shore in murm'ring billow
Peaceful roll'd the glassy flood.

On her absent sailor pond'ring,
Whilst her bosom heav'd a sigh;
"Where," she cried, "is William wand'ring,
"Far from Anna's anxious eye?

"Gentle breezes, bear him to me,
"Give him to this faithful breast;
"Guardian angels! guide the wand'rer,
"Once more to his hav'n of rest!

"O! if Heaven, safely over,
"Waft him to his native shore;
"I'll so closely hold the rover,
"He shall never wander more."

Thus she spoke, while Hope stood greeting---
Through the gloom of eve she spy'd;
Now advancing, now retreating,
O'er the waves a barque to glide.

See the boat to shore advancing,
High with joy her bosom swells;
Transport all her soul entrancing,
While fond hope new rapture tells.

Hapless maid! soon bitter anguish,
Low thy promis'd joys shall lay;
Thou art doom'd in woe to languish,
Death has stole thy love away!

While the fatal news receiving,
From her cheek the colour flies;
Dreadful grief her bosom heaving,
Tears of anguish fill her eyes.

All her heart is wild commotion.
Loud she calls her sailor boy;
"Ah! how couldst thou, cruel ocean,
"Rob me of my only joy!

"Tell me, ye whom angels guarded,
"When you saw him on the wave:
"Struggling 'mid the foaming billows,
"Could you not my William save?

"When black storms the ocean cover'd,
"And the dreadful tempest blew;
"Was there no kind angel hover'd,
"O'er my hapless William too?

"Farewell hope, adieu forever!
"Ev'ry joy, alike farewell!
"Smiling peace, again, must never
"In this tortur'd bosom dwell!"

Thus spoke lovely blue ey'd Anna,
While soft pity, touch'd each breast;
From each eye the tear came stealing,
Tears that honest grief confest.

Who that saw thee, wretched maiden,
Could refuse the mournful sigh;
Pity for a fellow creature,
Never melted in his eye.

Frenzi'd now is hapless Anna,
To the lone beach oft she roves;
Wond'ring still, why stays her William,
From the maid he fondly loves?

Daily from the sea-beat willow,
Still she views the boat with joy;
On the ocean's distant billow,
Wafting o'er her sailor boy!---

CLARA.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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COMMON SENSE—No. III.

(Concluded from page 34.)

Mr. Easy,

IT is with due deference and a hope of pardon, that I charge females with the greatest quota of delinquency in matrimony, by being too precipitate and negligent in their attachments of love; and not duly considering the necessary means to keep the hymenial flame alive after marriage; so as to render mutual affection and continency as agreeable and durable after an enjoyment of twenty years, as they were during the honey-moon: which can only be effected by a prompt and mutual disposition to please, knowledge of, and attention to business on the part of the husband, and industry and frugality on the part of the wife.

In these days of fashionable excess, we find esteem mostly founded on the figure a man or woman makes on the stage of life, without even so much as asking if she be a virtuous and prudent woman, or if he be a man of good character; and therefore, Sir, I hope you will not bar me from the privilege of approaching the *Easy Chair*, for saying that for the paltry gain of lucre, *Ignorance* and *Folly* in all their habiliments of gaudy show, are mostly prefered to *Virtue*, *sterling Sense* and *Information*. Hence the want of confidence and faith in domestic life; and hence the discord and distrust which pervade that holy state. For my part, I am utterly at a loss to determine which is the most ridiculous character in life, an illiterate, presumptuous and haughty man of fortune, or a jilt; they are not only the pest of social harmony, but are often the curse of their families: For a prudent man grows irascible and unhappy to see himself jilted, and the marriage vow defiled by a mere courtesan; and a woman of sense and ambition is disgusted and perplexed to the heart, when she has a husband whose conversation yields no more to aid the cause of *common sense* and reason, that the tittletattle at a tea party of antiquated maids, who tired of celibacy, and desponding of ever sipping the sweets of connubial bliss, condemn every thing lovely and praiseworthy in nature.

If depraved fops, fawning dupes of coquetry and prostitution, brothel-loungers and the like, would devote more of their time to their respective vocations, the complaints and censures of neglected and injured employers would be less frequent, the cause of virtue and morality aided, and many a good genius reared up to utility and account; so as the more effectually to insure and promote domestic unanimity and concord, and the enjoyment of those cordial drops of bliss peculiar to an happy union of the sexes.

When men exceed the bounds of prudence and decorum, and become habitual libertines and debauchees, it is inconsistent with *common sense* to believe, that they are qualified to make amiable and virtuous women happy; therefore they cannot reasonably expect to find happiness in the conjugal state: Indeed, it is mere folly for such characters even to think of it. In a word, and with emotions of pity be it spoken! they seem to possess no more penetration, than is necessary to decoy the flouncing belles of the day; many of whom are just as fit to be wives and mothers, as I am to be a prelate; and are only calculated to discharge the several functions of the toilet; or for gadding, defamation and slander. Men of sense, information and prudence, view such characters with an eye of caution, while their insignificant insinuations of coquetry, only tend to decoy silly coxcombs.

When men and women think earnestly on matrimony, it is remarkable, that their love is naturally serious and

steady; entirely divested of those little distempers and fits peculiar to those, whose hearts are so flexile, that they become enamoured with every pretty face they see; perhaps to-day they are swooning for some partner at the assembly the preceding night, who no sooner calls and hies them away to the next ball, than poor son of duplicity, he is jilted.

" If there be bliss without design,
" Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
" And be as blest as they."

These are the " wild herd of nymphs and swains," that the author of the above quotation aludes to,

" Who thoughtless, fly into the chains,
" As custom leads the way."

But it is not from such unions that connubial happiness and pure domestic bliss can flow—No,

" Two kindest souls alone must meet;
" 'Tis *friendship* makes the bondage sweet
" And feeds their *mutual loves:*
" Bright Venus on her rolling throne
" Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
" And Cupids yoke the Doves. H.

AN ESSAY ON THE PLAN AND CHARACTER OF THOMSON'S SEASONS.

(Continued from page 39.)

This order and gradation of the whole runs, as has been already hinted through each division of the poem.—Every season has its incipient, confirmed, and receding state, of which its historian ought to give distinct views, arranged according to the succession in which they appear. Each, too, like the prismatic colours, is indistiguishably blended in its origin and termination with that which precedes, and which follows it; and it may be expected from the pencil of an artist to hit off these mingled shades so as to produce a pleasing and picturesque effect. Our Poet has not been inattentive to these circumstances in the conduct of his plan, His SPRING begins with a view of the season as yet unconfirmed, and partaking of the roughness of Winter;* and it is not till after several steps in gradual progression, that it breaks forth in all its ornaments, as the favourite of Love and Pleasure. His AUTUMN, after a rich prospect of its bounties and splendours, gently fades into " the sere, the yellow leaf," and with the lengthened night, the clouded sun, and the rising storm sinks into the arms of Winter. It is remarkable that in order to produce something of a similar effect in his SUMMER, a season which, on account of its uniformity of character, does not admit of any strongly-marked gradations, he has comprised the whole of his discription within the limits of a single day, pursuing the course of the sun from its rising to its setting. A Summer's day is, in reality, a just model of the entire season Its beginning is moist and temperate; its middle, sultry and parching; its close, soft and refreshing. By thus exhibiting all the vicissitudes of Summer under one point of view, they are rendered much more striking than could have been done in a series of feebly contrasted and scarcely distinguishable periods.

With this idea of the general plan of the whole work, and of its several parts, we proceed to take a view of the various subjects composing the descriptive series of which it principally consists.

Every grand and beautiful appearance in nature, that distinguishes one portion of the annual circuit from another is a proper source of materials for the Poet of the Seasons. Of these, some are obvious to the common observer, and require only justness and elegance of taste for the selection; others discover themselves only to the mind opened and enlarged by science and philosophy. All the knowledge we acquire concerning natural objects by such a train of observation and reasoning as merits the appellation of science, is comprehended under the two divisions of Natural Philosophy and Natural History. Both of these may be employed to advantage in descriptive poetry: for although it be true, that poetical composition, being rather calculated for amusement than instruction, and addressing itself to the many who feel, rather than to the few who reason, is improperly occupied about the abstruse and argumentative parts of a science; yet, to reject those grand and beautiful ideas which a philosophical view of nature offers to the mind, merely because they are above the comprehension of vulgar readers, is surely an unnecessary degradation of this noble art. Still more narrow and unreasonable is that critical precept, which, in conformity to the received notion that fiction is the soul of poetry, obliges the poet to adopt ancient errors in preference to modern truths; & this even where truth has the advantage in point of poetical effect. In fact, modern philosophy is as much superior to the ancient in sublimity as in solidity; and the most vivid imagination cannot paint to itself scenes of grandeur equal to those which cool science and demonstration offer to the enlightened mind. Objects so vast and

* A descriptive piece, in which this very interval of time is represented, with all the accuracy of a naturalist, and vivid colouring of a poet, has lately appeared in a poem of Mr. Warton's entitled " The First of April."

magnificent as planets rolling with even pace through their orbits, comets rushing along their devious track, light springing from its unexhausted source, mighty rivers formed in their subterranean beds, do not require, or even admit a heightening from the fancy. The most faithful pencil here produces the noblest pictures; and THOMSON, by strictly adhering to the character of the Poet of Nature, has treated all these topics with a true sublimity, which a writer of less knowledge and accuracy could never have attained. The strict propriety with which subjects from astronomy and the other parts of Natural Philosophy are introduced into a poem, describing the changes of the Seasons, need not be insisted on, since it is obvious that the primary cause of all these changes is to be sought in principles derived from these sciences. They are the ground-work of the whole; and establish that connected series of cause and effect, upon which all those appearances in nature depend, from whence the descriptive poet draws his materials.

Natural History, in its most extensive signification, includes every observation relative to the distinctions, resemblances, and changes of all the bodies, both animate and inanimate, which nature offers to us. These observations, however, deserve to be considered as part of a science only when they refer to some general truth, and form a link of that vast chain which connects all created being in one grand system. It was my attempt, in an essay lately published,* to shew how necessary a more accurate and scientific survey of natural objects than has usually been taken, was to the avoiding the common defects, and attaining the highest beauties of descriptive poetry; and some of the most striking examples of excellence arising from this source were extracted from the poem now before us. It will be unnecessary here to recapitulate the substance of these remarks, or to mark out singly the several passages of our author which display his talents for description to the greatest advantage. Our present design rather requires such a general view of the materials he has collected, and the method in which he has arranged them, as may shew in what degree they forward and coincide with the plan of his work.

The correspondence between certain changes in the animal and vegetable tribes, and those revolutions of the heavenly bodies which produce the vicissitudes of the Seasons, is the foundation of an alliance between Astronomy and Natural History, that equally demands attention, as a matter of curious speculation and of practical utility.—The astronomical calendar, filled up by the Naturalist, is a combination of science at the same time pregnant with important instruction to the husbandman, and fertile in grand and pleasing objects to the poet and philosopher.—THOMSON seems constantly to have kept in view a combination of this kind; and to have formed from it such an idea of the economy of Nature, as enabled him to preserve a regularity of method and uniformity of design through all the variety of his descriptions. We shall attempt to draw out a kind of historical narrative of his progress through the SEASONS, as far as this order is observable.

Spring is characterized as the season of the renovation of nature; in which animals and vegetables, excited by the kindly influence of returning warmth, shake off the torpid inaction of Winter, and prepare for the continuance and increase of the several species. The vegetable tribes, as more independent and self-provided, lead the way in this progress. The poet, accordingly, begins with representing the reviviscent plants emerging, as soon as genial showers have softened the ground, in numbers "beyond the power of botanist to reckon up their tribes." The opening blossoms and flowers soon call forth from their winter retreats those industrious insects which derive sustenance from their nectarious juices. As the beams of the sun become more potent, the larger vegetables, shrubs and trees, unfold their leaves; and, as soon as a friendly concealment is by their means provided for the various nations of the featherd race, they joyfully begin the course of laborious, but pleasing occupations, which are to engage them during the whole season. The delightful series of pictures, so truly expressive of that genial spirit that pervades the Spring, which THOMSON has formed on the variety of circumstances attending the Passion of the Groves, cannot escape the notice and admiration of the most negligent eye. Affected by the same soft influence, and equally indebted to the renewed vegetable tribes for food and shelter, the several kinds of quadrupeds are represented as concurring in the celebration of this charming Season with conjugal and parental rites. Even Man himself, though from his social condition less under the dominion of physical necessities, is properly described as partaking of the general ardour. Such is the order and connexion of the whole book, that it might well pass for a commentary upon a most beautiful passage in the philosophical poet Lucretius; who certainly wanted nothing but a better system and more circumscribed subject, to have appeared as one of the greatest masters of description in either ancient or modern poetry. Reasoning on the unperishable nature, and perpetual circulation, of the

* Essay on the Application of Natural History to Poetry.

particles of matter, he deduces all the delightful appearances of Spring from the seeds of fertility which descend in the vernal showers.

——— pereunt imbres, ubi eas pater Æther
In gremium matris Terrai precipitavit.
At nitidæ surgunt fruges, ramique virescunt
Arboribus ; crescunt ipsæ, fœtuque gravantur :
Hinc alitur porro nostrum genus atque ferarum :
Hinc lætas urbes pueris florere videmus,
Frondiferasque novis avibus canere undique sylvas
Hinc fessæ pecudes pingues per pabula læta
Corpora deponunt & candens lecteus humor
Uberibus manat distentis ; hinc nova proles
Artubus infirmis teneras lasciva per herbas
Ludit, lacte mero mentes percussa novellas.

Lib. I. 251, &c.

The rains are lost, when Jove descends in showers
Soft on the bosom of the parent earth :
But springs the shining grain ; their verdant robe
The trees resume ; they grow, and pregnant bend
Beneath their fertile load : hence kindly food
The living tribes receive ; the cheerful town
Beholds its joyous bands of flowering youth :
With new-born songs the leafy groves resound ;
The full-fed flocks amid the laughing meads
Their weary bodies lay, while wide-distent
The plenteous udder teems with milky juice ;
And o'er the grass, as their young hearts beat high,
Swell'd by the pure and generous streams they drain,
Frolic the wanton lambs with joints infirm.

(To be continued.)

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 6.)

The yellow beams of the western sun were now lengthened o'er the prospect, & no longer gleamed on the woody glens that were sunken low beneath its bright obliquity, and seemed to feel the soft pressure of repose.

The wooden clock of mine host had proclaimed the fourth hour in the afternoon ere I was prepared for my departure to Fort Augustus, which was fourteen miles distant from the hut, and the road I was obliged to pursue, laid through part of that wild, romantic, and (now) unfrequented tract of country, so famed in song by the renowned bards of Ossian, and whose ancient name was Morven.

If the smallest prospect of comfort had been perceptible from a nights residence in General's Hut, I most certainly should not have ventured to expose myself to dangers I must infallibly risk in the journey I was about to undertake, as the extreme shortness of the days threatened me with the gloom of night at a very early hour in the evening ; and as I was a stranger to every part of the country, which was so little inhabited, and so destitute of the common comforts of life, I felt somewhat uneasy under the idea of being benighted.

However when I considered the wretchedness of my then present habitation, and the probable supposition that I should meet with a comfortable abode for the night, when I should arrive at Fort Augustus ; I became more firm in the resolution I had formed to quit General's Hut that evening, and accordingly the " mute companion of my toils" was caparisoned, and I mounted in order to dare the dangers, or enjoy the pleasures of my ride.

As I quitted this humble habitation of rustic ignorance, and native simplicity, I felt my mind considerably depressed. The honest Highlander, its inhabitant, had been instrumental in affording me a degree of real happiness that few of my days have been blessed with ; and as I slowly proceeded on my way, I cast behind many a look of lingering fondness and gratitude, until the rugged projection of a rock, or the intervening branches of a luxurient wood, precluded my tear-distilling eyes from beholding its humble roof any longer.

As I rode onwards with my eyes bent towards the earth, and while my mind was busily employed in the most pleasing reflection on the various occurrences of the passing day, I was suddenly aroused by " the din of waters thundering o'er the ruined cliffs ;" and when I looked up, perceived myself to be on the brink of the great vortex of Foyers, by which my romantic route led.

Here I beheld the most beautiful phenomenon that I had ever seen. The past day had been alternately cheered by the rays of the sun, or darkened by clouds, but towards evening every impure vapour had disappeared from the clear azure of heaven, and suffered the departing glory of the sun to shoot his last beams over the varied scenes of reposing nature, ere the broad mantle of night shrouded them in darkness.

As I have before mentioned, the spray which is produced by the fall, rises high above the woody precipice surrounding it, and again falls to the earth. The oblique rays of the setting sun caught those minute particles of water which were dancing in the air, and produced by reflection the appearances of innumerable rainbows, mingled together in the most fantastic confusion, exhibiting tints the most various and brilliant that can be conceived.

This beautiful and singular phenomenon, united to the rich colouring of the rocks, the variegated foliage of the trees, the tremendous roaring of the cataract, and some detached columns of illuminated spray, that were playing over the tops of some trees more distant, formed a scene grand, beautiful, and impressive in the highest degree, and

I could not repress a sensation of regret, that I was obliged to quit the interesting spot so soon. But most of the pleasures of man are transitory and fleeting as the silvery clouds that roll over him, and he cannot command their continuance.

Leaving this scene, which I can never forget, I approached a range of mountains which appeared to be entirely covered by thick woods of oak and beach-trees. My road appeared to wind amongst them, and at their feet, the river before-mentioned, glided onwards in a gentle murmuring, and beautifully meandering stream, uninterrupted by any of those rude impediments, which in my former views of it, had so frequently disturbed the tranquility of its course.

As I penetrated the woody recesses of these rocks, a secret awe, arising from the influence of the sublime objects which every where arose to my view, and a solemn silence that reigned throughout, crept insensibly over my mind. I appeared to be the only human being then disturbing the native sanctity of the spot. All was calm and serene, as though the creation slept, and not a sound vibrated on the still air, save the hollow tramps of my steed, which were returned in soft responses from the secret echoes that were listening nigh.

The road turned with many windings amongst this wild scenery, and as I was slowly ascending the first rocky eminence I again looked back on the prospect I had quitted, perhaps, for ever. The scene was indeed impressive; the sun had nearly finished his daily course, and his radiant car which had now descended very near the horizon, was just discernable over the bold summits of distant mountains, whose lofty brows were tinged by his golden rays, while his fainter beams had scarcely strength sufficient to cast the lengthened shadows of the neighbouring trees across the road upon which I stood. Part of the lake, which was now left far behind, faintly gleamed through an opening in the remote mountains, and was scarcely distinguishable from the blue mist of evening, that forbade the pensive sight from embracing more distant objects, and threw a veil of softness over the scenery not to be described; whilst the hoarsely roaring of Foyers, now rendered a tremulous murmur by distance, was borne along on the evening breeze, which now began to sigh amongst the trees, and warble wild her sweetest strains of untaught melody. My soul, absorbed in pensive thought, received a kind of divine placidity from the influence of these enchanting notes, played by the invisible minstrels of Œolus, who were now chanting forth their heavenly music in harmonious consonance with the beauteous scenery, and which could only be felt.

Such exquisite imagery as I there beheld, might indeed have inspired Scotia's ancient bards with the most sublime conceptions in their poetical effusions, in which are sung the tender tales of love, or the great achievements of their mightiest chiefs. Here, indeed it was, where the favoured bards of Ossian dwelt and sung amongst the rocks, and shades of "woody Morven."

Obliged to proceed, I again pursued my way, and leaving this picturesque and placid scenery, I entered upon a wilder range of mountains, far more barren than any of those I yet seen; and as the shades of evening began to darken the prospect, and render every object of one obscure tint, these rude barriers of Nature became of an unusually gloomy appearance, and rose horific to the view.

The sky, which had hitherto been clear and beautiful, gradually became overspread by heavy clouds, whose sombre hues, nearly hid the pale face of the moon, as she was rising in solemn majesty to her distinguished station in the heavens, and by their encreasing darkness, portended a dismal and cheerless night, if not attended with those storms and whirl-winds that sometimes drive along through the northern mountains, and rend their massy heights.

I proceeded as rapidly as my peculiar circumstances would allow, and after a dreary ride I found myself in the middle of a vast black moor. I looked around with painful anxiety, and was not a little delighted when I perceived a man and a little boy, who were driving some small, meagre, black cattle, across the barren waste, towards a peat-built hamlet, which stood at no great distance, and bore every appearance of perfect wretchedness. I immediately quitted the grass-grown road, and approaching the man, enquired how far distant I was from Fort Augustus. This obscure Highlander appeared to observe me with a considerable degree of attention, but made no kind of answer to my eager question; and as the anxious state of my mind required immediate satisfaction, I repeated it with no small degree of ardour; he then placed the first-finger of his hand upon his lips, and shaking his head, informed me by this dumb shew, that he could not speak English, and I was then unacquainted with the Gaelic, which is the native language of the Highlanders.

You may easily suppose that this disappointment served to irritate my feelings still more, and I returned somewhat dejected to the road.

The genial and all enlivening rays of the sun, now no longer shone upon the earth, or cheered her creatures by the presence of day. The harsh screams of the night-birds

already announced the close of twilight; and instead of being gratified by the picturesque views which I had so recently beheld, I could now only just perceive the rude outlines of tremendous mountains, which appeared to be reclining in dull repose, and slumbering on their heavy bases.

"Both sea and land looked dark and confined, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided."

Even the melancholy pleasure I derived from the contemplation of the sublime objects of nature, thus indiscriminately beheld, was soon denied me, by the intervention of total darkness, which was but occasionally illumined by the transitory beams of the moon, that sometimes gleamed her pale light through the gloom of a cheerless night.

All the real and imaginary terrors of a benighted scene now rushed in full force on my mind. Wholly unacquainted with the road and nature of the country I was traversing, I proceeded with all the caution circumstances would allow, which was rendered more necessary when the frequent stumbles of my beast, led me to imagine that I quitted the beaten road. The intolerable suspense occasioned by this idea had arisen to a most painful height, when in an unlucky moment, my poor brute fell and rolled over me.

(To be continued.)

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER, GOING TO BE MARRIED.

You are now, my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you, and directed your every step, and at length, conducted you to a safe happy, and honourable protection, in the very bosom of love and honour. You must be no longer the flighty, inconsiderate, haughty, passionate girl, but ever, with reverence and delight, have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man, who confers upon you independence, distinction, and, above all, felicity.

Moderate then, my beloved child, your own private expences, and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather his wishes.

I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honour and happiness, and to heaven itself, for those rich talents intrusted to your care and your improvement; and though, in the maze of pleasure, or the whirl of fashion, the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember, my darling girl, there is a record which will one day appear in terrible evidence against us for our least omission.

FENELON.

One of his clergy congratulating himself in the presence of this amiable bishop, for having effected the abolition of the custom of the peasants to dance on Sundays and festival days, FENELON replied—Mr. Rector, let us refrain from dancing; but let us permit these poor people to dance; why should we prevent them from forgetting for a moment the extent of their griefs?

The following remark of a literary man on witnessing the destruction of his library by a fire, has been justly praised: "I should have derived very little advantage from my books, if I had not learnt to support their loss." —But FENELON's saying, on a similar occasion, is much more simple and affecting.—"I had much rather," said he, "that they were burned than a poor man's cottage."

FENELON frequently visited the environs of *Cambray* on foot; and entering the cottages of the peasants, sate himdown by them, and gave them comfort and consolation. The old men who had the happiness of seeing him, were accustomed to speak of him with the tenderest respect; "that," said they, "is the wooden chair on which our good archbishop used to sit in the midst of us; we shall never see him more;" and they shed tears.

EST, EST, EST.

"On our arrival" (relates Mr. WOLFF, in his sketches on a Tour through the south of Europe) at *Monte Fusci-one*, we stopped at an inn, rendered remarkable by a circumstance, which the landlord took care to impress on our minds. A German count, called JOHANNES DE FOUCRIS, travelled through this part of Italy some years since, and being in the habit of sending his servant, as an *avant courier*, to ascertain the quality of the best wines in the country, gave him directions, whenever he found them excellent, to chalk *est* upon the door of the respective inns. The servant, who appears to have had some knowledge of the juice of the grape, was so pleased with that of *Monte Fuscione*, that he triply obeyed the instructions he had received, and, in large letters, wrote, *est, est, est*, over the entrance of this *osteria*.

On the arrival of the German count, he was so much biassed by the opinion of his domestic, that he quitted not

the tempting liquor, till he had made so extraordinary a sacrifice at the shrine of Bacchus, that he absolutely expired with the cup in his hand, filled with the intoxicating beverage. During several subsequent years, it was the custom to pour two barrels of this wine over the tomb of the count in consequence of the directions of his German heirs. Now, however, the money is distributed in a more beneficial manner among the poor of the village. A monument is erected to the memory of this son of Bacchus, in the church of *Saint Flavius*, on which this inscription is engraved—

Est! Est! Est!
Propter nimium est Johannes de Fourcris dominus meus mortuis est.

PRIVATE AFFECTIONS.

(*In his zeal for what he calls* "JUSTICE," *and for the Depreciation of the affections and Motives of the Heart; and under an unaccountable Persuasion, that he is not wholly unqualified for the business of a Divine*, Mr. Godwin *has affirmed, in a late Publication*, Entitled, *Thoughts occasioned by the perusal of Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon; being a Reply to the Attacks of Dr. Parr, Mr. Mackintosh, &c. that Christ himself has spoken* "*again and again in* DISPARAGEMENT OF THE PRIVATE AFFECTIONS!")

Merciful Saviour! thou, who hast not only prepared an eternal bliss for thy faithful servants, but meanwhile soothest the pains of our mortal state with those tender charities which thy religion only can inspire; thou who didst "lean on the bosom of thy beloved disciple," and dignify affection by thy sacred example; thou who, on the cross, didst exalt friendship into the feelings of fraternal love; who in a disciple didst regard a brother, and badest thy mother "behold" in him "a son;" pardon the weakness, or correct the wilfulness of this slanderer of thy name. Teach him we pray thee, that "endless questions," and "vain babblings" of philosophy, are not a knowledge of thee and of thy word. Teach him, besides, that thy religion is of the heart; that affection to thy service is the sanction of moral obedience; that by the force of pious motives, the common acts of goodnes are quickned into Christian graces; that even a "cup of cold water," given in thy name, is precious in thy sight; and the costliest offerings of a callous and self-sufficient virtue, end only in that vanity from which they sprang: "Verily, they have their reward."

"Have a good heart," said a physician to a sick countryman, who had been long attended & crammed with drugs by an ignorant apothecary, "what is your disorder?"—"Physic,"—"What do you chiefly complain of?"—"The doctor."—"Does your head ach?"—"Yea, with impertinence,"—"Have you a pain in your back?"—"Yes, where the blister lies."—"Are you sick at stomach?"—"Yes, with hunger."—"Do you feel any shiverings?"—"Always at the sight of the apothecary."—"Do you perceive any load on your bowels?"—"I wish the apothecary's conscience was as clear."—"Are you thirsty?"—"Not thirsty enough to drink barley water,"—"Well my honest friend, since you have already undergone the proper purgatory in due form, and say you have no other disease than the doctor, we will set you on your legs again without further question. Here nurse, open that window, and throw these vials into the street; now lower the curtain without shuting the casement, that the man may not be stifled. In the next place take off two thirds of these coals, and one third of these blankets. How do you feel now?"—"I should feel my heart whole, if so be you would throw the nurse after the bottles, and the apothecary after the nurse, and order me a pound of chops for my dinner, for I be so hungry, I could eat a horse,"

The late Philip Thicknesse, who travelled through Portugal and Spain, in a one horse chair, with a monkey for his postillion, used to remark that these nations, as well as France, and indeed every other, had their peculiar absurdities. "The Spaniards keep the keys of many of their city gates in a lodge *on the outside of their walls*, Their eggs are brought to market in sacks, and their walnuts in baskets. A Frenchman, when he travels in a warm post-chaise, has a white beaver laced cap, which covers his ears and buttons under his chin; but when he walks the streets, though the weather is ever so cold, or whatever be his age, he wears his hat under his arm."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

PROMPTER came too late for this number; for his undissembled friendship he has our thanks. "A series of numbers" on so interesting a subject as the Theatre, cannot fail being received with eagerness and read with avidity.

THE SUBALTERN though he may not have it in his power to "amuse one half of the world and instruct the other" has abilities to instruct and amuse our readers and is in a fair way for promotion.

SIDNEY came just in time to have its receipt acknowledged.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Poor pensive Peter once prefer'd his suit
To gentle Anna, who he lov'd sincere;
But she nor lik'd him, talking nor when mute,
Tho' he had often call'd her Anna dear!
At length, quite tired with dalliance, he declared
That he would now no more disclose his ills,
For that his bile o'erflowed---at which she stared,
And then prescribed some Anti-bilious pills. BIBO.

PAT AND THE LOOKING GLASS.

Pat's master one day caught him at the Glass
With eyes clos'd up and head erected;
Nor of his being seen had he suspected,
Or ever dreampt his master by would pass,
To interrupt his peep:
But he was disappointed for this once,
As he soon found; for on his naked sconce,
His master fetch'd him such a rap
As made him reel; poor silly chap---
When with a lame apology,
He said, he shut his eyes to see,
What for a look he had when he was fast asleep. BIBO.

From a late Edinburgh publication, we have selected the following beautiful poem; it is the production of a young man who has attracted the attention of the literati of Scotland. He is styled the Etric Shepherd, and bids fair to rival the justly celebrated Burns.

THE MAN OF SORROW.

When the tempest howls loud through the dark wither'd grove,
And the rude blasts of winter all nature deform;
Amid the dire scenes, unapall'd, I could rove
And rest, undisturb'd by the rage of the storm.

Yet why, when the wild winds of winter are flown,
When hush'd to repose are the waves of the sea,
When spring o'er the earth her green mantle has thrown,
And the sweet voice of gladness is heard from the tree;

When all the fair objects that earth can bestow,
Combine to inspire me with transports of joy;
Oh! why on my tongue dwell the accents of woe?
Why bursts from my bosom the sorrow-fraught sigh?

When the blushes of morn tinge the clouds of the east,
I seek the lone cave on the wave-beaten shore;
Where the sea-bird screams wild as she starts from her nest,
And the loud-sounding surges in hollow rocks roar;

I sit by the rock, hoary, rugged and bare,
That rears its broad breast in the midst of the waves;
Where the Mermaid, they say, often combs her dark hair
And sings o'er the sailors that rest in their graves.

When the sun sinks behind the high hills of the west,
'Mid the wild haunts of Nature I wander to mourn,
And call to remembrance the days that are past,
The days of delight that shall never return.

I see with regret, where the hawthorn tree stood,
And the yellow furze blossom'd,—the marks of the plough;
Yet, pleas'd, I behold the rock shatter'd and rude,
And view with delight the black mountain's bare brow.

Beneath the tall elm, waving dark in the air,
Oft I rest, when the moon lights her lamp in the sky;
Ah! why must I tell that my Peggy sleeps there?
And that there all my hopes and my happiness lie!

EPIGRAM.

To Him who put on the Hatchment " IN CŒLO QUIES.*"*

By Huddesford.

"In Cœlo quies!"—very well.
But is the Old Man there, can't tell?
'Tis modest tho'...In Cœlo quies:
You'll give me leave to guess how nigh he is.
Why didst not write "Qui es in Cœlo,
If thou wast sure, he's not gone bélow?

IMPROMPTU.

On being asked " WHAT IS LOVE?*"*

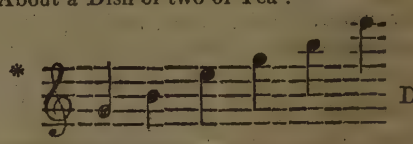
By the same.

Love's more than Language can express,
Or Thought can reach, tho' thought is free;
'Tis only felt;---'tis what I feel,
And hope my Cynthia feels for me.

AN EARLY VIEW OF THE STATE OF THE AMERICAN QUESTION—1776.

In a dialogue between some Boilers and Chafing-dishes.
By the same.

Each morn the Chafing-dishes round
The College quadrangles are found;
And, as the Coals begin to glisten,
You'll hear the Boiler, if you listen,
Running his treble notes up high,
To Chafing-dish beneath him cry:
"Wee, wee, wee, we, wehee, wee, we!*
"Shall both of us exhausted be,
"Between this Fire, and you, and me,
"About a Dish or two of Tea?"



Da Capo.

BOOK, JOB, AND MUSIC PRINTING,
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS,
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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. II. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1805. N°. 7.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Quantum potero, voce contendam ut hoc populus exaudeat et quæ de causa breviter simpliciterque dixi ea confida probata esse omnibus.

CICERO.

IN so enlightened a republic as the United States of America, we had fondly hoped to see every useless and pernicious custom extirpated, every practice which tends to the decadency of virtue, anihilated, and every hereditary ceremony unattended by utility, banished. It seems however to be a principle inherent in human nature, to touch with a gentle hand the altar of antiquity, and to look with disdain, nay, even horror, on every innovation. However awful they may appear to the mind infected with ignorance or superstition, innovations are nevertheless sometimes absolutely necessary to throw off a load of impositions, which the weakness or enthusiasm of mankind have for ages been heaping on their fellow-creatures.—Had not the fanaticism of modern Europe been resisted by the daring genius of Luther, the nations of the world might yet have been groaning under the sceptre of the Roman Pontiff. Had Copernicus been contented with the philosophy of his age, we might yet have adhered to the absurd idea of the revolution of the sun round the earth; lastly, had not Sir Francis Bacon, who was in his intellectual what Sampson was in his corporeal powers, burst the fetters of ignorance, and torn down the pillars upon which the fabric of a false philosophy was supported, we might yet have been ignorant of the proper method of arriving at truth, or of acquiring a knowledge of the sciences. These preliminary observations seemed necessary to gain the acquiescence of the aged in our opinions, or at least their hearing—with the feelings of the young we know they will coincide.

Fathers! Permit me to call your attention to the early establishment of your sons in life. Let them pursue their course, through this world, like the luminary of the heavens, shedding from the first dawn of day until the close of the evening, a benign and cheering influence on the children of men. Like that luminary, we would have them to rise in life, pure and refulgent, and when they pass to the bourn of eternity, we would wish them, like him, to disappear. Mothers! Do you wish to secure the felicity of your youthful daughters? Do you wish to establish their honour and domestic felicity, on a rock against which the waves of sorrow and misfortune may dash with impetuosity, but are split and broken in the conflict? Attend and listen to us, while we lay before you the dictates of experience.

The early union of the sexes is evidently the design and intention of nature, or why has she gifted us, so soon, with passions the most violent, with passions, which in search of gratification, will toss reason from her empire? Will it be said they were given us to exercise our virtue? No! Surely such an assertion could have no foundation in truth. The authority of Reason at that time of life, when the passions are in their greatest ardour is too weak to resist the tempest of a momentary impulse, which convulses the whole system, and like the lightening of heaven, instantaneously fires the object that it strikes.—She could not, then, have given them to lure us into vice, or folly. Nor can we say she only gave us possession of desires which were meant to torment or tantalize us. For we must not accuse heaven of inconsistencies, when her ways can with such facility be interpreted to our satisfaction. And what can admit of a more rational and consistent interpretation, than the case before us?

The enemy of early marriage will tell you, that they resist improvements in science and knowledge. This declaration, we trust, will, upon examination, be found to rest but on a sandy foundation, and that it is, in ap-

pearance, rather than in reality, true. Love we will readily acknowledge is an affection of the mind almost paramount to all others—it has a sway at once authoratative and commanding ; but is of such a nature that when we are in possession of its object, its action is not so violent, nor is its influence so supreme on the mind. It will follow then, as a necessary consequence, from what has been said, that after marriage is a period more favourable to the cultivation of the human mind, than before it. The youthful lover, whose eyes beam with joy, and whose whole countenance is brightened up at the approach of the idol of his heart, is by no means in an appropriate condition for the prosecution of his studies. His susceptible heart can be intent on nothing but the object of his affections. That uneasiness which is the natural and necessary concommitant of love, subjects his mind to a thousand apprehensions and imaginary terrors. You might as well attempt to arrest the sun in his course as to divest him of them. But no sooner is love in possession of its object, than the torrent of anxiety subsides, and the stream is left to flow in peace and tranquility within its banks. Then it is that knowledge may be pursued with advantage and success.

But the acquisition of knowledge is not the only point to be gained, by entering into marriage at an early period of life. A source of the purest happiness is opened. A prospect is held out to fathers of beholding their sons grow up in virtue and usefulness, and his daughters crowned with the wreath of honour and felicity. What would be the sensations of a father, in beholding his son the pillar of his country, or in seeing him with a victorious arm repel the aggressions of the enemies of the state, and his daughters extending the hand of charity, to the poor and oppressed, or by her manners refining and illuminating her country. Surrounded by such a group, he might look with indifference on the cares of the world—he might laugh at its follies. Liberated from a torturing anxiety for his posterity, he might rest his hoary head on the lap of contentment, and when the messenger of death arrived to beckon him to his tomb, he might retire from the noise and bustle of the world, and seal his lips with the sound of resignation.

If mankind would enter earlier into the matrimonial state, a train of the worst of evils would be avoided.—We should not have the sorrow to behold the streets of our cities crowded with voluptuaries. The midnight song of revelry would no longer assail our ears. Those hours, which would otherwise be employed in watchfulness and debauch, would be spent in a virtuous retirement, in securing domestic felicity, or in the acquisition of an useful store of knowledge. Those moments, which would otherwise be exhausted in the degradation of the female sex, in depressing women to the lowest grade of infamy and misery, would be spent in elevating her to the summit of honour and contentment. A glorious revolution would take place in the manners of men, and the period when such a change would be effected, would be considered by the historian as the true æra from which to date the decline of vice, and the exaltation of virtue and morality.

These are sentiments to which I have been long attached. I have had an opportunity of examining their efects, and I declare to you that I am convinced of their importance and utility. Oh! my God, may my children adopt the opinions of their father, and pursue that path which will inevitably lead them to the temple of happiness.

SIDNEY.

Mr. Easy,

I am always pleased to observe young men of abilities emulous of fame in the literary world, and am very glad that you have so many new writers in your paper. I would wish to be numbered among some of the inferior rank, if any there be; and therefore send you this my first production, which, should its infantile and illiterate cast not be ill received, I may, in time, cherished by the smiles of its benefactor, obtain a seat among the wise men who amuse and instruct our city, through the medium of the Companion ; not as one of their number, but merely an humble imitator of their virtues.

From my humble character, and unsuspicious personal appearance, I am admitted into almost every grade of society. The statesman will not hesitate to let me know the most important secrets of policy when communicated to a friend where I am present ; because " they are subjects which I don't comprehend." The mistress of the house cares not how much I know of her gallantries, considering my silence as being bought by the love of a good place, and a little to jingle on Sundays. The love-sick damsel always entrusts me with the carriage of [illegible] letters, and not unfrequently with a great share of confidence, merely because I am too humble to molest or too modest to speak of her to any body—and thus from the head to the foot of the family, I am the confidant, the friend, or the ignorant servant.

You, no doubt, with half the opportunities which I have had, would amuse one half the world and instruct the other. But it is an old and a wise saying, that he who can best comprehend, always has the most incomprehen-

sible matter to study from, while the simple and untutored are daily gratified with ideas ready for digestion, and instances of real life to prove their efficacious effects.

My present situation being in a family of *noble* extraction, you may easily imagine in what a light I am viewed. The genealogy of every animal, rats and mice excepted, about the house, is kept with the greatest care and precision; and I am the daily repository of my mistress's pedigree—who never fails, on every interview, to let me know that her grand-father *might have been* a lord, and her mother a duchess *by this time*, had not their unexpected departure for this country prevented the issue.

My young mistresses, on the contrary, are mere angels—possessing comely persons, and good understandings. They are generally liked by the men, and envied by the women—especially the reigning queen of Puberty, their maiden aunt of eighty, who watches these rose-buds with all the care imaginable, lest the foul contagion of the other sex, should corrupt their youth and innocence, and make the tender lambkins know the nature of their existence before age ripens, or experience (like her's) teaches the benefits to be derived from celibacy. Now I do heartily disagree with this mode of education. Modesty should always be taught by example, and sanctioned by the natural feelings of the heart: a tutor to youth should never exercise absolute nor preternatural powers; but lead them imperceptibly from bad to good, still holding nature as the modest and indelible tie, by which virtues are impressed, and vice expelled from the mind.

THE SUBALTERN.

AN ESSAY

On the Plan and Character of Thompson's Seasons.

(Continued from page 44.)

The period of Summer is marked by fewer and less striking changes in the face of Nature. A soft and pleasing langour, interrupted only by the gradual progression of the vegetable and animal tribes towards their state of maturity, forms the leading character of this Season. The active fermentation of the juices, which the first access of genial warmth had excited, now subsides; and the increasing heats rather inspire faintness and inaction than lively exertions. The insect race alone seem animated with peculiar vigour under the more direct influence of the sun; and are therefore with equal truth and advantage introduced by the Poet to enliven the silent and drooping scenes presented by the other forms of animal nature. As this source, however, together with whatever else our summers afford, is insufficient to furnish novelty and business enough for this act of the drama of the year, the Poet judiciously opens a new field, profusely fertile in objects suited to the glowing colours of descriptive poetry. By an easy and natural transition, he quits the chastised summer of our temperate clime for those regions where a perpetual summer reigns, exalted by such superior degrees of solar heat as give an entirely new face to almost every part of nature. The terrific grandeur prevalent in some of these, the exquisite richness and beauty in others, and the novelty in all, afford such a happy variety of the poet's selection, that we need not wonder if some of his noblest pieces are the product of this delightful excursion. He returns, however, with apparent satisfaction, to take a last survey of the softer summer of our island; and after closing the prospect of terrestrial beauties, artfully shifts the scene to celestial splendours, which, though perhaps not more striking in this season than in some of the others, are now alone agreeable objects of contemplation in a northern climate.

Autumn is too eventful a period in the history of the year within the temperate parts of the globe, to require foreign aid for rendering it more varied and interesting. The promise of the Spring is now fulfilled. The silent and gradual process of maturation is completed; and human Industry beholds with triumph the rich products of its toil. The vegetable tribes disclose their infinitely various forms of *fruit*; which term, while, with respect to common use, it is confined to a few peculiar modes of fructification, in the more comprehensive language of the Naturalist includes every product of vegetation by which the rudiments of a future progeny are developed, and separated from the parent plant. These are in part collected and stored up by those animals for whose sustenance during the ensuing sleep of nature they are provided. The rest, furnished with various contrivances for dissemination, are scattered, by the friendly winds which now begin to blow, over the surface of that earth which they are to clothe and decorate. The young of the animal race, which Spring and Summer had brought forth and cherished, having now acquired sufficient vigour, quit their concealments, and offer themselves to the pursuit of the carnivorous among their fellow-animals, and of the great destroyer man. Thus the scenery is enlivened with the various sports of the hunter; which, however repugnant, they may appear to that system of general benevolence and sympathy which philosophy would inculcate, have ever afforded a most agreeable exertion to the human powers, and have much to plead in their favour as a neces-

sary part of the great plan of Nature. Indeed, she marks her intention with sufficient precision, by refusing to grant any longer those friendly shades which had grown for the protection of the infant offspring. The grove loses its honours ; but before they are entirely tarnished, an adventitious beauty, arising from that gradual decay which loosens the withering leaf, gilds the autumnal landscape with a temporary splendour, superior to the verdure of Spring, or the luxuriance of Summer. The infinitely various and ever-changing hues of the leaves at this season, melting into every soft gradation of tint and shade, have long engaged the imitation of the painter, and are equally happy ornaments in the description of a poet.

These unvarying symptoms of approaching Winter now warn several of the winged tribes to prepare for their aerial voyage to those happy climates of perpetual summer, where no deficiency of food or shelter can ever distress them ; and about the same time other fowls of hardier constitution, which are contented with escaping the iron winters of the arctic regions arrive to supply the vacancy. Thus the striking scenes afforded by that wonderful part of the economy of Nature, the migration of birds, present themselves at this season to the poet. The thickening fogs, the heavy rains, the swoln rivers, while they deform this sinking period of the year, add new subjects to the pleasing variety which reigns throughout its whole course and which justifies the Poet's character of it, as the season when the Muse " best exerts her voice."

Winter, directly opposite as it is in other respects to Summer, yet resembles it in this, that it is a Season in which Nature is employed rather in secretly preparing for the mighty changes which it successively brings to light, than in the actual exhibition of them. It is therefore a period equally barren of events ; and has still less of animation than Summer, inasmuch as lethargic insensibility is a state more distant from vital energy than the langour of indolent repose. From the fall of the leaf, and withering of the herb, an unvarying death-like torpor oppresses almost the whole vegetable creation, and a considerable part of the animal, during this entire portion of the year. The whole insect race, which filled every part of the Summer landscape with life and motion, are now either buried in profound sleep, or actually no longer exist, except in the unformed rudiments of a future progeny. Many of the birds and quadrupeds are retired to concealments, from which not even the calls of hunger can force them ; and the rest, intent only on the preservation of a joyless being, have ceased to exert those powers of pleasing, which, at other seasons, so much contribute to their mutual happiness, as well as to the amusement of their human sovereign. Their social connexions, however are improved by their wants. In order the better to procure their scanty subsistence, and resist the inclemencies of the sky, they are taught by instinct to assemble in flocks ; and this provision has the secondary effect of gratifying the spectator with something of novelty and action even in the dreariness of a wintry prospect.

But it is in the extraordinary changes and agitations which the elements and the surrounding atmosphere undergo during this season, that the poet of nature must principally look for relief from the gloomy uniformity reigning through other parts of the creation. Here scenes are presented to his view, which, were they less frequent must strike with wonder and admiration the most incurious spectator. The effects of cold are more sudden, and in many instances more extraordinary and unexpected, than those of heat. He who has beheld the vegetable productions of even a northern Summer, will not be greatly amazed at the richer and more luxurient, but still resembling, growths of the tropics. But one, who has always been accustomed to view water in a liquid and colourless state, cannot form the least conception of the same element as hardened into an extensive plain of solid crystal, or covering the ground with a robe of the purest white. The highest possible degree of astonishment must therefore attend the first view of these phenomena ; snd as in our temperate climate but a small portion of the year affords these spectacles, we find that, even here, they have novelty enough to excite emotions of agreeable surprise. But it is not to novelty alone that they owe their charms. Their intrinsic beauty is, perhaps, individually superior to that of the gayest objects presented by the other seasons. Where is the elegance and brilliancy that can compare with that which decorates every tree or bush on the clear morning succeeding a night of hoar frost ? or what is the lustre that would not appeaa dull and tarnished in competition with a field of snow just glazed over with frost ? By the vivid description of such objects as these, contrasted with the savage sublimity of storms & tempests, our Poet has been able to produce a set of winter landscapes, as engaging to the fancy as the apparently happier scenes of genial warmth and verdure.

But he has not trusted entirely to these resources for combating the natural sterility of Winter. Repeating the pleasing artifice of his Summer, he has called in foreign aid, and has heightened the scenery with grandeur and horror not our own. The famished troops of wolves

pouring from the Alps; the mountains of snow rolling down the precipices of the same regions; the dreary plains over which the Laplander urges his rein deer; the wonders of the icy sea, and volcanoes "flaming through a waste of snow;" are objects judiciously selected from all that Nature presents most singular and striking in the various domains of boreal cold and wintry desolation.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Easy,

While we receive with gratitude from trans-atlantic genius and erudition the first essentials for mental improvement, it is the duty of those at the head of Literature to shield the fair fabric as well from the rude blasts of the purse-proud barbarian, as the indirect attacks of political madmen. I believe this is your sentiment, and therefore forward the following instance of that contemptuous behaviour with which some people think they have a right to insult modest merit. It is a conversation between a *Cent-per-Cent* man and an author of unassumed but real talents, improved by a liberal education.

MARYLAND.

DIALOGUE.

Cent.—And so, Sir, you have—got—a—heigho—*(Yawns)*—have got a play, Sir. Pray, Sir, where was you bred up, pray?

Author.—At Leyden, Sir.

Cent.—At Leyden? What among the Dutch? Droll enough!—Faith, a fine place to make plays in.—Butter, cheese, and Hollands gin, are three fine ingredients for poetry, ha, ha, ha—I suppose all the ladies in your piece are Dutch *frows*. Yes, damn me! I'll hold fifty on't—and all the fine gentlemen, *Mynheer* Love Makers, who, if they quarrel, instead of drawing their swords, go to *snicker-de- snee* with one another.

A lady who was present said,—My dear, Mr. Cent, I am ashamed of you. How can you shock a gentleman so.

Cent.—Shock the gentleman! No faith! He knows too much of the world for that. And I keep company with the best writers in the country. Sure, my dear, I must know how to behave to authors. Well, Sir, and so at Leyden, you say—I suppose you studied the oriental sciences there?

Author.—The oriental languages, Sir?

Cent.—No, Sir, I mean the oriental Sciences. I believe I am too much acquainted with both sciences and languages. I read um all and every one, from the tutonic down to old *Homer's Telemachus*, his *ill-lad* and *odd Essays*, and all his *Oddities*.

Lady.—Upon my honour, Mr. Cent, you have had a vast iddication.

Cent—No, faith—I never read much, 'pon honour; I was rather a buck at school. But I had a quicker way of study, I believe, than any other fellow ever had in the world.—But a—Mr. Author—and so—don't you never write songs?

Author.—Sometimes, Sir.

Cent.—Come, Sir, sing us one of your songs to this lady?

Author.—Indeed, Sir, I cannot sing.

Cent.—Not sing!—but I insist on it, to oblige the lady.—Now we'll have some fun. We'll make him expose himself.

Lady.—For heaven's sake, Mr. Cent, don't ask him. See how disconsolate he looks. It really shocks me.

Cent.—Well, now you shall have a droll scene, my dear. And so, Sir, I suppose you live by writing?

Author.—I endeavour to maintain myself and family, Sir, by every exertion of my small capacity, that honesty and industry will warrant.

Cent.—And pray, Sir, what can you get a year by writing.

Author.—As to that, Sir—

Cent.—Ay, as to that, Sir——Oh, mum, a word to the wise is enough. You are not willing to confess, lest I should want to borrow a cool hundred of you. Why, Sir, my credit is pretty good. And if you were to lend me a cool thousand, I'd give you good interest for it.

Lady.—Dear, Mr. Cent, you are very wrong, and barbarously absurd—you see he turns pale and red every minute. Indeed you have hurt him too much.

Cent. Well, mum, then.—I suppose, Sir, in your play, you have been critically exact in preserving the unities. I suppose you have seen what *Harry Stottle* and *Bess Hugh* say upon the subject? for that's what I blame Shakespeare for; the fellow had a fine knack at metaphor to be sure, but he never understood the unities. 'Tis a pity he had not been a scholar, and could have read what Harry Stottle and Bess Hugh say.

Author.—Aristotle, Sir, to the best of my remembrance, says———

Cent.—Ay, ay, I know as well as you do what——But that's nothing to the purpose now—what either Harry Stottle, or his brother, the stagyrite, says; I speak how things should be *done*. Damn it! there's nobody but gentlemen—can write or judge of writing. I wish it was

not quite so damn'd scandalous to be either an author or a scholar. There are, indeed, about twelve of us that could restore the drama to that original purity in which the divine Plato, the preceptor of Socrates and Plautus, says the stage ought to be preserved.

Author.—Under favour, Sir; I did not think Plato was much attach'd to dramatic poetry, any more than he was to Homer, whom I can't think he uses with much liberality.

Cent.—What, doesn't Plato use Homer well? That's false! Mr. Author, you must allow me to tell you—I beg pardon—but I know better—Plato is the best friend Homer ever had.

Author.—But I mean, Sir, that Plato who was disciple to Socrates.

Cent.—Pho, pho! Mr. Author, we ain't to be humm'd so, neither! You are devilishly out. There never was but one Plato, and he taught Socrates all he *know'd*; and if you have a mind to a bett, you shall have your sum on't. This Plato, my dear lady, was *cotempre* with the first *primitive fathers.*

Lady—Pray, Mr. Cent, were the *prime five fathers* poets or play-writers?

Cent.—No, no, madam; they were what *was* called Christian Philosophers, in opposition to the Heathen Philosophers. And this Socrates we have been talking of, he was burned for his religion, because he turned Christian.

Lady.—Let me perish, Mr. Cent, if your memory is'nt astonishing. I shall be jealous lest your having so much learning in your head should prevent your thinking of me.

Cent.—Never, by all that's soft, I swear. Upon which he kissed the lady, and turned to the author with a look of self-complacency, as if he would have said—what would you give could you do so? I suppose, Mr. Author, that you must have heard of Sophocles and Empedocles?

Author.—Yes, Sir.

Cent.—I read all their works at college, but their Tragedies and Comedies. And though I never looked into them since, I only wish I had a hundred on't—that I coud'nt say 'em all by *heart*, without missing an apostrophe. And I suppose you have heard of Terence, and Euripedes, and Lucan's true history? Swift stole every line of Gulliver from him, to my knowledge.

Lady.—Well, this conversation is to me immensely agreeable. My dear Cent, you are the most surprising creature——

Cent.—My soul's affection, I do believe—nay, without vanity, I'm sure on't, that had I a mind to't, I could have made a greater figure as a writer or a scholar than any one of um all. But I was always above such slovenly, pedantic notions; authors are very well, when a man has a mind to make a lady a present of a song, or *an aristocrostick.* Why then such fellows are useful; because they take the trouble of composing these things off a gentleman's hands; and books—why now and then of a rainy day, are well enough; but at other times, they are damn'd low, dull stuff;—but I beg your pardon, Mr. Author, I had forgot you was here. I'll puzzle him—I'll throw a dab of Latin at him [*aside to the Lady*]—You remember Horace his advice about discipline—

Qui mihi dicipulus puer es cupis atque doceri.

Author.—I beg your pardon, Sir, but that is not in Horace.

Cent.—Not in Horace! That's a fine hum, indeed. Not Horace! Why, what the devil, sure I know Horace a little better than you. I thought I should find you out—Why, doesn't he go on and say—

"Hoc ades huc amino concupidictis tuo."

Up he started, looked in the pier-glass, and stroked his eye-brows gently. The Lady at that instant, standing with her back to him, said to the Gentleman, Sir, this Gentleman is a prodigious scholar, and you must submit to him in these things, I assure you. The author percieved the Lady was winking at him while she said the above; but he could not possibly give up Horace to *Qui Mihi.* Emboldened by the Lady's signal, he told him, that perhaps as gentlemen were not oblig'd to read so much as authors were, his memory might not be——

Cent.—O damn it, Sir, as to that, I have a better memory than any of the wulgar; and those two lines are Horace's, and I'll bett you fifty on't. Out he pulled a green purse, seemingly full of money; which in his eagerness to enforce his learning, he let fall upon the table, and broke a cup and saucer belonging to a set of French china, that had been presented to the lady by a former lover, and which she told the Gentleman, she would not have had destroyed for five hundred pounds. A strange scene of altercation ensued. Reproaches rose high between them, until the gallant swore several of the most horrid oaths profaneness could suggest—that he would never speak to her again.—He then hurried out of the room, flinging the door after him as violently, as if, like Sampson, he would have shaken the house about their ears.

The Lady, with a look expressive of the most delicate sensibility, made the author every apology in her power. She offered him Cent's full purse, which he had left on the table, as a small recompence for the supercilious treatment

he had received. But the poor author's mind, not labouring with the epidemic contageon of self-interest, but burning with the fever of contempt, rejected the Peruvian dross with every grateful sense of the Lady's goodness. He could not but spurn what, when possessed by the ignorant, insolent, and unworthy, is held as the barometer, and substitute of every virtue and talent.

THE READING OF NOVELS

Many works of this description, in our language, may be read with innocence and safety. The novels of Fielding, of Richardson, and of Radcliffe, no man of taste will peruse without pleasure, and no man of reflection without improvement. But far different from these, are the volumes which usually crowd the shelves of a circulating library, or are seen tumbling on the sophas of a fashionable drawing room. It is not the occasional perusal of the best, but the habitual reading of the worst, which it is the wish of every wise and good man to censure and restrain. Not a few of these, instead of possessing that ease, perspicuity, and elegance of style, which should seem essential to lighter compositions, and works intended only for amusement, are so defective in the common properties of expression, and even the ordinary rules of grammar, that they cannot fail to corrupt the language and deprave the taste of all who bestow their time and attention upon them.—The authors of others seem ambitious, on every occasion, to introduce, not only foreign idioms and phraseology, and the inflated efflorescence of Gallic oratory, but such colloquial terms and sentences from French writers, as they would persuade us, convey their ideas with greater force or perspicuity, than any expression which our own defective language can supply. The real motive of the writers is, probably nothing more than the contemptible affectation of superior learning; but the practice has an obvious tendency to corrupt the purity and destroy the character of our English diction, and as far as it is in the power of novellists to effect it, to reduce us to babble a dialect of France.—Some of these publications betray such a laxity in their doctrines of morality, and exhibit such a licentiousness of sentiment and description, as cannot fail to inflame the passions, which they ought to restrain, and to undermine the virtue, which they profess to support. Others are made the vehicle of principles, hostile to our civil and ecclesiastical establishments. A still greater because a more general fault, is the misrepresentation of human characters and human life. Love, resistless love, is there considered as the general agent in terrestrial transactions; as the sole dtstributor of good and evil, of happiness and misery, to mankind. Personal attachment conceived at sight, and matured in a moment, bears down alike the distinctions of rank and the maxims of prudence; and by the magic wand of the genius of romance, the daughter of the cottager is exalted into a countess, and the labourer at the anvil or the mine, soon graces the court and the drawing-room. The hero and the heroine are involved in distresses in which no other mortals ever were involved, and generally delivered by means by which none but themselves ever were delivered. They are, however, always married at last, and attain, in the possession of each other, such happiness as no human being ever yet attained, and such as Nature and Providence, with all their bounty, never will bestow.

By the constant perusal of narratives of this description, the youth of both sexes are encouraged to cherish expectations that never can be realized, and to form notions of each other, which painful experience will every day refute. The mind too, by exercising only its weaker powers, becomes enervated and enfeebled, disgusted with the tumult of business, or the roughnes of contradiction, the most valuable season of life is spent in the sport of musing, instead of the labour of thinking, in the indulgence of the fairy visions of hope, and the reveries of a perverted imagination, instead of the pursuit of science, the formation of maxims of wisdom, and the establishment of the principles of moral duty.

The votes of the judicious are, we donbt not, against that folly, so fascinating and so fashionable, of novel-reading; but the practice of the majority is clearly on the other side; and against measures, which they can neither approve nor prevent, all that the minority can perform is to assert the arguments of truth, and to enter the protest of reprobation

Our readers will require no apology from us for giving a place in this miscellany to the following admired poem. To elegance of composition, it adds such a vein of morality as we seldom meet with in the columns of a mere news-paper. And although many of our friends may have read it there, yet we perform an agreeable duty in rescuing it from unmerited oblivion, by entering it upon our record.

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Mercy stole me at my birth.
And cast me helpless on the wild;
I perish—O, my mother earth!
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclin'd
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse—my brain runs wild—I rave;
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I am the GRAVE!

"The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen—I will speak no more;
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair!

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance would'st thou flee,
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the powers of tongue to tell:
By the dread secrets of the womb!
By Death and Hell!

"I charge thee LIVE!—repent and pray;
In dust thy infamy deplore,
There yet is mercy—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a MOURNER?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on heav'n's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a *Wanderer?*—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

"Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
Live!—thou shalt reach a shelt'ring port,
A quiet home.

"To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame?
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"*Live!* and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss not worthy to be told;
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For purest gold.

"Go, seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And sooth the bosom's deepest wound,
With heavenly balm.

"In *woman* hast thou plac'd thy bliss,
And did the *fair one* faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love?

"*Live!* 'twas a false bewildering fire!
Too often love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,
But *kills the heart.*

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden's virtuous charms!
Blest thou shalt be, supremely blest,
In beauty's arms.

"—Whate'er thy lot—whoe'er thou be—
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel:
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate, his Providence adore;
Tis done!—arise! he bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, Trav'ler in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The SOUL, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heav'n's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

"The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die."

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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OBSERVATIONS ON WOMEN.

During the late absence of the Editor from town, and from the pleasing company of his correspondents and readers, several communications were unfortunately mislaid by the gentlemen associated with him in conducting this Work. Amongst this number, was the well written letter which we this day present, from a nameless correspondent, who we hope will accept this our apology, for seeming, but far from intentional neglect. This writer is earnestly solicited to procure for us, as was his intention, further aid from his friend, the intelligent foreigner. It is not exclusively by visiting the magnificent ruins and the splendid cities and polished circles of the old world, that judicious observers may discover subjects worthy of remark: in the unexplored wilds of America we may yet meet with many a proud Olympus, many a deep Pieria; and in the honest simplicity of republican habits and manners, may be found traits to dazzle the dignity of kings—sterling energy of mind, far surpassing the Peruvian intellect of hereditary nobles.

We know not from *what part* of the southern states the friend of our correspondent dates his letters; and as a writer of so much good sense would not thus write from Baltimore, we are under no obligation to contradict his strictures. The ladies of this city will not wear the cap; indeed they fear no satire, and their beaux are *all* honourable men. A foreigner would be confined as a madman were he to say that *our* ladies were fond of dealing out cards and scandal, as their common amusement—though there is here and there one neither so prudent nor so well informed as her opportunities have been numerous.

Mr. Easy,

As the following seemed to contain some just reflections on the females, I persuaded the author, to permit the insertion of it in the "Companion:" if it meets your approbation, I shall endeavour to procure others.

Yours.

LETTER I.

In this letter, my dear friend, I shall offer a few cursory observations, on that fair part of nature, which Providence seems to have designded to soften the asperities of the road through which we all are travelling. How often have I heard you declare, with all your characteristic enthusiasm, that destitute of those bewitching beauties of creation, we should become the rough unhewn sons of nature—that the refinement of social life would soon evaporate, and that, the rugged points of our characters could be worn off, only by a collision with them. You have often told me, that the sweetest moments of your existence have passed in their society; that minutes, hours, and days have rolled along with unperceived velocity, whilst, dead to care, you have been immersed in all the luxury of bliss. I could perceive the beam of transport elicited from your eyes, as you spoke, and conjectured, that the past enjoyment must be exquisite, when the recollection could create such sensations of delight. I envied your feelings, and resolved to procure them, as soon as I should be emancipated from the rigid discipline of college.

My wishes, for exchanging the perpetual converse of books, for that of the world, were soon gratified. My father (as you know) sent me over to America, and I now write you from one of the southern states.

On my arrival, with that impatience inseparable from youth, I flew to every circle of females, and with the eager impetuosity of desire courted, in the charms of their conversation, that happiness I expected. But my expectation was vain—I found them, possest of the utmost ele-

gance of form, and fascinating loveliness of face, yet without the necessary addition of a cultivated understanding—without sentiment, and without any of that ascendancy of manners arising from the polish of the mind. Vacant and uninformed, they trifle their time, in repeating the accidental occurrences, or in retailing the scandal of the preceding day; in arranging the ornaments of dress, or, with the utmost anxiety, shuffling and dealing a pack of cards. My soul revolted with sorrow at the sight!—Where, cried I, is that inexpressibly pleasing reciprocation of ideas; those enviable agitations of the breast;—those tumultuous throbs of the heart, which I so fondly desired? Are those the beings whom my too romantic fancy arrayed, in all the captivating excellencies of mind & decked in all the refinement of angelic purity? Are these the beings whom I almost thought the creatures of a higher world, whom imagination pourtrayed as constituted to widen the circle of pleasure, to beguile the tediousness of human existence, and in uninterrupted continuation, to cause the heart to vibrate with every emotion of delight? How opposite is the phantom of the brain, to what I unwillingly acknowledge, as the reality of life.

Could they but know, my friend, the superior advantage of a cultivated understanding; how it heightens the lustre of every charm, and cloaths every feature with animation, they would eject from their presence, these swarms of contemptible fops thau encircle them, and seize with avidity the means of improvement. Their conversation would then throw a grace, on the dryness of philosophy, and render that which is dull, interesting by the liveliness of their remarks.

A few more observations on their manners shall conclude this letter. Their manners are polished and refined, and when not suffered to wander beyond the limitations prescribed by prudence, are enchanting. But ease, with *some*, insensibly degenerates into licentiousness, and freedom, into a tacit permission of boundless familiarity. That commanding dignity of behaviour, which represses the assiduities of the dissolute, is unknown to them. The officious civilities, and the double entendres of the libertine, are received with the smiles of complaisance, and heard withuot a wound to their sensibility—The company of such may be sought, for the temporary pleasure which it inspires, but their conduct will always be insufficent, for the acquisition of lasting esteem.

Amidst this prevalence of levity and of folly, of repulsive insipidity and cold indifference, there are some who were "formed in nature's happiest mood," whose hearts are strung with the chords of sensibility, and whose minds are exalted by the cultivation they have received.—They play around the vortex of dissipation, without being hurried to its centre, and mingle with the giddy throng without an assimilation of character.

Excuse, my dear R. the length of this letter. The subject was interesting to my feelings. Adieu for the present.

AN ESSAY

On the Plan and Character of Thomson's Seasons.

(Conclued from page 53.)

Thus have we attempted to give a general view of those materials which constitute the ground-work of a poem on the Seasons; which are essential to its very nature; and on the proper arrangement of which its regularity and connexion depend. The extent of knowledge, as well as the powers of description, which THOMSON has exhibited in this part of his work, is, on the whole, truly admirable; and though, with the present advanced taste for accurate observation in Natural History, some improvements might be suggested, yet he certainly remains unrivalled in the list of descriptive poets.

But the rural landscape is not solely made up of land and water, and trees, and birds, and beasts; *man* is a distinguished figure in it; his multiplied occupations and concerns introduce themselves into every part of it; he intermixes even in the wildest and rudest scenes, and throws a life and interest upon every surrounding object. *Manners* and *character* therefore constitute a part even of a descriptive poem; and in a plan so extensive as the history of the year, they must enter under various forms, and upon numerous occasions.

The most obvious and appropriated use of human figures in pictures of the Seasons, is the introduction of them to assist in marking out the succession of annual changes by their various labours and amusements. In common with other animals, man is directed in the diversified employment of earning a toilsome subsistence by an attention to the vicissitudes of the seasons; and all his diversions in the simple state of rustic society are also regulated by the same circumstance. Thus a series of moving figures enlivens the landscape, and contributes to stamp on each scene its peculiar character. The shepherd, the husbandman, the hunter, appear in their turns; and may be considered as natural concomitants of that portion of the yearly round which prompts ther several occupations.

But it is not only the bodily pursuits of man which are affected by these changes; the sensations and affections of his mind are almost equally under their influence: and

the result of the whole, as forming the enamoured votary of Nature to a peculiar cast of character and manners, is not less conspicuous. Thus the poet of the SEASONS is at liberty, without deviating from his plan, to descant on the varieties of moral constitution, and the powers which external causes are found to possess over the temper of the soul. He may draw pictures of the pastoral life in all its genuine simplicity; and, assuming the tone of a moral instructor, may contrast the peace and felicity of innocent retirement with the turbuleut agitations of ambition and avarice.

The various incidents too, upon which the simple tale of rural events is founded, are very much modelled by the difference of seasons. The catastrophes of Winter differ from those of Summer; the sports of Spring from those of Autumn. Thus, little history pieces and adventures, whether pathetic or amusing, will suggest themselves to the Poet; which, when properly adapted to the scenery and circumstances, may very happily coincide with the main design of the composition.

The bare enumeration of these several occasions of introducing draughts of human life and manners, will be sufficient to call to mind the admirable use which THOMSON throughout his whole poem has made of them. He, in fact, never appears more truly inspired with his subject, than when giving birth to those sentiments of tenderness and beneficence, which seem to have occupied his whole heart. An universal benevolence, extending to every part of the animal creation, manifests itself in almost every scene he draws; and the rural character, as delineated in his feelings, contains all the softness, purity, and simplicity that are feigned of the golden age. Yet, excellent as the moral and sentimental part of his work must appear to every congenial mind, it is, perhaps, that in which he may the most easily be rivalled. A refined and feeling heart may derive from its own proper sources a store of corresponding sentiment, which will naturally clothe itself in the form of expression best suited to the occasion. Nor does the invention of those simple incidents which are most adapted to excite the sympathetic emotions, require any great stretch of fancy. The nearer they approach to common life, the more certainly will they produce their effect. Wonder and surprise are affections of so different a kind, and so distract the attention, that they never fail to diminish the force of the pathetic. On these accounts, writers much inferior in respect to the powers of description and imagery, have equalled our Poet in elegant and benevolent sentiment, and perhaps excelled him in interesting narration. Of these, it will be sufficient to mention the ingenious author of a French poem on the Seasons, who, though a mere copyist in the descriptive parts, has made many pleasing additions to the manners and incidents proper for such a composition.

But there is a strain of sentiment of a higher and more digressive nature, with which THOMSON has occupied a considerable portion of his poem. The fundamental principles of Moral Philosophy, ideas concerning the origin and progress of government and civilization, historical sketches, and reviews of the characters most famous in ancient and modern history, are interspersed through the various parts of the SEASONS. The manly, liberal, and enlightened spirit which this writer breathes in all his works, must ever endear him to the friends of truth and virtue; and, in particular, his genuine patriotism and zeal in the cause of liberty will render his writings always estimable to the British reader. But, just and important as his thoughts on these topics may be, there may remain a doubt in the breast of the critic, whether their introduction in a piece like this do not, in some instances, break in upon that unity of character which every work of art should support. We have seen, from the general plan and tenor of the poem, that it is professedly of the rural cast. The objects it is chiefly conversant with are those presented by the hand of Nature, not the products of human art; and when man himself is introduced as a part of the groupe, it would seem that, in conformity to the rest, he ought to be represented in such a state only, as the simplest forms of society, and most unconstrained situations in it exhibit. Courts and cities, camps and senates, do not well accord with sylvan scenery. From the principle of congruity, therefore, a critic might be induced to reject some of these digressive ornaments, though intrinsically beautiful, and doubtless contributing to the elevation and variety of the piece. His judgment in this respect would be a good deal influenced by the manner of their introduction. In some instances this is so easy and natural, that the mind is scarcely sensible of the deviation; in others it is more abrupt and unartful. As examples of both, we may refer to the passages in which various characters from English, and from Grecian and Roman history, are displayed. The former, by a happy gradation, is introduced at the close of a delightful piece containing the praises of Britain; which is itself a kind of digression, though a very apt and seasonable one. The latter has no other connexion with the part at which it is inserted, than the very forced and distant one, that, as reading may be reckoned among the amusements appropriated to Winter, such subjects as these will naturally offer themselves to the studious mind.

There is another source of sentiment to the Poet of the SEASONS, which, while it is superior to the last in real elevation, is also strictly connected with the nature of his work. The genuine philosopher, while he surveys the grand and beautiful objects every where surrounding him, will be prompted to lift his eye to the great cause of all these wonders; the planner and architect of this mighty fabric, every minute part of which so much awakens his curiosity and admiration. The laws by which this Being acts, the ends which he seems to have pursued, must excite his humble researches; and in proportion as he discovers infinite power in the means, directed by infinite goodness in the intention, his soul must be wrapt in astonishment, and expanded with gratitude. The economy of Nature will, to such an observer, be the perfect scheme of an all-wise and beneficent mind; and every part of the wide creation will appear to proclaim the praise of its great author. Thus a new connexion will manifest itself between the several parts of the universe; and a new order and design will be traced through the progress of its various revolution.

THOMSON'S SEASONS is as eminently a religious, as it is a descriptive poem. Thoroughly impressed with sentiments of veneration for the author of that assemblage of order and beauty which it was his province to paint, he takes every proper occasion to excite similiar emotions in the breasts of his readers. Entirely free from the gloom of superstition and the narrowness of bigotry, he every where represents the Deity as the kind and beneficent parent of all his works, always watchful over their best interests, and from seeming evil still educing the greatest possible good to all his creatures. In every appearance of nature he beholds the operation of a divine hand; and regards, according to his own emphatical phrase, each change throughout the revolving year is but the "varied GOD." This spirit, which breaks forth at intervals in each division of his poem, shines full and concentred in that noble HYMN which crowns the work. This piece, the sublimest production of its kind since the days of MILTON, should be considered as the winding up of all the variety of matter and design contained in the preceding parts; and thus is not only admirable as a seperate composition, but is contrived with masterly skill to strengthen the unity and connexion of the GREAT WHOLE.

Thus is planned and constructed a Poem, which, founded as it is upon the unfading beauties of Nature, will live as long as the language in which it is written shall be read. If the perusal of it be in any respect rendered more interesting or instructive by this imperfect Essay, the purpose of the writer will be fully answered.

Harford, October 14, 1805.

Mr. Easy,

I have long had it in contemplation, to write a few lines upon some subject for the Companion; a publication from which I have received great amusement and instruction, and which I have reason to hope gives satisfaction as general as its circulation is extensive; but I could never till now spare the time as it is with me "a precious article," and I hope I am the more excusable as there appears to be no scarcity of communications. As the inculcation of moral principles appears to be the end you have chiefly in view, I have been encouraged to make the following remarks on drunkenness, than which I think there is not a greater moral evil existing, and which it behoves every philanthrophic person to reprobate in the most satirical manner. Although it would require a much abler pen than mine, to exhibit drunkenness in its true light, yet I hope I shall mention enough to convince any rational person of the impropriety and odiousness of the practice.

I shall begin by observing that it is a truly remarkable and lamentable thing, that the practice of this vice should be so prevalent, when it is considered what injury results from it to the community at large, to the family and domestic concerns of the drunkard, and lastly to himself. I shall first enquire into the injury society in general sustains from such a character. In the second place I shall make it evident that his family and domestic concerns are materially hurt by his proceedings, and lastly I shall endeavour to prove that his own wicked way is pregnant with mischief towards himself.

With respect to the first enquiry—the first idea that presents itself to the mind is the noxiousness of the example which drunkenness exhibits to the world, and as it is a vice whose example is more influential than any other, consequently it must be more hurtful. It is a vice which by the example deprives many wives of sober husbands, many husbands of sober wives, many parents of sober children, and many children of sober parents, &c. But the drunkard by his example not only implants in that part of society with which he is associated the seeds of drunkenness, but also the seeds of other vices that are inseparably connected with it. Hence the necessity that those persons who wish to lead moral lives, should have no intercourse or communication with those addicted to this most henious vice. Wherefore, when the drunkard reflects on the pernicious tendency of his example, let him "shudder and turn from the evil of his ways."

In the second place, if we but take a view of the family and domestic concerns of the drunkard, we will find them

in a situation that would enliven the sensibility of the most callous heart. Perhaps while the drunken husband is revelling and carousing in the tavern, he has at home a wife and helpless children, who have not food wherewith to satisfy the demands of nature, nor raiment to shield them from the inclemency of the weather. And how happens it? Why because he spends in the manner above mentioned, that money which should be devoted to their support, and which they have a right to expect. Not only the family of the drunkard, but every thing he is concerned with suffer in like manner, from his imprudence.

Having briefly considered the baneful effects of drunkenness on society, it now remains for me to examine the mischief it is productive of to the drunkard himself, in order to reclaim if possible one poor creature from misery in this life and that which is to come.

Excessive spirituous potation injures a man both mentally and corporeally. With respect to the mind, it perverts the moral faculty and blunts the intellectual. To be satisfied that it perverts the moral principle, nothing farther is necessary than to observe the conduct of an intoxicated man; it will then be seen that he swears, blasphemes, gambles, wrangles, &c. But the above vices are inferior in point of magnitude to others that might be mentioned, as the fruits of ebrity. The stupidity and dulness which this diabolical practice induces, is a sufficient proof that it impairs the understanding. An habitual drunkard, when in a state of intoxication, may be compared to a maniac; but when sober, he resembles a melancholic person. On the body drunkenness has the effect of inducing disease, indigestion, with all the train of evils attendant thereon, is almost the certain consequence of frequent intoxication. Happy would it be for *dram-drinkers* did its effects extend no farther than this, but that is not the case. Unfortunately for them it does not exempt the liver from its ravages, it there produces inflammation, jaundice, &c. Epilipsy, mania, apoplexy, dropsy, &c. are frequently the offspring of this opprobrious practice.

Drunkenness is frequently forbidden by St. Paul. "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess", Eph. v. 2. "Let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness." Rom. xiii, 13. Oh drunkard, if the foregoing observations be not sufficient to deter you from going on in your evil way, let the following words of St. Paul at least put you in mind of your situation. "Be not deceived, neither *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God," I Cor. vi, 9, 10.

If the confirmed sot be not in any degree benefited by what is here stated, I hope it may be the mean of preventing some person from falling into this most brutal and ridiculous vice.

DRANCER.

Mr. Easy,

I have no hesitation in declaring to you that in most instances I have found your little Weekly Visitor to be a most valuable, cheerful and amusing Companion; that I have derived much satisfaction from the acquaintance which I have formed with it, and am consequently the more anxious that the same purity of sentiment, which has generally characterised it, should be preserved, in order that your readers may derive improvement as well as pleasure throgh the same channel. I shall therefore, as occasion may require, make it my business to correct any attempts which I may discover to be made, whether by its real or false friends, to render the little favourite a dangerous Companion.

I am not a stranger to the difficulty attending on the direction of most periodical productions; and will readily admit, that while you are the most industriously employed in culling "sweetest flowers of various hues" to regale your numerous readers, you may also *inadvertently* pluck and intermix therewith some "poisonous herb of deadly purport;" at best your garland *may* conceal a thorn, and leave a sting behind.

These remarks have been called forth by observing lately two or three pieces in the Companion which have a tendency, I think, rather to corrupt than amend the manners of the age, which, generally speaking, are already sufficiently depraved.

An essay, for so it may very properly be called, (being nothing more) in your 4th. number of vol. 2, under the title of *Common Sense*, (so far as I can comprehend the author's meaning) is one not among the least of the description above alluded to.

His attempt to defend theatrical amusements, by the means he has adopted, borders on profanity; and his arguments are in my opinion weak, and inconclusive in the extreme. Lest, however, any of your readers, not already sufficiently convinced of the many pernicious consequences resulting from a frequent attendance on theatrical performances, should be farther corrupted by the opinions of H, backed too by such great authority, I hope to convince him and other lovers of the drama, by a se-

ries of numbers which I am preparing for the purpose, that neither the plays to which H. alludes nor the manner in which they were represented, bear any comparison with the loose, bawdry, and profane ribaldry of the present day, or the Merry-Andrew buffoonery accompanying their representation. PROMPTER.

Baltimore, Dec. 3d. 1805.

The propriety of encouraging well regulated theatres have been long contended for and against. We see some of the most learned and elegant writers, and many characters of established piety, on either side of the question; and we are willing to afford H. and PROMPTER a fair opportunity for manly, dispassionate discussion: hoping thereby to afford at least some agreeable entertainment to many of our readers. In this affair we will not interfere, so long as the writers conduct themselves respectfully towards each other, avoiding every appearance of personality and unnecessary declamation. We have no reason to fear that either will offer irrelevant matter, or improper language; but thus much, as Moderator, we think necessary to premise.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 46.)

In this disagreeable and awkward dilemma, I found it necessary to sum up all my resolution, for in my endeavours to extricate myself, I was not a little dismayed by finding my leg and thigh considerably bruised by the weight of the animal as she laid upon me. Many very painful moments were elapsed before I was able to move from this disagreeable situation, and I was no sooner freed, than I began to grope all around, in order to be certain whether I was really on the beaten road or not, and too soon I had the mortification, to find myself amongst loose fragments of rock, stones, and heath, while no cheering object met my grasp. I was now fully convinced that I trod no regular road, and consequently my spirits received a considerable degree of depresssion.

The growing violence of the wind that howled amongst the troubled heath, sometimes in deepened murmurs like the distant roaring of a tempestuous ocean, and at others in wild whistling, like "a thousand ghosts shrieking at once on the hollow blast," indicated the rising storm. Heavy drops of rain fell rapidly, and soon wetted me to the skin; while the hoarse rumbling of remote thunder shook along the earth, and portended dreadful meaning, and the black horizon seemed illumined at uncertain intervals by the pale flashes of distant lightening, which, darting its sudden blaze across the darkened face of heaven, seemed to increase the thick gloom of the surrounding space, that possessed terrors to me I had never before experienced.

"Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
"Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death."

The thunder now came rolling on the blast, shaking the very ground upon which I stood, and the vivid lightening flashed in forked and sulphurous blaze across the heathy waste, making night more hideous. All the elements seemed as if mingled in furious combat, and contending for victory; whilst the darkness, mixed with fire and thunder, appeared about to consume me, and annihilate all Nature. For a while I stood appalled, and confessed the awe that humbled me into nought; but at length, actuated by a sudden fit of despair, I stuck spurs into my equally terrified companion, who darted with amazing rapidity across the desolated wilderness, and was continuing at full speed, when our career received a shock at once sudden and unexpected. In an instant I was precipitated, with my mare, down an abrupt precipice, and plunged into some water, which very luckily was not deep, and my beast regained her footing; yet the violence of the shock, and the danger of her situation, having rendered her for a while motionless, I had an opportunity of remounting.

At this critical juncture a rent appeared in the agitated heavens immediately over my head, and a broad flame of sulphurous fire wheeled its pale course over the reflecting surface of a troubled lake, whose murmuring waters now surrounded me, and which the vivid blaze enabled me to distinguish.

The only mode I could adopt in order to extricate myself from so unpleasant a situation, was in giving the reins to my mare, whose instinct, in this case, was of more beneficial consequence to me, than any effort of my own reason, and I soon found by the splashing that she had gained a shallow part of the water, and in a short time I was again placed on dry ground.

I now wandered about without the least prospect of relief, and unknowing what direction to take, whilst the furious tempest having lessened its virulence, was borne by the howling blast to some more distant region.

A dead impenetrable gloom succeeded, and I was involved in total darkness. Despairing of any kindly roof to shelter my fatigued body from the chilling damps of night,

I cast myself upon the ground in the hope that I should find in repose some balm for my agitated feelings; but no soft slumber visited my way-worn frame, and I vainly courted the balmy influence of sleep.

Lying upon the ground, with my aching head rested upon my hand, and engaged in melancholy reflection, I suddenly heard the loud barking of a dog, not far off, and I then, for the first time, perceivad that my mare had broken from me. This circumstance induced me to believe that she had discovered some human habitation, and had disturbed the cur, whose shrill voice I had heard. I immediately started up, and beheld at a considerable distance, a dim twinkling light, which at intervals disappeared. Being under some apprehensions that this appearance should prove no other than an *ignis fatuus*, exhaled from some lonely quagmire, I pursued it with the utmost caution; but when I drew nearer it appeared more steady, and I soon had the satisfaction to find that it glimmered through the crevices of a small hut, by which I found my mare.

The dog, which had led me to this happy discovery, now barked with loud defiance, and seemed determined to deter my entrance; however, this did not prevent my search for the door, and upon opening it such columns of thick smoke issued from it that I was obliged to stand out for a few minutes on the outside, until a sufficient portion of fresh air was admitted into the wretched cabin.

When I had gained an entrance I found it proceeded from the remains of a peat-fire, upon the ground, whose dying embers were then emitting their latest flames. So close and thick was the atmosphere of this small room, that a considerable time elapsed ere I was able to perceive any object which could gratify my eager search. At length, a transient gleam from the expiring flames on the hearth, discovered to my sight the figure of a man, extended at his length upon an old couch. A few worn out implements of husbandry were lying upon the ground near his feet and a shepherd's staff rested against the wall.

I approached him, and for a moment contemplated his face and figure, as he lay buried in those profound and sweet slumbers which alone attends the nightly couches of health and innocence, and of those few happy mortals that are yet unacquainted with the bitter gall of dependence and whose peace is yet undisturbed by the stings of an offended conscience.

I do not recollect that I have ever seen so fine, so dignified a man as was this lowly Highlander. His stature was tall, remarkably well proportioned, and truly godlike; his face was expressive of all the nobler qualities of the mind and exhibited not one of those marks of vilany, without some of which I have seldom seen an inhabitant of any of the public walks of society; and a degree of native independence, beamed in his countenance, that appeared incapable of suffering the smallest shackle, or controul.

He was in his clothes (such as they were) ready to rise with the earliest dawn, and by him stood his dog, the faithful companion of all his toils, who had slunk scowling back to his master's side, upon my entrance, appearing much dissatisfied with my behaviour. Wishing to have my anxiety removed as soon as possible, I took the sleeping inhabitant of this lonely hut by the arm, and shaking him violently, I awoke him.

Some moments passed before he was sufficiently awake to comprehend the meaning of an interview, which appeared to him more like the effects of a dream, than a reality; but he had no sooner learnt that I was alone, benighted, and had lost my way, than he with all that generosity which ever accompanies a great and uncorrupted mind, offered to conduct me to my journey's end.

Never was an offer so acceptible to me, and I promised to reward him equal to his services; but when I wished him to take a small sum of money which I offered him, he observed that it would be of little or no use to him who could not spend it if it was in his possession, and he therefore declined receiving it. *To be continued.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A very young writer, on the Seasons, is not yet capable of being of much service to us; but we would not dissuade him from future attempts at poetic composition. Study, and practice in the closet yet a little longer.

The Pedestrian has had full time to have prepared another number, and we are of opinion that the reception which his last met with is no sufficient cause for discontinuance. Many of the 'gravely learned' feel but little affection for The Pedestrian; but we can safely assure him that he has a *large majority* on his side. This consideration, we hope, will induce him to take another ramble; and if it should end as favourably to individual interest as did his *march to the battle*, it will, like that, produce the sincere thanks of those concerned.

Common Sense No. 4 is received. We leave it to H. whether this number shall appear previous to the promised observations of Prompter?

The Companion has been thus far liberally supplied with original poetry. We *hope*——

To such of our readers, as are fond of the marvellous, we would recommend the perusal of the following wonderful story of a man who outmeasures all other giants, of whom we have any correct history. To have a just conception of the stature of Wyschard, *we must suppose that Peal's Mammoth would about answer to the size of the former's Mastiff. And to those who say 'tis a lie, and unworthy the Companion; we reply, it is at least* well told; *and while it serves as no unreasonable relaxation after the "tedious gravity" of our sheet, it may perchance teach some* common *liar the absurdity of dabbling in a* small *way.*

OLD WYSCHARD.

Volumes of historic lore
Read, and you'll find that heretofore
Flourish'd a brood of *Strapping Dogs,*
To whom this present race of men are frogs.
Ajax a rock in's arms could take
And hurl it at your pericrane,
Which half a dozen folks of modern make,
With force combin'd, would strive to lift in vain.

By gallant Guy of Warwick slain
Was Colbrand, that gigantic Dane;
Nor could this desp'rate champion daunt
A Dun Cow bigger than an elephant:
But he, to prove his courage sterling,
His whyniard in her blood imbrued;
He cut from her enormous side a sirloin,
And in his porridge-pot her brisket stew'd:
Then butcher'd a wild Boar and ate him barbecu'd.

When Pantagruel ate salt Pork
Six waiting-jacks were set at work
To shovel mustard into's chops.—
These you'll allow were men of mould,
And made on purpose for an age of gold;
But we, their progeny, are mere milk-sops:
They drank whole tuns at a sup to wet their throttles,
But we're a race of starv'lings—I'll be shot else—
Begotten with the rincings of the bottles.

'Twas so the sage Monboddo wrote:
And many a learned clod of note
You'll see come forward and advance
Positions every whit as wise:
And that they tell their friends no lies
I'll shew you by collateral circumstance.

There liv'd—tho' that is somewhat wide
O' the purpose—I should say, There died
A squire, and Wyschard was his name
Pictish and Saxon ancestry
Illustrated his pedigree,
And many a noble imp of fame:
Yet these renowned ancestors,
As if they had been vulgar sons of curs,
Were long, long since by all the world forgot
Save by himself: he knew the very spot
Where they had each been coffin'd up to rot;
And in his will directions gave exact
Amongst those venerable dads to have his carcase pack'd.

Now deep the Sexton burrows to explore
The sepulchre that these old worthies hid;
Something at last that seem'd an huge barn-door,
But was no other than a coffin-lid,
Oppos'd his efforts; long it spread, and wide,
And near the upper end a crevice he espied.
Thence on his ear strange uncouth utterence broke,
As of some sullen slumb'rer half awoke,
Who, yawning, mutter'd inarticulate
And angry sounds: yet could not this abate
The courage of the clown: "Speak out!" quoth he—
"Raw head and bloody bones ne'er yet affrighted me."

A thundering voice replies, "What miscreant knave
"Dares break the sabbath of old Wyschard's grave?"
"No miscreant knave, worm-eaten sir, am I,
"But Hodge the sexton:—Knave! I scorn the word:
"I at my honest calling work, for why?
"Your Kinsman's just brought down to be interr'd."

"My kinsman's to be buried here?—Oh, ho!
"What year of our Lord is't, fellow, let me know?"
"'Tis eighteen hundred, sir, and two."
"Ay, Goodman Sexton, say you so?
"Then Time on me a march hath stole;
"'Twas near sev'n hundred years ago
"That I became the tenant of this hole:
"Men like myself behind I left but few;
"Since then the world, I wot, is fangled all anew!

"Tell me, in sooth, are other folks like thee?
"For, by thy voice, thou seem'st a tiny elf."
"Tiny!" quoth Hodge: "Zooks, I am six feet three!
"There's no man in the hundred but myself
"Can say as much—thy name-sake that is dead,
"I warrant him, was shorter by the head."—
"Thy words lack proof: I prithee, honest friend,
"Thrust thro' this chink thy little finger's end!
"Whence I may know if thou the truth dost state,
"And judge, by sample small, of thy dimensions great."

Thought Hodge—"Altho' I little fear the dead,
"Fool-hardy mortals perils strange environ:"
His finger then withheld he, but, instead
Thrust in his pick-axe nozzle, sheath'd with iron:
And he was in the right,
For, at a single bite,
Old Wyschard snapt it off clean as a whistle.—
"Hence, lying Varlet, bear
"Your pigmy corpse elsewhere,
"'Twould Wyschard's grave disgrace!
"In the stoutest of your race
"There's no more substance than a BIT OF GRISTLE.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PEDESTRIAN—No. VII.

LAVINIA'S RETURN.

Mr. Easy,

Leander insisted upon this—he said, he had not been backward in his own province. "So Rario"—concluded my friend, with a serious significant shrug—"you may take upon yourself about as much of the blame as you can well carry."

It evinced a kindly disposition in Leander, and I was much obliged by his willingness to throw all the load on my shoulders.

This was a short debate between Leander and myself, naturally arising out of your last week's notice. I well knew that Leander alluded to his poetic labours—and, imagining that his eyes at that moment spoke the hostile language of one who supposed himself my superior, I was preparing for such a discharge of wit as would have demolished some of his *fairy, sing-song* breastworks, when Lavinia—"bless *her*, ye Gods," whose voice is peace, and yet whose every word is a swift winged arrow to the heart of sensibility—whose look would tame the fiercest Rolla, whose very whisper would raise more legions than the *stamping* of a dozen Pompeys.

I must beg your indulgence, Mr. Easy, for a short digression here—which you will grant when I inform you, that Lavinia had just returned from the country. Leander and myself met on this our first visit since her return. Lavinia, who before was far superior to those *imaginary* creatures (I don't know what species they are of—being more than woman) on whom novelists lavish, without any trouble, the epithet angelic, had much improved herself in the country. Stored with additional intelligence, and her wit keen as a razor, O how can I refrain from telling of my joy on being thus again admitted to her converse! Her handsome person, too, was improved, and the increase of red in her cheek, the infallible token of health, and no small contributor to the outward ornament of woman, combined to render Lavinia yet more pleasing.—Zounds! Mr. Easy, were I as *big* a poet as Leander, I'd nearly stretch the truth in praise of one, who defies temperate description.—

I say, sir, just as I was preparing to lower the dignity of this verse-proud Leander; Lavinia—irresistable, lovely woman—proclaimed an armed neutrality. She sat between us—or, rather, we had eagerly drawn up our chairs on each side of her: thus could the indescribable lustre of her eye check, if necessary, the approach on either hand. Leander, cried the fair arbitress, "you must not thus take on; though you weave poetry with great ease and alacrity, yet Rario is not of right your obsequious *Bozzy*. Should your supposed success in courting the muse, induce you to growl at small, and less favoured people, like a surly JOHNSON—you will find, I hope, that the blood which swells the veins of Rario, is truly American—he could not stoop to be your BOSWELL."—

I would have thanked the noble umpire—but when I raised my eyes to catch her's—Oh, Easy, how I felt!—The brilliant stars singed my optics—while the dignity, and yet the amiable softness of the whole woman, caused such unspeakable sensations, that I lost my speech—my eyes grew dim—I thought I loved the whole of woman kind—for in Lavinia dwells all the excellencies of female loveliness—In short I trembled—I shifted on my seat—my waistcoat felt too tight—the pulse beat violently on the back of my head—I would willingly have laid me down.—

I shall not presume to say much on the subject of Leander's feelings in this place. From his well known extravagance, you may suppose he was in a "great way."

This much I remarked—that on recovering a little from my state of indisposition, or disposition to be in——love; I found Leander convinced of his folly. He acknowledged that Lavinia reasoned right; most closely reasoned to the point.

We began to assume a cheerful appearance—but Lavinia—sensible of having acted a conspicuous part in this affair—hid her authoritative face in a blush. How can you, gentlemen, said she, behave so silly?—I really believe you strive to make me appear ridiculous—and that you laugh in your sleeves at my pretensions to learning—Now don't I guess right in supposing—

I looked at Lavinia—then at Leander—and experienced no small degree of mortification on finding that Lavinia, as I feared, entertained so contemptible an opinion of my understanding, as to suppose me incapable of justly appreciating the mental improvement among the ladies of the present day. Leander looked blank—and had Lavinia been permitted to proceed, I verily believe he would have found his way through the bottom of the chair.

My dear girl, stammered I, as I ventured to take hold of Lavinia's hand, could I suppose the existence of so much worth unaccompanied by a large portion of that virtue which the amiable part of your sex so assiduously cultivate, and with so much success——ingenuousness——I should cry out in the midst of my anguish, and in the discordant tone of misanthropy, that I had been honoured with the friendship and the confidence of Lavinia, alas, in vain—no! sooner would I——

A truce, Rario, interrupted Lavinia, with such modest sweetness—and with so much benevolence in her look, as she inclined with graceful carelessness towards me, that I exclaimed within myself, "by all the powers of fancy, most fortunate Rario, I would not exchange thy place for that of the dullest formalist under heaven!"—A truce, my good sir; I foresee that you will else be under the necessity of deviating from your standing maxim.

"I beg you'll not compel him to compliment you in his own defence"—said Leander sarcastically as he shewed evident signs of returning courage. Lavinia is possessed of too much good sense to call this a *failing* in me. Convinced that a sensible woman is more happy in being beloved for good qualities than in being flattered and admired for a pretty face, Lavinia would not aid Leander in quizzing me for my apparent coldness, and unwillingness (as he termed it) to do justice.

But, Mr. Easy, all this is foreign from the purpose for which I took up the quill. My intention was to apologize to you, and to the flattering "majority," for my long silence. As I was beginning to lay the case before you, the interference of a female drew me from the subject.—And the interference of *such* a female, will ever withdraw my attention from lighter considerations. After this short digression from *the question*—this small attention to the "charming" object that had long been out of reach—and I could not say less—I must "return to the thread of my narrative."

Leander and myself had been informed of *Lavinia's return*—and, moved by similar motives, we met at her residence. It was here, that I charged Leander with negligence; when he retorted as I have remarked. Now it appears evident that Lavinia's intimation was correct—and that Leander conceives it my duty to record these little anecdotes concerning him—But if he does not produce something for you soon, I'll give a strange account of him.

RARIO.

Mr. Easy,

The opinions of mankind appear to shift their channel, and to be continually fluctuating in each extreme, in almost every age. What in one epoch of the world, claimed admiration and was lauded with an universal shout, in the succeeding, was despised, or attacked with the utmost acrimony. Such is FASHION, the tutelar deity of man. No nation but what acknowledges her divinity, and no class of men, but what obeys her precepts. Charming *variety* is the allurement and the bait, which she employs to compel their subjection. However deformed or eccentric her appearance in some ages, swarms of admirers pursue her footsteps and imitate her deformity. The inclination of Alexander's head occasioned the same defect in his courtiers: and the ignorance and barbarity of some Emperors promoted the downfall of literature in their empires. That the Ruler of a Kingdom could be less erudite, or inferior in intellectual endowments, to his subjects, was a solecism to sycophants; and that he who was incapable of erring should be dictated to by menials, was preposterous and absurd. Thus learning, when not caressed or acknowledged by fashion, pined away, and the world relaxed again into a state of uncivilization. Superstition was a feeble dam to her torrent, and the anathemas of an *Anselm* could not abate the rage for spoon-bill shoes. If therefore that formidable opponent when at the acmé of power, could not controul this Gipsey, the arrows of a periodical publication, though winged by an Addison or a Steele, must have fallen short of the mark, and fell useless.

The ukase of Czar Peter, commanding the beards of

his subjects to be shaved, created discontents, and nearly terminated in rebellion ; but despotism spoke, and servile courtiers enforced her mandates. The Parliament of France were obliged to regulate the length of shoes for each condition, prohibiting a plebeian to wear those which exceeded one foot and a half, quaking with fear lest the vulgar should obtain as good footing in the world as the nobility. Risum teneatis amici ? Strange that such absurdity should ever find entrance into the minds of men.

Innumerable instances of the folly of man might here be adduced from the earliest accounts of history to the present *loo endemic*, which infects *even* the fair sex. Cards mar all social intercourse and destroy that sweet communion which man should hold with man. The minds of the players, intent upon the successful termination of the game, exclude all other ideas, and are narrowed by the contemplation of the heaps which blind fortune has thrown in their lap, and which has impoverished a neighbour or a friend. Altercation generally ensues, except when the presence of the ladies smothers the resentment of the parties, to be enkindled and blaze more furiously in their absence.

But my detestation of gaming has unwarily drawn me aside from my original design. I intended to propose something to abate the omnipotence of fashion ; to use her most powerful weapon for seduction—Ridicule—against her own power and dominion. Ridicule has been justly denominated a magician, in abstracting the minds of men, from useful studies & employments, & leading them imperceptibly into the snares of pleasure and folly. When she assists the forces of fashion, who can withstand their allied power. When the pious or religious man is dubbed *Sanctified Dog* or *Hypocrite*, youth, without analysing the truth of these sarcasms, but charmed with the witticisms which are always accompanied with loud laughter, readily acquiesce in the opinion ; and thus lay substratums for scoffing, contemning and despising religion.

Now, Mr. Easy, why not apply the touch of the magic wand to the fashionable follies of the day ? *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat ?* Cast off that sombre and demure appearance which your friendly Companion wears, and which Rario and Jonathan Plumbpudding have alone for a moment dispelled. Give us but a small quantity of "tedious gravity," and we will salute you as a *cheerful easy friend.*

Sirid.

COMMON SENSE—No. IV.

Mr. Easy,

> *" I am a man, and all calamities that touch*
> *" Humanity, come home to me ;"*

But not so with the generality of mankind, for I have frequently heard malevolent characters apply divine judgments to men and events ; contrary to the dictates of truth, or even *common sense* ; and therefore, I hope the following cursory remarks on so ridiculous a practice, will meet the toleration of your judicious Club, as also the approbation of your numerous and respectable readers.

How is this spirit to be accounted for ? Does it proceed from a malicious disposition, ignorance, or impiety ?—At all events, it is irreligious to say, that the Supreme Author of our being is against any particular man, or society of men, inasmuch as He has created all mankind after his own likeness, upright, amiable and merciful ; but alas ! the allurements of vice have greatly counteracted his omniscient design ; and some men are silly enough to fashion God as best suits their own passions and prejudices. During the age of Polytheism, when every heathen worshiped a god of his own choosing, in order to favour his wrong notions of things, such a belief was more excusable ; but in this enlightened age of christian faith, wherein one true God is acknowledged and worshiped, who delighteth not in silly baubles and shew ; nor in human cruelty, revenge or sacrifice, it is irreligious and irrational to charge Divine Wisdom with partial judgment. Notwithstanding nominal christians worship but one God ; yet, they conceive him in such a variety of different forms, and disagree so materially about his nature and will, that they absolutely belie each other in expounding his attributes ; and therefore, I am bold to say, that they cannot all mean one and the same Being ; otherwise they would not be guilty of applying divine judgments to evils that befal their neighbours, and of assigning such motives for the all-wise dispensations of Providence, as best suit their own weak prejudices or sable designs. It is observable, that such *ignis-fatuus* beings are mostly the fawning dupes of flattery and empty sounds, easily provoked by trifles ; and consequently, apt to imagine the Supreme Being to be so too. Thus they justify their own conduct and silly fancies, and believe him to be their friend, and an enemy to those against whom they entertain enmity ; that all the casualties which befal those whom they dislike, are manifestly the work of divine judgment. Hence, they often charge God with being the author of their own wickedness, while the objects of their

malice, being better christians, think with a christian spirit.

We are commanded "not to judge, lest we be judged," and are told that "vengeance is the Lord's," and that "judgments are in his hand." Now, I would ask the uncharitable, if these sublime sentences do not furnish a conviction, that they have not the least semblance of authority to apply the judgments of God to the calamities of mankind? On the contrary, the misfortunes of life furnish no criterion to judge of either the approof or displeasure of the Supreme Being, who makes an equal distribution of his blessings to the just and unjust. Indeed, if there be any inequality, it is amongst the righteous; and it is an incontrovertable fact, that they are the minority. Again, it is evident, that the apostles and saints were the greatest objects of poverty in the world—that the followers of Mahomet, and the Pagans possess, at least, as rich a portion of the globe, as the christians do, that they are not more subject to affliction and calamity while they live, and that they sink into eternity with as little pain.

We are told, that when the Moors inhabited Spain, all the calamities which happened to her, whether they proceeded from physical or human causes, were attributed to divine judgment, for suffering such idolaters to possess that country; but mark the sequel: they were the source of the greatest judgments upon themselves, by driving away and annihilating so numerous and industrious a people. And the Pagans too, destitute of virtue themselves, we are told, charged the Christians with being instrumental to the disasters of Rome, when Alarick, king of the Huns, plundered that city. Why? because they despised and treated their gods with just contempt; and therefore, they alledged, that their gods, in gratitude to them, and out of spite to the Christians, disseminated through the world, miseries, hurricanes, earthquakes, wars and pestilence, a train of evils which have been the pest of humanity from the beginning, and, we have good reason to fear, will be to the end of time. Hence, I incline to believe, the beginning of persecution against the Christians; but they were destined in time to retaliate in like manner against the heathen, to use similar reasoning, and to prefer like reprisals, with as little justice, honesty, or humanity: thus all sects of politico-religionists have dealt, and alas! continue to deal with each other.

Such men as wantonly term the misfortunes of others, judgments of God, are guilty of a prejudice equally impious as their opinions are ridiculous; and as inconsistent with *common sense* and rationality, as the application of the terms equity and humanity to the oppressions and butcheries of ALEXANDER and CÆSAR. Indeed, it is highly criminal to term the common casualties of life, divine judgments.—It is an incontrovertable truth, that death is the ultimate termination of all earthly enjoyments; and as to the various ways of dying, in the name of justice let me ask, if fire and sword, famine and pestilence, poison and torture, have not been the portion of the good as well as of the bad?

What a compound of insolence and folly are we! When anger and malice usurp the empire of reason in our breasts, we often have the rash presumption to conceive God unjust. Hence, such plainly infer, that He stoops from his throne of glory to indulge in the weak and ridiculous passions and prejudices of frail mortality. Gracious heaven! how widely men differ in their opinions and affections. Some delight in the effusion of human gore—some profanely apply the judgments of God to others for things which entitle them to his favour—some deem that which is absolutely a blessing, a curse—some hate that which is pleasing and meritorious in the eyes of God, and laudable in the estimation of virtuous men.

As I have heretofore observed, the heathen charged the christians with all the evils which befel Rome; but one of the fathers, we are told, composed a book to confute this fallacious aspersion, and to prove, that such things had existed from the commencement of time. Thus those who are guilty of applying divine judgments to the calamities and misfortunes of others, ought to be dealt with; and if they possess only a small share of modesty, shame, or even *common sense*, it will curb their misguided tongues.

There is an all-seeing eye above, which overlooks the world, and examines with the nicest penetration, its actions and motives; but when and where, none but the great Creator can tell; notwithstanding, temerarious bigots affect a knowledge thereof; and are everlastingly diving into the secrets of heaven, with equal impertinence and disappointment.

To the disparagement of this uncharitable practice let it be observed, and with equity too, that none but the evil spirited and superstitious tolerate, or connive at it.—On the contrary, men of charitable and cultivated minds, view it with an eye of caution, and consider it as irreligious, indecent and unbecoming; well aware that it is equally malicious and dangerous, and the bane of every good; and conscious that the ways and secret counsels of God are far beyond the comprehension of man. They

behold the perplexity of human affairs, and mortal man diving still deeper into the dreary abyss of vice and folly—the tide of prosperity flowing upon the vicious without even a sentiment of gratitude; the reverse of fortune assailing the virtuous without even so much as a murmur: some gaining popularity without virtue or wisdom to recommend them, and others verging from the pinacle of affluence into a state of hapless poverty without growing a single iota worse. In a word, daily experience teaches us that good and evil are distributed promiscuously—that men of opposite dispositions, merit and morals often fall victims to the same general calamity, such as fire, pestilence, &c. or derive equal advantages from general prosperity, such as a fruitful year, blooming health, &c.

Again, it is evident, that some derive prosperity from the same cause which draws the veil of adversity over others who are better christians and possess greater merit, and *vice versa*. Hence it appears, that good and evil may be produced by the same cause, and are the portion of those who do, and who do not merit them. Under these considerations, men of probity and wisdom weigh matters in the scales of impartiality; and contemplating the perplexed and unstable state of life, are cautious against intermedling with the affairs of heaven, and applying its judgments to the calamities and distresses of mankind.

Among Turks, who deem God the author of all they do, and of every calamity that others sustain by them, such wickedness is the more excusable, inasmuch as it is a tenet of their religion to believe, that successful attempts to murder princes and the like, is not criminal or sinful; for they judge of the supreme will by the event, and not by what is lawful or just. They glory in the misfortunes of their fellow mortals, because they foolishly deem them the judgements of God, and themselves his agents. Just heaven! avert this spirit of irreligion, and keep it aloof from this clime of fostered liberty, flowing plenty, and manly independence. H.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 63.)

After some parley we sat out together for the Fort; I rode on horseback, while he walked by my side leading my mare. From the conversation I held with this honest man, I found that I had wandered full five miles out of my proper road, and that we had seven more to traverse ere we reached the Fort. We continued an almost silent journey for about an hour and an half, when having ascended an high hill, my guide pointed to the lights of the Fort, that dimly twinkled through the misty vapours which almost perpetually hang over the lake, upon whose margin this building and small town is erected.

Our descent was now gradual for a very considerable distance, until we arrived at the bottom of the mountain, from which a wooden bridge, of an amazing length, is thrown across a broad arm of the lake, and by which the Fort is entered from that side. Like most of the bridges in that part of Scotland, this is raised to a vast height above the surface of the water below, and is moreover extremely dangerous to pass along in the night, on account of the want of railing at the sides, where there is nothing put to prevent the traveller from falling into the lake.

It was about the hour of midnight when we attempted to cross this fatal bridge, and the night was unusually dark and silent; no sounds were heard save the gentle murmurs of the lake below, and the hollow tramps of my mare's feet, as she paced the rotten boards of the bridge, which indeed produced a rumbling noise, that at any other time might not have been unpleasant, but which then conveyed to my mind the terrible idea that the bridge would inevitably give way, and this painful sensation was much augmented by the actual shaking of that frail building.

About the midway over, my mare made a sudden stand, and all the whipping and spurring I could make use of had no effect in making her proceed. Thinking this dead pause very strange, I called my guide, who had insensibly slunk back, to come forward and examine into the cause of her fright. He did so, and to the latest hour of my life I can never forget the emphatic "O God!" accompanied by a slipping noise, that struck my ear as he passed my mare's head, and which was almost instantaneously succeeded by a loud splash in the lake, at a dreadful depth below my feet.

Horror seized my whole frame; and trembling with unspeakable anguish, when I endeavoured to speak, the faultering accents hung upon my lips, and could gain no utterance; whilst at intervals the mingled sounds of splashing, stifled groans, and thrilling cries for help, pierced the sky with unavailing woe; and ere I could give an utterance to my grief, the last hollow splash, the last groan, and the last throb, had died away into awful silence, and the unhappy victim had sunk to rise no more. Then it was my frenzied thoughts broke out into loud shouts of despair, which rung through the vast concave of the heavens, and awakened the mountain echoes in their retreat, from whence they answered me in their most horrid mockery.

After a few minutes solemn pause, a body of invalids

sallied from the fort, with lights in their hands ; and upon approaching the fatal spot, their lanthorns discovered to my aching sight a tremendous chasm, made by a giving way of a large part of the bridge and by which means had my unfortunate guide sunk to all the horrors of untimely death.

This part of the bridge was undergoing some repairs, & the careless workmen having neglected to place any barrier, a hideous gulph yawned to my sight, which I had no other means of passing, than by calling to some invalids of the Fort, desiring them to procure a few planks, which I ordered to be laid across the chasm. This being done, and after they were united together as closely as circumstances would allow, I ventured to cross the dangerous place, and had the good fortune to reach the opposite side in perfect safety, though not without being opprest by the most melancholy thoughts. I related the sad story to those of the invalids who had so kindly assisted me, and begged that they would use every exertion in their power to discover the body of the unfortunate man, who had fallen so dreadful a sacrifice to his voluntary generosity, and I promised a considerable reward to those who should convey it to me at the little inn where I intended to remain during the night. When I had stimulated them sufficiently to the painful search, I took my leave and went in quest of the public house, which stood at no great distance from the foot of the bridge.

My little shelty, whose instinct had been (upon two occasions that melancholy night) instrumental in the preservation of my life, being housed and properly taken care of, I was conducted by a little old woman into a miserable habitation, which was there considered as an hotel of vast magnitude and convenience.

Perceiving that my language and manners bore not the least resemblance to the Scotch, she imagined that I was an Englishman, and in this belief began to squeak such an horrid dialect that I was obliged to put a stop to a stream of the very lowest cockney eloquence that entirely disorganised my delicate hearing. I was made to understand that she was a native of Chatham, and that she thoroughly despised the Scotch *canaille* by whom she was surrounded : observing that " no christian would live among such filth, if he could live any where else, and that for her part, she was *necessited* to dwell there because her husband, who had been a soldier, was dead and left her that inn for her fortune ; and that being the case she could not leave it." however, she observed that as I was an Englishman and a proper christian, I should have a good supper.

I put an end to her loquacity by desiring to be shewn into a room. I was directed into the kitchen, whose peat-fire being surrounded by some half-naked, lousy wretches, drinking whiskey, I was so disgusted that I retired to my bed-room, in which I ordered a fire to be made. This apartment was (if possible) more filthy than the other, and the floor which was made of mud not having been swept out, I suppose since its first formation, was covered to the depth of several inches with dust and dirt, amongst which all manner of noxious insects held their abode. One corner of the room was screened from my view by a large piece of coarse cloth, that was suspended from the ceiling to the ground. No bed appearing in the apartment, and this cloth being stained in several parts with blood, while a large congealed mass stood beneath upon the ground, my curiosity tempted me to remove the coarse veil that held me in suspense, but dreading to behold some shocking object (which indeed my imagination had instantly formed, the first moment in which I had beheld the mysterious spot ;) horror for what I might see, continued for some time to prevent my curiosity from being gratified. The murdered body of some miserable human being, perhaps newly slain, and then weltering in its gore, presented itself, arrayed in all its ghastly terrors to my disordered imagination, and deterred my adventurous hands, which were several times extended for the purpose of removing the mystery, and which as often relinquished the attempt.

At length hearing footsteps upon the staircase, I rushed forwards, seized the cloth, and throwing it upon one side, discovered a sight, amidst all my terrors I could not have conceived. Instead of the murdered body of an human being, I beheld, suspended by the heels, a newly slaughtered sheep, dripping gore. So powerful is the effect caused upon the imagination by a combination of melancholy or disagreeable images, that my mind had been worked up to an unusual pitch of terrific expectation by this simple appearance.

Much indeed might be said on behalf of such a temperature of mind, in my then present situation. The poignant anguish which I felt from the unfortunate fate of the poor Highlander, who had fallen a sacrifice to my own interests, oppressed my mind, while the gloom of a stormy night, the loneliness and ignorance of my real situation, and the combination of so many disagreeable and sadly-presaging images, all conspired against her peace. A man who could not have felt alive, and been solemnly impressed by so many melancholy objects, must indeed have been devoid of all sensibility and feeling.

The footsteps I had heard upon the stairs were those of my antique hostess, who was coming with a large knife in

her hand, to dismember part of the sheep before-mentioned for my supper; but had this wrinkled hag presented herself, with her great knife, before I had discovered the carcase of the sheep, and while I was labouring under the painful influence of so many shocking presages, some bad effects would, in all probability, have been the consequence of her intrusion. She made many apologies for hanging the sheep in that part of her house, but alledged that she had no other place where it would be safe from the attacks of vermin, and therefore whenever she had any meat, (which was but once, or perhaps twice, during the year) she hung it in her best apartment. When I enquired for my bed, she opened a small square door on one side of the room, and upon holding the candle to the opening, I beheld a narrow, and dark cavity in the wall, which much resembled the shape and dimensions of a coffin. In this nauseous hole was thrust some dirty bed linen, amongst which I was informed her visitors of distinction usually dwelt for the night, and which I was then to occupy.

Having made as good a meal upon part of the sheep, and some potatoes, as the filth would allow, I dismissed the old woman, who attended me with too much assiduity, and was preparing to creep upon my hands and knees into the recess in the wall, where my bed was deposited, when a very loud knocking was heard at the door of the inn, together with the confused noise of many voices below the window of my room. I opened the casement and looked out, but such was the impenetrable darkness of the night, that I could not discern any particular object.

(To be continued.)

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not heard from the writer of "Letter I," published in our last, since issuing that number. It would afford us much pleasure, and our readers no inconsiderable instruction, were he to forward a *series on various subjects:* for we are convinced of his ability; and we doubt not his impartiality. If we may judge from what has appeared, he is a candid and an honourable critic; and though he bears hard upon her follies, yet we believe him to be the friend of woman. If we could suspect him of being hostile, we would not invite him to furnish matter for a sheet which is intended, in no mean degree, for their benefit and amusement.

Common Sense No. 4, in this day's Companion, was received previous to the publication of Prompter.

The Pedestrian is prompt and active, and very much of a Shandean. He has our best thanks for his friendly assistance.

> "Haste thee, Charles, and bring with thee
> Jest and youthful Jollity,
> Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides."

Sirid is a new writer; with whom for the benefit of our readers, we would willingly be better acquainted. He appears to have a friendship for The Pedestrian, who we believe respects every clever fellow, and yet would laugh at *any* thing that appears absurd, or presents itself to him in a ludicrous point of view.

"The Return, after an absence of a number of years."—This poem is received; but we have not room at this time "*to speak freely*" to the author.

We have received the *ravings* of Exotic; who "takes it very unkind of us to villify nobility!" And wouldst thou, poor scribbler, cow us down to sycophancy? We never said aught against *true nobility*; we revere the nobility of America; as Americans are only *noble* when *worthy*; the only legitimate nobility of man (in the estimation of Americans) is "nobility of soul"—superior acquirements. Our correspondent's remark; "that foreigners too read our paper," is flattering to us, and we must be obliged thereby; but it is no argument against us. We write for our countrymen; and would not (knowingly) contaminate the mind of one of them, to gain all the *exotic* praise that might be heaped upon us. If this writer is as much "our friend" as he declares himself to be, we shall with pleasure receive his remarks upon a proper subject; and we assure him, that his piece is not rejected so much because it is against our own remarks, as from its being *against our country*.

Sidney has obligingly furnished us with a valuable and appropriate essay for the New Year.

Leander, unfortunately for his own ease, has convinced the town that he *can* write. Rario has heard of this; and in the language of the proverb, thinks "that the bird that *can* sing, and *won't* sing, must be *made* to sing."

Orlando is too *flat* for criticism. Of such rhymers the indignant Shakspeare beautifully says—

> I had rather be a kitten, and cry *mew!*
> Than one of these same mere ballad-mongers.
> I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
> Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree;
> And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
> Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
> 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Ah why those deep desponding sighs ?
Why thro' my heart this genial glow ;
Which bids my ravish'd soul arise,
And to my sweet Eliza go ?

And ah ! when seated by her side,
With rapture dwelling on her name ;
What makes my vital stream to glide
So warm, so quick, thro' all my frame ?

And why with rapture do I see
Her snow-white bosom's melting heave ?
Why in my heart that extacy,
That softening ardour, it receives ?

Ah why those sparkling orbs so bright
That dart so quick their heav'nly ray ;
By whose soft, sweet, alluring light,
My ravish'd soul is borne away ?

Why on those pouting lips divine
Do I with melting ardour dwell ?
Why at their sacred heavenly shrine
With sweet submission do I kneel ?

Why when she speaks, in rapt'rous plight,
Does my imagination rove ?
Some secret spirit (heavenly sight)
Soft whispering tells me *" it is Love."*

S.

SELECTED POETRY.

SONG—ON A KISS.

Humid seal of soft affections !
Tenderest pledge of future bliss !
Dearest tie of young connexions !
Love's first snow-drop, Virgin Kiss !

Speaking silence ! dumb confession !
Passion's birth and infant play !
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day !

Sorrowing joy ! Adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must join !
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling, so sincere as thine ?

Thee the fond youth, untaught and simple,
Nor on the naked breast can find,
Nor yet within the cheek's small dimple !
Sole offspring thou of lips cojoin'd !

Then haste thee to thy dewy mansion ;
With Hebe spend thy laughing day !
Dwell in her rubied lip's expansion !
Bask in her eye's propitious ray !

THE FOLLOWING IS ONE OF DIBDEN'S NEWEST SONGS.

I was saying to Jack as we talk'd 'tother day
About lubbers and snivelling elves,
That if people in life, did not steer the right way
They had nothing to thank but themselves ;
Now when a man's caught by those mermaids the girls
With their flattering palaver and smiles,
He runs, while listening to their fal de rals,
Bump ashore on the Scilly Isles :
Thus in steering in life as in steering with us
To one course in your conduct resort,
In foul winds leaving luff and no near, keep her thus
In honour's line ready,
When fair keep her steady,
And neither to starboard incline, nor to port.

If he's true in his dealings, life's wind to defy,
And the helm has a trim and right scope,
Not luffing, but keeping the ship full and by
He may weather the Cape of Good Hope ;
But if he steers wide in temptation's high sea,
And to pleasure gives too much head-way,
Hard a port goes the helm, the ship's brought by the lee
And she founders in Botany Bay.

In wedlock so many wrong courses are made,
They part convoy so oft and so fast,
Till so fond they are grown of that same Guinea trade,
Cape Farewell is their anchorage, at last :
Some men I must own to be dubbed may be born,
But this for the wives I will say,
They seldom or ever bear down for Cape Horn
Till the husbands have showed them the way.

As to mutinous spirits, that through the world roll,
If we had them aboard, Jack, with we,
They should make no man's land and skulk thro' lubbers hole
And at last be laid in the Red Sea ;
But fine honest fellows, to Honour so dear,
Shall in this world by nothing perplex'd
Of False Bay get to windward, bring up in Cape Clear,
And bespeak a snug birth in the next.

QUALIS AB INCEPTO.

When a bard, o'er his pipe, a dull ditty composes,
And critics, unmerciful, turn up their noses,
With anonymous praises the papers he stuffs,
And the offspring of *whiffs* is the parent of *puffs*.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE NEW YEAR.

"The year expires, and this its latest hour;
"Ah think, my soul, how swift the moment flies.
"Twelve months ago, what numbers, blythe and gay,
"Thoughtful plann'd schemes for the succeeding year;
"How vain were all their hopes————
"We've followed worth, and merit to the grave,
"The last sad duties to their ashes paid;
"How soon may we the same kind office crave,
"The pitying tear, sad sigh and friendly aid?"

My dear Easy,

THE sun has beheld another revolution of the earth in its orbit. The blasts of winter, the mildness of spring, the heats of summer and the splendour of autumn have passed away, and the varying changes of another year are fast commencing; the events of which are buried in the womb of futurity. In vain is our curiosity on the wing; in vain does enquiry exert her powers of research; for *Time* exclaims, "Cease, discontented mortal, to look down that interminable avenue in which I reside; it is enough for thee to know the actions of the fleeting day.—If thou possessest not energy of mind sufficient to buoy thee up under the calamities of the moment, wouldest thou not sink unsupported were I to reveal to thee the events of a whole year. The rushing torrent, augmented by the tribute of innumerable streams, that flow from the afflictions of so many weeks, would overwhelm thee when thou art scarcely able to resist the small stream that issues from the sorrows and misfortunes of a single day."

Since, then, we are not permitted to look forward, we might take a retrospection: and though the scene over which we may cast our eyes, will in some parts appear pleasing, lively, and consolatory; yet the greater portion of it is gloomy, sorrowful and deplorable. Scarcely is there a family in which the ravages of time are not visible. Youth and beauty, but the allurements of the moment, have passed away, like a shadow; they have vanished like a dream. There is no neighbourhood in which the minister of death has not appeared, to execute his awful commands. There have been few who have not witnessed the departure of some dear relation—some beloved friend or acquaintance, who at the commencement of the last year, was as lively and gay as we are now; enjoying the pleasures of the day; viewing eternity at a distance, and death only as a possible event. His strength and vigour and activity banished from his mind all probability of its immediate assailment. Let these examples serve as a warning voice to the living to prepare themselves for the events of the *New-Year*. Let them buckle on the armour of religion, and every depressing apprehension will be removed. Let them only appear with fortitude in the field of combat, and the enemy will retire before them.

The mind depressed by this melancholy representation, turns with rapture to another part of the scene, better calculated to create pleasure. It beholds with exultation, on one side, the arts and sciences rapidly advancing towards a state of perfection. Genius has penetrated and unfolded the mysteries of nature. On the other, the youth of our country seeking with avidity for knowledge—It sees rise up with the fair prospect of being useful to the state, in the cabinet; and when the alarm of war is sounded, of protecting her from the convulsions which agitate the eastern world. It views our citizens enjoying the blessings of peace and liberty. Pleasing prospect! happy people! Behold the miserable and forlorn condition of the nations of the old world, and learn to appreciate the value of thy situation. The year which has just terminated has, to them, been productive of great events; of events which (if we might dare to give scope to conjecture) will sensibly alter their wretched condition. But will it be to a

condition of happiness? no! the ambition of their tyrants will bind them down to earth with the fetters of slavery; which, I fear, will never be broken. A lawless, domineering and ambitious power, will but smile at the independence of nations, and their liberties will be swallowed up in the glory of an individual. Their absolute depression will, to his view, but minister to his exaltation. At a time when one half of the nations of Europe have coalesced against the other; when mutual menaces and irritations have served to inflame the rage of their tyrannical rulers, how will their condition be meliorated? must there not be an augmentation of their miseries?

From these general reflections the transition is natural, necessary, and easy, to contemplations more particular. These *generals* were intended only as a prelude to *particulars*.

The *industrious* MERCHANT of our country has dared to trust his treasures to the stormy ocean; hoping that its billows will waft his returning vessel with a new-made fortune to its native port. Neither the colds of the frigid, nor the heats of the torrid zone, can terrify him; for he will pursue his favourite fortune. An useful class of citizens, indeed, who do as much service to their country by their industry, as they honour it by their manners.

The *industrious* FARMER has the whole year been employed in the cultivation of his lands. The rising sun seldom beholds him stretched on his bed of down. Occupied by the cares of his family, he departs to his field in the morning, there, by his labour to elevate himself above the frowns of the world; and, with the declining sun, he returns home surrounded by his joyful and happy children, contending with each other in expressing their filial affection and esteem. When he enters his rural mansion, the partner of his toils and cares accosts him with the smiles of welcome; which carry a thousand pleasing and elevating sensations to his soul. God of heaven! if real felicity is not to be enjoyed under the roof of that mansion, where is it to be found? If it exists not there, it lives but in the imagination; it eludes our grasp; it can be but a phantom.

The *fickle* LAWYER has sometimes exerted himself in the defence of innocence; he has sometimes stepped forward to assist in the dispensation of justice: but this has been the virtuous, the bright side of his professional life; and if his whole character, during the last year had made such an exhibition, he might be deservedly ranked among men in the highest grade of usefulness to their country.—But unfortunately the attractions of wealth have led him from that path in which he should always tread. In many instances, he has dared, in order to gain his point, to defame virtue itself; to charge innocence with crimes of the greatest enormity.* It would be presumption to assert, that the culpability of such actions attaches equally to them all; but I should feel extremely happy could I say, that the majority of them were exempted from their perpetration. If they would all guide themselves by reason and rectitude, they would become an honour to their profession and their country. Their talents, instead of prostitution, would gain them a lasting reputation and the esteem of their fellow citizens.

The *humane* PHYSICIAN has extended his beneficence to all within the sphere of his action. He has lifted the latch of the poor man's door, and carried to the sickly, health; to the desponding, firmness; to the timid, resolution: and where religion has formed a trait in his character, repeated observation has proven, that the most salutary effects have resulted. For no human being can be better calculated to impress the mind with just and elevated sentiments of the Deity, than the Physician. He can shew afflicted sinners, with a voice that cannot be resisted, that the separation between them and eternity is but fragile; and that a few additional pulsations of the heart must terminate their mortal existence. We have, during the last year been made fully sensible of the truth of Homer's opinion, that

> "A good Physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
> "Is more than armies to the public weal."

RELIGION! May I lift the curtain that conceals thy sacred temple? may I enter the house of thy ministers, without profanation; and view them dispensing good and contentment with a generous hand to their afflicted brethren? Is there a being over whom the wings of affliction have hovered, and that has not in the hour of distress, felt thy cheering and consolatory influence? Is there one who, during the year that has just terminated, approached thy standard, and would even in times of the greatest danger, voluntarily desert thee? The ministers of that holy religion that has for its basis the love of God, have nobly exerted their talents in leading the deluded and hardened sinner into the road that leadeth to repentance. And although our churches may now be destitute of the impressive eloquence of MASSILLON and SAURIN, or the argumentative powers of TILLOTSON and BLAIR, yet the last year has unfurled the banner of hope, and we descry some who, if aided by exertion, will in a few

* I hope the gentlemen of the law will take no offence at this picture; for the colours are not too deep. The pencil of truth was used by the author in its delineation. S.

years fall but little behind their celebrated predecessors, either in the rapidity and pathos of their eloquence, or in the fervour and correctness of their professions. Our ears have been constantly assailed by the hackneyed exclamation—"The times are degenerating:" but even a rapid glance over the state and condition of our country, confounds the declaration. Luxury, it is true, has in some of our cities been advancing; and religion decaying.—Their youth have become enervated and effeminate, by a constant attachment to vicious habits. But in countries far remote from the noise and bustle of the city, dissipation has not dared to approach. In many parts religion, unenfeebled by vices which in other places are predominant, holds yet an absolute sway. And, oh Father of mercies, may it long have the ascendancy! It is the great pillar by which the state must be supported; it is the grand corner-stone of civil society: if this should be prostrated by the hands of infidelity, the fabric must tumble into ruins.

It has been customary, sir, on occasions similar to the present, for the essayist to declaim on happiness. But this declamation we will dispense with, and dismiss the subject with a few immethodical observations. Writers have at one time considered it as altogether visionary; they have declared that no situation in life is calculated to produce it. At another it has been viewed as a tutelary goddess, and her votaries have prostrated themselves before her and worshipped her. But an incessant adoration, and an ardent anxiety, will not procure her favours. She is modest and bashful, and she shuns the humble supplicant who falls down before her temple. Happiness must arise from contentment. A mind placid and calm, that continues unruffled by every contrary and opposing wind, will be likely to give rise to that pleasurable sensation.—Happiness springs not immediately from external things; it must arise from internal feeling, from the sensations and emotions of the heart. The splendid palace is not her habitation; nor is she always the companion of beauty. She is not the attendant of wealth and dissipation; nor is she the assistant of penury and want. You will, then, be almost ready to conclude, that she is an invisible being, often talked of, but never felt. But if she dwells in any mind—if she is even remotely affected by external circumstances, I think that the assertion of the poet is far from being improbable, when he says

"Oh knew he but his happiness; of men
"The happiest he! who far from public rage,
"Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
"Drinks the pure pleasures of the *rural life.*"

The velocity of time in its approach seems to have been little attended to by the generality of mankind: But now, when the year has rolled away, they are sensible of the rapidity with which it departs. Busily engaged in the toils and occupations of the world, they do not lay out for reflection, a moment of composure. If we could but suffer ourselves to reason, the necessity of repeated examinations into our conduct would readily appear, and a little reflection would tell us that time approaches with as rapid a wing as it departs. A contemplation of this truth might lead us to spend our time to the greatest advantage; it might warn us not to dissipate in idleness those moments which were given us for useful purposes. The rapidity with which the hours pass away has furnished Ovid with the following beautiful and instructing passage.

"Ipsa quoque assiduo labuntur tempora motu
"Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consitere flumen
"Nec levis hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,
"Urgeturque prior venunti, urgetque priorem
"Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur
"Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante relictum est
"Fitque, quod haud fuerat: Momentaque cuncta novantur."

A more appropriate & impressive comparison is not perhaps to be found in the Latin language. The poet seems on this occasion to have exerted all his talents; and he has not failed to describe with accuracy and elegance, the similarity that prevails between the rapid movement of a torrent, and of time. Virgil too seems to be fully sensible of the infinite importance of time, when he breaks out in the following strain:

"Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus."

Again, he makes *Alcides* address his son *Pallas* in this concise but eloquent sentence, to impress him with a deep conviction of the brevity and uncertainty of life:

———"breve et irreparabile tempus.
"Omnibus est vitæ"———

One more sentence shall conclude my present communication. Nor shall that sentence be composed of less than the words of an illustrious author: "The lapse of "time is silent and unseen; it flows without the whisper "of a sound, and without the shadow of a form."

SIDNEY.

Harford County January 1, 1805.

THE PEDESTRIAN—No. VIII.

Mr. Easy,

Your kind note, commending me more than my small merit can deserve, has induced me thus early to finish the account of our visit to the amiable Lavinia. If your readers are pleased to pronounce favourably on the productions of The Pedestrian, he will conceive himself highly honoured, and amply rewarded for his trouble, in committing to paper, for their amusement, his thoughts on many occasions.

Lavinia's Return

Was known already to many a fair idler, and many a one entered not long after our arrival.

I don't like large mixed companies, said Leander in a whisper. Then you will be blamed for want of sociability, replied I. It was intended by the great Creator that a large mixed company should be—else why the great variety in his work. Very true, said Leander, with his eyes quite another way, while it was plain he paid no attention to the remark.

It was a large company, of ladies and gentlemen—for the spirit of the times entitle a man to the appellation gentle, though he is as turbulent and as unmanageable as the most pouting Master Dickey, who is his Ma's *dear pet*. In this assembly—strange to tell, sir—where were present, in their proper places, several female rhetoricians, capable of astonishing one with long accounts of nothings—In this assembly we suddenly became silent and still.

"Silent and still!" exclaims the reader—"what! where there were several professed talkers."

Silent as death—I repeat it—and can prove the truth of my assertion by twenty. It was strange—I felt awkward—Many of them looked silly—It was indeed Quakerish—and Leander quaked. I never remember to have seen a collection of sociable beings show to so much disadvantage. It is wonderous strange—indeed it is—to be in such a *hobble*. When the garrulous spirit takes a sudden flight, and leaves a collection of her votaries in the possession of Silence—this goddess binds, by her invisible chords, the tongues—and every animal faculty of the company—down to positive stupidity.—'Till, ashamed of their sub jection, the awkward movement of one, excites the risibility, or unbinds the tongue of his neighbour—when the charm is broken—and they return with joy to their wonted life and merriment. Thus ran my train of reflection—which, if others were so affected, held us with greater certitude in durance—when a mere dolt, a very brainless, fat-headed fellow, very gravely demanded of some one near him, "*What is my thought like?*"

Leander gazed, astonished, at him—for he could not suppose the man capable of thinking *at all*.

I perceived the enquiry in Leander's countenance, and informed him that this was a kind of amusement, which, however trifling it might appear to him, had its intrinsic merit—and it had the desirable effect of relieving us from our awful situation.

It is like a *roasted apple*, answered one—who understood the game, and who appeared to be mistress of a large fund of this species of wit.

I need not describe to you, Mr. Easy, the play of "What is my thought like?"—For I apprehend that with all your wisdom and gravity, you have, in younger days, unbent to this folly—if so you pronounce it: & I have sufficient charity to believe, that you would yet rather be one here, than one of the spotted paste-board adventurers. Suffice it to say, that we all *guessed* at what his thought—acting upon the liberal principle, that the interrogator should be acknowledged capable of thinking—we each named that which we meant to make his thought like. The proposer, after going round the circle, proclaimed that he had thought of *his own head*.

A gentleman who had pronounced the secret thought to be like *a horse*—and who declared he was immensely fond of this amusement—was now called on, for "reasons why" the man's head was like a horse? "Why, sir, your head is like——like—a horse, because a—because a—a——ha, ha, ha,—because——I dono hardly."——After all this stumbling and plunging, he fell prostrate by adding—"Why because your—your hair is tyed!!" Unfortunate bungler, I felt sorrow for thee! whilst Leander was enraged against thee for *attempting* to associate two ideas.

This poor fellow, had he been possessed of a very little sense of feeling, must have been greatly mortified at the tittering and loud laugh of the company—but his unconquerable stupidity enabled him, fool like, to laugh loudest when he was himself the subject of ridicule.

Why, Miss, asked the thinker, is my head like *a roasted apple?* Sir, replied the young lady, your head is like unto a roasted apple, because it is *soft*.

This fortunate guess rendered the happy application of the similie so plain, and it was in itself so keen and legitimate, that when the unmarked countenance and ponderous head of the proposer were considered—I would defy, said Leander, as he held both sides, and stamped on the floor—I'd defy the sourest philosopher in the city, were he present, to preserve his gravity.

The disconsolate appearance of our deep thinker could not restrain the unanimous disposition of these disciples

of Democritus to make merry at his expence. You would have supposed that, from the convulsion then prevailing, such a company could never have been all silent—and all be together.

The offended gentleman began to remonstrate—thinking, as he expressed it—"how as they were making *yearnest* of it." In vain did several attempt to convince the good man that they laughed not at him—but at the young lady's witty solution of the question:—while others insisted that no person should play at "What's my thought like," except those who possessed a sufficiency of good humour and intellect, to bear them up against the harmless merriment and occasional gibings of those pleasant lasses and jocular swains with whom they (otherwise improperly) chose to associate. In vain did they use reason as an argument with SOFTHEAD, as the girls began to call him—for he appeared determined to convince some of us that his "head was hard enough to bear more beating *nor* we thought for." He grew so boisterous that I plainly perceived in Leander a strong desire to smite him. The young lady with whom he had come here, appeared to be quite distressed by his behaviour, and wished to depart—but Lavinia said no—and Leander advanced towards the person whose insufferable want of decency thus marred our peace, with intent, as he informed me, of taking him out where he could apply arguments adapted to the comprehension of his leaden brain.—Leander was prevented—and the contempt of the whole effected the speedy expulsion of one, who fairly proved by his conduct, that he was unworthy of countenance. The fellow sneaked away from us—under the goading of such feelings as must prevent his ever forgetting the evening of *Lavinia's return*.

RARIO.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 71.)

The knocking having continued with increased violence, and the noise of many harsh voices becoming more vociferous for admittance, my ancient hostess suddenly burst into my room, having no other habilliments to screen her *beauteous* nakedness, than a ragged night-gown. In an harmonious voice, which united some of the most pleasing sounds imaginable, such as the croak of a raven, the hooting of an owl, and the harsh screams of a jay, she informed me that some of the lame soldiers from the fort had brought the dead body of a man, demanding immediate admittance to the stranger, (meaning myself) who had arrived that night; but, said she, "God forbid that I, who am as good a christian as any breathing, should suffer a dead man to enter my house, for if I did, I'm sure and sartain his ghost would never quit me unto my dying day, and my house would never know peace and quietness, and that's God's truth."

Not having any doubt that the old invalids of the fort, whom I had sent upon the search for the body of my poor guide, had succeeded in their undertaking, and that they had now arrived with his body, I told the old woman, in a very authoritative voice, that I insisted upon the immediate admittance of those without, and that if she did not choose to perform this command I would myself break open the door.

Perceiving that I was resolute, the ancient harridan thought fit to obey, and forthwith opened the door. Instantly a whole troop of invalids, some without an eye, some without a leg, and others armless, rushed in, bearing upon their shoulders the body of a man, whom they immediately deposited upon the ground.

I had no sooner viewed the body than I recognised the unfortunate person of my hapless guide, who to all appearance was now a breathless corpse before me. His eyes were sunk and fixed, but not closed; a white foam surrounded his mouth, and the livid paleness of death was upon him. Cold, wet, and stiffening, I ordered his once dignified form to be laid before a fire, while some of the poor old soldiers (who stood by, dripping water from their forlorn persons, and visibly affected by the melancholy spectacle before them) at my request engaged to rub him with warm cloths.

Upwards of an hour was spent in endeavours to recall a life which to me had become so precious, but which had now, too evidently, fled for ever to the eternal abodes of futurity. They were all vain, and with much sorrow our attempts were relinquished. It was with the greatest difficulty that my old hostess could be prevailed upon to suffer the deceased to remain upon her premises for that night, but the promise of reward had, at length, such an effect upon her, that she allowed it to be laid upon the floor of a back apartment, which was not in much use, and which was situated immediately under my bed room; observing that if his ghost did haunt that part of her house it would not be of much consequence, because scarcely any body ever went there.

A serjeant of the invalids who was present, observed that the body must be carefully preserved for the inspection of a coroner, before whose inquest it must be taken on the following morning; and that to preserve it in some degree from the attacks of vermin, with which the house and in-

deed the whole neighbourhood swarmed to an unusual degree, it was proposed that we should place it in a large thick sack, which was used for the conveyance of potatoes, tie up the mouth, and deposit it in the room before mentioned.

This proposition meeting with the approbation of all parties, the body was carefully deposited in the sack, and placed upon the ground of the apartment proposed, which appeared to be used for no other purpose than as a receptacle for peat-turf. This ceremony being performed, the door of the room fastened, and the poor soldiers being well supplied with whiskey, I once more retired to my own apartment, amidst the condolence of these honest people, who appeared to lament with great sincerity of grief, the death of the poor Highlander, whom it seemed was not unknown to my old landlady.

Fearing the attacks of vermin, I did not pull off all my cloaths, but having placed my candle unextinguished upon the hearth, I crawled into the dismal hole, that was appropriated for my repose with my travelling cloak enfolded close round me. Labouring under the impression of so many melancholy circumstances as had befallen me on the preceding day, it was in vain that I waited for the happy approaches of sleep, whose healing balm was denied to my agitated feelings, and in a feverish state of anxiety, I rolled to and fro in my narrow abode, until my fever had increased to a state of actual phrensy, and my imagination tortured me with a rapid conception of horrid images which I could scarcely endure.

In this miserable state of being, I suddenly heard or imagined I heard, a strange noise below, in the apartment immediately under mine and in which the corpse of the unfortunate Highlander was deposited. I listened with minute attention for its repetition, but all remained still as the abode of death for a considerable time, when as I was again relapsing into my former mood of despondency, it was repeated with additional strange sounds unlike any thing I had ever heard, and I listened with a degree of attention that nearly suspended animation, endeavouring in vain to account for its existence. At length, after a loud crash it ceased, and all was again silent as a tomb.

These unusual and unaccountable sounds had at once raised my curiosity and my fears to a violent conflict, I wished to be made acquainted with their cause, and yet my foolish fears for a long time prevented me; but, at length, perceiving my candle to be nearly consumed, I resolved to benefit by its light, and having worked up a strong degree of resolution, I seized the dying taper, wrapped my cloak closely about me, and gently stole down stairs. All was perfectly still, when I arrived at the door of the suspected apartment, and I stood for a while undetermined whether to proceed or retire once more to my room, but imagining that I again heard some low indeterminate sounds within, I unlocked the door and rushed into the apartment. My candle threw but a faint and impartial light around, which rendered every object extremely dubious; however, I advanced towards the sack, which had been deposited in the centre of the floor as being the first object of consequence to be examined, and held the light down to it.

But what was my surprise and astonishment, when I beheld a long slit made in the sack, which was now empty, and its late inhabitant removed! I started backwards, and gazed around with a stupid, fearful stare, in hopes and yet afraid of beholding some horrible object that should remove my fears, or increase my uneasiness.

In a remote and gloomy corner of the apartment, sitting upon a pile of peat-turf, I beheld the naked figure of a man, placed with his head rested upon his hands, while his eyes were steadily fixed upon all my movements. His features were not so far deathlike that I could not discover the lineaments of the generous Highlander, but a more horrid figure I never beheld than he appeared, sitting in an immoveable attitude in such a gloomy spot, while his body seemed almost covered with black dust from the peat upon which he sat.

My fears were far from being abated upon the discovery of this miserable and shocking spectacle. My mind was enervated by the conflicting emotions of grief, pain, and anxiety, I had undergone, and was consequently rendered more liable to the impressions of superstition, whose baneful influence now too evidently affected my mind. Although my eyes remained rivetted upon the figure before me, I gradually retreated towards the door, which being perceived by him he slowly arose and advanced forwards with the same gradual steps, by which I retired, observing an exact distance between us. When I stopped, he stopped, and when I retreated he advanced, until my fears were increased to a most violent degree, and at length I flew with vast precipitation to my own apartment & threw the door after me with all the violence of confirmed despair, but the figure still followed, and also burst into my room, standing before me with an expression of countenance, and in an attitude of terror that at once annihilated all the remaining stock of my resolution, and I sunk down upon a chair almost in a state of complete insensibility.

(To be continued.)

The following beautiful and descriptive Extract is taken from Sermons, published under the title of the Scotch Preacher.

Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre; death held his sceptre over the son of God; still and silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by their post, the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets, and on their spears; the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspence to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length the morning-star arising in the east announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended, the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence and fell prostrate on the ground; his countenance was like lightening, and his raiment was as white as snow: he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with died garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength! It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christian, it is your Lord. He hath trodden the wine-press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now as the first-born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave; he returns with blessings from the world of spirits; he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious! it was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy; the Father of Mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored; he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew of heaven for the refreshing of the nations.

An ex-priest, named Thuring, died lately at St. Servan, whose life had been marked by an adventure that might appear very extraordinary, even to such as read only romances, and see only Melodramas. Thuring had been, on his return to France, with his wife and two children, and a considerable property, which he had acquired in New-England, but suffered shipwreck within sight of the coast of Brittany, and swam ashore alone. Not doubting that the sea, which he saw covered with the ruins of his fortune, had also swallowed up his wife and children, he hastened to bury his despair in a monastery which attracted his notice. His superiors discovered in him some talents for the pulpit, and sent him on a mission to preach in the neighbouring cities and villages. He was preaching one day, precisely the same, on which, five years before, he had suffered shipwreck, in the city of Croisie, on the instability of human affairs, a text which gave him an opportunity of quoting the tale of his own misfortunes as an example. He had scarcely finished his interesting picture, when a woman, who had listened with particular attention, screamed and fainted. Being removed into sacristy she recovered just as the sermon had ended, and the first object she perceived was father Thuring, who was paying her a visit. The female was his wife whom some fisherman had brought off the rocks when the vessel sunk.

The husband retaining his cowl, the wife took the veil in a neighbouring convent, and both found, in religion, consolation which changed their existence.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "*Christmas Hymn*," which is rather post-date, is notwithstanding fully entitled to a birthright in the Companion. The *special* address to Mr. John Cole, would not be tolerated, did we not know that the city is well informed who is the *Editor* of this work. But as Messrs. Cole & Hewes are *Proprietors* only, the Editor, *encouraged by his associates*, is happy in having this opportunity afforded him, of expressing his high sense of Mr. Cole's talents, in Church Music. The Editor is not ignorant of the just claim this gentleman has to no beggarly praise for his unceasing exertion to harmonize and encourage the Choirs of this city. The "*Beauties of Psalmody*," composed and compiled by Mr. J. Cole, a second edition of which has lately issued from the Press of Mess. Cole & Hewes, will bear the Editor out in this deserved acknowledgment.

Common Sense No. 5 is received.

Udolpho may read our last week's note to his brother bungler—Orlando.

It has been whispered, that our friend Leander could write in a plaintive strain only; we have received his address "to Clarinda," which we are happy to say, contains much playful humour, and will effectually remove all ground for such a charge. We advise Leander to wield again the satiric pen. As he is their very particular friend, Leander may sport with the ladies, by way of relaxation, further than would be prudent in strangers to their smiles.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN,

FOR MUSIC.

Respectfully addressed to the attention of Mr. J. Cole.

RECIT.

While humble Shepherds watch'd their fleecy cares,
On Bethl'em's fertile plains, in dead of night
A messenger from God, alarm'd their fears,
By filling all the space with glorious light.

SOLO.

"Fear not," said he, "behold I bring,
"Good news to all mankind;
"In David's town is born a king,
"Who by this sign you'll find.—

"The lowing herds have left their stall,
"To give your God a place;
"A manger holds the Lord of all,
"And glory fills the space.

"He comes to bring the nations peace,
"And reconcile to God
"The fallen tribes of Adam's race,
"And point to heaven the road."

RECIT.

He ceased to speak—when lo, heav'n's Choir appear'd,
And thus confirm'd the news the Shepherds heard.

SEMI CHORUS.

"Glory be to God on high,
"God whose glory fills the sky;
"Peace, good will to man is given,
"Jesus points the road to heav'n."

FULL CHORUS.

Hail! Great Prophet, Priest and King!
Thou didst our salvation bring.
Lead us to the realms above,
Where we'll sing redeeming love:
Until then, our feeble lays,
We'll devote to Jesus' praise;
And, while pilgrims here on earth,
Celebrate the Saviour's birth.

—HENRIETTA.—

SONG.

My dawn of life was overcast,
And, gloomy was the scene;
Sweet hope was exil'd from my breast,
Where joy had never been.

Sally.

Thus wrapt in misanthropic gloom,
I saw thy lovely face—
The clouds dispers'd from off my brow,
And night to day gave place.

Sally.

Such power, sweet maid! do you possess,
To cheer this heart of mine;
Withdraw not then thy pleasing smile,
And me to grief consign.

Sally. D.

TO CYNTHIA.

To love a maid from earliest years,
And bear her image in his breast,
How sad a fate for him who fears
His wishes never can be blest?

Oh Cynthia! pardon if I dare
Repine at ills I must endure,
And ask why thou wast made so fair,
And I was left so very poor.

If fortune, niggard of her store,
E'er claim'd a tear for gifts so few,
Or forc'd a transient sigh for more,
O, Cynthia, it was but for you.

I see another claim those charms,
Which once (forgive this falling tear)
I fondly hop'd might bless these arms,
And which thro' life shall still be dear.

Yet tho' my path be strew'd with woe;
Of wasting grief tho' large my share;
My heart may hope some joy to know,
Since love and you inhabit there.

BEAUTY AND GRACE.

Ellen and Mira, every hour,
Do various hearts surprize;
In Ellen's heart lays all her power;
And Mira's in her eyes.

Mira's, more general conquests are,
Ellen's are more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair;
But few a lovely mind.

Ellen, like Vernon's hero, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants Mira deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, gay Mira, boast thy face,
Thy beauty only store;
For every day thy charms decrease;
Each day gives Ellen more.

—ELVIRA.—

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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COMMON SENSE—No. V.

Mr. Easy,

ALTHOUGH I am what those in a state of celibacy call an old fellow; yet I am neither so snarling a stoic nor so silly a pedant as to ridicule and contemn the present age because it is the most modern. I have frequently observed in your useful Companion, the exclamation of—"the degenerate age!" Now, friend Easy, you and your readers may deem me an odd sort of a fellow, for declaring, that the present age, in my humble opinion, is not particularly distinguished for vices and follies unknown to those which have passed away; but on the other hand, I am wont to believe, that human nature is the same now as it was in the beginning—that mankind from the time of the primeval *patriarchs* down to this very moment have successively been equally subject to vice and folly, virtue and wisdom, which have been alike the sport of capricious modes, the changes of climate, ridiculous education, and various other causes. In fact, I incline to believe, that the present age, generally speaking, is rather better than the preceding; inasmuch as vices and virtues have equally experienced the divine influence of a judicious cultivation of the arts and sciences, and the *Belles Lettres*, which have conspired to dispel the mists of superstition in a great degree, and to smooth and soften the savage manners of barbarous nations; so that vicious habits are rendered less rough; and therefore, I am as happy as *Voltaire* could possibly have been under the influence and protection of *Mammon*, his *god* of health, that I have the honour and good fortune through the divine will, to live in the present age, independent of the consideration of a great man, "that it is rather better to be still alive, than only to have lived." The emphatical exclamation of—"this degenerate age!" is nothing more nor less, in my simple opinion, than an affecting dirge over *virtue in a declining state*, and *vice triumphant*—a final adieu bidden to some favourite project, or discouraged spirit of malevolence, envy, or hatred, and sometimes public spirit unrewarded. The heart must be felonious indeed, that can more easily forgive and commend the peculiarities of remote antiquity, than contemporary and contiguous merit. It is remarkable, that men who imbibe such abject sentiments, have mostly been the silly satirists of the present, and panegyrists of past ages. Hence dupes of folly, like themselves, catch the distemper, and like birds in the air, whistle it with unceasing industry.

As I delight in exposing the follies of my fellow mortals (and hope they will do so likewise towards me) the sole object of this "mere essay," is to take a superficial view of this strangely inverted state of virtue and merit on each stage of life, and I hope to prove, at least to my own satisfaction, that it is owing to imaginary causes, that people term the present age more degenerate than those past. I am clearly of opinion, that human nature is the same in substance, and only variable in forms and modes, resulting from various concurrent causes; whereof we are familiar with but few. As I have previously observed, education and climate, together with accident, combine and proportionably contribute to vary those forms and modes; but I think it is easily discovered, that in all climates, and in all ages of the world, men are governed by the same passions, appetites and affections. Now, sir, I appeal to your superior judgment, and ask, if this is not beyond doubt the case? I deem it unnecessary here to quote higher authority to prove it; and shall content myself by observing, that it is confirmed by historians of all ages and nations.

By way of a warning to the inexperienced part of my

countrymen, and of reproving the designing, I proceed to an explanation of the reasons which I have just now hinted, why and wherefore the time present has always been termed the most degenerate.

I believe it is acknowledged, that poets, notwithstanding they are considered great men, are no more than men, subject to the like weaknesses of other men; but, probably, in a less degree. It is likewise acknowledged, that they are not strangers to the inordinate passions of jealousy, pride and envy. Hence I say, that they are much prone to appreciate merit by the age, to revere authors in the dust, in preference to those in existence. I frequently have heard the Augustan age spoken of as a favourite æra, though it is many hundred years distant from our own. Although a voluptuary, that emperor, we are told, was not only a good judge of wit, but a performer of considerable eminence himself. His favourite, Horace, informs us, that he fed and fostered men of wit. It is admitted, that in those days, genius had a fine opportunity of distinguishing itself, owing to such patrons as Augustus: But now—O tempora! O mores!—we can but act with justice towards those persons who abuse their own age, by confessing, that they themselves are not the chief aggressors, inasmuch as their times began with them. They abuse the present age more from a spirit of jealousy and resentment, than judgment; and are only actuated by anger and despair, in depreciating that merit in others, which, until greatly reduced, they are sensible of their inability to equal.

Again, there is a still greater and more numerous class of declaimers against the *degeneracy of the present age.*—It may be asked by some, of what description of men are these? Discontented politicians, who it is well known, are very numerous and satirical. Many of these men are not in the least backward in calling the American administrations, for the time being, the worst and most injudicious ever known. I would advise these people to take a retrospect of past ages; there they will find, that most of the magistrates were mere tyrants; and armed the people one against another, in order to gratify a bloody and destructive ambition. These plebeian politicians well know that the magistrates of the present times are not ferocious Tarquins, and unprincipled Cæsars, and consequently, that in a political point of view, the present age is infinitely better than many of those past.* H.

* H will not be offended at our excluding the observations which here followed in his MS. For although we duly appreciate the patriotic spirit evinced, yet we cannot give publicity to those remarks, which would certainly be offensive to many worthy citizens.

THE PEDESTRIAN—No. IX.

Mr. Easy,

Having within the present week heard some cavillers talk rather freely about the productions of Rario; I think it expedient in me, at this time, to come forward with some explanatory remarks; such as may tend to prop up for a time a character, which in the estimation of some begins to totter.

I feel very little concern however for the future welfare of The Pedestrian, over and above that common affection, dictated by the purest feelings of nature, which every son of Adam and daughter of Eve, necessarily feel for their offspring: But so much I certainly do feel for this my merry, prattling boy:—And I feel it as an incumbent duty, that I should start him fairly in the world——that, if I can endow him with no brilliant quality, by which to gain the esteem, or excite the admiration of the world; I should yet in his youth, defend him from any unfair attack which may be levelled against him.

I have heard it insinuated, that these occurrences, which I have detailed to you, are the mere inventions of some one, wofully addicted to lying:—By others, less inimical, it is said, that "they are only the effects of the *imagination*, dressed up for the loose and unprofitable purpose of exciting laughter."

It is not to be expected that I can reply to any assertions so gross and indelicate as these. For in common argument, if one man tells another that "he lies," he is deserving of no gentle treatment—so here, it were vain in me to attempt conviction, by any *reasoning* process.

But there are others, whose complaints, at first view, bear marks of plausibility.—Such as those who say, that the Pedestrian "makes game" of others, without any perceptible object—save that of merriment. This I deny—and I deem it worthy of remark, because of its pernicious speciousness. I have never yet given one single sketch of character, without a distinct and laudable object in view.

As an instance—take the last I attempted to sketch, which was in the last number of the Companion. SOFTHEAD we will call him, if only from a sense of gallantry—as the young lady thus *beknighted* him.

This gentleman, whose head, figuratively, is as soft as an apple when roasted, has sufficient impudence to knock at your door, and he must be admitted, forsooth, because————what?

Listen, ye cavillers! all you of the servile, sneaking class—and hide your faces!

Because he has—or his father has—a few more dollars

than are requisite for immediate use. Is not this true?—Will you not associate with this man—nay even flatter and caress him—for no other reason, than that he is a member of a rich family? Has not such an one more than once destroyed the pleasurable vivacity, the good-humoured cheerfulness of a company where you have formed a part?

If then, you are compelled to suffer the intrusion of such, would you not feel thankful if his rudeness could be softened down to negative goodness—or if he could be some little enlightened, and his company rendered more tolerable?

We can instruct a child by persuasive arguments—or we can drive a slave by fear and chastisement: But the latter measure is inadmissible in the case before us—and the former, every body knows to be ineffectual. What effect could we anticipate from saying, with the affectionate countenance of the kindest mother, "My dear Mr. Softhead, you are a great fool; the company laugh at you; you have no business here!" Such a procedure would have a contrary effect from what was wished; or, its effect would be at best vain and evanescent.

On the other hand, I have never yet seen a person, one link in the chain of intellect above the idiot, who was altogether proof against the piercing arrows of ridicule. I have never yet seen a human head so hard that it could not be penetrated by this weapon. And Softhead, on reading in the 8th number of the Pedestrian—if he ever so far forgets himself as to read—a description of one evening's impropriety, will feel a more effectual rebuke than any of his *professing* friends ever gave him. It will, I am convinced, tend to dissipate, in some measure, the hebetude of the veriest ass that haunts and teazes the most intelligent circles in the city.

In which case I shall feel more pleasure than was experienced by the benevolent Yoric, when condoling with a real Ass at the gate of Lyons.

Another, and a more diabolical attempt, is made to strangle the youth, by some who have attempted to shew—no, I beg pardon of these murderers of his character; for they have not in any instance used *argument*, which is implied if I acknowledge that they attempt to *shew why* he is not orthodox—I would say, Mr. Easy, that a most villainous spirit has stalked abroad, with intent to *slander* me to death, and render my very name infamous among those dear creatures who have heretofore smiled upon me; and who have assiduously, and most kindly too, encouraged me in telling over these little adventures. I have seen Miss reading a narrative of mine, until, full of love and kindness for the "naughty" unknown, she involuntarily let the Companion fall from her white hand, as she, with tumultuous bosom, sighed most tenderly at the quick termination of my story. Though a stranger to the romantick Pedestrian, yet would she, like Calypso, wish to hear Tellemachus o'er and o'er again.

How inexpressibly gratifying was it to me, when I discovered that my manner of relating these things was well received by the *fair*, the candid, and the unenvious portion of your readers! Of a brother scribbler—with a mind of common make—I ask not approbation: I would on no account wish that *he* should be cheated into the opinion that the Pedestrian exhibits any symptoms of originality, or genius—And I particularly desire, that all my adversaries, who have the smallest pretensions to authorship, will effectually barricade every weak part of their thick skulls, lest some such dreadful idea should, unluckily for their peace, find entrance.

But to return to the ladies—by whom I am now to be tried, for high crimes and misdemeanours—viz.—"*improper allusions in my 7th number.*" They form an impartial court—where the fury of jacobinism and the malice of little critics, have no influence; but where Justice and Mercy hold equal empire. Before this court I appear, with profound reverence and clean hands—confident of a full hearing, and an honourable acquital.

I am charged with having violated nature and chaste composition, in my attempt to describe the effect which the presence of a beautiful, cheerful, eloquent, and well informed woman had upon my feelings, when admitted to her most unrestrained and social conversation.

Who can come up, in description on paper, to the delightful feelings of one who is an admirer of the sex—one who is supremely blest with such a soul as can alone entitle him to the dignified appellation, MAN*—and the Pedestrian has no peculiar friendship for that two-legged, mechanical thing, which, tho' void of feeling, is frequently *called a man*—Who, I ask, can do justice to the sensations excited in an admirer, of the sex, by the fascinating manner and enchanting appearance of a truly accomplished woman! I am convinced, Mr. Easy, your formation and texture of mind are such, that you would "curse the witling" that attempted it. Away then with the foul ca-

* This will not be called an egotistical chapter in my own praise;—it is the only efficient mode of defence that I can adopt in the present instance. The charge preferred against me being—that in apeing the style of the sentimental Sterne, the Pedestrian outstrips nature—I must, in reply, be permitted to speak as one sensible of this superiority of feeling, which will fully justify the supposed extravagance.

lumny on the sensibility of our species!—And away with the disaffected or unfeeling authors thereof—who would fain persuade your female readers, that the Pedestrian is adverse to their peace ; that in his compositions are wrapped up "*improper allusions,*" tending to mislead the taste, or to dissipate the relish for more beneficial reading.

When these foul miscreants strive to torture the language fairly flowing from a refined feeling—to which barbarian breasts are callous—into a vile similarity with the vulgar ideas, so congenial to unchaste reflection ; they deserve the whip of honourable men, and the indignant frown of enlightened women.

One more observation, sir, for the benefit of my friends, the log-headed gentry, and I have done.

It has been a practice to remark that "the Companion is very dull"—"How grave is Mr. Easy"—"what a sameness of serious spirit amongst his correspondents," &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. To do away the supposed cause for this snarling, I offered the first Pedestrian—in this spirit, I doubt not, you gave it publicity.—I have continued in the same strain,—and I am censured—they call me little short of "fool ;" "liar ;" "vulgar"—and many other musical names, which, to the great comfort of the stupid and abandoned, I hope may become fashionable.

It was of such animals as these, to whom I have the honour of being disagreeable, that an indignant British essayist thus observes :

"Your *profound judges* are the most dreadful of all our string of *little heroes.* They see things as clear as noonday, which the brightest intellects cannot enable other men to discover :—and are never in the humour, if capable, to perceive the true sense of your thoughts and observations—though all the world (beside) should join in its applause and approbation, in consequence of the justness, elegance and propriety of your ideas."

I beg pardon, Mr. Easy ; but my own defence appeared to require more room in your paper than, perhaps, the subject merited—and I was very desirous of setting this affair right before I could dare to relate to you any further adventures of, Sir, your friend, RARIO.

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 78.)

The figure instantly advanced, and throwing himself upon me, he seized me round the waist and endeavoured to support me.

This manœuvre at once recalled my scattered senses, and I thrust him from me, desiring in a faint voice, to know what he would have, and why he pursued me in such an alarming manner. He immediately replied, with the utmost simplicity, but in a very languid tone of voice, that when he recovered from the dreadful state under which he had so recently laboured (and which, indeed, appeared to me to be positive death), finding himself confined in a sack, he tore it open, and escaped from it, but was lost in astonishment at the disagreeable singularity of his situation when I entered the room. He instantly recognised me, but my strange motions, and wild expressions of countenance, having alarmed him, he watched me with minute attention, and seeing me retreat under such evident perturbation, and being ignorant of the cause, he followed me in the manner I had witnessed.

Conceive if you can, the exquisite sensations of delight which I experienced from this account, and the certainty of this man's being restored to existence. Oppressed as my mind had been by the painful idea that I had been the cause of his untimely and dreadful death, no intimation could have created so much joy, and unspeakable happiness in my heart, as the positive assurance of his re-animation. In the fervor of my gratitude to Almighty God, I could not resist the emotions of pleasure which danced around my heart, and I clasped the honest Highlander in my arms.

The poor man seemed equally affected with myself, and shed abundance of tears. Never, at any period of my life, have I felt my heart so melted and overwhelmed by sensations of joy and gratitude as at those moments when I strained him to my bosom. They were emotions which the good and virtuous alone can feel. They were the peculiar rights of sensibility, and I valued them as such.

I now informed this generous rustic of all that had befallen him, both at the time, and since his dreadful accident, together with the particulars of his situation in the apartment from which he had followed me. He was surprised at the relation, but instantly recognised his present abode, informing me that he was well acquainted with the mistress of the house, to whom I desired he would go, that he might obtain some refreshment, and leave me for the night, that I might obtain some repose ; but perceiving that he was extremely languid from the effects of his late misfortune, I was obliged to support him into the kitchen, where I left him with the old woman of the house, and retired myself to bed.

The morn was beginining to dawn in the east, when I again retired to my miserable cabin to sleep, and I felt so

weak from the fatigues both of body and mind which I had experienced, that I was soon buried in profound slumbers, which continued until a late hour in the afternoon of the succeeding day, when I awoke, and rose much refreshed, and at ease in my mind. The occurrences of the past day appeared now only with their pleasurable features, while the unfortunate particulars being past, without leaving any materially bad consequences behind, were contemplated without pain.

After having made a hearty breakfast, in company with the honest Highlander, and having well rewarded him for all the sufferings he had undergone, I took my leave of Fort Augustus, and proceeded towards Fort William, on my way southward, ruminating on the vast variety of scenes and events which "active man engage."

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

Charlotte Hutton, a most extraordinary genius of the present age, youngest daughter of Dr. Charles Hutton of Woolwich. She was born in 1778, and was only sixteen years of age when she died, by the rupture of a vessel in her lungs, on the 24th of Dec. 1794. Yet in that short period she had acquired more learning and knowledge, than many persons do who live to fourscore. She knew several languages, and almost all sciences in a considerable degree; and had acquired a knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, geography, astronomy, music, drawing, poetry, history, botany, gardening, besides all the usual female accomplishments in a superior degree and style.—Most of these were acquisitions chiefly made by her own talents and energy of mind, with little or no assistance from others. It was sufficient for her once to see or hear any thing done. She soon made it her own. She was her father's amanuensis and assistant upon all occasions; she wrote for him, and read to him, in all languages and sciences; she made drawings for him of all kinds, astronomical, mathematical, mechanical, &c. She arranged and managed his library, and knew where every book stood, so that she could find them even in the dark. She was author of several ingenious compositions and calculations. She extracted the square roots of most of the second 1000 numbers to 12 places of decimals, and proved the truth of them, by means of differences; arranging the whole in a table fit for publication. She drew elegant geographical maps, and on the second day before she died, began and completed the whole hemisphere of the earth. In composition, whether epistolary or scientific, her style was excellent. In the midst of all these literary acquisitions, she was so active in family affairs, that she was no less useful to her mother, in her domestic concerns, than to her father in his scientific business. To all these qualifications she added uncommon goodness, affability, cheerfulness, and sweetness of disposition, which made her as much beloved, as her extraordinary talents and acquirements made her admired.

Consistently with our original declaration, we cannot give essays on party politics. But we are anxious to afford those of our readers that may not have already seen it, the same pleasure which we enjoyed, in perusing the following ingenious allegory, in the Dublin Magazine, for 1799.

It often has been lamented by political moralists, that the use of spirits in this country has been rendered too common by the exigencies of government, which, in all its distresses, has ever experienced that the consumption of spirits forms one of the chief articles of revenue, and that the sum arising thence seldom is decreased by any additional impost. Again and again has it been said, why encourage distilleries, that fatal bane of industry and morality among the lower classes of the people? Why pamper the head of the state at the expence of the body and members? Why sell all the virtue and all the morals, and all the industry, and all the health of the nation for money? In these cries, so loudly raised by speculative politicians, the grave men of Warwick-lane join heartily, and take every means to prove that spirituous liquors kill more than plague, war, famine, or even their own prescriptions. Indeed all persons who have spoken or written on the subject, have so completely proved the truth of the above positions, that a glass of gin ought long ere now to have been as scarce as a bulse of diamonds, and in as few hands, did we not recollect that in all great political questions to be determined by pounds, shillings, and pence, there is an impassable gulph placed betwen argument and conviction.

Nor, sir, am I quite certain that the universal censure bestowed upon the encouragement given to the distilleries may not admit of something like an answer. When we consider the difference between the rich and the poor in this and all other countries, that the rich can do almost every thing for their country's cause, and the poor little or nothing, we ought not to deprive the latter of any humble means by which they can demonstrate their zeal. It has lately been the fashion, and undoubtedly a very

patriotic fashion, for the rich to "devote their lives and fortunes" in the nation's cause. Now, as the poor have only one of those blessings at their disposal, namely, their lives, do they not shew a proper and becoming sense of patriotism when they consent to go to their long homes to promote the revenue and furnish the sinews of war while they allow their own to shrink.

But far as, I perceive, I have advanced in considering the question with regard to foreign or English spirits, I am aware that they are not the subjects I intended to handle. It was my purpose to offer some remarks on a few other species of spirits which are very common in this country, but which, I am of opinion, have not been treated with due regularity either by chemists or medical writers. Not that I would have you to suppose that I am to supply this deficiency; I have no leisure to compose a system, and the remarks I have to offer are intended only to assist those who may wish to take up the subject on a regular scale. It is only for want of better, that I would say to you *his utere mecum*.

SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

This I reckon a compound spirit, requiring at least two ingredients, especially when made for family use. It is of a very warm nature, and if indulged in to excess, as I have seen in some very reputable families, produces very pernicious effects. It is not only accompanied with a violent flushing of the face, as most other ardent spirits, but I have even observed that the children of parents who use it have been affected by it, even after they have grown up. That which is made for public use is compounded of various ingredients, and is supposed, I know not why, to be good for the lungs, as it is frequently taken in large doses by the speakers of public assemblies, from the senate of the nation down to the vestry of a parish. Not having an opportunity of analysing it by chemical process, I can only say, from observation, that it expands by heat, and frequently sends out effluvia not of the most agreable nature. I have sometimes reduced it to a mild state by dropping an argument or two into the glass, but those who are addicted to this kind of spirit will seldom allow of that.

SPIRIT OF INNOVATION.

The remark that we eat and drink as much by fashion as by taste is very just, when applied to this spirit, which has been cried up, or prohibited, according to caprice at various periods. It became very fashionable first in the time of Henry VIII. and continued in the short reign of Edward VI. Queen Mary prohibited it under the severest penalties, ordering various persons employed in the distilling it to be punished with death. Queen Elizabeth, however, being a single woman, and probably loving a drop, revived the use of it. What had been manufactured at this time is yet in high estimation by those who understand the true nature of such a spirit, but it would appear that the original receipt was lost about the time of Charles I. when the people being still fond of spirits, a great number of quacks set about preparing it in various ways: scarce a drop was genuine, yet the pleasure of intoxication was such, that the people drank huge draughts of it, pure or impure, and public business was for a time shamefully neglected. Robberies, confiscations, and even murder became common. The effects which it produced of a more ludicrous nature were, that the lowest of the people, after they had indulged themselves in copious libations of this spirit, took it in their heads to preach, and even common soldiers often mounted the pulpit when they should have mounted guard.—Some pretended to be inspired, and uttered prophecies. At length, however, whether from being sensible of the bad effects of this spirit upon the constitution, or from its being prohibited, it got gradually into disgrace, and a purer sort of it was made, which being confined to the better sort of people was a favourite liquor at the revolution; and had the receipt been carefully preserved, and none of the articles omitted, or worse ingredients substituted in their room, this would have been at this time the standerd spirit of the nation. A few years ago a quantity of it was smuggled from France, and having been a fashionable liquor there, of course became fashionable liquor here, according to the usual course of all our fashions, which always originated with that gay and lively people. This spirit, however, was soon discovered to be of a very ardent and heating nature, and unfit for the constitution of the people of this country. For a time its effects could not be prevented, although every possible means were taken, because it was confined to private drinkers. Some, notwithstanding, who had taken too great a dose, betrayed it in public, and very severe laws were enacted against it. Indeed it was supposed the legislature took the best possible method to strike at the root of the evil, by sewing up the mouths of those who were addicted to this spirit. Having had some few opportunities to examine it, it appears to me to be very pernicious, and highly inflammatory, unless taken in very small quantities, and that at regular times. The body too must be duly prepared for a course of it, for it will not suit every constitution, particularly those which are either very good or very bad. To the former it is useless or li-

able to create uneasiness in the head, and to the latter it is dangerous from want of strength to carry it off gently.—In the latter, also, it rises to a flame, the moment it is used. I am of opinion that if it were rectified it might be frequently used with advantage as an alternative; but there is at present a prejudice against it, and for no reason that I can find out except one, certainly a substantial one, namely, that it has been used as a common liquor for every day, whereas it ought to be reserved as a medicine for particular cases, and to be prescribed only by the most judicious physicians.

SPIRIT OF REFORM.

This has been frequently confounded with the former, which in some respects, such as colour, it resembles, but it is certainly a very different spirit, because, when pure, it never is or can be applied, unless for beneficial purposes, and if applied in time, never fails to produce the best effects in the case of constitutions that have been injured by extravagant living, or of persons that have lost strength by serving often in war. There is, however, such a difference of opinion respecting this spirit, that it has not of late years been much in use. Those who have written on the subject are extremely numerous, and may be divided into two classes. The one considered it as a pernicious, inflammatory spirit, which will not bear agitation, which rises to a flame on the smallest application of heat, and which has this peculiar to it, that whoever begins to drink it, in quantities ever so small, knows not where to stop: that it has destroyed many strong constitutions, and that so far from being useful to any, the use of it is a mere apology for the indulgence of a perverted taste. The other party contend, in answer to this, that all the pernicous effects arttibuted to this spirit, may be traced——not to the spirit itself——but the improper use made of it, that when used in moderation, it is the grand restorative for decaying constitutions, and that there is no constitution so strong as that it would not be bettered by an occasional dose: that it is perfectly easy to use it in moderation, if people so incline, as there is no necessity why every man that drinks should get drunk; and that more mischief has been done by those who knew not where to begin, than by those who knew not where to stop: that if properly used, and applied to a specific disorder, it is tonic, emollient, sedative, refrigerant, and antispasmodic; effects which in the case of any other than disorders of certain constitutions, would interfere with one another: but, that, if not applied in a moderate degree until the disorder has got to a height, the constitution will exhibit all the symptoms of a complication, and then it may happen that the medicine will be stimulant and corrosive in a high degree, produce violent hœmorrhages, and lose all its healing powers.

I shall not venture to decide which of these opinions is right. I have had but few oppportunities of knowing the effects of this spirit in its genuine state. Very much of that which is bought and sold is a vile adulteration, and it is impossible to judge of any production of art or nature, unless we have a specimen of the best of its kind exhibited. I would not paint the human body from a deformed man, nor would I venture to say what the Spirit of Reform might produce, if I saw only the bastard kind which the French quacks are hawking about on the continent.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor when properly seconded by many right worthy candidates for literary fame, finds it a delightful task to arrange the papers for a Companion; but he is frequently most unmercifully robbed of his time, while *guessing* at the meaning of some, who think they can write. We have many times refused to publish that which, at a meeting of the Club, has been deemed unworthy; we are still importuned by youth; and give the following *poetical* piece as a specimen.

WINTER.

My son behold the lately nature gay
Clad in her charms, now mark the change
From the warm sun beams's ray
To Cold and Surly winter's reign

The verdant carpet so Gracefull to the eye
With the Flowery Tenants of yon bleak vale
Now hang their heads and droop and dye
And stern Boreas whistles o'r the dale

The warbling songster quite forsake their haunts
And fly to some more moderate clime
The Purling streams bound in the icy bands
No longer merry bubling away the time

Such are the variations of human life my son
The health that sparkled in these eyes
Was by the undermining hand of time undone
Then receive your parents caution ere he dyes

Let your youth with seeds of virtue then be sown
And Guard against the tempters ways
Then will a mind resigned as I have done
With smiles can meet the winter of your days

Though blooming now with health so gay
Yet Hasty footed time will stay for none
Then you must go the oft troden way
And pay the *debt of nature* which your sires have done

AMANDA

Strephon—S—Philogamus, and several others, have come to hand.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO CLARINDA.

Clarinda tells me all is o'er,
That I must teach this heart no more
On fancied bliss to dwell :
No more expect her to be kind ;
That she has lately changed her mind,
And coldly bids farewell.

O heav'n ! and can I then resign,
Those beauteous charms I long thought mine,
Without a month of weeping ?
Ah no ! I'll walk the park head-bare,
And sometimes sadly pull my hair,
Nor think again of sleeping.

And often through the window-frame,
All night I'll sigh her much lov'd name,
Nor dread the watchman's rattle :
For should he chance to come that way,
Or dare to interrupt my lay ;
I'll run, or give him battle.

Thus for a time. will I complain,
Thus nightly pour my lovelorn strain,
In hopes she'll yet prove clever :
Tho' should all these things fail to move,
I'll no more yield to tyrant love ;
But curse the sex forever.

And think not, false, deceiving fair,
To triumph long o'er my despair,
Nor make such fools of many :
For though you're now ador'd by all,
Time yet shall make you sing quite small,
Without being lov'd by any.

Those teeth so even and so white,
Which you ne'er strove to keep from sight,
But show so wond'rous neatly :
May, from the aching of a week,
Beneath some Dentist's hawkbill break,
And do you up completely.

And then I'd have that auburn hair,
Which now in curls you love to wear,
Turn red as any fire :
Those eyes so blue, at once be green,
And both your cheeks become as lean
As envy could desire.

Was this the case I'm of the mind,
That did Leander still prove kind,
Nor heed the alteration ;
You'd sooner leap three stories height,
Tho' doom'd on oyster-shells to light,
Than think on *hesitation.*

But do not count too much on this,
For, hang me, if I ever kiss
You, after this disaster :
Your smiles, believe me as you may,
Instead of urging me to stay,
Would send me off the faster.

So, *sweet* Clarinda ! fare thee well,
E'en now methinks I hear the knell
Of thy expiring beauty.
No more thy presence gives delight,
The beaux, all tittering, take their flight,
And quite forget their *duty!*

LEANDER.

TO MARIAN,

Who, it is reported, has serious intentions of taking the veil in ——Nunnery.

Tell me, dearest Marian,
Do you really love me ?
If you do, my dearest girl,
Wherefore do you shove me ?

Here I stand your abject slave,
Bound in Cupid's fetters—
Why do you abuse me thus,
And laugh at all my letters ?

I've been told you mean to go
Into yonder Cloisters ;
If you do, my Marian,
You'll starve on eggs and oysters.

There you'll have to fast and pray
And sing your evening vespers ;
Never see your lover more,
Nor listen to his whispers.

There in gloomy cell pent up,
You'll reflect upon it ;
And, instead of sable veil,
Wish you'd kept your bonnet.

Then I'll peep in thro' the grates,
Laughing at your folly ;
Turn and cut a pigeon-wing,
And court your sister Polly.

—BIBO.—

Dick calls on Robert ev'ry day
To taste his cogniac ;
And every day friend Robert hopes
That Dick may ne'er come back.

Robert at length quite tir'd of Dick,
Receives him with a frown ;
And Dick enquires in friendly way,
What's brought his spirits down ?

Zounds ! why d'ye wonder ? Robert cries,
The reason's very plain,
When you your spirits raise each day,
You also lower mine.

—BIBO.—

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

And let the aspiring youth beware of love;
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away: while the fond soul
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints the illusive form; the kindling grace;
The exciting smile; the modest-seeming eye—
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty and death;—
And still false warbling in his cheated ear,
Her Syren voice, enchanting draws him on,
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy. THOMSON.—

Mr. Easy,

AT a time when the communications of your philosophic correspondent, SIDNEY, are acquiring laurels for their author; I cannot refrain from adding my name to the list of his admirers: For he is justly entitled to applause, so far, as a philanthropic and patriotic disposition, combined with elegance of language, and just arrangement of ideas, are capable of arresting the attention.—But an essay, possessed of all these qualifications, at the same time that rectitude of sentiment and soundness of opinion are excluded; at the same time that facts and experience are resigned to the sway of visionary speculations; may be compared to a library of elegantly gilded blank books, whose external appearance delights the eye; while within, their empty pages afford no pabulum for the intellects. I hope it will not be attributed to a spirit of contention in me, if I attempt to break a twig from the branch that adorns his forehead.

In the 7th number of the Companion appeared a piece of his, which contains principles, in my humble opinion, altogether erroneous. He has there given advice to parents, which I can by no means suppose to be salutary. As a mean of obtaining the acquiescence of the aged to his opinions, he tells us of the revolutions, which Luther effected in religion, and Copernicus and Bacon in philosophy; thence concluding (I suppose) that it is as fit the revolution which he proposes should take place, as those beforementioned. But instead of its being as important in its event as their's, it would be a change in most instances altogether subversive of matrimonial happiness.

For the sake of perspicuity, I will examine his arguments in the order in which he has advanced them. In the first place, he asserts that it is the intention of nature, by gifting us with extravagant passions in youth, that an early union of the sexes should take place. An assertion no less vague than it is injurious. The passion of which he speaks, if I understand him right, inhabits the hearts of boys and girls from the age of ten years and upwards; and yet whose reason is so far prostituted, as to believe that it is the intention of nature, that a child ten years old should be entangled in the shackles of matrimony. But I would not have my readers to suppose, because I have contradicted the above assertion of the enlightened Sidney, that I shall pretend to account for the phenomenon. I esteem it, like many other acts of Providence, mysterious, and past the comprehension of feeble man. Notwithstanding philosophers, by their hypothetical reasoning would fain make us believe otherwise.

Besides reason teaches us the impropriety of marriage at a very early age. As inexperience and temerity are generally the concommitants of youthfulness; it may with safety be concluded, that those two faults will operate in the choice of a partner for life; a choice which, above all others, requires maturity of judgment, and acuteness of observation, to make happy.

If Sidney's opinion were generally adopted, I cannot forbear to repeat it, the worst consequences would inevitably ensue. The young man, instead of waiting till length of years ripened his judgment; instead of waiting

till experience pointed out to him the path which he should pursue; hurried on by the first impulse of a tempestuous passion, regardless of the consequences, and not taking sufficient care to pry into the temper and disposition of her, whom his "heart delighteth to please," before he is aware of it (by premature marriage) plunges himself into a gulph of misery and unhappiness, from which nothing can rescue him but the friendly hand of death. For it would be as possible, for the "Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots," as for a man and woman of jarring tempers to live happy.

On the contrary, the man who patiently waits until the most vehement storm of his passions is blown over, until the empire of his reason (by which every temperate man is guided in all his transactions) is more firmly established, at the same time that he is aided by that caution and deliberation, which nothing but experience and observation can confer, proceeds with slow and careful steps until he obtains the object of his ambition. He carefully scrutinizes her every motion and action. He diligently examines her temper and disposition, and compares them with his own; at the same time he asks himself these questions—do they coincide with mine? would she suit me as a companion for life? And the matrimonial happiness which he afterwards enjoys, amply compensates him for his pains. For disappointments rarely take place in such instances.

Nor has Sidney more happily refuted the objection which he has thrown in the way of his own arguments tending to shew the utility of early marriage. He tells us that enemies of early marriage will plead that "science and knowledge" sustain a great and deplorable misfortune from the "early union of the sexes;" but he hopes to shew that, "that argument rests on a sandy foundation." Let us now examine his arguments and see how far he has succeeded. Love he pronounces to be the serious evil, that causes a young man in a state of celibacy to turn his back on the temple of science. But this is a kind of logic, to which I cannot be altogether reconciled. I acknowledge, that in some instances, it may prove a stumbling-block to those, who, if their minds were tranquil and composed, might illuminate and instruct the world by their writings. But it is so seldom that genius suffers love to predominate in the breast where it has its habitation, that we need not be under much apprehension for its safety, or at least not so much so, as to justify us in seeking a remedy in the expedient, which Sidney recommends. For in that case the old maxim, "jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire," would be verified. The man, he says, who is tied by the bands of matrimony is the person calculated to shed new lustre on, and make improvements in science; because his mind is free from those "imaginary terrors and apprehensions," which the enamoured young man ever experiences for the "idol of his heart."

But it would appear that Sidney, in his rage for advocating what he has advanced, considered only the arguments which might be adduced in favour of it, while he was quite unconscious of what might be urged in opposition. It would seem, that he thought when a man was once married, he might sail calmly and quietly down the stream of time, without meeting with any shoals or rocks to impede his course, or against which he might be dashed. He did not consider, that he had a family to take care of, and provide for. He did not consider, that his occupation or employment in life (I say occupation, because he must possess a *transcendent genius* indeed, that lives by his literary pursuits alone, on this side the Atlantic) are circumstances, that must ever divide the attention, and distract the mind of an husband; and consequently must be great impediments to the acquisition of knowledge and improvement of science. Upon the whole, it appears evident to me, that science has more to depend upon from the labours of unmarried men, than from that of those entangled by "Hymen's silken bands."

Again he says—"But the acquisition of knowledge is not the only point to be gained, by entering into marriage at an early period of life." He then goes on to tell us, what other advantages are to be expected from it. But I must candidly confess, that this is a paragraph, from which I can derive but little argument. The warmth of his imagination hurries him on to extremes. He paints in glowing colours, the pleasurable sensations of a "father beholding his son the pillar of his country, or in seeing him with a victorious arm repel the aggressions of the enemies of the state, and his daughter extending the hand of charity to the poor and oppressed, or by her manners refining and illuminating her country." With him I admit this to be a delightful scene; but I cannot suppose this to be an argument in any degree calculated to promote his wished for revolution. Is this privilege (I would ask Sidney) exclusively granted to those who are early married? I presume he will hardly answer in the affirmative; if he should, the irresistible conclusion in my mind would be, that common experience, the dictates whereof he professes to lay before his readers, is against him. For reason and experience both teach me, that the reverse of this is true. If we wish to view parents in the happy situ-

ation, which Sidney has so feelingly described, we must turn our attention to those fathers, and mothers, who have protracted their marriage till such a time as age justifies the act. For the following reasons.

They are then capable of educating their offspring in a proper manner. They consider it both their duty and their interest, to instill into their youthful minds, the beauty and advantages of virtue, while they are as careful to discover to them, the deformity and heinousness of vice. They are sedulous in training them up in the ways of religion; in short, they leave nothing undone, which they think may tend to their happiness as individuals, or to their usefulness as citizens. Always keeping in view the sentiments of the poet—

" 'Tis education forms the tender mind;
" Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

These are the parents, who may live in expectation of seeing their sons " the pillars of their country," and their daughters, " by their manners, refining and illuminating it."

To every virtuous and philanthropic mind, it must be matter of great " sorrow" to see the number of voluptuaries that infest all cities of importance. To see chastity so degraded and so many adorers at the shrine of infamy, is enough to make even the heart of the licentiate bleed. But whether the change, which Sidney proposes, would act as an antidote to this most debasing of all crimes, I think will admit of prevarication. The young man, who through thoughtlessness or precipitancy, has attached himself to a woman, with whom he lives unhappily, in consequence of the disconsonance of their dispositions; unable to content himself at home, betakes himself to the company of dissolute and abandoned men, with whom he is associated in all acts of dissipation and profligacy; men whose greatest joy consists in the enjoyment of their cups; who think of nothing but how they may procure to themselves momentary happiness, in defiance of the denunciations of heaven against them, " athwart whose minds a ray of goodness never shot." With such associates as these, he runs on from one degree of wickedness to another, until he becomes as totally overwhelmed in the whirlpool of vice as any person, who had never enlisted under the banners of Hymen. And this man's crimes are the more atrocious, as he involves himself in disgrace, of which his wife and children must participate.

It must indeed be acknowledged, that instances of this kind are not plenteous (which God forbid) yet examples are not wanting. Wherefore, as the good effects that might be expected from early marriage are counterbalanced by the bad effects that sometimes ensue; I must give a decided vote against the projected revolution.

I conclude with the opinion established by the justly celebrated Lycurgus, in that salutary system of laws, which so long preserved the prosperity of the Lacedæmonians, and which has rendered him no less famous as a law-giver, than the eloquence of Cicero has made him, as an orator; namely—*That men and women should not marry, until they arrived at the age of maturity.*

PHILOGAMUS.

Harford, January 1806.

We are requested by " a number of Young Ladies" to publish the following Letter to the gentleman who, in our 4th number, (vol. 2) so kindly advised his smitten brethren how to proceed in love affairs. We have sufficient confidence in the gentleman's gallantry (for we are all happy in being permitted to dance attendance at a lady's beck) to anticipate a prompt and generous acquiescence in the wishes of this fair embassy. " Let not a lady sue in vain," is a sentiment always uppermost in the minds of those who deserve the smiles of the fair.

Most people are willing to believe, that the ladies need no instruction in the art of entangling their game: we do not subscribe to the unqualified declaration; for there are many innocent daughters of Eve, who, notwithstanding their mother's high culpability, would rather be doomed to lead apes than win unfairly the heart of any poor swain. From this persuasion it is, we hope to receive rules and regulations for the guidance of the dear creatures, in the truly delightful game of man-catching.

Mr. Easy,

A few evenings ago a party of us young folks were collected together at the house of a friend. The principal topic of conversation for the greater part of the evening, was relative to the " advice" of your correspondent P. W. Some of the young gentlemen seemed not to approve of your last observations on that essay, and triumphed not a little on finding a friend who so ably pointed out so effectual a method, by which they might be directed when caught in Cupid's snares. Upon the whole, we were all very glad that you served up that " ample dish," as conversing upon it afforded us very great amusement, and as it served for that pleasing " variety" which is so essential in a periodical paper.

Various conjectures were formed by us, respecting the author of this *superlative advice*, as the gentlemen called it. Some would have him to be an old Bachelor,

who, by his experience in love affairs, had made such an improvement on the manner of addressing the ladies. Others asserted that he was a married man, who had tried the plan with success, and who thought he would do good to other lovers by making it known to them. "You are all mistaken," says a young gentleman present, who had not before taken part in the conversation; "I have a tolerably correct idea of the writer of the piece alluded to, and can assure you that he is a young man of irreproachable character and much respected by all who know him, and is also a zealous advocate of the fair sex. I have seen some essays, which he has written for his own pastime, in which he has displayed great sublimity of thought in extoling female virtue." Oh! then, exclaimed we all at once, if he be such as you describe, we have a great claim upon his sympathy. So we resolved among ourselves to request him through the "Companion" (for Mr. Easy, who is so great a friend of ours, will certainly give publicity to our piece) to write an advice for *ladies* in love. For we humbly beg leave to insinuate to Mr. P. W. that from the very great spirit of celibacy which now-a-days is so widely diffused amongst the gentlemen, the disease has become very prevalent amongst us. Influenced by the idea of shortly receiving "valuable prescriptions" from him, we subscribe ourselves,—

A NUMBER OF YOUNG LADIES.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION.

This is one of the most ancient spirits we have. It is nearly eighteen hundred years since it first appeared, and for some centuries was in high repute and most admirable in its effects, whether taken in the way of diet, or medicine. I know not, indeed, any thing comparable to it in all disorders of the human frame, and it has this peculiar (exclusively so) to it, that its effects will last many years, some say, to all eternity. It keeps good in all weathers, and is adapted to all climates, although it has not been introduced yet into all countries.—After saying so much in its favour, I am sorry to be obliged to add, that there are two reasons why it is not so much in use as it ought to be. The one is, that it requires a degree of abstinence which many men will not submit to; and the second, that there is a false and adulterated mixture which goes under the same name, and which is imposed upon the public as genuine, although it is a poor, tasteless, watery kind of liquor, which never affects the body sensibly, unless, what is very extraordinary, to produce the very evils which the other is intended to remedy. The genuine is a simple spirit, within the compass of every man's ability to purchase; the adulterated is composed of a number of heterogeneous ingredients, and is so expensive that I have known some give up every thing that ought to be dear to a man in order to purchase it. Hence it is confined to certain persons of great opulence, and who do not regard trifles. On the continent it was very fashionable in the courts of princes, but was never experienced to be of the least substantial use in preserving their constitutions, yet they were so attached to it, as scarcely to know that the genuine spirit existed.

In this country, also, a great deal of the spurious kind is sold, but I am happy to add, there is also a great deal of the genuine, and I should hope it would gain ground in the popular opinion, as every day's experience must satisfy us of its great efficacy in healing constitutional sores, and procuring rest when every other medicine has failed. There are particular days appointed for retailing the genuine spirit, and I think that if people would frequent the shops more on those days than they do, they would soon acquire the true relish. I grant that it is not retailed either in equal quantity or quality. I have tasted some a great deal below proof, and some as much above it.—Some likewise mix an acid with it which tends to spoil the effect, as mildness is essential to its purity; and some make it of a blood-red colour, a miserable composition which soon gets into the head, and produces all the effects of the most brutal intoxication. These irregularities in the composition, however, may be very easily avoided, by attending to the original receipt, which is published by authority, and may be had of his majesty's printer.

THE SPIRIT OF BIGOTRY.

This is the most ardent of all spirits, easily inflammable, expanding with heat, and, like the phosphorus, flames most in the dark. It is so very pernicious in its tendency, that I am surprised it has not long ago been prohibited under the severest penalties. It is, however, compounded in so many various ways, as to have been mistaken for almost every one of the spirits I have already mentioned, particularly the last, to which, however, it is as opposite in cause and effect, as any two things that can well be supposed. It has not always been a favourite in this country, yet the common people sometimes have indulged in it, primarily to the destruction of others, and ultimately to the destruction of themselves. When taken in considerable doses, it produces confirmed lunacy of the most extravagant, and yet, I may add, whimsical kind. The poor creatures who are inebriated with it, take it in their heads that they can an-

swer a pamphlet by burning a house, and convince a man of an error by cutting his throat. This has often been employed on the continent as a substitute for the Spirit of Religion, and is at this day employed there by the names of Spirit of Liberty, Spirit of Equality, Revolutionary Spirit, and various others; for I must do the parties who drink deepest of this spirit the justice to say, that they seem ashamed of its proper name, and always put a fine-looking label on the bottle to deceive their servants, just as in this country, among certain persons, drams are supposed to be as harmless as water, when called liqueurs, and a bumper of brandy is supposed to have no spirit in it, to those who complain of a spasm!

I have thus, Mr. Editor, endeavoured to sketch the properties and effects of the most fashionable spirits now in use. There are others, undoubtedly, which might have been included, but which I omit for want of sufficient *data*. There is, for example, the Spirit of Liberty, which I once flattered myself I understood a little of, but it has lately been mixed with so many strange ingredients, of opposite natures, one astringent, another opening, one tonic and another weakening, and this by all the great chemists of Europe who have employed their alembics in manufacturing it, that I must candidly confess I know not what to make of it. I am one of the old school, and have not had leisure, perhaps, indeed I am too far advanced in life, to study the new *nomenclature*, for every thing is now called by a new name, and that name as little descriptive of its qualities as well can be supposed. I might say something too of Party Spirit, but I have so frequently seen the miserable effects of this upon some unhappy friends who have indulged in it, that I cannot now bear the taste of it; and therefore conclude with hoping that you will continue your Magazine with its usual Spirit, and accept the good wishes of,

Your's &c.

GEOFFRY GAUGER.

FROM LEWIS' COMIC SKETCHES.

Is it not surprising that a sensible man, who can talk on many subjects with such propriety as to delight his hearers, is very frequently heard to read a news-paper in a tone of voice less modulated, if possible, than the sound of a six-penny drum from the stroke of an infant. For instance, suppose he met with the following paragraph:

"Last night, after eating an hearty supper, died suddenly, with his mouth full of custard, Sir Timothy Tradewell, knight, an amiable companion, an affectionate relation, and a friend to the poor."

He would read it in this manner,

"*Last night* AFTER, *eating a hearty supper* DIED, *suddenly with his* MOUTH, *full of custard Sir* TIMOTHY, *Tradewell knight an* AMIABLE, *companion an* AFEECTIONATE, RELATION, *and a friend to* THE POOR."

It is strange he cannot read as he speaks. How awkward and ridiculous would a person appear coming into a room, and thus saluting the company:

"Your servant, Capt. Wilson. I hope Mrs. Wilson is very well. How do you do, Mr. What-d'ye-call'em—I hope Mrs. What-d'ye-call'em is very well—and Master and Miss What-d'ye-call'em, and all the young What-d'ye-call-'ems?"

Would not this appear very absurd and ridiculous? And if it does in speaking, why not in reading.

There is another fault very frequently committed in reading, which is considerably worse than what is committ- by the greatest of monotonists. This is being so fond of musical sounds, that every thing attempted to be read is in the recitative of a Spanish relator*. Or else they approach very near the doleful ditty of Chevy Chase, or the Spanish Lady. As a specimen.

"As near a barn, by hunger led,
A peacock with the poultry fed;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
Ti-ti-tum-ti Ti-ti-tum-ti."

The Bathologist is another, who commits as great an impropriety of speech. The most trivial subjects he delivers with all the dignity and consequence of the most important and elevated. Such a character always reminds me of a person rehearsing the tragedy of Tom Thumb. This ridiculous affectation, although it seems a burlesque upon language, was, perhaps, assumed at first to give energy to the dignified, and solemnity to the serious passages of an author. But using it injudiciously has perverted the intention, degraded the author, and exposed to derision the bombastic speaker. It is, therefore, to be lamented that from the two frequent repetition of such an abuse, it is now become so habitual, that we find it exerted indiscriminately on every occasion.

AN EXAMPLE:

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier—*white*;
The dusty collier heaves his pond'rous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—*black*.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber—*red*.
Black, red, and white in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

* In Spain there are persons who relate long stories in recitative, accompanied by the guittar.

Without knowing the rules of either rhetoric or grammar, these evils may be remedied by observing as follows:

1st. Let every person learn to read with the same tone of voice as in speaking.

2dly. Be careful to observe the accent of syllables, and the emphasis upon words.

As the emphasis is the most important and the most frequently mistaken, the necessity of observing it with the most strict attention is exemplified by the various changes of it in the following sentence:

"I must walk up that hill."

These six words admit of six different senses, which are each expressed by altering the place of the emphasis.

Should it be asked,

"*Who* must walk up that hill?"

The answer relating to the person, the emphasis must be placed on the pronoun, which is the first syllable in this sentence, as,

"*I* must walk up that hill."

Should the reason be asked of walking up that hill, the emphasis must be on the auxiliary verb, expressing that you are obliged to walk up the hill. The second word, is, therefore, made emphatical, as,

"I *must* walk up that hill."

Should the *manner* be asked of going up the hill, the emphasis must be on the verb, or third word, as,

"I must *walk* up that hill."

Should the *way* you mean to walk upon the hill, be asked, the emphasis is on the adverb, or fourth word, as,

"I must walk *up* that hill."

Should it be asked *which* hill, the emphasis is on the preposition, or fifth word, as,

"I must walk up *that* hill."

Should it be asked *where* you must walk, the emphasis is on the noun or sixth syllable, as,

"I must walk up that *hill*."

Thus, the chief propriety of speaking, depends on the accuracy of emphasis; for if it be improperly placed, it produces a worse effect than if each word was pronounced alike; for monotony only obscures the sense while it is entirely perverted by erroneous emphasis.

In all questions, the interrogative word is pronounced with a proper emphatical energy.

To explain this properly, I can take no happier method than my present situation prompts me to ask and answer.

Who am I before?

My hopes flatter me, a candid and generous audience.

What am I doing?

Craving their indulgence.

How shall I deserve it?

By pleasing my hearers.

When may I accomplish that end?

As the question *when* is generally answered by another *when*; it would be presumptive in me to fix the period. I therefore most respectfully leave it to your judgment and my own endeavours.

But if I come to my last position and ask.

"*Where* am I?"

I easily observe, I *am*, where even an attempt to please cannot be entirely disregarded.

FROM MRS. HUNTER'S

History of the Grubthorpe Family.

My father took his seat near my mother, and my sister Penelope placed herself upon his knee.—"We only want our Reginald here," observed my invalid mother, taking his hand; "but to-morrow morning, I hope, he will be with us."—"He must have received my letter," answered my father; "I expect him every hour."—Nothing will prevent it," replied my mother, faintly flushing, "unless he is unfortunately absent from Oxford." My father made no answer, but sighed deeply. I rose and opened the door. "That is not amiss, my dear child," said my mother to me; "the room is too close." Then addressing herself to my sister Penelope, she said, "I see your brother has not cured you of the spirit of monopolizing; you still keep possession of your father's knee, or the little parlour, as you used to call it."—"Oh! there is plenty of room for my dear Gilbert," cried she nestling closer to him; "See! here is more than half: Is there not, papa?" The suddenness of the question; the tender moment; and, it may be a recollection from conscience, that an unoffending, but neglected, child then stood before him as a suppliant for nearly a first embrace, appeared to have confounded my father. He coloured; but holding out his hand to me, said, "You are now too old, Gilbert, for a seat in my little parlour; but not so for one in my bosom." He drew me towards him, and pressing my face to his own, with emotion, said, "God bless you, my poor boy!"

Awakened sensibility gave to this unexpected benediction the tone of relenting nature. Compassion vibrated on his heart; and his melting eyes indicated the passing thought of tender sorrow. It struck on my mother's feeble frame like an electric shock; for a moment her pale countenance was suffused with the fleeting hue of health; her languid eyes beamed with animation and joy; and, suddenly half-raising herself, she, with trembling eagerness, said, "Oh! let me hear these blessed words again, and I die happy! Once more bless your poor Gilbert!

Once more let me behold him in his father's embrace! "Bless your son, my Gilbert," added she, with inconceivable agitation & energy; "receive your Penelope's last test of faith, of truth, and your future comfort!"

"May heaven refuse to hear me in my hour of need;" answered my father, bursting into agonizing tears; "may I be cut off for ever when I refuse to give him the blessing which he has never forfeited, and which you crave for him!—God bless you, my son!" continued he, straining me to his bosom; God for ever bless you, for the sake of that angel who bore you. Oh! implore him, with me, to preserve that life in which is centred all our earthly happiness!"

"It is enough," faintly murmured my mother, sinking on her pillows. "God of my salvation! I am——" Her eyes closed; her lips still moved; a convulsive sigh escaped; and her pure spirit left, without a pang, its fragile, though, even in death, beauteous, prison.

CUT FOR CUT.

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Palais*, a place in Paris somewhat like what our Exchanges formerly were, observed while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's shop, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him: the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of the times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels: upon which the thief began to have a design, and the gentleman not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, to give him an opportunity: the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags; the gentleman perceived it, and drawing out a penknife, catched the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. Murder! murder! cries the thief. Robbery! robbery! cries the gentleman; upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, roared, *There are your tags and buttons!* Very well, says the gentleman, (throwing it back in like manner) *there is your ear.*

FRENCH ADDRESS.

A French gentleman once travelling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man who was walking along the road, and who begged the favour of him to put his great coat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage. "With all my heart," said the gentleman, "but if we should not be travelling to the same place, how will you get your coat?"—"Monsieur," answered the man, with great naiveté, "*Je serai dedans*—I shall be in it."

When Foote was at Salt-Hill, he dined at the Castle, and when Patridge produced the bill, which was rather exorbitant, Foote asked him his name, "Patridge, an't please you," said he. "Patridge!" returned Foote, "it "should be Woodcock by the length of your bill."

A clergyman having preached during Lent, in a small town, in which time he had not been invited to dinner by any one of the parishoners, said, in his farewell sermon, "I have preached against every vice but good living; for "I have not had an opportunity of observing to what an "excess it is carried in this town."

In 1586, Philip II. sent the young Connetable de Castille to Rome, to congratulate Sextus V. on his advancement. The Pope imprudently said, "are there so few "men in Spain that your king sends me one without a "beard?" "Sir," said the fierce Spaniard, "if his "majesty had possessed the least idea, that you imagined "merit lay in a beard, he would doubtless have deputed a "goat to you and not a gentleman."

RETORT UPON RETORT.

An Irish gentleman being in company with a number of ladies in the rooms at Bath, a little deformed Miss, who was of the party, was very severe on his country, and among other things, asked him how long he had left it? "Faith, Madam," replied he, "I am just come from Dublin to Bath."—"Sir," replied she, "then, considering how short a time you have been in this *more genial clime*, you must be very apt at learning, for you speak *tolerably plain Englsih* already."—"Thank you, Madam," said he, "may I ask you from whence *you* came?"—"O yes, Sir," replied Miss, "I came *straight* from London."—"Did you indeed," added he, "then faith, Madam, *you must have been confoundedly warped by the way*; but I suppose the sun of *this more genial clime*, must have been burning hot."—"Hot as it is," replied she, "it has neither burnt up your Hibernian impudence, nor ripened your Irish wit."—"Faith, madam," returned he, "that is rather harsh; I was in *hopes* that I could have checked your abuse of me and my country, but, upon my conscience, I see, that say what I will, *you are bent upon it.*"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

CŒLEBS is a *queer* fellow. We hope his singular turn may more frequently turn to our advantage.

The sentiments of "S" are correct and manly; but his essay bears many marks of great carelessness. We would advise him to *take time*, and write consistently, which we believe he might do.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A YOUNG LADY

On her removal to town from the country.

Why, Maria, dost thou go,
Why forsake thy Strephon so?
Ah! why leave these happy plains,
Where contentment ever reigns?

By your lovely self made gay,
Every month appear'd like May:
Then each nymph and swain were seen,
Sporting jocund o'er the green;
Whilst the nightly dance and song,
Brought delight and love along.

But now lov'd Maria flies;
Ah what different prospects rise!
Former walks delight no more,
And the dance and song are o'er:
Love and joy alike are flown:
With you, too, alas! are gone
Spring and all its gilded treasure,
Mirth and every rural pleasure.

All forlorn appear the bowers;
Cheerless droop the conscious flowers;
For with thee their sweetness flew,
And the peace of Strephon too—

Frequent guests, as heretofore,
Daily crowd our mansion door;
Belles and beaux, delighted, chat,
Now of this thing, then of that;
Happy in each other's praise,
Or who best the joke can raise;
Whilst the generous laugh goes round,
And each soul in mirth is drown'd:

All but mine—mine far away,
To Maria loves to stray;
And while fancy paints thy charms,
To enfold thee in my arms—

Now by moon-light thro' the grove,
With my fair methinks I rove:
While the spring more gaily blooms,
And its former sweets resumes:

Now my lovely girl I lead
O'er the oft trod verdant mead,
Where the lowly wild flower blows,
And sweet fragrance round it throws.

Then along some haunted stream,
Where charm'd Cynthia sheds her beam:
And where Shepherds sometimes see,
All beneath the old oak tree,
Rings of Elfins sporting round,
To the unseen Tabor's sound—

To my fond and throbbing breast,
Now methinks I feel thee press'd;
Now as sudden you are gone,
And once more am I alone—

Lost, I cry in wild dismay
Stay! my lov'd Maria stay!
From the chair in haste I spring,
While all wonder's on the wing;
And each eager belle and beau
All at once desire to know
Where this lov'd Maria flies,
From her doating Strephon's eyes?

Vext I eye the hated room,
And my vacant chair resume;
There to hear from every tongue,
The *tender woes* of Strephon sung.

Thus, each long and tedious day,
Joyless pass the hours away;
And, oh! thus, till you appear,
Joyless still must roll the year.

—STREPHON.—

June 1805.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, sweet pow'r, whose fire divine
Our souls exalt, refine and bless,
I kneel before thy sacred shrine,
And with my lays thine altar dress.

Thro' boundless Nature's various plan,
Thy flow'ry chain, wide stretch'd we see,
From insect, atoms, up to man,
And heav'n were joyless but for thee.

Sweet are thy joys, and pure thy fire,
As gales that sweep the vernal plain;
Nor did'st thou ever yet desire
The bashful Virgin's cheek to stain.

Thou fair, whose fiat stops my doom,
What's love without thy soft'ning power?
A fire that kindles to consume;
A savage, conq'ring to devour.

First Love should fix the welcome chain
Then calmer friendship claim its turn;
For rapture too intense is pain,
And hearts should glow that cease to burn.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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HINTS

To all in like case offending.

CASTIGATOR is too surly, and (we fear) too personal, for our peaceable plan. This satire is written with much spirit and correctness; but would better suit the growling columns of a political journal, than the inoffensive and (sometimes) smiling pages of the Companion.—It is the business of the moralist to teach the advantages of virtue, and declare the miseries which inevitably follow vice. This purpose he may of right aim at, by general positions, which he may illustrate by particular examples: But religion forbids him to destroy the peace of any individual, under the pretence of benefiting "even a whole congregation;" because this is *positive evil*, and the writer is by no means certain that *any good* would result. FINIKY might have behaved in ——— Church, with a rudeness truly unbecoming either a christian or a gentleman; and "so behaving," as our correspondent justly observes, "goes far to prove him destitute of the qualities constituting either of these desirable characters;" but he is not to be corrected, nor will "his ways be mended," by being so plainly described as that the children in the street might say, ☞ THAT IS HE; *there goes the fellow who laughs and ogles and whispers and acts the monkey in church!*

Castigator has so completely gibbeted his culprit, that were his essay published, every neighbour must hiss at the offender as he peeps out in the morning: Even the Sexton's dog would bark at him, as he *sneaked* home in the evening. Thus would our correspondent miss his aim; for universal contempt would render the offender desperate, when, instead of reforming, he would, like our irritable president, strive to do the enemy all the harm he could.

We will, however, transcribe one paragraph from our correspondent's well-meant "*castigation*," which may serve to convince this Mongrel FINIKY (for indeed, one would almost suppose that a monkey's soul had taken possession of this man's body!†) that his behaviour is not unobserved by those who are both able and willing to expose him.

——"The reverend gentleman, whose instructive ge-
"nius, seasoned with the delicious spirit of a true ser-
"vant of Christ, has oft afforded delectable food for the
"minds of hungering Christians, had commenced a dis-
"course that would have done honour to a right rever-
"end father of his people; and the attentive hearers
"hung with delight on the graceful eloquence of the pi-
"ous orator—All, all but one, seemed thankful for this
"happy privilege of religious freedom, and for the ines-
"timable blessing of an enlightened guide to the realms
"of eternal beatitude. One—dead to all sense of ra-
"tionality—proof against all persuasion—turning his
"back on the minister, began his pranks to the great dis-
"comfiture of those around him; now mimicking the
"speaker, then ogling some fair one, who he presump-
"tuously supposed *(if possible)* as embrutified as him-
"self; at one time with features distorted, endeavouring
"to imitate some motion characteristic of his brother
"monkey, at another adjusting his cravat and collar,
"for the annoyance of his nose and ears. * * * *
"* * * * * * * * * *

† QUEVEDO, the celebrated Spanish wit, would say, that the body of Finiky was inhabited by some mischievous whimsical *Devil*, that had been sent by his master to this world for the purpose of slyly diverting the attention of its inhabitants from religious worship. But we would advise such as Finiky not to render it necessary for us to discipline him as the Priest did Quevedo's "Devil be-Catchpoled."

"Should you, Mr. Easy, feel desirous of witnessing the "vulgar impertinence of this irreligious fop, you may "know him by this description :—[this we must omit, "together with the information relative to the part of the "house in which this astonishing droll is pleased to fix "himself; for reasons assigned above.] I was anxious- "ly expecting the moment when some proper officer "should discover the indecorous behaviour of this ill- "bred imp; but my wishes were without success. We "well know that in almost any other country than Ame- "rica, a person of this description would soon have the "deserved good fortune of meeting with *faithful guar- "dians*, that would take proper care of him———"

We have been more prolix in this instance than is our usual custom, in "notes to correspondents," in hopes that we might effect the purpose which Castigator designed, without jeopardizing the very existence of the ridiculous *automaton*, whose conduct has roused the indignation of one that we would delight to call *Literary Friend*. This writer, with a more gentle hand, we would invite to assist us in plucking from the great garden of human intellect, many noxious shoots, which impede the growth of better plants.—"*Of him to whom much is given, much will be required.*" Or, as Shakespear has it,

> ——— If our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
> But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
> The smallest scruple of her excellence,
> But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
> Herself the glory of a creditor
> Both thanks and use.

As a sincere friend to all the weak-headed *bucks* in the city, we desire that some good-natured person will read this paper to Finiky. We would not insult *him* by asking him to read *any thing*!

COMMON SENSE—No. VI.

> *None, none descends into himself, to find*
> *The secret imperfections of his mind.* —DRYDEN.—

Mr. Easy,

A certain class of beings which infest society, called pedants, are continually insulting the feelings of more rational men, by their magisterial jabbering about nothing; and are so paradoxical and conceited, as to arrogate superior knowledge, and even an *exclusive right of judging for others*. Such characters generally view the merit of their contemporaries through the medium of presumption; and therefore, often despise what they do not fairly comprehend; which evinces as great a want of sense and information, as the question of a Paris bookseller—who asked, "What! has the king of Prussia also a library?"

Actuated by the love of good argument, I have been in the habit of occasionally visiting the Pantheon, where one evening, I had the mortification to observe a pedantic declaimer mount the *Rostrum*, with Aristotelian quirks and quibbles, and an air of brow-beating austerity insinuate, that his competitors were a set of egregious blockheads; when, in fact, the most silly of them possessed (at least) double the knowledge that he did. Let me ask this *grandiloquous* emblem of Chinese vanity, and all such conceited mortals, if the most noble trait of a man of merit is not modesty? and if celebrity is not greatly maimed when it is commixed with pedantic arrogance; which is not only ridiculous in itself, but is totally incapable of appreciating merit in others and consequently, treats it with haughty derision and ridicule? In a word, such cynics do not deem any thing laudable or praiseworthy, that is not produced by themselves; and when encomiums are bestowed on the performances of others, their contracted brows evince a frown of sarcastic scorn. They frequently expose their egotism by being the panegyrists of their own and the satyrists of other men's merit; inasmuch as their inimical tongues are continually emitting from their gorgon lips fumes of raillery against that fame, which is, to them inimitable. What prodigality and effeminate inconsistency! In the name of justice let me ask, if merit is not equally commendable, whether recognised in sackcloth, or in a purple?

It is remarkable, that when people suffer under the stupor of pedantry, they do not only deem themselves superlatively wise, but their self-conceit acts as a provocative to insult and superciliousness. Hence the Arab conceives his *Caliph* infallible, and derides the credulity of the Tartar, who attibutes immortality to his *Lama*; and the self-wise nincompoop ridicules and speaks ill of the man of sense, because his nugatory brain imposes a belief, that he is *nonpareil*, and consequently, that every thing is either nonsensical or vicious, that his imbecility cannot comprehend.

If, like unto the ancient Greeks, such men founded their conceit on real advantages, their arrogance would be somewhat excusable; but instead of this, like the degenerate race of Greeks, they imagine themselves supereminent, only because their ancestors were men of distinguished merit; while others of a similar cast have nothing to recommend them, but "a few more dollars than are requisite for immediate use:" Yes! and as

RARIO very justly observes, many a man is flattered and caressed for no other reason, than that he is a member of a rich family. Hence men often become arrogant and supercilious, so that their infatuating dreams of superiority elevate their deluded minds to so great a pitch, that they make a practice of deriding superior merit, with a view, no doubt, to impose a belief on the credulity of their servile flatterers, that they are the touchstones of knowledge.

There is another class of heterodox beings, who, like unto the zealous Peter, but not in so good a cause, declaim against all who disagree with them in opinion; these revile "The Pedestrian," because his essays are couched in terms different from what they would premise. For my part, I have never discovered any thing in his productions, either indecent or unbecoming; but on the contrary, they appear to me chaste and inoffensive, and are calculated to infuse into the very soul of stupidity, a lively sense of its insignificance in enlightened society; and to teach "*vinegar-faced*" mortals, that one of the most noble traits of a christian is innocent pleasantry.

Now, I would advise malapert pedants, the groveling slaves of malign arrogance, to be peaceable, and not persist in insulting superior authority and wisdom. Yes! ye silly worms of the dust! no longer have the bare-faced presumption to usurp the privilege of circumscribing the functions of the *Easy Club*; and of juding for the various tastes of readers, by insinuating, that this, that, or the other, essay is *corrupt*, *insignificant* or *nefarious*. However, such conduct is not at all surprizing when we reflect, that the productions of the most celebrated writers have been more or less subject to the contempt of the stupid and envious, and to their persecution. How is this inimical spirit to be accounted for? If it proceeds from ignorance, it is highly ridiculous; because, what is not fairly comprehended should be silently passed over: if from misanthropy, or ill-nature, it is barbarous and an absolute calumny against humanity. How silly it is for men to contemn what they deem insignificant. It betrays a palpable littleness of mind, and an incapacity to judge correctly. We seldom see men of real merit step out of the path of rectitude to ridicule what they deem contemptible; and therefore, I am the more astonished, that those who would be thought wise and virtuous, should adopt such humiliating conduct as that of traducing the "doggrel" and "nonsense" of your correspondents.—But the fact is, they are unconscionable pedants, who, mortified at their own incapability to write, wish to impose a belief on liberal and friendly minds, that the Companion is rather calculated to corrupt than amend the morals of its readers. It is acknowledged, that this valuable paper is neither calculated to amend nor corrupt the morals of such perverted beings as themselves, who, like unto the polar navigator, environed by a vast expanse of ice, their spirits grow stupid, dejected and insensible of noble sentiment; then, poor maniacs, they despise others, because they are themselves despised; and, forgetful of the sublime purposes of their creation, use every effort to vitiate the minds of the innocent.

The prevalence of vice requires the severest censures of moral writers to check it, and I am fully persuaded, that the Companion is calculated for this desirable purpose, and to "improve youth, delight the aged, please at home, and travel with us."

And ye arrogant critics, who are more remarkable for impudence than wisdom, pray do not presume to censure the revered SIDNEY, whose classic page and philosopheme, are calculated to beautify and adorn the juvenile mind with durable precepts of virtue and prudence, benevolence and philanthropy.

Avaunt, ye snarling pedants! no longer evince your want of knowledge and taste, by reviling any writer in a work which confessedly exhibits a talent to

"Grace each subject with enliv'ning wit.—" H.

Mr. Easy,

The perusal of Cowper's poetico-prosaic epistle to the Rev. Mr. Newton, induced me to attempt the following humble imitation of it, addressed to a young lady of this city, who was on the Eastern Shore of Maryland when it was written.

My pretty cousin Ellen,

If any misspelling, or very bad writing, of my inditing, in this, you should peruse, I hope you will excuse my want of invention; nor (kindly) never mention, that you have been discerning my monstrous lack of learning; nor when you this have read, very wisely shake your head, and cry, "Lord have mercy! what a letter! I myself could have written a better! I did not think my Cousin Billy, could have been so very silly. On the *Western Shore*, I know it, he passes for a *Poet*; but were he on *this side* the bay, how the Belles would giggle and say, "from the nonsense he has written, the man is surely mad-dog-bitten, or over head and ears in love, like some cooing turtle-dove; though from what we've heard in chat, he is rather *old* for that." Well! though this be their conclusion, it will ne'er cost me confusion; because I humbly take it,

I'll be *absent* when they make it; with the Chesapeake's loud roar, 'twixt me and the Eastern Shore; and while they're at me laughing, very possibly be quaffing Generoso's good old wine, or his ice-punch, rich and fine; or taking of a ride, with loveliest Mary by my side; or going to a play, with Eliza sweet as May; or with some other Belle, I don't like half as well; or strolling by a certain run, with young Alexis, dog and gun; or at a fishing party, 'mongst friends so rich and hearty;

With whom I've oft enjoy'd the copious bowl,
" The feast of sentiment, and flow of soul."

But here I'd better stop, and let my goose-quill drop; since it appears if longer so I try, I shall leave off *rhymes*, and scribble po-et-ry, and so my lovely Nell, I wish you very well, and remain CÆLEBS.

The following remarkable instance of the force of friendship is from Mr. Brooke's History of the Human Heart.

Gustavus Adolphus came young to the throne. One night, while he danced disguised at a ball that was given by his chief minister, the masque of the fairest of his subjects fell off, and she broke with a sudden and unexpected glory on the eyes of the assembly; for, though Adelaide was noble, her prudent mother had secreted her far from court, and had tenderly brought her up, like the lily in the vale, unseen and unsullied.

The king felt himself instantly struck with a respectful and humbling sense of inferiority before her: for it is the peculiar prerogative of beauty, that the mighty, and the bold, and the haughty, and even the savage, grow tame and depressed, as in the presence of the immediate representative of Divinity.

Adelaide, in a hurry, caught up her masque, and hasted to cover the perils of her countenance; but the deed was already done; and her image was impressed on the heart of the monarch as indelibly, as though it had been fixed by the machinery of some engine.

He instantly drew his favourite, Valvaise, aside, and whisperingly gave a precipitate order, that he should discover and bring intelligence who the lady was.

Valvaise zealously obeyed the injunction of his royal patron: he brought him word, that she was a maid of illustrious birth, but little known; and, where known, admired as a phænomenon or new appearance in nature.

Valvaise had been prefered to favour by a peculiar appointment of Providence. Adolphus, in the chase of a stag, had out-ridden his attendants. Being thirsty and fatigued, he turned toward a neat hamlet, that was pleasantly situated at the entrance of a forest. He tied his steed to a tree; and, drawing near, beheld a young swain at the foot of an oak, intent on a little book that he held in his hand. The youth rose at his approach; and, having gracefully saluted him, led him into the house, where he hospitably regaled him with the home-brewed juice of the berry.

Pray, what were you reading? demanded the prince.—A late treatise, sir, on friendship, answered the student. And what think you of it?—As cold, as if it had been written by an inhabitant of Zembla.—I presume, then, that your own sentiments on the subject are warmer.——As the difference, replied the youth, between the torrid and the frigid zones.——You love your friends well, then?—I should sir, had I any: but I dare not trust myself with such a connection; all the men I ever knew would certainly overreach me; I should go twice the lengths for them, that they would go for me.—Such a one as you would make a friend for a king.—But then I should never make a friend of a king. I am told that all, who please the great, must be flatterers; but the true province of friendship is, to mind us of our faults.——For that very purpose I engage you, said Adolphus; I am your king!

The youth, all abashed, fell precipitately at his feet; but the monarch as hastily raised and took him to his embrace.

From that day Valvaise became the favourite and bosom confidant of his royal master. He had not, indeed, the burden of the state laid upon him, neither the emoluments of high and envied trusts; all those he declined, wholly satisfied and happy in being the companion of the private hours, and the intimate of the bosom of his beloved lord.

The moment that Valvaise had given to Adolphus the desired intelligence concerning Adelaide, You must go then, my friend, you must go, said the king, and woo this fair creature in my name. You are a youth of gentle manners, and winning address; you cannot fail of prevailing in a cause, where your heart will be so warmly interested in behalf of the man you love. Say, I will marry her directly, in the presence of her mother and a few other witnesses in whom we may confide; but that this must be kept private, at least for a time, for fear of provoking the discontents of my people, as they expect I should strengthen my kingdom by some foreign alliance. Go, my Valvaise! my opinion of your truth is fixed as a rock within my soul; I know your worth to be impregnable, impassable, unassailable.

Valvaise, all transport, all ardour, by his emotions and glowing countenance, pathetically though silently assured

his master of a zealous and faithful execution of his commission ; and instantly retired without farther promise.

On the following day, he applied himself to Adelmale, the mother of Adelaide, and flushed her with the ambition and eager desire of seeing her darling offspring exalted to royalty, to happiness consummate. But Adelaide, during a number of visits that he paid her, continued to veil the reality of her sentiments under the semblance of bashful maidenhood and modest reserve.

At length Valvaise grew importunate, and set forth the advantages of his proposal in the most striking lights. He held up to her imagination the personal attractions of his royal patron, accompanied by all the virtues and graces of mind and disposition that ever informed humanity. And, finally observing to her, that Adolphus was more superior to mankind in private excellencies and attractions than in public station, he urged her assent to an immediate union.

The maid repeated a long and deep fetched sigh ; then raising her head, and giving a side glance that entered the heart of the orator, tell me, Valvaise, said she, lives there a man upon earth, in whose suit you would plead so warmly as in that of Adolphus ?—No, madam, not in the universe.—And yet, she blushingly and hesitatingly returned, there lives a certain person in whose suit you might plead with much better success.

Alas, she continued, what is Adolphus to me ? My heart was never formed for pomp or royalty ; it loves the littleness and lowness, the sweet vales and descents of life; it is as a gentle turtle in the meadows and groves, and seeks not neither can find any kind of joy, save in the affections of its species, and the cooings of its mate. You, Valvaise, as I am told, are not of haughty descent ; your manners are sweetly mild, your person as conformable, and it is the most ardent prayer of Adelaide, that you may be mated to a companion wholly suitable to yourself.

Ah! exclaimed Valvaise, whither, whither wouldst thou lead me, thou perilous beauty ? Alas, I was already but too prone to follow the sight of the Syren ; and wanted not the additional enchantment of her voice, to seduce and to sink me into a deeper perdition. But honour, virtue, gratitude, shall stand at my side ; they shall bind me as with chains of adamant, that Adelaide herself shall not be able to loose. No ! though heaven were opened this instant before me, and all the powers and glories and blessedness thereof conditionally offered to me, I would not accept them at the cost of my friend's happiness, or of my own treason. It could not be a heaven to me upon such conditions ; through eternity I should be wretched, in the condemnation of myself.

O Adelaide, cried the fair one ! what a peculiar severity there is in thy fate—to be excluded from all possibility of hope, by the very virtues that serve to increase thy passion ! Be it so, then, my friend ; let us be greatly, let us be nobly, let us be willingly miserable ; and let virtue be, to us, in the place of all other enjoyment ! Perish, perish Adelaide, so the faith of my Valvaise live renowned through ages !

O Adolphus, cried the youth, you know not what a sacrifice I make you at this instant ! Yes, thou bright perfection, I must bid a lasting adieu, while there is will, while strength is left to tear myself away ! Adieu, fair enchantment, O, adieu, for—For ever, O, for ever ! is it not so, cried Adelaide ? and her eyes began to fill. Yet, a moment, Valvaise ; you must not debar me of one short farewell, the memory of which may serve, through life and in death, to be my consolation. It is an expression of the esteem which I owe to your honour.

So saying, she broke into tears, and threw her arms about him. The touch instantly thrilled his frame, and flew through his brain like a flash of ascending lightning. But, heroically declining any return to the dear embrace, he kneeled down, seized her hand, pressed it silently to his bosom, hastily rose, and retired.

Adelaide had an only brother, an officer in the king's guards, whose name was Alleran. He came on a visit of affection to his sister, when, approaching, he beheld Valvaise in her arms. He instantly laid his hand on his sword to wash away the imagined dishonour of his family, But, being struck with the reserved demeanour of Valvaise, he deemed it prudent to make no bustle in the business, till he had called the supposed aggressor to a strict but private account.

During three days, he was in diligent search of the disturber of his repose ; but, unable to procure any intelligence concerning him, he went in his impatience and earnestly besought a private audience of his majesty. He cast himself with emotion at the feet of the monarch, and asked, with a respectful ardour, if he had authorised Valvaise in any address to his sister Adelaide ?

Are you then the brother of the fair Adelaide, said the king ? if so, I think I may put my confidence in you.—— Yes, Alleran, I did authorise Valvaise to address your sister ; yet, not in his own name, but in the name of his master, in order to exalt and make her the beloved of my bosom, and the partner of my throne.

Then you are betrayed, most basely betrayed, rejoined

Alleran : by all that is sacred to the soul of truth and honour, these eyes beheld that Valvaise fondly circled and caressed within the arms of my sister.

There wanted no more. A cloud of sorrow, black and pregnant with thunders, instantly involved the spirit and aspect of the monarch in darkness. His Valvaise had been too deeply rooted in his affections, to be torn thence without many rueful pangs at the parting. But, jealousy, disdain, and the uprisings of rage, at finding himself so ungratefully so cruelly deceived, turned his bowels into bitterness ; and he consoled himself with the idea of seeing his late favourite expiring in slow agonies and vengeful tortures before him.

He sent pressing orders to have him instantly seized. But, being informed that Valvaise had absconded, he issued hot and hasty mandates, throughout his dominions, to have him proclaimed, pursued, and brought alive to his presence ; for he deemed a simple death to be infinitely beneath the satisfaction that was due to his injured friendship ; and he wished for the power of prolonging his life, that he might thereby prolong and perpetuate his torments.

Thus Adolphus continued in a state that might envy the most wretched of his vassals, his bosom torn with a variety of distracting and conflicting passions ; when, on the fourth day, he received the following letter from his detested, though late, his so dearly beloved.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

An account of a melancholy transaction, which took place in this city, many years ago.

It was in the commencement of autumn, that Orlando, the only son of a respectable merchant of this place, prevailed upon the amiable Arria, to whom he had long been engaged, to fix upon a day for the celebration of their nuptials ; and he had the happiness to see that morning ushered in with the warmest benedictions and wishes for his future felicity that pure friendship can bestow. Arria's relations and his own, together with a numerous acquaintance, attended at the house of her parents, whose only child she was, and whose very existence seemed to hang upon hers. Unaffected satisfaction presided in the assembly, light-hearted wit broke forth in a thousand brilliant sallies, while joy heightened the flush on the cheek of youth, and smoothed the furrows on the brow of age : nor did the sprightly fair one, who was just verging upon sixteen, fail to exert herself to enhance the hilarity of the company. When a convenient time had elapsed, the priest arose in order to begin the ceremony, but, upon looking round, observed that the young lady was not present ; one of the bride's maids was therefore dispatched to inform her that the company were in waiting for her, but she returned with much disorder, and told them that Arria was not to be found :—her mother, offended at this seeming want of respect for their guests, went in quest of her herself, as did several of the family ; but they all, after absenting themselves for a long time, returned with the surprising account that none knew where she was.—The alarmed assembly then separated to search for her, some supposing that a false delicacy might have prevailed upon her to conceal herself, and others were apprehensive that some fearful accident had befallen her ; every apartment, therefore, of the house in which they were, and likewise the neighbours, together with the wells and cisterns were examined, but all to no purpose ; for when night spread her shadows upon the earth, there still appeared no trace of her they sought.

For several succeeding days strict enquiry was made concerning her, but all proving fruitless, Orlando and her parents gave her up for lost, abandoning themselves to all the agonies of grief:—Sometimes, in frantic anguish, they would accuse her of being false to Orlando, and being with some more favoured lover ; and again they would melt in the tenderness of affection, and bewail the unknown chance which had wrested her from their bosoms ; but suspence barbed the shafts of sorrow,—the susceptible heart of Orlando sunk beneath its weight, and before the next May opened upon the smiling year, he had sought

> " The dreary regions of the dead,
> " Where *all things* are forgot."

It was in that month that the mother of Arria, having occasion to put away some winter apparel, ascended to the garret, where in a remote corner was placed a large sea-chest with a *spring-lock* ;—believing it to be empty, she attempted to open it, when finding that the spring had catched, she had recourse to the key which lay by it—it unlocked—and she partly raised the lid—but such a horrid smell of putridity burst through the aperture, that the lid fell from her hand !—a frightful idea flushed through her brain, and, uttering a death-like shriek, she fell upon the floor ! —Some of the family who were in the apartment below, heard her and hasted to her assistance.—As soon as she was capable of motion, she raised her hand, and pointing to the chest, they instantly opened it, and beheld the ghastly skeleton of the once lovely Arria ! ! ! who, it seems, in a fit of frolic had thrown herself therein,

expecting every moment to be sought for! but, no doubt, she fainted as soon as she heard the lock shut, and as the chest was too close to admit any air, she must have suffocated before she had a full sense of her deplorable situation.

A FIDLER.

Is like an echo, a retail dealer in sounds. As Diana is the goddess of the silver bow, so is he the lord of the wooden one :—he has an hundred strings to his bow :—other people are bow-legged, but he is bow-armed; and, though armed with a bow, he has no skill in archery. He plays with *cat*-gut and *kit*-fiddle. His fingers and arms run a constant race, the former would run away from him, did not a bridge interpose, and oblige him to pay toll. He can distinguish sounds, as other men distinguish colours. His companions are Crotchets and Quavers. Time will never be a match for him, for he beats him most unmercifully. He runs after an Italian air open-mouthed, with as much eagerness as some fools have sought for the philosopher's stone. He can bring a tune over the seas, and thinks it more excellent because far-fetched. His most admired domestics are Soprano, Siciliano, Andantino, and all the Anos and Inos that constitute the musical science. He can scrape, scratch, shake, diminish, increase, flourish, &c. and he is so delighted with the sound of his own viol, that an ass would sooner lend his ears to any thing than to him, : and, as a dog shakes a pig, so does he shake a note, *by the ear*, and never lets it go till he makes it squeak. He is a walking pillory, and crucifies more ears than a dozen standing ones. He often involves himself in dark and intricate passages, till he is put to the shift, and is obliged to get out of a scrape—by scraping.—His viol has the effect of a *Scotch* fiddle, for it irritates its hearers, and puts them to the *itch*. He tears his audience in various ways; as I wear away my pen, so does he wear away the string of his fiddle. There is no medium in him—he is either in a flat or sharp key, though both are natural to him. He deals in third minors, and major thirds—proves a turncoat, and is often in the majority and minority in the course of a few minutes—He runs over the flat as often as a race-horse;—both meet the same fate, as they terminate in a *cadence*;— the difference is, one is driven by the *whip-hand*, the other by the *bow-arm*; one deals in stikkado, the other in staccato. As a thourough-bred hound discovers, by instinct, his game from all other animals, so an experienced musician feels the compositions of Handel or Corelli.

TIMOTHY CATGUT.

OF THE PRESENT LORD HOWE.

His Lordship, during the last war, was told one night when at sea, that the ship was on fire near the powder room. "If that be the case," said his lordship coolly, proceeding at the same time with much deliberation, to put on his clothes, "we will soon hear a further *report* of the matter." Away, however, flew the terrified officer who brought the intelligence, and soon returned panting, to say, that "his lordship need not be afraid, as the fire was extinguished!" "I never was yet afraid in my life, sir," was the reply, looking the lieutenant full in the face; "pray how does a man *feel* when he is afraid? I do not ask you how he *looks!*"

An old man, who had married a young wife, complained to a friend how unhappy he had always been: "When I was young (said he) *I went abroad for want of a wife*; and now I am old, *my wife goes abroad for want of a husband.*"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ATTICUS has favoured us with a valuable Essay, which we intend for the front pages of the next Companion.

LUCRETIA has discovered, alas, too late, what many a silly fair one will hereafter discover, that coquettry leads to sorrowful consequences. And yet, however imprudent the penitent Lucretia may have been in her younger days, we join in her opinion that her "Honey-moon" husband conducts toward her with the barbarous spirit of a savage. We will give place to her complaint, that he may "see himself."

PHILANDER's Letter to Mrs. M——, on a subject dear to every parent, appears to have been dictated by a serious desire to be of service to a family highly deserving the friendship he professes. Our doors always stand widely opened for the reception of advice touching the welfare of the ladies. And when we reflect upon the great influence which their manners universally have over the conduct of men, we experience uncommon pleasure in being enabled to furnish judicious instruction for their education.

The last week has produced a plentiful harvest for our almost famished sheet. May this prove the revival of labour in the literary vineyard. From having been almost stunned by the clamour of the city, on the "doleful" subject of literary poverty, we confidently anticipate the harmonious *chorus* which is like to be a delightful relief from the grating *bass* of a month of discord. To fill our cup of joy and gladness, we should be pleased if "Prompter" would fulfil the promise made some time since.

INCOGNITUS arrived too late for examination.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

APOSTROPHE TO WASHINGTON.

Where'er the sun his fervid rays extends,
Where'er at eve' his rapid wheel descends,
Thy name, O much lov'd hero, shall command
Eternal praise in ev'ry distant land;
And when thy ashes in the tomb shall rest,
The gen'rous virtues of thy patriot breast
Shall animate some future bard to raise,
In notes angelic, thy immortal praise;
While thy great deeds shall shine thro' endless time,
Fill the wide world and spread thro' ev'ry clime.

AMARYLLIS.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO MY READERS.

My readers—if there any 'mongst you be
In idle pride of *present* wealth who glory,
Forgetful of your plebeian ancest'ry—
Come near I pray and listen to my story:
And from it draw a moral for yourselves,
Nor be such obstinate conceited elves—
So wonderfully nice—
As to reject good sound advice
Because the *donor's* fame is small—
"For (saith the proverb) PRIDE will have a fall."

Once on a time (so stories all begin)
Some folks who in VIRGINIA dwelt, agreed
To have a dance, the girls as well as men,
Which was a very social thing indeed.

Well, when the time appointed came about,
They deck'd themselves as fine as could be,
And many a pretty lass was seen to pout,
Because she wasn't as gaudy as she would be.

All to the *dressing-glass* paid due devotion—
The *beaux* tuck'd up their hair with shining combs,
And smear'd their side locks with the best perfumes,
Touching their visages with smoothing lotion—
And the sweet *girls*—though 'twas in melting weather,
Huddled by dozens in close rooms together;
With iron hot each other's hair to crape,
And lace and squeeze each other into shape;
Equipt at last, away they all
March'd Indian file to the great hall;
With hearts high strain'd on expectation's swing
For the glad hour which should such pleasures bring.

When suddenly the guests were all disturbed,
By two *fair creatures* who with voice perturb'd
(And in the scale of passion high advancing)
Contended for the precedence in dancing.
Miss JUDY vow'd point blank
"She *waunt a gwoine* to soil her noble rank,
"Her *Pa* possest a *wast* plantation,
"And *negars* had for every occupation;
"*Grit* fields of corn, and barrels full of tar,
"And men to *tote* the children *ainay wharr.*"
Miss MIMEY on the other side,
Told of the Dons to whom she was allied:
"Her uncle was a *Major*, and for cousins,
"She counted *Congressmen* by dozens!"

Well, to be sure, the matter grew quite serious,
Some join'd the one, some t'other princess royal:
Disputes ran high, and criminations rose,
And clam'rous words had nearly brought on blows;
And the poor FIDLERS too, who did not chuse
Their precious bodies to expose,
Sans ceremonie or excuse,
Each scamper'd off and left his tuneful viol—
Indeed they did behave like folks delirious.

At length to try and quell the fray,
M' Turkill rose, a gallant lawyer bold;
(All lawyers are, so we are told)
And thus unto the *un*-gentle folks did say:
"Ladies and gentlemen, since dire commotion
"Boiling and foaming like the storm-vext ocean,
"Hath been created on the score of BIRTH;
"Doubtless it would accord with your desire,
"If both the noble parties should retire,
"And search their *pedigrees* to know their worth;
"And let a *committee* with care industrious
"Mark and report which is the most illustrious."
So said—so done—away they went,
But ere ten minutes were well spent
Back they return'd most *merrily* escorted;
The *committee* making this grave report
Before the gaping court;
While all the wondering ladies cried out "Goodys!"
That MIMEY's *grandfather* had been *transported*
Six weeks before Miss JUDY's.

EQUALITY; OR, THE DYING LOVER.

Young Corydon, a forward blade,
The offspring of a 'squire,
Address'd a lovely, blooming maid,
Whose father was a dyer.

"A Dyer's daughter!" cries his dad,
"What! marry her! O fye!"
"Why not, Sir?" says the honest lad,
"You know *we all must die.*"

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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Mr. Easy,

IF you should esteem the following desultory reflections on friendship worthy a place in your useful and interesting Companion, the author will feel himself honored.

The pleasure derived from the social intercourse with those we love and esteem, tends greatly to meliorate the asperities and unavoidable evils of life. The world without a friend, is indeed a barren wilderness, and none would wish to live in it, who had no one to sympathize with him in his joys or infelicities.

The happiest moments of my life have been those in which I saw my friends happy and contented: no cares to disturb the tranquility of their minds, no desires which could not be legitimately gratified; when heaven itself seemed to have infused that serenity of mind and equability of disposition which constitutes the basis of happiness, and which is ever a proof of conscious virtue and unsullied innocence. Such felicity painted to my warm fancy that poetical beatitude which the human race is said once to have enjoyed, when the earth spontaneously yielded into our lap the nourishment of her bosom, and the air and waters paid their voluntary tribute to the Lord of the creation; when our pleasures were mutual, and mankind had but one wish, viz. the happiness of each other: Such were my thoughts when surrounded by my friends, whose souls dilated at the contemplation of each other's happiness, and whose eyes beamed the very essence of friendship and love. "Happiness (remarks Johnson) is not found in self contemplation. It is perceived only when reflected from another." The luxuries of life, the pleasures of contemplation, the sweets of solitude, or the gaiety of splendid or fashionable life has no charms for him who is destitute of friends. The world exhibits but one dreary waste; the mind becomes inane and listless, and death itself is at last welcomed as a friend.

How glaringly important is it therefore, for us so to demean ourselves as to conciliate the esteem and love of such as from their virtues, acquirements and temporal situation, will have the inclination and power of guiding us in prosperity, and in the hour of trouble and affliction to extend their fostering hand for our conservation, and sympathize with us in every blast of fortune.

Cicero, who was the truest of friends, and whose moral precepts reflect so much honour on himself and his age, besides exhorting us to endeavour to gain the esteem and love of all, says, that it is at least the positive duty of every one, whether favoured with the sunshine of fortune, or labouring under the shafts of adversity, to conciliate to himself some particular friend, who has a real esteem for us, and whose sincerity cannot be doubted. In him we will find the useful companion, the steady guide, and the bosom ever open to hear the tale of sorrow, and ready to administer the assuasive cup of consolation. The affection of all mankind, as Seneca remarks, cannot be secured. To have no enemies, observes this able moralist, is certainly the consummation of our most aspiring hopes. The great discrepance of opinion, the collision of interests, and the universal contrariety of disposition to be found in the world, renders it a physical impossibility to conciliate the affections of all. There must be a perfect unison of minds, interests and dispositions, before such a thing can be effected: for as Horace observes:—"Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocosi."

The wealthy, or those who generally move in the higher spheres of life, stand greatly in need of the humanizing influence of friendship. Surrounded as they generally are by a galaxy of flatterers, the sincerity of friendship should ever be acceptable. The actions of the great carry with them more importance than those of the

indigent, and consequently, require more deliberation and judgment. The frankness of friendship should therefore never give offence; we should be ever open to reason and conviction; the voice of friendship should dispel the baleful influence of flattery, and the language of the *heart* triumph over that of the *mouth*. But, though the favourites of fortune have more cause to suspect the sincerity of friendship than the indigent, yet they should ever guard against the inroads of mistrust and suspicion: for of all unfortunate dispositions, the suspicious is the most hostile to tranquility of soul and equanimity, than which nothing is more desirable.

The opinion of Aristotle, as to the cause or origin of this noble affection, is certainly quaint and by no means fully tenable. He conceives it to arise from the perception of others possessing the same qualities of mind or disposition with ourselves. That is, if we view another veluti in speculum, and perceive our own virtues, disposition, habitudes, etc. reflected, we necessarily become attached to that object so like ourselves, and as our mutual knowledge of each other becomes more minute, that friendly esteem, raised from this perception, encreases, till at last we become gradually imbodied, forming but one will, one mind, and one person. This is what Pythagoras conceived to be the consummation of friendship, viz—a perfect congeniality, or cognation of mind. This idea of Aristotle's appears to me founded on a very contracted conception of the nature of friendship—that we should love those *only* whom we perceive to possess similar qualities with ourselves is certainly contrary to daily experience, and in my opinion contrary to the natural operations of the mind. Those virtues which we possess not ourselves certainly are great objects of admiration in others; we perceive them to be more amiable than ourselves, and consequently to possess more loveable qualities than we do.—Besides this, there is a novelty in qualities which we are a stranger to in our own mind, and one great source of love and admiration is novelty. I should therefore rather imagine, that St. Pierre's ideas on the cause or origin of love, which is analogous to friendship, (and which may be applied to it) comes much nearer the truth than those of the profound and metaphysical Stagirite.

It may be a question worthy the disquisition of the casuist, how far, or to what lengths one friend may be justified in going for another? The rule which the amiable Tully gives at once shews the correctness of his morals, the nobleness of his heart, and the disinteressment of his friendship. Th e sentiment alluded to is, that we should even prefer doing our friend a kindness to riches, pleasures, honours, or any such transient and adventitious blessings; that we should sacrifice wealth and every mundane amusement, on the shrine of friendship, and be the friend "usque ad aras." How divinely noble! how beautiful the idea: how much like the language of an heart dilated with the spirit and ardour of friendship! Thus far are we permitted to go by this father of morality. But when publick good, and the happiness of our friend come in collision, the latter must give way; so also our duty to the Great Author of our being must never be infringed by the zeal of friendship: for those duties are all of a superior class, and the greater obligation is never dissolved by the lesser.

The honest and virtuous demands of friendship must ever be attended to; but those of a contrary stamp should ever be avoided as derogatory to genuine friendship, and a palpable prostitution of its sacred character. Our maxim in this should be—"Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas."

There are many virtues and affections essential to the genuineness and consequent durance of friendship. Virtue, beyond doubt, is the only solid foundation of friendship: for virtue excludes every sordid and interested motive. Every ardent sensibility—every sympathetic feeling takes its rise from virtue. As long as our friend is virtuous, so long is his friendship sincere: for we have no right to expect virtuous actions if the mind which caused them be corrupt. Equability of disposition is also essential to the permanency of friendship. If that friend, who would at one time receive us with all the cordiality of friendship, be ready to go any lengths to serve us and comfort us in our troubles, whether real or imaginary, should at another time receive us with all the sang froid or indifference of a stranger, it would soon operate as a refrigerant to the glow and ardour of our friendship. And although it might be constitutional with our friend, yet as the nature of the human heart is such as to revolt at such inconsistencies, we should seldom call reason to our aid to account for it upon physical principles. Uniformity of disposition therefore, appears to be a prime ingredient in friendship, as being essential to its durance. We should therefore before we take one by the hand, as our friend, become well acquainted with his disposition, investigate his character, ascertain the sentiments of the world with regard to him, evolve the complexures of his mind, and finally endeavour to see into the innermost recesses of his heart. If he be there found not wanting, we should then with the most unsuspicious confidence receive him as our friend: for precipitancy in the choice of

friends has frequently been the source of an infinitude of troubles. "If thou wouldst get a friend," says Jesus the son of Sirach, "prove him first, and be not easy to credit him." If troubles oppress us we are *too* apt to unbosom ourselves to any one who will listen with apparent sympathy; and to pour into their breasts a portion of that heart-felt burthen, which, like the gushing tears of distress, or excessive joy, delight at their elimination, and shed a soft calm over the troubled mind. This is highly improper; for though it be a present relief, it may nevertheless be a source of other troubles.

How true are the words of the son of Sirach, "that a friend is a great treasure," and a strong defence. Yes, the most invaluable of treasures! a treasure which is the source of intellectual rather than sensual enjoyments; one which neither emasculates the mind nor body; but which renders the soul susceptible of the finest impressions, and administers comfort when none elsewhere may be found.

Friends are also the mutual bulwarks of each other's character. Immaculate indeed must he be, if no one ever spoke detractingly of him. The envenomed tongue of envy is no respecter of persons; she knows no other employment than detraction and murder of character.—"Nec quidquam aliud sit quam detrectare virtutes."—How necessary therefore is it, that we should secure to ourselves the aid of friendship, which will ever guard us against the malign influence of calumny, and protect our reputation sacred and inviolable; for that once sullied how indelible the mark; or, as happily expressed by the poet,

> "O Reputation! dearer far than life,
> Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,
> Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand,
> Not all the owner's care, nor the relenting toil
> Of the rude spiller ever can collect
> To its first purity, and native sweetness."

How little does he deserve the sacred name of friend, who yields even a tacit assent to, or whose soul is not roused at the slightest aspersions on the character of his friend and other half—"Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto."

Nevertheless we should never permit our friendly zeal to be so great as to render us purblind to his follies and imperfections, for as it is the office of friendship to correct our faults and give salutary advice, the medium through which we look should be liberal and unprejudiced.

Discretion is another quality which greatly enhances the value of friendship. The art of choosing is of all others the most important, as those actions which have been weighed in the balance of reason seldom occasion our friend any uneasiness. Most of the infelicities of this life are derived to us, either from our own indiscretion or that of our friends. We should therefore be extremely cautious in our action, lest through our indiscretion our friends should be too often put to the exercise of the social passions. For although the sympathetic affections produce the most lively emotions of self-approbation, yet as sympathy with distress enervates the soul, and is often more pungent than our own sorrows, it is certainly the duty of every one to be so guided by prudence, that his conduct may occasion no uneasines in the bosom of others.

In the choice of a friend we should certainly endeavour to select one of taste and genius; one whose understanding is enriched with a valuable fund of diversified knowledge and literature; whose observations of men and manners have been minute and accurate, and whose mind has felt the soft and humanizing influence of friendship.—Such an one would be a source of much pleasure, a constant stream of useful information, and a perpetual impulse to virtuous and honourable emulation.

The melioration derived to the mind from an intercourse with scientifick and virtuous characters is certainly great, but if they happen to be our particular friends, their value is inestimable. We may then look upon them in the light of a rich and unexhaustible mine of literature and science, to which we have a free and welcome access. A highly cultivated mind is ever a liberal and generous one: it therefore delights in ennobling and expanding the mind of others; but more especially those minds which are allied to it by the ties of friendship. Information gained from this source, makes a lasting and indelible impression:—for coming from the lips of a friend, and delivered with the ardour and earnestness of friendly solicitude, it acquires a weight and importance, which makes us ever after esteem it as the inestimable legacy of friendship.

Beside this, he who has an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and has marked with discrimination its most secret operations; he who has studied the diversified manners of men, and observed with minuteness the first encroachments of vice, is fully capable of performing the highest and most important function of friendship: viz—the correcting of our faults. It is indubitably the incumbent office of friendship to watch us with an eagle's eye, and correct every illegitimate propensity; to point out to us every aberration from rectitude or even rigorous circumspection of conduct, to shew us the mirror of truth and candour and point out every foible or defect which self-love or flattery will not permit us to see. Nothing being so difficult to acquire, and at the same time so important,

as a knowledge of ourself, we should pay every heed to the advice of our friend and feel the most sensible emotions of gratitude for his friendly anxiety. That reproof which mortifies self-love, humbles our pride, or is hostile to the proud success of some favourite though visionary and impolitick scheme, is extremely apt to be received with coldness, if not often attributed to motives unworthy a friendly soul. What an *hybridous* species (if I may use the word) of friendship must that be which can mistake friendly solicitude, for sordid and ignoble interest, or esteem the zealous effusions of an heart extravasating with anxiety, as the importunate excitations of mistaken privilege: but yet it indubitably is the duty of a friend when necessity compels him to the severe task of reproof, to choose the most seasonable moments, to use all the softness of language, and to assume that delicacy of address, and suavity of conduct which will command attention, secure docility, and conciliate the affections. For however conscious one may be of our faults, and aberrancies, yet it is certainly not so pleasant to be bluntly told of them; to have them cast up, or painted before our eyes in the most vivid colours, and censured for them with all the harshness or severity of language is disagreeable, and very apt to create suspicion as to the genuineness of the motive. But the persuasive eloquence of sterling friendship is truly irresistible; for whilst it shews the sincerity of the motive it carries conviction with it.

It is also our duty to bear with the *foibles* of our friends, if we expect them to pardon ours; for although they may be pointed out, our esteem should not be lessened by the discovery of our friend's foibles and indiscretions; they are produced by the fallibility of our nature, and are consequently venial: if we do not, it is at least an unguarded evolution of our want of amiability, if not a convincing proof of our want of friendship.

The soul and primal ingredient of this noble affection, is certainly fidelity. The merit and importance of friendship altogether depends upon its fidelity. Those ephemeral attachments which the first blast of adversity, or the smiles of fortune extinguishes, evinces the greatest narrowness of soul, and a total want of every virtuous sentiment. The very being of friendship depends upon an implicit *confidence* and repose in the sincerity of our friend; fidelity is the food of this confidence, and the very fulcrum on which the whole is supported. If this fails, mistrust is the inevitable consequence, and every friendly sensibility soon ceases.

"A faithful friend," says the son of Sirach, "is the medicine of life." He is the soother in the time of affliction, and the regulating hand in the time of prosperity; he bears with our foibles, and infuses his prudential maxims at the most seasonable moments; he helps us to steer our unruddered boat through the tempestuous sea of life, and guides us clear of the whirlpools of temptation. In affluence he is our sociable companion; in poverty our conservator; his language is that of the heart, and his lips are never polluted with flattery. Such a friend is indeed more valuable than the coffers of Crœsus, or the mines of Golconda.

But why need I insist on the charms of friendship, or tell truths so universally known? The recent loss of my friend has induced these unconnected effusions, and made me trespass on my reader's patience longer than I wished. "The loss of a friend," says Johnson, "upon whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavour tended, is a state of dreary waste, in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself, and finds nothing but emptiness and horror." I have therefore endeavoured to give vent to my feelings and amuse a leisure hour; whilst those reflections brought to my mind these beautiful lines of the poet, from which every heart warmed with zeal of friendship, must receive the most delightful complacency from the perusal.

Thrice happy minds that feel the power of friendship!
Oft do the muses on a beauteous eve,
The sky serene, and drowsy nature hushed,
Vouchsafe celestial sounds to friendly ears,
And raise their kindred minds with such
Warm fancy and etherial forms
As 'scape the vulgar intellectual eye.
Why need I launch into the praise of friendship?
Friendship, that last support of wretched man!
Which gives us when our lives are painful to us
A sweet existence in *another's* being.

—ATTICUS.—

Mr. Easy,

As I have been for a long time a constant reader and admirer of the Companion, I hope you will give the following letter an insertion, if you deem it worthy a place in your useful paper.

TO MRS. M———

Dear Madam,

It has been my intention for some time past to address a letter to you, but from motives which are unnecessary to be here mentioned, I have postponed it until this late period. In thus making the Companion the vehicle of this address, I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I have taken, particularly when I assure you, it has arisen from the purest intentions.

Whilst I was in the habit of visiting in your family, I could not but observe the anxiety and solicitude which you daily discovered respecting the future destiny of your daughters, who are fast arriving to the years of maturity. Observation has long since shewn you the hard fate to which many have been obliged to submit, who had had every opportunity of receiving, in the early part of their lives, the best education this country could afford ; and on the other hand, you have known many who had been destitute of such advantages, as they advanced in life, to have gained the good will of the more respectable part of the community, and in the end to have become the objects of admiration and love to all who knew them. This is by no means an unfrequent occurrence ; and while many facts may be adduced to corroborate the assertion, I think every parent should pay attention to it, as affording a lesson of instruction—that education alone is not the only mean by which young ladies are to become the ornaments of society. It is certainly the principal basis on which they ought to erect their prospects of welfare and happiness in life, but without the parents' strictest attention to their early habits and manners, those prospects will be forever blasted, and the greatest hopes and expectations of an anxious parent will be finally destroyed, or converted into the pain of observing their daughters destitute of of those good properties and qualifications, which the advantages afforded in their situation in life, ought to have entitled them to.

When we reflect upon the evil propensities of human nature in general, and the various temptations that are every day thrown in our way, either by accident or design it is no wonder that so many of both sexes are driven from the paths of prudence and rectitude, and compelled (though at first contrary to their inclination) to pursue those of dissipation and vice. From this consideration it becomes the duty of every parent to begin early to inculcate habits of morality in the minds of their daughters, that they may so far have the ascendency over the passions, as to form a barrier and a safeguard against the influence of those evil tendencies which at first make them appear ridiculous, and in the end prove subversive of every virtuous principle of the human mind. I am well aware that men of respectability have advocated the opinion, that a scholastic education when properly obtained, will be sufficient (independent of every other consideration) to form the mind of every youth : but here I will beg leave to differ from them and observe, that, although a good education will tend greatly to correct the evil propensities of human nature, still, there is more to be expected from the early counsels of wise and discreet parents, than from the most rigid discipline of any school on earth. Admitting that schools are the proper places, exclusively, in which young ladies are to learn their duty towards God, their parents, and themselves, it is impossible for those who undertake their education to be constantly with them ; and if the parent neglects to do her duty when they are no longer under the controul of a master, they will be left to follow the pressure of their own inclinations, which invariably hurries them to destruction.

And again : so many are generally sent to the same school, it is impossible that proper attention can be paid to each one ; and while, from the variety of dispositions some will be receiving the greatest benefits, others will be spending their time to little or no purpose, and at length will leave school (having obtained what is called their education) with little more information and perhaps less morality, than they would have been possessed of had they remained at home. Under these circumstances parents will often complain of the tutors, when in fact they are to be censured themselves. No one is so capable of shaping the morals of a young lady as her own mother, provided she has correct ideas of propriety herself ; and any one who is qualified for the task, and will give it up to be discharged by another, who perhaps is not qualified, ought not to attach the whole censure to her daughter for any misconduct, however injurious it may be to herself or however degrading it may be to her relatives. In order to guard against the serious evils which might result from a want of an early attention on the part of a parent, I would strenuously advise you to keep a vigilant eye over the habits and manners of your daughters in early life, ever bearing in recollection, that " just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd :" and while they are receiving their educations, I would lose no opportunity of looking into the manner in which it was conducted, in order that proper books might be put into their hands, from which they may imbibe the seeds of virtue and morality. I would by no means suffer them to read a Novel, a Play, or a Romance, because they all tend to wear out that portion of the excitability of the mind, which ought to be kept in reserve for the action of some more useful impression. Even the bible is an improper book for young ladies to read at school. It is impossible to understand it at so early a period, and when they come to years of discretion they scarcely ever think of looking into it, because they had read it before. It ought certainly to be reserved for a later date, when the intellectual powers are in their fullest vigour ; that no construction may be put upon passages which will militate against

the doctrines of christianity—*the ground work upon which all our hopes and expectations of future happiness ought to be built.*'

I would earnestly recommend Histories, Travels, Voyages, and the British Classics, as the most proper books for young ladies to read, both in school and at home : and although some novels may be said by many to be well calculated to instil moral principles into the minds of young ladies, still, I would advise you to peruse them first, and then you will be the best judge whether they are calculated for the above purpose or not.

In teaching them the best method of discharging those domestic duties which will sooner or later devolve on them, (rather than submit to the judgment of others) I would advise you to be guided by the dictates of your own reason, as experience has amply qualified you for the discharge of so important a task.

Having thus hastily dropt a few hints respecting the best method of qualifying young ladies for the discharge of the most important duties in life, I take my leave of the subject by assuring you, that the lively interest which I feel for the welfare and happiness of your family, has prompted me to make the remarks which are contained in this letter.

It would be a want of gratitude in me were I not to acknowledge the obligations which your friendship and kindness have laid me under since I had the pleasure of being acquainted with you ; and I do assure you, that while my recollection serves me, they shall never be effaced from the mind of your sincere friend,

January 22, 1806. PHILANDER.

P. S. If the lady to whom this letter is addressed, should have an idea of the writer's real name, he sincerely hopes she will keep it a secret, as he does not wish to subject himself to the criticisms of the publick. If the lady has any observations or requests to make, they will be thankfully received by me in manuscript, that they may be complied with through the medium of the Companion.

We were willing to believe that the Pedestrian was much in favour with the Ladies ; and were fully convinced that his *defence* (in No. 11, vol. 2) had received the approbation of the Female Court, before whom Rario so gallantly presented himself, on behalf of his friend, of himself and of sentiment. The following spirited Letter from the witty and satirical E. W. is proof positive that affection for the Fair receives the reward of affection.

Often have we been disgusted by the villanous sentiment, advanced by many masculine monopolizers of sense, that female intellect was weaker than ours. The *severe cut* with which Eliza concludes this playful satire is justly due to a very numerous sect.

You have no idea, Mr. Easy, with what pleasure I perused the piece signed " Several young Ladies," and how I was delighted at the thoughts of obtaining information sooner than I, or my female friends, contemplated. You must know, Mr. Easy, that I have a pretty large circle of acquaintances and have had an assemblage of my friends (of twenty or more) on this occasion ; we discussed the subject fully, and I was appointed to write to you. We have no doubt that there will be a dozen marriages, or more, in the course of a week after we have learned the art. I am sure the *dear man* cannot withstand the joint entreaty of the sex ; and we are determined to be guided entirely by the dear creature. With impatience we shall wait for the next Companion. Oh dear ! I am sure I shall *devour* every word of the good man's advice to us.

Dear Mr. Easy, do not think we met for this purpose alone ; for I assure you, we had thoughts of quite as much consequence to us ; and indeed more, as it concerned our friends. Do give our most respectful compliments to our kindest, best of friends, RARIO & LEANDER ; and tell them not to mind what the Stoics say about them, for we are all sure they are only envious of the praise our sex bestows on the charming *ramblers*.

" Base envy rankles at another's worth,
" And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

Do tell Rario and Leander not to be discouraged ; for we are determined that if their *unfeeling defamers* do not let our friends alone, we will certainly assemble in a body round the Easy Club and find the miscreants out ; for I can assure you that when we know them we will make every joint crack, and every bone ache. Yes ! we all declare not to let go our hold until they are shaken to such a perfect jelly, that even the celebrated " Essence of Gridiron" shall fail to cure ! They shall feel what it is to bring female vengeance on their heads. We feel ourselves, Mr. Easy, much insulted through our champions, Rario and Leander ; we were all along sure that it was some of the " Softhead" family ; for we know them to be very numerous in the city, and we have no doubt they would be glad if they could get a few more of our sex into the family of the " Softheads." I have a great mind to tell my maid Betty not to admit one of them ; *but then I should be almost entirely without company ! !*

Dear Mr. Easy attend to our request if possible. In haste, your's, ELIZA WOULD-BE-KNOWING.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

(Continued from page 102.)

"SIRE,

"I am now fifty leagues removed from your presence, and trust soon to be past the justice of your resentment.—But no, I cannot fly it.—Would to heaven I had rather stayed, and atoned my crime in part, by suffering the punishment that was due to my perfidy.—Death would surely, at last, have delivered me from you, from myself, from the gnawing of the worm that dieth not within me, that no absence can mitigate, no distance evade!—Yes, Adolphus, your image, your friendship, cling fast to my memory; they continue to load me with insupportable favours, and my soul groans and struggles under the unremitting oppression.—And is it then possible that I should have betrayed you? I can scarce think it possible.—Did I not love you with a love passing that of self preservation? would I not have bled, have died for you, have suffered all extremities to bring you any accession of happiness? Yes, most assuredly.—Alas, how is it then, that my will, against my will, has injured you, my master; has mortally wounded you in the most vital part, in your love for the too adorable the too fascinating Adelaide!—Ah, why did I enterprise the perilous task enjoined me? while I wished, while I endeavoured and struggled to serve you, I fell in my own weakness; I fell, myself, a prey to her all subduing beauties.—Thus, while I constrained my tongue to plead the cause of my king, my eyes must have pleaded the cause of the traitor Valvaise. There, there lies the heart and pith of my trangression against you. I will not deceive you; I will not conceal from you, that I have robbed you of a portion of the affections of your Adelaide.——But, I will avenge you, my master; I will do you ample justice upon my own head. I tear myself away for ever. No more shall mine eye behold the heart-cheering face of friendship, or the seducing face of love. I tear myself for ever from Adolphus, from Adelaide, from the two, the only objects within the circling moon, that could cast a ray of comfort upon my benighted spirit. All else is a vacant wild, a vale of horrors and desolation.—O misery! But I embrace it; my soul shall brood and dwell upon it; it is the portion that I chuse on this side of eternity.

"In the meantime, my lord, be you your own advocate. Appear, in your native attractions, before the eyes of the deluded beauty, and the memory of Valvaise shall quickly fleet away, as the gleam of a transient meteor before the rising light of the sun.

"Be happy O Adolphus, be happy in your Adelaide, be happy above conception!——When I hear that you are so, a beam of returning joy may once more inform the breast of "VALVAISE."

Adolphus, in entering on the first part of this letter, was instantly stung with vexation and disappointment by the fear of being defeated of his revenge on Valvaise. As he proceeded, however, his heart began to be softened by the condemnation which the criminal denounced against himself. But again, when he came where Valvaise dared to avow his passion for Adelaide, and her answering regards, the flame of his resentment rekindled and rose aloft. Yet this fire was much allayed by the subsequent sentiments; and he found himself, at the close, inconsistently agitated by a variety of tumultuous and opposite passions.

He wished not that any eye should see how he was affected. He took the letter apart, and shut himself in; he scanned it over and over; and, pausingly, over again. At every revisal, his Valvaise appeared more acquitted, more innocent, more excellent; while the virtues of humanity descended on his soul, as dew on a nightly tempest, and bid the storm be still.

Ah, he cried, Valvaise also, I find is a son of the fallen Adam!——Were any exempt from frailty, he surely had been the man.——Yet, he fought, he resisted; and, when he found he could not prevail, he tore himself from temptation tho' the temptation was Adelaide.—He does more, he detests himself for partaking of the human fallibility of our nature; he denounces vengeance upon his own head, for having involuntarily injured the friend, whose happiness he prefers to his own existence.—This is more than to have conquered: such frailty rises even above perfection!—return, my Valvaise!—You grieve for having reluctantly bereft me of my love; bereave me not of friendship also, for so should your king be without consolation.—Return I say, my brother! and I will strive to be your competitor in honour and generosity.—You would deprive yourself of your beloved, for the sake of your friend: but your friend shall return the boon; he will endeavour to be happy, in the happiness of his Valvaise!

The desolate Valvaise had dispatched the foregoing letter from a house that stood far on his rout to the frontiers of Norway. In his early years, at the academy, he had contracted an intimacy with two young students, the one named Duplaise, and the other Christiern; and, when he came into favour, he prevailed on the minister, to prefer his two friends to two lucrative employments in the north of Sweden. He, therefore, justly infered, that he had a right of asylum with those who were indebted to him for their honours and emoluments. *(To be continued.*

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit
Hor. Sat. Lib. 2. 7.
Qui nescit versus, tamen audet fingere. Quedoni ?
Id. De arte Po.
Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ
Nec rude quid prosit vides ingenium ; alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res et conjurat amicè. Id.

Mr. Easy,

A few months since, in a conversation with a writer of some eminence in the Companion, I maintained a controversy on the necessity of melody in verse. He made use of many arguments to disprove my position ; still maintaining that the idea alone constituted poetry, and that the elegancy of language, the harmony of each respective line, and the roundness and equal termination of the period was of little or no consequence, resembling (as he said) a lovely woman dressed in gaudy robes. For his satisfaction I at the time reduced parts of the Iliad, Æneid and Henriade, which happened to be accessible to us, to the plainness of prose, rejecting whatever might be deemed fiction or poetical. Thus stript of all the aid of foreign ornament, they appeared as he confessed in some instances flat and insipid. Yet I could obtain only the poverty of triumph by his narrow confession, that words well selected, though they might dress out some, were immaterial in most ideas. When I left him I had determined to write an essay for your paper, that beacon of Marylandic genius, but on reflection found that it was more the object of a regular digested treatise than a loose essay. As I have not much time *now* which I can call my own, I had abandoned the idea of writing altogether, nor should probably have recurred to the subject had I not observed in page 87 of the present volume a piece addressed to " Winter," which possessed no poetical advantage, save here and there a good expression ; which, like the prairies of the desart, serve only to render the horrors of the wilderness more conspicuous. This piece I have turned into more regular metre ; and though I adhered more closely to the language in the original than was strictly advisable, yet I hope my friend, and those who have adopted similiar opinions, may by this specimen reflect more seriously.

WINTER.

But late, my son, kind Nature, bounteous, gay,
Was clad in charms ; now mark the dreary change ;
From the warm sun-beam's animating ray
To icy winter's cold and surly reign.

The verdant carpet grateful to the eye
Fades, as the flow'ry tenants of the vale
All hang their petall'd heads, and drooping die,
While Boreas sternly rushes on the dale.

The warbling songsters now forsake their haunts,
And frighten'd fly to some more genial clime ;
The purling streams, fast bound in icy bands,
No longer ripple to the flow of time.

Such are the changes of this life, my son !
The glow of health once lighted in my eye ;
The ruthless hand of Time has now undone—
Then hear his precept, e'er a father die :

O let thy youth with virtuous seeds be sown !
Oh guard against the wily tempter's ways ;
Then when the fleeting moments swift have flown,
Thou smil'st to meet the winter of thy days.

Though blooming now with rosy health so gay ;
Yet hasty footed time will stay for none ;
All, all must journey on the destin'd way ;
Death claims alike the sire and the son.

Although in the present parody I have given but little language of my own, and have introduced but few iambics, which always add a harmonious sound to verse, except in the two last lines ; yet I trust that my friend will see the difference which even my feeble powers can effect. After so long a silence in your valuable paper I hope this may be well received. YELSE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Twelve months ago, which was soon after the commencement of this work, the Companion gave a turn in some measure to the conversation of genteel circles : it gained a *domestic* patronage almost unprecedented in the annals of Cis-atlantic Literary undertakings : insomuch that several, we know, took it in because (and for this reason alone) it was deemed fashionable. During fifteen months we have laboured assiduously, as well for the morals as for the literature of the town ; and have been applauded and befriended by the best citizens around us. But this flattering success has rendered us neither haughty nor inattentive :—We would not " overlook" the insufferable offences of a " Finiky ;" nor will we descend to murder character, (where there is ever so *little* of it) by personal attacks :—For the morals of many in these days are so extremely corrupt, that, however the community is doomed to suffer from the example of the vicious, no member of it *dare* perform his duty.

We are urged to these observations, by having heard the opinions of several respectable gentlemen, who think the *whole* of " Castigator" should have appeared in print : and they are followed by CORRECTOR (a new correspondent who is heartily welcomed) in the opinion that abandoned individuals should not be spared. We think so too : but to act from this impression, and, as *Protector,* shield the morals of the youth from contamination by treating with just severity the demerits of the profligate, we would, alas ! find our own person unprotected ! We have no *Roman Senate* to legalize the efforts of a Censor :—and, although we are proud in the applause of good men, and highly flattered when told that the publick are pleased with our labours ; yet we cannot consent to run all hazards, in our zeal to check the profligacy of the times.

☞ We have received a number of communications this week, which will be noticed in due time : among them is " P. W's." " Advice to Ladies."

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

The primary object which every essay should have in view, is the advancement of the interests and felicity of man.

My Dear Easy,

WHEN the fundamental principles of society are about to be sapped by the envious tongue of malignancy, when the nightly assassin steals forth in the dark to plunge his murderous weapon into the breast of innocence and virtue; or when practices no less dear by prescription, than useful in reality, are assailed by a disorganising member of the community—to see an author step forward, as their gracious defender and preserver, is no less pleasing to the eye of the beholder, than the action is commendable in the performer. But when existing customs are shown to be productive of evils of the first magnitude; when their futility and absurdity are displayed from every position in which they have been beheld—to see a writer, wound up in the net of prejudice, and by a blind attachment to every thing hereditary, every thing ancient, endeavouring to cut away the adamant of argument by the uncorrosive medium of sophistry, is an object as worthy of commiseration, as the attempt itself is futile and preposterous. Whether there exists any analogy between this latter case and your correspondent PHILOGAMUS, we leave the publick to determine.

I did intend, sir, upon the first perusal of the production of the opponent of my "visionary speculations," to remain silent, and let your readers place my arguments and their refutations in the balance of reason, that they might determine on which side the preponderance would fall. But a more mature consideration convinced me that my taciturnity might be considered by you as a conviction that my opinions were erroneous. I therefore, immediately determined that your correspondent should not, without opposition, triumphantly bear off the laurel of victory; nor *Hercules-like*, daringly break the twig, which he declares adorns my forehead, and boastingly carry it as a signal of conquest, around that elevated circle in which he nobly revolves.

That early marriages were dictated by nature; that they were favourable to improvements in science and knowledge; that they formed a never-failing spring from which a plenteous rivulet of happiness would flow; that they would not only put a termination to debauchery and voluptuousness, but that the cause of morality and religion would be sensibly advanced thereby—were the arguments upon which I built my essay. It was these assertions, sir, with their demonstrations, that formed the phalanx against which he had to contend, and we hope to convince you before the close of this replication, that this engineer has not directed the thunder of his artillery to the centre of the enemy, but that it murmurs innocently and ingloriously past their ranks.

That nature pointed to the early union of the sexes, was indeed the corner-stone upon which my essay was founded. It might be called the primary, while the rest could only be considered as secondary arguments. Permit me, sir, to declare that in his examination of this argument, misrepresentation is the prevailing feature. I had hoped, from the explicit terms which I had used, that no misunderstanding could have arisen relative to my assertions; but unfortunately the case has been otherwise. If "Philogamus" had made even a superficial examination into the structure of human nature, he might have known that there is a period, in the life of man, when he passes from juvenility to maturity. The human mind is, then, as it were revolutionized. Instead of that cold affection, which it frames from observation and imitation, before the age of maturity, no sooner has this period arrived,

than this imitative affection is thrown off and a love ardent and inflamatory in its nature, arises from the internal feelings of the heart. I would ask your correspondent if that cold, forced, and formal passion which is thrust by the power, and force of imitation, into the possession of boys and girls were *sufficient* to "toss reason from her empire?" Indeed from the very use of the word reason, which in a measure, implies judgment, he must have known that my allusion could not have been to the sexes before their arrival at the period of maturity; for their judgment and powers of arrangement are so feeble, that they might, without an impropriety in language, or a contradiction of sentiment, be said to be destitute of them. Nor, indeed, does nature, before the period of which I speak, point to marriage. Your correspondent contradicts my assertion, and yet, forgetting what he has done, declares himself unable to give any reason why God has gifted us at a certain age with passions. This is but denying and asserting to the same proposition in the same paragraph. He denies that nature points to the early union of the sexes, and immediately afterwards, as though he had assented to the justice of the position, declares himself unable to account for this phenomenon. Strange indeed! He has, however, referred it to that mystery which prevails, in the ways of Providence, and considers it as far surpassing the comprehension of man. Your essayist, sir, seems to have bestowed no particle of attention to my reasonings under this head, for if he had, I will assume so much vanity as to say that he would have been far from considering this phenomenon as an act of inscrutability in the ways of the creator. He seems to think that it would be an action of the greatest profanity to attempt to advance even a single reason for the possession of our passions, or to explain to what object they immediately pointed. If this logic of his were generally adopted by mankind, it would prove a greater barrier to our advancement in learning than that monkish superstition which prevailed, so extensively, throughout Europe, upon the downfall of the Roman Empire, and the extinction of Italian greatness and grandeur. The philosopher would in vain endeavour to account for the extraordinary appearances in nature, for should his demonstrations, in the smallest point, proceed in opposition to the inveterate prejudices of mankind, notwithstanding the mode and steps of his demonstrations were strictly consonant to the laws of nature and the moral injunctions of the creator, they would instantaneously cry out, "*'Tis profanity; the ways of God are inscrutable!*"

We are told, sir, that reason opposes early matrimony. This assertion is certainly founded on false data, for if it be established (and I trust it is in every reasonable mind) that nature points as with the finger of wisdom, as well as of truth, and discretion to the bower of Hymen soon in life, we must consider it as totally groundless, for nature is but a collossal statue built on reason. It would appear, then, that reason and nature are inseparably connected.

With your correspondent I acquiesce in opinion, when he declares that deliberation and caution are necessary in making choice of a partner for life. But, here, in sentiment, we are arrived at the parting point; for he may scrutinize her actions, he may pry into her temper and disposition; he may discover whether there exists between him and the object of his affection, a congeniality of sentiment, a native similarity of temper, and, as it were, an inborn proneness of disposition to act in consonance: He may discover what are her hopes, what her prospects in life: He may learn what are the smooth, what the rugged points in her character—and yet be bound in the golden chains of matrimony at a period much earlier than is now sanctioned by the customs, the manners and prejudices of our country. That deliberation, that caution which will require many years, which will make the lover grow gray in the labour of examination, in order to search into the character of a female, is extraneous to the sentiments and feelings of the generality of mankind. There may indeed be some cool and dispassionate lovers, who could look with the same philosophick *indifference* on the females of America as Socrates did on those of Athens, who having imbibed, in part, the principles of the *Stoick Philosophy*, or who, destitute of common penetration and sagacity, would require nearly as long a period as is assigned to the life of man to discover the springs by which the female machine is impelled to action; and when the fortunate discovery is made, alas! old age has unnerved the arm, and the original feelings with which they commenced their career are dissolved by a long immersion in the sea of life. Farewell, then to marriage and domestic comfort. Farewell then to earth and all its happy scenes. No affectionate child at hand to support them under the weight of their declining years; or if they have children, they are too small to feel the influence of parental affection, too feeble to discharge the duties of filial love and esteem. He who could by the exquisite nicity and punctiliousness of his feelings remain happy in the continual pursuit without the attainment of his object, might, in the language of Thompson,

> Bid us sigh on from day to day,
> And wish and wish the soul away;

Till youth, and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone.

But under the tuition of so cold and deliberate a lecturer, liable to the chilling monitions of such a philosopher, I should prove as discontented as a SYSIPHUS or a TANTALUS, nor would my sensations be singular or unexampled; for judging of human nature from observation, private and publick feeling would in this case vibrate in unison.

When that essay which gave rise to the production to which I am now writing in replication was composed, I was far from being unconscious of those arguments which might be urged in opposition to my opinion. But if your correspondent had dealt with my composition as I had reason in justice to have expected, that observation would have been unnecessary. "In Sidney's rage," says he, "for advocating what he has advanced he considers *only* the arguments which might be urged in favour of it, *while he was quite unconscious of what might be advanced in opposition.*" Sir, if your correspondent had been unwilling to have hurried on to the termination of a paragraph without examining its introduction, he would have found a prominency in the exordium whose projection would have prevented it from escaping common observation. He would, there, have discovered the following sentence, which was indeed the pivot upon which the whole succeeding reasoning turned. "*The enemy of early marriages will tell you, that they resist improvements in science and knowledge.*" Strange and paradoxical, however, as it may appear, he proceeds to the consideration of the argument, and declares that love has in my essay been pronounced a serious evil. But upon a closer examination I am convinced that he will find no such sentiment there expressed. It has always, and I trust shall ever be my opinion, that *Love* is one of the greatest blessings we enjoy. Contrary also, sir, to the sentiment of your correspondent I would say, that the sensation of love is felt equally in the cloistered room of the grave philosopher, whose mind has arrived to the very acmé of illumination, as in a tumultuous assembly, where ignorance and stupidity are the prominent features. Can genius indignantly turn its back on love? Can talents improved and polished by the politest education cast the lovely female from its sight? No!

For woman has the power to charm,
And beauty *all* men can disarm. —ANACREON,—

Men of poverty, in our country, whether married or unmarried, could not expect to live by the exertion of their talents alone; because genius does not here meet with such exalted patronage as in some other countries; so that in either case their situations would be precisely the same. It is only from that point where there are talents and property to support its exertion that we can look for productions with which to adorn the temple of science.—When a man of genius possesses property, the cares of a family need not distract him: he may therefore employ his whole time and talents in the acquisition of literary fame. When in possession of the object of his earthly adoration, his love settles down into an easy, a pleasurable affection; his mind is undisturbed by the apprehensions and alarms resulting from a juvenile and uncertain attachment, and he remains unenshackled by the predominant sway of other passions, at liberty to pursue that literary path which will lead him to immortality.

It would appear, then, sir, that the force of the argumentation in my former essay remains undiminished by the elaborate observations of your correspondent. The assertion that science has more to depend on from the labours of unmarried men than of those that have been crowned with the myrtle of Hymen, runs directly contrary to the experience of the present age and the history of former times. It will require then only the perusal to meet with a refutation in the minds of your readers.

But your correspondent has found a paragraph in which no argument can be discovered. He beholds a flower from which no honey can be extracted. He has entered a garden luxuriantly decorated, which, upon first view, enraptures and delights the senses, but upon a more extensive and accurate observation he sees thorns and thistles rising promiscuously to ensnare the beholder and admirer; in fine he has entered a room where elegantly gilded blank books display their empty pages, from which he in vain endeavours to collect an idea. But let us turn from this flowery field of disappointed expectation; let us turn from this scene painted with the deep-died colours of an overheated imagination, and view that paragraph as it really stands. It was there said that by entering at an early period of life into the matrimonial state, a man had an opportunity of beholding his offspring grow up in usefulness to their country; that he might behold them established and settled in life, which would, in the hour of death, diffuse over the mind a tranquil contentment. Is this argument of no weight in the consideration of the question? Does he not enjoy this happiness in exclusion of all others? Can it in justice be said that he whom the autumn of life has conducted to the sacred altar of matrimony can be able before the snows of winter are dissolved, to behold his offspring arising from the tender years of infantile imbecility? What

then will be the consequences? Filled with the most tender impressions for those to whom he has been the cause of existence, & anxious for their future happiness, but dreading their destiny, infelicity must hold a despotic sway over his mind when he knows that a few hours must determine his fate, & consign them perhaps without a pilot to the storms of a merciless world. No friendly ray of hope breaks in upon this scene of misery. No star appears in the east to foretel a diminution of the tempest. Death lays his hand on the head of the enfeebled father—he sinks—but as he dies his eyes are closed in beholding the vessel in which his little children had just then embarked, agitated by the convulsions of contending elements.

The declaration that parents if they marry early in life will be unable to superintend the education of their children, is but a libel on human nature. At what age is the judgment of man sufficiently ripened? At what period of life do his ideas arrive at a proper degree of maturation to direct the education of his children? Let it be specifically defined. At thirty? at twenty-five? The admission of either of these periods will not form even a shadow of objection to early marriages. At the termination of twenty years of our life, is the period which I have always considered as the most proper for entering into the matrimonial state. Let then, the judgment of the father ripen as his child advances in years. And when he arrives at the age of five, or ten, according as your correspondent will make twenty-five or thirty the period of life when human-penetration and sagacity commences, he may, be directed by the wisdom of the parent into the proper path of education. If in the first five or ten years of life an error of judgment in the parent has directed his offspring into a circuitous path, the twig is yet sufficiently tender to be bent. It would seem, then, sir, that without a solecism the advocate of early marriages might embrace the sentiment of Pope, which your essayist has quoted:

> 'Tis education forms the tender mind;
> Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.

By such parents I contend that the deformity of vice may be painted in colours sufficiently striking to affright the youthful imagination. Does he speak of virtue? Where a defect of common talents are not visible he may deck her in her golden garments and introduce her to his offspring; they will follow her ways as if led by the power of enchantment.

Preceding observations have rendered wholly unnecessary any comments that might otherwise have been made with propriety in this place, for it has been shown that we may embark early in life, on the ocean of matrimony, without being engulphed in the vortex of precipitancy. Your correspondent has, I confess, evinced his candour in acknowledging that the misery and discontent which result from early marriage happen but seldom. The observation, indeed, and reason of mankind must have proven that instances of dissatisfaction are much more numerous where marriage has been contracted late in life.

Your essayist, sir, has been peculiarly unfortunate in the object which he has chosen as the foundation of his concluding reasoning. Logicians imform us that the *argumentum ad vericundeam* (for such is his argument termed) should never be used unless where the person who is the foundation of it, is distinguished as well for his goodness as his wisdom, for his benevolence as his active humanity, and whose authority is so high in the literary world that we scarcely dare oppose it. Whether these qualities be attributable to Lycurgus, his actions will readily evince. His sanguinary statutes, though they might give the state an external show of prosperity, stand an immovable barrier between him and humanity. Were not the rigour of his despotic laws such that we might oppose them without offering any violence to the feelings of mankind? But if indeed the reasoning were just, if the Spartan legislator were a proper object for his argument, still his law operates by no means against us. I never asserted, nor did I intend that we should be led before the years of maturity to the altar of Hymen. His argument was founded solely on an erroneous idea of my sentiments.

Thus, sir, have I endeavoured to defend my essay against the attack of "Philogamus." I fear I have trespassed too far on your paper, but the importance of the subject must plead my excuse. You will I am confident be the more willing to insert this defence when you find that no acrimonious matter has found a place in it, and when I declare that on this subject my lips shall be forever sealed.

SIDNEY.

Harford County, January 28, 1806.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

(Concluded from page 111.*)*

Duplaise received his benefactor with transport, and entertained him with magnificence. On the next morning he cautiously entered the chamber of his guest before day. Having gently awaked him,—Pardon said he, my dear patron, this necessary intrusion! Yesterday, toward noon, a herald arrived and fixed a writing on the townhouse, whereby you are proclaimed a traitor, and twenty thousand ducats proposed for your head. I will not ask how you in-

curred the displeasure of your king; it is sufficient to know, that he builds upon hollow ground who lays the foundation in the favour of princes. I trust that you are not known here to any save myself; it may be otherwise however, and the temptation to betray you is great.—I forbore to apprise you of these matters last night, for fear of discomposing you.—Alas, while I endeavoured to appear chearful, in honour of my guest, my heart was wrung on his account.—Haste, my beloved friend, escape for your precious life!—A short repast, with other matters, are prepared for your departure; and my three swiftest horses, by the morrow's early noon, shall convey you and your faithful followers—such I trust they are—quite clear of all danger.

Though Valvaise, at the time, regarded not his own life, yet he gratefully regarded those who approved their regard for it. He straitly embraced his host. I thank you, my friend, said he; but I will not take the advantage of your hospitality. You are a subject, you are in office; do your duty to your sovereign, and the laws of your country: I resign myself to your custody. I knew I was a lost man; but I will console myself in hoping, that my depression may be the mean of exalting the generous Duplaise.

Duplaise, for the first time, turned an eye of resentment and indignation on his patron. Has Adolphus, he cried, another kingdom to give me in exchange for my integrity? Or, though he had, can there be any property, any peace to a traitor?

If nothing else will prevail, replied Valvaise, the law of self-preservation must constrain you to deliver me up to justice; your own life will, otherwise, be the forfeit of my escape.

I would to God, rejoined Duplaise, that it even be so! with what transport should I then embrace my fate! A death, in the act of virtue, how eligible, how desirable! I would not exchange it for the longest and happiest life upon earth.

Brother of the sentiment of my inmost soul! cried Valvaise, be it so!—you have conquered—it is but just, that the greater virtue should triumph over the less.——He then opened a small casket, and taking a diamond buckle which the king had stript from his own hat, and given to his favourite; accept of this, my friend, said he, as a kind though little remembrancer! When you shall hereafter look upon it, let it remind you, that such a person as your unhappy Valvaise was once among the living.

Duplaise at once turned his head and heart aside from the dazzling temptation; and, thrusting the gift back with with a nobly averted hand, Talk not to me, he cried, of tokens and remembrances: is there aught I eat, a respect I receive, any object, I see about me, that does not hourly put me in mind of your friendship and your bounty? When my wife and infants are around me, Valvaise smiles in their smiles, and comes to my heart in the midst of their caresses. O, my friend, my beloved, even next and near to my God! I feel no irksomeness no weight under your many obligations; the burden is light and delightful unto me; and the sense of my own gratitude doubles every enjoyment that I derive from your affection.

They parted; and Valvaise put on with such speed, that, ere it was turned of noon, he had gained upward of twenty leagues, and deemed himself past danger of caption or pursuit.

His principle attendant then rode up, and taking out a purse stuffed with gold of different coins, My lord, said he, your friend Duplaise enjoined me not to present you with this, till the distance should put it past your power to return it; and he prays you to accept it, in part of tribute for the revenues which he enjoys by your liberality.

Valvaise, ere night, might have reached the frontiers, and have gotten clear of the dominions and power of Adolphus; but being fatigued, and coming to a large town where Christiern presided, he held it unkind to pass his fellow student without a visit.

Christiern welcomed his patron with demonstrations of joy surpassing those of Duplaise, and with respects befitting none save his king or rather his God. His entertainment was such, that the generous Valvaise deemed it ungrateful not to place an entire confidence in him, and, taking him apart, he informed him of the disgrace he was in with his master, and of the tempting reward that was promised for his capture.

The countenance of his host instantly fell on this intelligence, his converse grew confused, and his demeanour constrained. Valvaise, however, was unsuspecting of treachery in the case, till he was awakened by sixty armed men in the morning.

They rudely hastened him to rise; and, having loaded him with chains, they put him into a close carriage, and sat out in the way to Stockholm.

In the mean time, disconsolate Adelaide pined in secret during the absence of her beloved, and the hidden malady began to prey upon her health and her complexion. At length she heard of the fatal orders that had issued against her Valvaise, and, casting all concerns save those of her passion aside, she hurried to court, and precipitately cast herself at the feet of Adolphus, where, happily, none were

present save the officers in waiting, who kept a respectful distance.

The king was at once surprised and affected by the suddenness of her appearance, and the distress of her action. He would have spoken, but was prevented. Ah, my liege! she exclaimed, what is it that I hear? If Adolphus has death in store for those who wish to lay down their lives for his sake, what recompence does he keep in reserve for traitors? I understand you, replied the monarch; but death is due to all who would deprive me of Adelaide. Valvaise also is a traitor; he confesses himself a traitor; he was seen in your embraces!—That may be, my lord: but no eye ever beheld me in the arms of Valvaise—Let him give me your heart, and I will give him my kingdom.—Ah, my lord, it is a worthless heart, he prizes it not! he would gladly have given it you, with all the kingdoms of the world, and with his own precious heart and life and soul also. I wooed him for myself, he wooed me only for his master; and when I would have retained him by my tears and caresses, he rent himself from my arms, and vowed, at his departure, that could I have joined heaven to the offer of my person, he would not accept an eternity of bliss at the cost of a single act of infidelity to Adolphus.

O, Adelaide! exclaimed the monarch, you yet know not half his worth: he, alone, can deserve the whole treasure of your affections! I wish to be just, and to render you his more than princely merit. He loved, he loved you with passion, while he tore himself from you: but the love of his friend and of virtue, in a breast so noble as his, surpassed even his love of Adelaide.

In that instant, the caitiff Christiern broke into the presence. Audacity sat on his brow, and self-approbation exulted through his demeanour. He bowed low at the feet of royalty; but quickly raising again to the top of his stature, he confidently addressed the throne.

So please you, my liege, you now behold before you the most loyal, the most attached of all subjects that now are, or perhaps ever were upon earth; a man who, in his fealty and duty to his prince, sinks all other duties, all other considerations. Valvaise and I were bred together from our infancy; we were fellow students, sworn brothers: his friendship procured for me whatever I now enjoy of honours or possessions. He lately came to my house, claimed the protection of my roof, and, in confidence told me he had the misfortune of falling under your displeasure. But as soon as I understood that he was obnoxious to my king, and that the royal proclamation had issued against him, I became a Sampson in my allegiance; I rent all other ties and obligations to shreds; I had him seized and laden with fetters; and he now attends the sentence that your justice shall pass upon him.

Adolphus, for part of an hour, sat in silent atonishment: he was shocked, he was terrified. He looked on Christiern with a disgusted and indignant eye, as somewhat newly started up, some horrid novelty in nature.

And who, wretch, at length he cried, who told thee, that the breach of all laws divine and human, that the bursting in sunder of every kindly band of gratitude and friendship, of confidence and hospitality, could give thee a recommendation to the favour of Adolphus? He who feels not these ties, can have no faith, no allegiance; but is equally a traitor to his king and to his God.—Here! take this miscreant, plunge him down into the mines, a thousand fathom deep, from the detesting face of the sun; and let all, who are of his blood, be banished our dominions for ever, lest Sweden should shortly be over-run with monsters!

Pale, speechless, and aghast, stood the wretched convict. Eagerly they seized upon him, and hurried him with a frantic kind of joy to execution; so odious and so unpitied, even in misery, is the guilt of ingratitude!

The king then ordered the prisoner to be introduced. He entered, not proudly, nor yet slavishly trailing his chains along. His countenance was fearless, but modest and dejected; neither dared he, as he advanced, to raise his eye to the face of a master, whom he thought he had injured.

Come you, said the monarch, to reproach your cruel friend for the injustice of his orders? Blessed be the orders, returned Valvase, that give me once more to behold the gracious countenance of my lord.

Then suddenly turning an eye upon Adelaide, he started and changed. Ah madam, he cried, you are here then.—Heaven be praised! You have, questionless, reformed the errors of a wayward fancy; and have given up your heart, where excellence claims the whole, entire and undivided, and where all that we are and that we have is due.—But then I see you not, where I trusted you should soon be exalted; I see you not on the throne, or at the side of our master.—Would you wish then, interrupted the king, to behold your beloved in the arms of your rival?—From my soul, I wish it, my lord; because I love her happiness, even more than I love her person.

Adelaide, said the monarch, though you owe me nothing as your lover, you owe me obedience as your king. I command you then to step and unbind the prisoner, and restore him to the arms and to the bosom of his friend.

Adelaide, with trembling hands, and a palpitating heart,

her aspect all in a glow, set about her commission; but prolonged the chains of her beloved, by her haste to set him at liberty.

The monarch then descended, and advancing with opened arms, he clasped and re-clasped Valvaise to his breast. O, welcome, thrice welcome, he cried, to thy late desolate mansion, thy seat within my bosom!—Adelaide has told me all; has borne incontestable testimony to your truth, to an honour that is impassable, to a virtue that rises above seduction, to a friendship that sacrificed whatever you held most dear to the interests of the man who puts his confidence in you.—What shall I do, my brother, to recompense your love?—I will try—I will strive to emulate the nobleness of your example.—I will, in my turn, subdue my own passions.—I will restore to your generosity, what I held dearer than empire, dearer than life.—I will yield Adelaide to her beloved—and be greater than a king, by resembling Valvaise.

Long silence ensued.———Adelaide eagerly looked through the eyes of Valvaise, in search of the inmost emotions of his soul; and finding them conformable to the generosity of her own sentiments,—No, my lord, she cried, Valvaise will admit of no enjoyment, till the lord of his affections shall be supremely happy; till you have found to yourself an Adelaide, whose heart is undivided, who is wholly worthy of you by the constellation of her excellencies.——I first learned to love, by admiring, in Valvaise, that fealty, that fervour of affection which he had for his master; and could he taste of consolation while you tasted of regret, he would instantly lose the charm by which he engaged me; I should despise, I should reject him.—No no, it cannot! we jointly vowed and covenanted, at our last parting, to keep separate for your sake; and not to accept of any happiness, save what virtue and the consciousness of acting nobly might yield.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECTOR has induced us to withhold from our readers an essay with which they would have been pleased, but for the interference of his private note to the Editor. Tho' we regret the *(temporary we hope)* loss of this writer's friendly contribution, yet we are happy in the prospect of being aided by such as would not, knowingly, commit the character of this work. It is the indispensable duty of the Editor to preserve his pages from the indignity of private slander; and he is truly thankful for the timely hint from Corrector, saving us at this time from falling into an error, which, more than any other, we are studious to avoid.

EMILY's "Pastoral" is received. So sweetly does Aminta sing in the vale of contentment, that we envy the happiness of the much favoured Lorenzo. Sing on, dear girl, and delight us with thy simple verse; so shall our readers thank thee.

PALÆMON, on a favourite subject—and AMY, in reply to Cælebs, will receive due attention.

The replication by SIDNEY, in this number, will afford pleasure to those readers who are not *afraid of a long paper*. Free from pedantry and far-fetched terms, yet far above the vulgar style, this defence will be esteemed by every lover of elegant composition.

From some member of the *Clod* family, we have received a poetic account of the blasphemous proceedings and mad revelry at a certain club whose nocturnal feats redound much to the credit of a christian community, and whose *edifying* example tends directly to

—"Teach the young idea how to shoot"—

and the young Bachanal how to drown all of religion, all of morality, all of decency, in the midnight bottle. This production will no more suit the character of our paper than does the hero described comport with our idea of propriety.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following Epistle, written by PHILIP T. FENTHAM, at that time in N. Orleans, was addressed to his brother in Philadelphia, and is now first published by permisssion of a Lady, whose correct taste has snatched from oblivion this bold testimony against a barbarous oppression.

N. Orleans, June 5, 1790.

E'er yet, by fate severe, condemn'd to roam
A mournful exile from my native home;
E'er envious fortune on this joyless spot
In evil hour had fix'd my wretched lot,
How small a part of all life's load of care
Had bounteous heav'n alloted to my share!
Strong, with the morn, from nature's due repose,
To useful labour, light as air I rose,
Without a thought to give my bosom pain,
While health and youth danc'd high in ev'ry vein;
Or, happy, when the day's long toil was o'er,
The mind unbending felt its cares no more,
How sweet the ev'ning-moments to improve,
With female beauty, innocence and love!
Dear scenes, where mem'ry ever loves to dwell—
Heart-rending thought—I've bade you all farewell!
Farewell, ye virtuous *Fair*, who first refin'd
The native roughness of my youthful mind;
Whose social converse unresisting stole,
And tun'd each genial feeling of the soul;
Who taught my infant muse her playful pow'r
To sooth, with song, the melancholy hour;

Now seas between us, keep you from my view—
Friends—parents—brothers—sisters—all adieu!
Yet whatsoe'er my future steps await;
If want or plenty be the doom of fate;
Whether in decent competence and ease
Adown the stream of life I sail in peace;
Or poverty's bleak blasts my limbs invest,
Or tempests beat on this poor aching breast,
For you my pray'rs shall reach yon blest abode,
The starry throne of gentle mercy's God;
Till Heav'n, though inexhaustible its store,
Must cease to give—and I, to ask for more.
How oft, in youth, impatient of controul,
Would expectation count as minutes roll;
How oft I sigh'd and panted to attain
The mighty period that knock'd off the chain,
When, free to act, accountable to none,
The World—th' extended World—was all my own.
Ah! thoughtless boy! too eager to engage
In the sad scenes of life's perplexing stage,
Though far at first the prospect seems, and gay,
Some tragic act, at last, winds up the play.
Where are those hours which lately could impart
The glow of rapture to the yielding heart?
Where are those joys by Fancy's pencil drawn—
Gay days of hope, that shone with splendid dawn?
Too long was reason, to conviction blind,
All, all are fled, nor leave a trace behind.
Days fill'd with care, and nights devoid of sleep,
The sad alternative of toil—I weep.
Is this the envy'd state I eager sought?
Good heav'n! how dear the wretched period's bought!
Still retrospective as a look I cast
On all the tenour of my moments past;
Too busy mem'ry, to my sorrows true,
Hides ev'ry thorn, spreads ev'ry flow'r to view
Till the heav'd bosom can sustain no more,
And the full heart sweats blood at every pore.
Yes—wheresoe'r I turn my aching eyes
O'er life's rough road, fresh scenes of sorrow rise:
And if mine own are hush'd in calm repose,
For others' griefs th' unwasted current flows.
Lo! where expos'd to all the blaze of day,
With nought to shelter from the scorching ray,
The wretched *Negro*, with unwilling toil,
Tills for a thankless lord a foreign soil:
Nor dares though bounteous Nature's lavish hand
With rich luxurience crowns the fertile land,
Pluck, at fierce hunger's pressing, loudest call,
A single ear—the tyrant claims them all:
But tam'd beneath the whip, and aw'd by fear,
Stifles his groans, and checks the rising tear.
Heav'ns! how can nature such sad conflicts bear;
How can the breast support such dumb despair?
Curse on the barb'rous and unfeeling train
Who, what by force they take, by cruelty maintain.
Ah! yonder see where naked, stretch'd, and bound,
The suffering slave in anguish bites the ground.
Hear how he begs for mercy: gracious God!
Will not his cries ascend thy blest abode?
Will not thy dreadful vengeance, one day hurl'd,
O'ertake and root such monsters from the world,
Who, lost to all that's human, dare defy
Thy sacred attribute, and tempt the sky?
Poor sons of sorrow—yes—there will appear
An awful day, when they shall learn to fear;
When slavery no more shall wail her lot
And precedence of colour be forgot;
When pride shall find 'twill be no longer sin
To wear a deeper tincture of the skin:
Then shall your griefs subside, your pangs be o'er
And Fiends in human form torment no more.
Thou, *Pennsylvania*, freedom's blest retreat,
Canst boast of all that's good, and all that's great;
Where ev'ry social, ev'ry generous plan
That binds in lasting union, man to man;
Where virtue, thro' the world an exile driv'n
Has drawn, at last, each smile of fav'ring heav'n;
Thy sons disdain not with industrious hand
T' improve the riches of their native land:
By force unjust they greatly scorn to seize
Man's birth-right—*Freedom*—to support their ease:
There slavery first beheld the shameful yoke
Thrown off, and all her galling shackles broke;
That godlike spirit which from sire to son
Thro' every breast with sacred ardour run;
Which taught them first to spurn the servile chain
That Britain strove to bind—but strove in vain;
Gave them to feel for Afric's wretched race,
Bade Int'rest yield and Justice take her place;
Gave all to live beneath her equal sway,
Free as the breath of Heav'n; or light of day.
Why was I tempted from thy shores to roam
When ev'ry wish impels the Wand'rer home?
Why have I launch'd into a world of care,
When peace and plenty ever flourish'd there?
Hard is his lot whose sterile fortune proves
The means to force him far from what he loves;
And such (but hush, my soul! nor dare repine)
Such sterile fortune, gracious Heav'n—is mine.
Perhaps with years of pain and anguish bought,
So hope would prompt, tho' reason check the thought.
In those lov'd scenes of innocence and peace
I yet may dwell, and all my wand'rings cease;
I yet, if Heav'n, the pious wish approve,
May pay the mighty debt of *filial love*;
Bask in my parents' fondness, sooth their cares,
And gently lead them down the slope of years;
Steal all the burden of their anxious hours,
Prop their declining age, and strew their path with flow'rs;
Close, in a good old age their weary eyes,
Then follow too, and join them in the skies.
Ah! whence, so sudden heav'd the lab'ring sigh?
Why does the tear burst forth from either eye?
Down, busy, medling thought! be calm, be still;
Thou, *Fortitude*, my grief-torn bosom fill!
Come, with thy rugged power, and steel my breast,
By nature's weakness long, too long, opprest;
Teach me my fate (hard, arduous task!) to bear
Without a sigh, a murmur, or a tear,
The various changes to my lot assign'd,
To meet with firm resolve, and steady mind;
Till all my wand'rings—all my trials past—
Seal'd in eternal sleep, I rest from care at last.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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Mr. Easy,

YOU observe that "your doors always stand widely opened for the reception of advice touching the welfare of the ladies;" in consequence of which, I herewith send you a letter to a young lady which I hope will meet your approbation, and of course, find a place in a paper which truly deserves every encomium from the enlightened and the learned.

I am happy to find that the number of your correspondents has increased, and sincerely with you, wish that it "may prove the revival of labour in the literary vineyard." I have too often regretted, that so few, among so great a number of the learned and scientific of this flourishing city, have devoted so small a portion of their leisure hours to the Companion: As it must be from such a work as this that vice is to be suppressed and virtue encouraged.

PHILANDER.

TO MISS E——.

Dear Eliza,

As the time is fast approaching when you are to encounter many difficulties incident to human life, I hope you will receive the advice of a sincere friend who has learned something of the customs and manners of mankind from authors, but more from his own observation. In directing the following letter to you, I do not wish you to approve or disapprove of the remarks therein contained too hastily; but beg that you may, after an attentive perusal, give them every consideration which their importance demands.

It is a circumstance ever to be lamented by all those who are truly interested for the welfare of the female sex, that a proper plan for their education has not been adopted in this country; and while I am supposing that you are labouring under the serious disadvantages to which all your sex is subjected from the want of a proper organization of schools, I wish you to recollect, that great amends may be made, from an early attention to the precepts of your parents and friends, and from studying those authors who treat of subjects which are calculated to inspire your mind with sentiments noble, dignified, and virtuous. From your age I think it very probable that observation has done little for you; and from that supposition, I take it upon myself (as one who feels greatly interested for your happiness) to apprise you of some of the difficulties that you may expect to meet with in passing over the thorny path of life.

You have now nearly arrived at that period of your life, when the manner in which you conduct yourself will be of the greatest importance to you; therefore, I would advise you to be very circumspect in your manners and deportment, and act with great caution and deliberation in all cases where much is depending. Reflection upon all subjects will strengthen your judgment, and when you get into the habit of weighing every thing in your mind before you act, or form an opinion, you will find that it is as easily done, as to act from the impulse of the moment. Many untoward circumstances which no human foresight can predict, will occur, and render the opinions which you had given erroneous; but by a strict adherance to the above rule, you will find that you will be correct in as many instances as the fallibility of human nature will admit of.

As you have heretofore seen little of the world, you could not have made any observations on the customs, habits, and manners of mankind; but as you advance in life, you will discover the weakness and imperfection of human nature, and regret that depravity and corruption have so frequently supplanted virtue in the minds of men.

While some, in open violation of all those moral duties which ought to bind them to their God and to society, will be endeavouring from envy to defame the fairest characters; others will be acting the hypocrite under the garb of sincerity, in order to discover a weakness, that they may the more effectually stab a reputation which ought ever to be equally dear to you as life. That you may never be affected by the evil designs of either of those characters, it will be highly necessary for you to adopt a certain plan of action in this life, founded upon piety, morality, and virtue. Those principles will be sufficient to repel the attacks of your severest enemies; and while they are attempting to discover to the baser part of mankind your imperfections, they will add new luster to your worth in the eyes of all those whose good opinions it ought ever to be your ambition to deserve. No manners that you can adopt, which I know of, will render you secure against the calumny and obloquy of the malevolent. It is impossible to please all mankind from any mode of conduct; because from different tendencies, each one has different ideas, of that which constitutes propriety: therefore I would advise you to make it your earliest care and solicitude, to obtain the good will of the more respectable class, always recollecting that the vulgar can never benefit you.

In your progress through life, you will meet with many temptations, which there will be some difficulty in resisting; but in order to guard you against those snares into which too many have fallen, I would strongly advise you to be very cautious in selecting your companions, as nothing tends so effectually to unhinge the mind and render it unfit for the attainment of any thing virtuous, as bad society. At this time of life you cannot be qualified to judge for yourself, and of course, you do not know in what society you would be benefited. In all such cases you are to be directed entirely by your parents; to whose authority and superior judgment you must always submit, except in one case hereafter to be mentioned. It is too common in these days for young ladies, as soon as they arrive at the age of sixteen, to adopt the customs and manners which are the most prevalent, let them be good or bad. This arises wholly from the manner in which they have received their education, and from the ideas which have been instilled into their minds by evil companions. As you can never expect to receive much beside reading, writing, and arithmetic, &c. from schools, while they are continued on their present plan, you must begin early to pay a more particular attention to the advice of your parents and riends, whose constant duty it is, to guard the young and inexperienced against those allurements & temptations, which have decoyed so many from the paths of rectitude and propriety. Levity in youth, as it respects some things, is certainly excusable; but as you advance in life, you will find both from the opinions of the serious, the grave, and the learned, as well as from your own experience, that it will be highly necessary for you to dispense with those frivolous manners, which too generally characterize the younger part of your sex, in order to make yourselves beloved by the pious, the virtuous, and the good. From adopting the gay, the easy, and the trifling manners of the present day, you have but little to expect. It is certainly the best method of attracting the attention of men whom you ought to despise, and of preventing those from approaching you in whose society you would receive that kind of instruction, which would be a lasting benefit to you throughout the whole of your progress from maturity to the grave.

In your commerce with the world, you will meet with a variety of characters, from the man of real merit and virtue, down to the contemptible sycophant. You may esteem him your friend and well wisher who points out your faults as well as your virtues; but I charge you of all things to beware of him, who is constantly telling you of the good properties which are impossible for human nature to possess, and which you know yourself you cannot attain. Look upon him as a flatterer,—a man who possesses a weak mind, but one who supposes you possess a mind still weaker. It would be paying a mean compliment to your understanding, for any one to tell you, that you were in possession of properties that are incompatible with human nature, and which alone are attributable to beings of a superior order.

He must certainly be a fool, who would attempt it, and you still more weak to suffer it. I know it is customary for young ladies to be more pleased with him who flatters, than with the man of worth and understanding who never attempts it. But this arises entirely from the manner in which they have been educated;—it being insufficient to qualify them to judge for hemselves; and although you are labouring under the same disadvantages to which all the sex is subjected, still I sincerely hope that your mind will be early opened to receive the advice of your parents and friends, and that you will have immediate recourse to the instructions laid down by judicious writers, in order to know how to appreciate the virtues of men of merit, and to pity the weakness of coxcombs and fops. It is from the encouragement which the latter description of animals meet with from the ladies, that their numbers

daily increase; and it is from the preference which young ladies too generally give to their society, that they have it so completely in their power to exult in triumph over talents and worth. I have known many amiable young men, whose merits and abilities had obtained them a seat in the most respectable society, after having made every exertion to please the ladies, to have been compelled to bear the mortification of seeing themselves supplanted by others, whose actions were more like those of a monkey than a rational creature. *(To be continued.)*

Mr. Easy,

The subject of love, perhaps of all others, is a theme that affords most entertainment to the greater part of your juvenile readers; and I think you act not an injudicious part by sometimes gratifying them a little in that way. With a view to contribute *my* mite, in a small degree for their amusement, I sent you my former essay: Without any intention whatever, of throwing aspersion on the fair sex, for such conduct, would be very foreign to my nature, and would likewise, be what very few of them deserve. It would indeed, be egregiously erroneous to rail at that female excellence of which our city affords so many brilliant examples.

Your observations on said essay, I shall pass over in silence, attributing them to nothing else, but your strict watchfulness for the ladies, and that zeal which you have hitherto so conspicuously manifested for their credit.

In compliance with the request of "A number of young Ladies," I again hazard a few observations. But let me first premise, that with respect to their "conjectures" concerning my state of life, I dont intend to give them any information; no farther than to observe, that I believe, not one of their "party" knew any thing of me. I assure you, Mr. Easy, I was not a little elated on finding myself called on by the ladies, for "advice" on such an important affair as that of love. Not considering the difficulty of the task I was about to encounter, I felt inspired with the thoughts of writing an essay on the subject, which would gain me immortal reputation amongst them. Strongly impressed with these ideas, I sat down, in order to render them all the service in my power, and of course, began to think very seriously on the subject. I figured in my mind a young lady deeply in love—examined the disease in all its different stages—marked its rise, progress, extinction, and the final dissolution of soul and body which it sometimes causes—observed the hopes, fears, pulsations, and all the agitating tortures which this disease is apt to produce in the human system. I exerted all my skill in the *Materia Medica* (which by the bye is very limited) in order to find an appropriate antidote for this dreadful malady. But alas! could think of none, worthy of prescribing. I know that a patient afflicted with the pains of the body, is willing to take the most bitter draught, and undergo the most painful operations of the surgeon; if prescribed as essential to recovery. From this consideration it was, that I advised gentlemen in love to apply such a violent remedy—namely, that coercive restraint, of hiding the violence of their passion, supposing they would be equally solicitous for the relief of the pains of mind as of those of the body. But such prescriptions I could not think of offering to ladies; fearing they might prove too powerful for the female constitution, and might, if put in practice, have a worse tendency than to let the disorder have its natural course. Neither did I think it prudent to recommend a female patient to reveal her passion; for such conduct, I considered, on account of being so unfashionable, would have but little chance of success. One expedient, however, presented itself to me which, if I could put in practice, promised fair for success. That is, I thought if I had a personal acquaintance with the gentleman who might be the object of a patient's desire; as also of the patient, I would make every enquiry into the lady's perfections (imperfections I would not ask a syllable about) and would represent them in the most glowing colours to the gentleman. Indeed if her case seemed dangerous, I would not hesitate, to exaggerate her accomplishments, in order to make them work more forcibly on his imagination. In fine, if a union appeared essential to the happiness of both, I would strain every nerve to make him in love with her, and if I could succeed in accomplishing this point, I could with safety perform a perfect cure on both sides. For I would then refer the gentleman to the address pointed out in my former essay, and would myself become responsible to him for success. The impracticability of putting this most likely remedy into execution renders it likewise of no service. After ransacking all the powers of my mind in search of "valuable prescriptions," I was at length obliged to quit the subject and leave it in that perplexing maze in which I found it; and am now forced to acknowledge my utter inability of rendering any service to "Ladies in love." I hope, however, and humbly request for their sake, that some abler pen may take up the subject and point out efficient "rules and regulations for the guidance of the dear creatures."

The "Number of young Ladies," at whose request I now write, I have every reason to believe from the manner in which they express themselves are not yet *in love*.

To convince them therefore that I have their welfare at heart I shall begin to be more serious, and shall make bold to write a short

ADVICE TO LADIES NOT IN LOVE.

Ye fair ones, who have still preserved unspotted the white robe of innocence, I earnestly entreat, as you value character, health and peace of mind, weigh well the first emotions of a passion, which if prematurely cherished may be the mean of rendering the remainder of your lives miserable.

First consider seriously that the female character is very easily sullied, and that if a woman should swerve from the strictest path of rectitude,

> "Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
> "And *one* false step forever blasts her fame.
> "In vain, with tears, the loss she may deplore,
> "In vain look back to what she was before;
> "She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more."

The impropriety of a woman falling in love with a man from whom she has no declaration of attachment, is so evidently obvious that very little caution on that point is necessary.

A lady may imagine a man, from appearance, calculated in every respect to suit her as a husband; and by too freely harbouring such an opinion may imperceptibly become so enamoured as to be forced to use every mean in her power to give him to understand the love she bears for him: Not considering the very great risk she runs in so doing, and the many just reasons the man may have to reject her smiles. His circumstances, though apparently good, may by no means justify his entering into the marriage state. He may be secretly attached to some other fair one, from whom he cannot think of parting. He may be a person fond of triumphing over female weakness, and encourage her smiles merely for his sport. Her sincere attachment he may impute to levity in her sex.—Amongst his associates he may not hesitate to boast of the conquest he has made, and probably may be the mean of stamping an indelible stigma on her character. It may be objected that no heart can be callous enough to resist the fascinating allurements of female smiles. This I grant is not easily done, and it might be just and rational for some that are so highly favoured to embrace the happy moment. Still it must be observed that a sensible man who has not sufficient means for the support of a family nor any prospect of acquiring them, will not enter into a state of life wherein poverty and misery are most likely to be his lot. Philosophers have asserted that adult persons who have sufficient fortune to support a family in the sphere of life in which they live, and who are endued with sense enough to form minds, owe it as a duty to society to marry. To this I assent without hesitation, and think if such persons could be properly distinguished it would be right for the legislature to tax them pretty heavily, until they would embrace that state for which they were designed, as such a law might serve in some measure to do away that "great spirit of celibacy" so much complained of. But I presume to assert, that persons possessed of none of these requisites would do "better," both as it respects themselves and society, not to marry. To prove the propriety of this assertion many examples might be adduced; suffice it to mention the wretchedness to which the offspring of such persons are commonly doomed. Incapable themselves "to pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind," and without means to devolve the task upon others, the infant mind, like an uncultivated garden, becomes the nursery of noxious weeds, which, when grown to maturity, scatter their baleful seeds about at every blast.

Secondly, consider that the health may be irrecoverably impaired by the passion of love. The particular manner by which the mind affects the body will, perhaps ever remain a secret; yet certain it is, that any thing permitted to prey too heavily on the former, will in time, so enervate the body as to baffle the skill of the most learned physician to restore it to its former vigour: And may perhaps be the occasion of making her, who would permit herself to be so infatuated, to sink untimely into the shades of death.

Lastly, ye fair daughters, consider that, should your love not be of so violent a nature as to endanger your life and you should fortunately recover; yet nevertheless, reflection on your imprudence may deprive you of that peace of mind which constitutes the chief part of our happiness here below. The agonizing idea of being slighted by a man whom you so passionately loved will perhaps serve as a secret monitor which may often torment you; and he, though perhaps without any fault of his, will probably become the object of your hatred.

Having pointed out some of the evil effects which might be the result of ladies falling in love, it now remains necessary to say a little on the manner in which they should act so as to render themselves amiable and attractive. The following passage from a much admired work is, I think, very applicable to the subject, and cannot be too often inculcated on the female mind.

"Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast?

"Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind and modesty on her cheek. Her hand seeketh employment; her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad. She is cloathed with neatness; she is fed with temperance, humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head. On her tongue dwelleth music: the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips. Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth. Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happinesss are her reward. Before her steps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right hand. Her eye speaketh softness and love; but discretion, with a sceptre, sitteth on her brow. The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent. When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue; if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip. Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others. Happy were the man that should make her his wife, happy the child that shall call her mother!"

Imitate then, ye fair ones, the above example, and adhere strictly to the injunctions of *religion*, and you will not pass unnoticed; but will certainly attract the attention of good men. When a man in the sincerity of his heart requests your hand, be your hopes ever so sanguine, be not too precipitant; but treat the matter with that cool deliberation which the importance of it requires: for such conduct will not only serve to accelerate his desire, but also will convince him you are worthy of his confidence.

P. W.

The Honey-Moon, all joy and pleasure brings,
Celestial happiness!——so poet sings;
One constant round of pleasure—no alloy;
The free-will offering of the smiling boy:
Too soon alas! when thirty days are o'er,
The glittering gold assumes its natural ore.
From small contentions to dread *war's alarms,*
The loving *couple are both up in arms.*

Dear Mr. Easy,

A small respite from the cares of my family, and the constant brutality of an "honey-moon" husband, furnish me with an opportunity of laying my deplorable situation before you, and beseeching your advice how I may in future conduct myself towards a husband who now, regardless of all former promises and oaths, treats me more like a *slave* (which I literally am) than his *wife?*

My early life was happy; and though we were not opulent, yet want was not known in our mansion, and my fond parents beheld me with pleasure, and looked forward to that time when I should by my alliance add additional happiness and honour to our family. My father from a small beginning with industry and œconomy in this flourishing city, rose to wealth and opulence, and our pride grew with our consequence. They forgot in what situation they formerly were, and I seemed to have no remembrance of it. I gave myself airs—and refused many good offers; thinking that when I chose I might have whom I pleased. FORTUNE herself was not more fickle, than I, as the sequel of my story will convince you. At an unfortunate moment she turned the wheel in a different direction to what my father intended she should, and suddenly threw us over the heights of affluence into the vale of indigence! By this misfortune we were placed in our former situation—and as instantaneous as our loss, did I experience that of my *lovers*. This I thought doubly severe, as I now experienced not only the flight of lovers and fortune, but beauty and youth had likewise decamped, and I now for the first time, remembered I was an *old maid*.

But you cannot think I wanted *spirit*; and I was *determined* to obviate this (as I then thought) obloquy on our sex, and listened to the proposal of my present husband, who was clerk to my father (for you must know that my father still did a little business) and one whose ignorance and stupidity I often used to laugh at—yet I was *determined* at all hazards, to let the world see I *could* marry. The silly soul was not possessed of more than one hundred dollars before hand, and thought it sufficient honor to run off with his master's daughter: the rest was left to *chance*. We had barely enough to support us the first month, which time with us (as is the case with many others) passed merrily away: but since—O dear sir!—I cannot describe to you the difficulties I have undergone! neglected by our parents, and obliged to live on the poor allowance of a clerkship, which has to support my husband, self, and child, we are really next door to starvation, and without a prospect of bettering our situation; added to this (as frequently is the case) my former acquaintance no longer know me, and my husband has taken to his early habits of inebriation and low company; we now often *disturb our neighbours*—and I get severely abused.

In short, the remembrance of what I formerly *was*, and had I acted prudently, might *now* be, makes me think myself the most miserable of beings, and I most seriously solicit your advice how to shape my future conduct, which appears irretrievable from evil; and that you will by virtue of the office you have assumed, and the superior

abilities with which providence, and your own exertions have blessed you, warn my sex from too *rashly* entering into this should-be "happy state," and thereby avoiding the misfortunes of, dear sir, your afflicted LUCRETIA.

Mr. Easy,

Among the many passions to which the human mind is subject, there is none more powerful and beneficial in its effects than *Love*. In its operation on man, like the other passions, it is in some measure modified and affected by the power of climate and the state of society. The Asiatic from the heat in the south and from the despotic sway to which he is subject, does not feel it so delicately and with such tenderness as the Italian; and he on the other hand, from the habits of his country and the profligacy of courts, as well as from being deprived of freedom, is not so susceptible of that passion as he would be, if his condition were ameliorated. The fierce savage when injured, burns with the desire of revenge, his heart is torn with the rage of internal passions and he is almost callous to the sentiments of humanity; but when addressed by *the being whom he adores*, suddenly his rage subsides, his features assume a more regular form, and his sanguinary appetites are subdued. Actuated by love, he will range the most dangerous forests, he will undergo the most painful fatigues; and in all those virtues and accomplishments which are admired by his countrymen he will endeavour to excel and will cheerfully sacrifice his life to merit the esteem of his mistress, or even to gain a single smile of approbation. But it is not among them that this passion exists in its most refined state. Among *us*, where beauty in the female sex is brought to a standard, where the pas sions are kept more under controul, and where our habits and sentiments are different from those of a savage and ferocious nation, the effects produced by love are less violent, but of more utility to man. Nurtured in the midst of a great people, his mind when it first unfolds possesses all the advantages of civilization; free from the fetters of oppression, it is enlarged and improved by literature, and is expanded by the genial influence of freedom. With these advantages the young American comes forward, and scarcely has he crossed the threshold of maturity, when he experiences the passion of love—a passion which is the offspring and inseparable concomitant of virtue. Without having any romantic sentiments, I think, I may affirm, this is a sure test of a good heart. A wild, profligate and vicious man, may feel that sensation which is *by some* styled love, but he is incapable of experiencing *real love*. *His* is of the licentious sort, which, when contrasted with that of a virtuous man, is like tinsel compared with gold. The base and useless ornament may shine for a moment, but is quickly tarnished, while the solid and substantial metal retains its splendor, remains uncorrupted and sustains the attacks of time. *True and genuine love* preserves the morals and cherishes amiable sentiments. The pleasing melancholy which it promotes, prepares the soul for the exercise of benevolence and humanity; it soothes misfortune, it corrects the roughness of the manners, and softens the most violent passions.—Generosity and all the nobler virtues are its companions, and few have not felt its effects. The humblest cottager and the proudest monarch, bow alike to the God of Love. Cæsar and Alexander, Scipio and Adolphus, whom no force could resist, who conquered nations and to whom sovereigns submitted, were themselves subdued by love. Under such circumstances, may we not justly conclude, that "of all the blessings which heaven could bestow, *woman*, *fair woman*, is the choicest." PALÆMON.

My Dear Cousin Billy,

How could you be so silly, to write to sister Ellen, and in your letter be telling about your sweet Eliza? I thought you had been wiser. And then to go to say that she's as sweet as May—O Billy, fie for shame! I certainly do blame you for your lack of knowledge; you who have been to college; you who appear'd so zealous for her heart, have made her jealous. And then to mention Mary—why how very contrary; for by all your former vows, Ellen thought to be your spouse. I told her you were funning, and then she set off running; and as true as I'm a sinner she would not eat her dinner. Says I, sister, I suppose, that if he'd written prose, you would have liked his letter a great deal better. I said that I was thinking that Billy had been drinking some of "Generoso's" wine, as he'd been there to dine; and as he wrote in rhyme, that he might make it chime he took a poet's li-cence, he was going to try, to write like Mr. Cowper. So then we went to supper, and there she talk'd and smil'd, and, I thought, seem'd reconcil'd. But my dear cousin Billy, do not be so silly to write in rhymes again, for the devil's in your pen.

Well early next morning before chickabiddy's warning, it came into my head, as we lay warm in bed, to talk of your sonnet, and the *light* I threw on it; and as we lay chatting, she began to quote latin, and said "*sit lux et lux fuit*," but declared she'd make you rue it. So now, my cousin Billy, having nothing more to tell ye, with good wishes not a few I bid you adieu. AMY.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

LEANDER, as was suspected, was but bantering in his last private note to the Editor. We are indeed much indebted to this valued friend and correspondent for his last rich present. As much as a Baltimore Epicure might and would exult on being presented with a *brace of canvas-backs*, our joy is far greater in having received from the GAY of the Companion this loving "pair of pigeons."

THE BY-STANDER. Whilst many votaries to Fashion, Vice, and Folly, infest our large towns and derogate from the splendour and dignity of the American character; we are proud to claim as kinsmen the worthy triumvirate, whose promised productions will in future grace the pages of the Companion under this head. The traiterous triumvirate of Rome destroyed the liberty of their country; may these, with true Columbian virtue, add glory to ours.

THE CENSOR. We are much pleased with this specimen: And can safely trust to the honour of this gentleman, and "his friend," who, knowing there is no Senate at our back, would not draw a Mob round our house. The gentleman who has obligingly offered to accept this office is hereby invested with all the powers and priviledges, (the immunities his own conscience will award, if he properly and humanely performs his duty) thereto attached under our government; and he is authorized and required to keep diligent watch over the morals of the city, especially discouraging, as far as in his power, the criminal and debasing vices of GAMING and SLANDERING. Having been informed that several persons find fault with any one who mentions the Companion in company, alledging that the dulness of literary or moral subjects ought not to be substituted for the delightful and enlivening topicks of *parties*, *dress*, and *neighbours' imperfections*; it is our wish (that the "Censor" find out the offenders, and report accordingly, that the evil may not extend itself beyond the *very limited circle* in which it now prevails.

J. SOFTHEAD'S defence of the Softhead family shall appear.

ZOPHYRUS is under consideration.

We have been politely furnished, by a gentleman whose friendship and zeal deserves our best thanks, with the first of a series of original letters; but are unable at this time to reply definitively to his proposal.

We are forced to refuse the seeming reasonable request of a valuable correspondent and an "old *friend*." His eulogium is well meant and highly deserved by the deceased; but the precedent would cause us endless difficulty. We rely on the friendship and candour of our friend, and are confident he will excuse us for this omission, when he reflects, that many would follow on, led by his example. We will dispose of his favour as our correspondent may direct.

BOB JOSTLE is received.

We are sometimes persuaded by our great zeal for the improvement of young writers, to lay before our readers essays which could not from any other consideration be preserved from our indignant fire, which rages at our witholding that which it justly merits; but indeed we cannot save such pieces as the one now before us, signed "JACKEY."

The person from whom, some weeks since, we received an essay, has applied to himself part of our last note to "Corrector." The correspondent of whom we speak, and who shall be here nameless (from motives of "charity," as he was himself in error) must acknowledge that he most violently wrested from its proper place the *supposed* hint conveyed to our friend "Corrector." Our nameless complainant is informed that his piece was very acceptable, and that we never entertained the *slightest* opinion of its being at all connected with "private slander or what you please:" could we have thought thus of "*him*," our strongest language would, without disguise or hesitation, soon have informed him. But the *whole case* fully explains itself.

In order to convince the complainant that the *delay* was no proof of *our* "*coquettry*," we have made several calculations since the reception of his note. We have interrogated the printers, (separately, lest they should unite to deceive us) who declare, with a warmth of expression and gravity of countenance that compel our assent to their testimony, *that more than* EIGHT QUARTO *pages cannot be placed on one sheet*. Now if we credit the assertion of the printers, (who should know) when they assure us that more than eight pages will not "come in," as they term it; and if we have matter on hand at one time sufficient to fill twenty—how, we would ask the *complainant*, can we issue it all in one week, and issue but one sheet?

To be serious and plain, with this gentleman, we inform him; that however high in literary respectability any writer may stand, still the sentence of the Editor* is imperative; he knows no superior, nor will he ever be influenced by the dictatorial language of any person who may be pleased to write for this paper. This cannot be deemed an innovation, by those who will be at the trouble of turning to the original prospectus, where it is expressly stipulated that the "*why* and *wherefore*" rest with us.

* See Prospectus, prefixed to the first volume.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Many a neglected son and daughter of Genius pass through the world without leaving a trace behind them. The constant occurrence of this lamentable fact, has two causes : one is, an insurmountable diffidence in the person, which excludes all chance of improvement in composition ; the other, the want of professed literary papers in many parts, wherein youth, shielded by the ægis of fictitious names, might fight their way to the Temple of Fame. A modest diffidence, amiable, because not unconquerable, has for some time restrained the efforts of a young lady whose taste for polite literature, is evinced in the following pastoral. Now that she has broken the charm of virgin bashfulness, with no small degree of confidence and pleasure we anticipate many fine flowers from her hand.

A PASTORAL.

Aminta one morning in May
  Arose with the rise of the dawn,
And thus artlessly chaunted her lay
  As she thoughtfully travers'd the lawn.
How gloomy those woodbines appear,
  How mournful yon thrush on the bough,
Her notes were once sweet to my ear,
  But how changed, ah ! they're sorrowful now.

No pleasure the flowrets impart,
  No pleasure the breezes of spring ;
Their comforts are left on the heart
  Which the pains of ingratitude wring.
Lorenzo, an honest young swain,
  Once modestly proffer'd his love,
And strove my affections to gain
  By each art which the virtuous approve.

He said that he lov'd me so well
  He could live in a cottage with me,
And think himself bless'd in his cell
  More highly than monarchs could be.
Tho' their palaces riches contain,
  And each dainty their tables afford ;
Yet luxury's followed by pain ;
  I scorn the superfluous hoard.

For happiness cannot be bought ;
  'Tis a blessing no grandeur can give ;
But will always be found in the cot
  Where truth and sincerity live.
Aminta, this cot may be thine,
  I'll erect it in yonder green shade,
Where lilachs and roses combine
  To scent with sweet odour's the glade.

You may plant it, as fancy may lead,
  And I will that fancy improve ;
For this cause—it no other can need—
  'Tis a fancy which pleases my love.
We'll rise at the dawn of the morn,
  When the songsters first wake on the spray,
Our flocks to attend on the lawn
  And be cheerful and happy as they.

When our sheep have their hunger allay'd
  And are scorch'd by the sun-beams of noon,
We'll repair to some far distant shade
  And seat ourselves peacefully down.
And a crown of sweet flowers I'll weave,
  My lovely Aminta, for thee,
With which thy fair temples I'll wreath ;
  Oh ! Heaven's, how happy we'll be !

At eve to our cot we'll repair
  And safe having folded our sheep,
We'll lay us down free from all care
  And let Nightingales sing us to sleep.
If the rich to our mansion should come,
  Who are happy and proud of their lot,
They, struck with amazment, will say,
  We envy the bliss of your cot.

Thus my shepherd his heart did unfold.
  He'd a heart as unsulli'd as snow ;
But unhappily mine was as cold,
  For I carelessly answered him—*no.*
He left me with grief on his brow.
  His last look set my soul on the rack ;
And though I said, carelessly, go,
  Yet my heart said in secret—*come back.*

But he's gone to some far distant plain,
  And with him my pleasures are flown ;
I do nought but lament my lost swain,
  Every morn, as I wander alone.
Had I known that I lov'd him so well
  I'd ne'er have said carelessly *no,*
Nor had cause thus with sorrow to tell
  That I'd forced my fond shepherd to go.

Thus in sorrow lamented the maid,
  Nor dream'd that her shepherd was near ;
But the you h lay conceal'd in a glade,
  Transported her musick to hear.
He suddenly rush'd from his stand,
  Quick terror Aminta alarms ;
But eagerly grasping her hand,
  She gently declin'd in his arms.

Dear nymph, put an end to your care,
  In rapturous transports he cry'd :
This day to the church we'll repair,
  Where I'll joyfully make you my bride.
She could not say carelessly—*no ;*
  But obligingly answered him—*yes*
Then they mutually plighted a vow,
  And the bargain they seal'd with a——kiss.

—EMILY.—

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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ON MODERN CRITICISM.

Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And arts and artists all became thy prey;
Then didst thou trample on establish'd rules
And proudly level'd all the ancient schools,
Condemn'd those works which praise thro' ages grac'd,
Which you had never seen, or could not taste.

CHURCHILL.

Mr. Easy,

HOW often does man step beyond those limits which nature with a contracted hand has prescribed him. Frivolous and vain, he imagines himself capacitated to converse with fluency and ease on subjects far beyond his narrow intellectual faculties. How often will the fopling dare to soar with Newton to the boundless realms of ether; and, seated in the chair of ideal greatness, measure the expansion of that great man's soul by the indigested crudities of his own; and often arraign at the bar of ignorance and folly the majestic sublimity of an Epic or the mild softness of an humbler poet: and when traversing the poetic fields of fairy fancy will mistake the fascinating tint of rainbow-colouring for strength of imagination and loftiness of thought. Led by the mellifluous harmony of sound, he mistakes words for ideas, and the well fingered line for boldness of expression.* 'Tis a fact, demonstrably true, that no man should attempt to criticise the productions of a poet who never trod the same path of energetic fiction, or walked in the same road of softer eloquence. Is the mighty genius of a Homer, which rises transcendantly majestic, competent to form a just and accurate opinion of the sonnets of a Petrarch? could the humbler mind of Prior speak with propriety of the bold flights of Milton? To effect this Homer must contract the energy of his own mind, and Prior dilate the power of his.

The one would look with contempt upon the other; and the latter, dazzled by surrounding light, would see objects different from their real form. As well might the roundness of the circle assume the equiangular termination of the square, or the plough-boy decide the merits of the Corinthian architect. An opinion may be formed by all; the mind is free and may cherish its own conceptions; but the man of sense will be cautious in expressing them: for how few will take them current. But the ignorant man, with noisy roughness, accuses, argues and condemns indiscriminately, and takes a pleasure in the task. The bed of Procrustes reduced the body to a particular size; but he would make the thoughts of all congenial with his own. Too often have I witnessed, with painful anxiety for the incautious rambler, this itch for criticism, which runs in idle humours through the mind, and may be communicated by thought. Most men, more apt to imitate the folly than the wisdom of their fellows, adopt their ideas, re-echoing them at every opportunity.—Because Johnson, that great colossus of learning, bestriding the literary world has spoke, his successors dare not think. Municipal regulations may admit coercion; but learning should acknowledge none. Science is a republic, and her productions the common property of all: all then may think without cringing to the rod of literary tyranny; but no one may infringe the rights of others, which are always equal to his own. Because critical reviewers may have condemned a work and detracted innocently† from its merit, am I to restrain the ideas it has ex-

* Alluding to some poets who count on their fingers the measure of each respective line.

† If incapability (in a critic) of judging may be termed innocence, then may an ignorant Reviewer innocently detract from the merits of an author's works.

cited and repress the opinions I may have formed? Perhaps the very mind which dictated the paragraph, was incapable of feeling like the censured author. Only congenial souls should speak of works relatively the same; they will discover real beauties and defects, which the more inanimate or lively author may have passed by. To produce harmonious sounds in music, the strings of the instrument must be in unison; and to form a just opinion of the writer the reader should be in a fit aptitude of soul. No colour can appear to equal advantage in all the varying shades of light. No man can be the centre of the arts and sciences,—and by an universal versatility of thought form correct ideas on every subject, and at all times. But there is a certain description of men who, regardless of what I have here advanced, will condemn unheard (perhaps unread) the mental efforts of all whose names have penetrated the veil of ignorance. I would not condemn an error of judgment; but I would condemn the inconsiderate dwarf who proudly would raise his needle lance in opposition to the ponderous sword of the giant. The pigmy would be guilty of intemperate rashness; the ideal critic of impudent conceit. Ideotism should not wield the important sceptre of royalty, nor ignorance wear the diadem of criticism. The time has been when the investigation of an authors's pretensions to merit, was considered arduous; it was thought that the critic should possess an intimate acquaintance with foreign languages and works, in order that each flower might properly be deemed exotic or indigenous. But now, every scribbler fancies himself a critic; he seizes his pen with superstitious enthusiasm (and he is not the least condemnable of visionaries) to defend some favourite, or condemn some obnoxious, author. He finds beauties where none exist, and praises because he was predetermined to praise; and é converso: On one occasion he writes in the language of panegyric, not in the bold freedom of impartial thought; on another, from the want of congeniality of ideas, he will decry the writings of another, dwell with malignant triumph on each sinking line, pursuing word by word the pages of his victim, until he thinks the author's stile, arguments and ideas are as empty as he has proved himself to be. Zoilus wrote like him in the infuriate moment of envy and hatred; but Zoilus is no more. The Homeromaotix is forgotten amid the lapse of intervening time, and the Iliad is still admired. Would to heaven these men could see in a true mirror their own reflected likenesses; they would then be silent.* YELSE.

* This production of our yet esteemed friend was *in type* previous to the arrival of a note which we were sorry to see. *Ed.*

THE BY-STANDER—No. I.

—Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent. CICERO.

The desire of communicating the knowledge which he possesses to his fellow creatures, appears to be an inherent principle in man. For this he was endued with intellectual powers, and the faculty of making himself intelligible to his species. Without this admirable quality, the world would now be overgrown with the weeds of ignorance and superstition, and those discoveries which have deified their projectors, remained embossed in the womb of time, or sunk with that genius from which they emanated. None can more fully appreciate its merits, than those who have benefited by it. Every different profession in the world, has some principles which it can communicate to others; and as the mind of man has its own perfection continually in view, there are none so illiterate, but from whom some trifle may be learnt to add to its knowledge. A man should therefore never despise him, whose mind has not as high a grade of perfection as his own. There are passages in some books of no celebrity or of little repute, which have diffused pleasing sensations in their readers and led their wandering ideas to the contemplation of some object which else would have remained unobserved or unregarded. On this account no production, how obscure soever its author, should be stampt with the mark of stupidity and impotence, until diligently perused and critically analysed.

The indulgence of the reader, is therefore prayed for the few essays to be emitted under the title of a *By-stander*.—Blame not his prurience for scribbling—it is the general failing of civilized man: Condemn not his productions—they may contain some scintillations worthy of regard:—In fine, hiss not a new performer at his *debut* on the stage of literature; he may improve and display fine specimens of good acting.

If the above professions are well received, and Mr. Easy will condescend to father this bantling and appropriate an occasional corner in his useful miscellany to the lucubrations of a *By-stander*, he will essay his strength to coerce and castigate the licentious, amuse and delight the fair, and (he flatters himself) in a small degree, improve youth in those studies, which the motto declares—"Cherish youth, delight old age, ornament prosperity, and afford an asylum and solace in adversity." And if he can attain his object and cause a smile from beauty, a blush from the thoughtless libertine, or a sigh for past misdemeanours from the abandoned; then shall he reap the full reward of all his labour and enjoy an intellectual

feast, prized above the luxurious viands of epicures or the dulcified beverage of the voluptuous. But when shall that period arrive? will it ever arrive? perhaps not; his paltry productions may never be perused with so much attention, as to work amendment; or perhaps they will be overlooked in the superior essays which crowd the files of the Companion. His sole consolation will then be, that he has exerted himself for the edification of your readers, and his inferiority of genius, has occasioned his exclusion from the participation of accomplishing the great work.

But the patriot regards not what difficulties he has to encounter, when the service of his country impels his arm; and why should an essayist shrink, though his endeavours may not be as serviceable as he could desire. If Mr. Easy but smile on my labours, the hydra is vanquished. D

Mr. Easy,

Your repeated professions that you are willing to overlook the lesser faults of such as are desirous to share the pleasures and profits of your company, have induced me to expect that you will introduce me to your friends and acquaintance without looking for many compliments.

You will oblige me by informing them that I am a person who owes the little talent I possess in literature and the consequent small reputation which I have in the circle of my acquaintance, principally to apparently trifling incidents; and to the kindness of some friends, who have indulged me, with access to their company, and libraries. I suspect I should incur the disgrace of being deemed an egotist were I to enumerate the advantages which I have derived in this way. Permit me, therefore, to wave the subject, and suggest to such of your acquaintance, as are in a capacity and desirous, to follow Socrates's best course of life, that is, to do good, a plan upon which I think they may do some.

The too prevalent corruption of the manners of youth, is no doubt a cause of serious regret to many, whose places they are soon to fill. How often do we hear parents complaining of the depravity of their children? How often do they anticipate the squandering of their estates?—the ruin of their families?—"but what can we do?" is the common enquiry: "how can we help it?"—It is a serious question, and perhaps deserves a serious answer.

It is necessary to know the cause of an evil of this kind before we prescribe a cure for it. Human nature is frail; and youth, in consequence of inexperience, are peculiarly subject to its frailties. It is therefore necessary, in order to govern youth in a proper manner to recur to the days of our youth—to take upon us those frailties to which they are subject. There are in youth a great diversity of inclinations. All, no doubt, have some good ones: let these be watched and cherished. The effects of custom are very powerful, and I am persuaded that if those who are advanced in life would condescend to encourage, lead, and assist youth, while ductile, in useful and honourable pursuits, particularly in their studies, it would be a mean of preserving them from many of those extravagancies into which they are so apt to run. There is nothing more pleasant than the pursuit of knowledge, when the mind is once habituated thereto. But it is with youth in their studies, as with the Indians in regard to the cultivation of their lands, "*they know not how to begin.*"

Those who are intrusted with the tuition of children, and are concerned with a considerable number, have not that opportunity to discover the bent of their inclinations, their juvenile peculiarities, as others who are acquainted with them in their families; and children frequently receive, on their first entrance into schools, indelible prejudices against scholastic pursuits. Hence it is, that at that time of life when they might be engaged in them with the greatest pleasure, at the same time becoming qualified for future usefulness, their active minds being unoccupied, they are exposed, at the mercy of every current, and are frequently swept down into the ocean of oblivion.

A spirit of emulation is natural to youth; but it is frequently exercised in an ignoble manner, for want of that care in parents and others which I would recommend: it might be applied to a noble purpose. The image of the manner, in which I have sometimes been exercised with my little associates is now fresh in my memory; and though I make my own pleasures the subject of my exclamation, I can but exclaim, What a pleasing sight! A number of boys collected, and standing up in a private family, emulous to excel in spelling, or in reading? Nor is it necessary to confine our incitements to emulation of this kind, to infantile years: it would be no disgrace to adolescency or even to puberty if it were regulated by discreet and judicious persons. Even after we have arrived to the years of manhood, while yet our passions are warm and our opinions unsettled, and fluctuating (as they frequently are,) the countenance and advice of disinterested persons, who have experienced the various vicissitudes of life, are calculated to be of singular benefit.

The distribution of useful books is another subject to which I beg leave to call some attention. It is an happy privilege which we enjoy, perhaps above any other people, that we are free from any shackles upon enquiry; that

there is no restraint upon the distribution, or use of books. But at the same time that we prize this privilege, it is necessary to guard the rising generation against that torrent of seduction, which flows in the lines of the novelist and romancer. Even amongst books of a different kind, some are no doubt better calculated for usefulness than others: whence it frequently happens that young persons who are fond of reading, by taking up every publication that comes in their way, are perplexed with a jumble of ideas;—have their heads full, and know very little. Were such persons as are qualified, sufficiently careful, to excite in youth an emulation in useful studies, such as history, geography, arithmetic, geometry, &c. to furnish them with suitable books for the prosecution of such studies; not forgetting in the mean time, christian morality; it would give them a taste too noble to be satisfied with that imagery of pleasures, never to be realized, which frequently engrosses their attention, to the exclusion of every honourable pursuit; debases their minds, and finally ends in miserable disappointment.

I cannot, Mr. Easy, conclude without requesting that you will remind your friends, when you visit them again, how extensive our country is, what a vast field we have for the exercise of genius; that all have an opportunity to do as much good as they please; (and it were a great pity if any should be found not qualified to do some) especially that the obscurity of any bright geniuses should not deprive us of their labours in promoting the common good.

INCOGNITUS.

THE CENSOR—No. I.

Mr. Easy,

I have always been of the same opinion as Sterne, with regard to Health, that it is an inestimable blessing without which life would scarcely be desirable. Our own *experience* will convince us that it is intimately associated with the happiness of man; *reason* will teach us that it has a powerful effect upon the exertions of the understanding. For from the connexion that subsists between the body and the mind, the latter must necessarily be affected in all its operations by the situation of the former. While the body therefore remains in a proper state of health, the faculties of the mind can be exercised and its functions performed in the manner which was originally intended. The passions are kept in that state which is necessary for the acquisition of true felicity, and cheerfulness, the usual companion of health, gives a zest for the enjoyment of life.—On the other hand, when the external organs are injured, the operation of those faculties which immediately depend upon and communicate with them, must in the same manner be affected. And of what advantage is learning or power to a man who is destitute of this enjoyment? The wisest statesman and the most profound philosopher, who have spent their lives in the acquisition of knowledge; the monarch and the hero, who have obtained the admiration of mankind and who have arrived at the summit of earthly grandeur, when deprived of health, are incapable of enjoying the fruits of their labour, or of affording any advantage to themselves or to the world. For these reasons the preservation of so invaluable a blessing should be an object of the first consideration, and every thing which will tend in any manner to endanger or destroy it should be carefully avoided. This is a duty which every one owes to himself; it is a duty which he owes to the community; it is a duty prescribed by the laws of nature and reason.

Such being the case, it must be a subject of serious regret to every person of a philanthropic disposition to witness the licentiousness and irregularities which have of late become so prevalent in our country: irregularities which, if continued, will strike at the foundation of morality, and will undoubtedly be productive of the most distressing consequences. In investigating the causes which have led to this extraordinary change, I am induced to believe that it has not been entirely owing to us; but that many of these disorders so repugnant to morality and so incompatible with our plain but dignified manners, have been in a great measure introduced by foreigners. It is impossible that the sentiments of so many of our countrymen should have *naturally* become corrupt in so short a time. The true cause in my opinion is, that our legislators who had themselves experienced tyranny, after recovering their liberty, with the magnanimity which has always distinguished the advocates of freedom and which is an inherent and fundamental characteristic of our constitution, resolved that this country should be open to the resort of all who wished to enjoy the blessings of independence. Foreigners have by these means been admitted to our privileges, and into the bosom of our cities; they have been cherished by the generosity of our laws, and an asylum has been opened to all who were oppressed by the iron rod of power. In return for our friendship, practices have been introduced contrary to the general sentiments of our country. This return is not what we had a right to expect. But if *gratitude* has not influenced *them*, at least let *pride* prevent *us* from countenancing such innovations.

I would not be understood to implicate the whole body of foreigners, for this would be not only untrue but also absurd. This however will not invalidate the truth of the

proposition that many of our vices are of foreign extraction. Whether we are to attribute the origin of *gambling*, (which is the principal subject of the succeeding number) to this source I am at a loss to determine; but that it has been baneful in its effects and if not checked will be of real injury to the community, cannot I think be denied. In my next, this subject shall be more fully discussed.

CENSOR.

Mr. Easy,

In your 14th number, a letter or essay, from Miss Eliza Would-be-knowing struck my attention so forcibly, that I immediately resolved to enter the lists, against all calumniators, whether cased in mail, or naked as Picts.

The family of the SOFTHEADS, of which Eliza speaks, are undoubtedly of great antiquity. They have often worn the royal purple; been employed to dethrone kings, and to destroy republics. 'Tis a matter of notoriety, that some of the Softheads were among the first who emigrated to this country, when it was covered with woods, and inhabited by savages, and that we owe to them the respectable families of the Emptyheads, and Flat-heads, and Paperskulls, and Thickskulls, and Numskulls, many of whom play so distinguished a part, on the great stage of politics.

My grand-father, PETER SOFTHEAD, lived to the age of eighty. When about sixty, he fell in love with one of the most celebrated beauties of that day, to whom he was soon after joined in the holy bands of matrimony; as appears from the church records. My father, NINNY SOFTHEAD, was the youngest of three sons, which sprung from this union, and sole heir to the family estate, his brothers dying soon after their birth. I hope I may say, without a blush, that my father, who has been honoured with a commission of justice of the peace, supports both on and off the bench, the dignity of the Softheads.

I submit it, Mr. Easy, to your sagacity, to solve, whether there is any thing in my conjecture, that the WOULD-BE-KNOWINGS, are a collateral branch of the Softhead family? I am inclined to this opinion, by perceiving in Eliza's performance, the same beauties, which distinguished the writings of my uncle Simon Softhead, junior. If my Uncle, for example, steals into the papers *as a lady*, every person who reads his excellent essays, perceives at a single glance, how happily he adapts his phrases and metaphors, to the female character. If he endeavours to correct a fellow labourer in the vineyard of letters, for some omission in addressing the fair sex, he threatens "to make every joint crack, and every bone ache," or "to shake him into a perfect jelly." Here we find a sample of the true female style, only to be equalled by his "essence of gridiron," which he thinks (all-efficacious as it is in the cure of bruises) would not effect a cure on this occasion.

As my chief object in writing this, is to see myself in print, to contribute my aid to maintain the dignity of the Softheads, and to idle away an hour or two of languor, I will tell you what I saw and heard the other day.

I was waiting for a friend, who had stepped into a shop to purchase segars, when two modern astronomers, with their "quizzing" glasses, accidentally met at the corner of the street where I was standing. They soon discovered that both had been attracted by the same power of gravitation, and had brought their telescopes for the same purpose, namely, to observe sundry transits, which were to take place on that day. Some minutes however elapsed before any transit took place—those minutes our astronomers passed in rubbing and preparing their telescopes.—One observed, that philosophers had nearly agreed that those heavenly bodies called young ladies, "have fallen from the sky." There are three opinions said the other, on this point. One set of philosophers, you know, have contended that, they are natives of the Georgium Sidus, from the analogy their complexion bears to the snow, which according to them, perpetually covers that planet: A second set, insist upon their greater affinity to Saturn, from their known attachment to rings. The third set, which are by far the most numerous, maintain, that we are indebted to Venus for these divinities. Does not the transparency of the atmosphere, with which they are surrounded, and their airs and manners, fix beyond a doubt, that they belong to a warmc limate?

J. SOFTHEAD.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall.
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd:
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind. POPE.

TO LUCRETIA.

Having read with emotions of pity, in the last number of the Companion, your plaintive communication, I take this opportunity to condole with you; and cordially hope, that you will consider the following remarks as flowing from a source of pure friendship.

It is a lamentable thing to observe discontent and chagrin in the paths of Hymen; but alas! when we take a view of the various passions and prejudices of mankind, the cause is too conspicuous to pass by unobserved, and in-

deed too affecting to animadvert without emotions of profound regret. In the formidable train of evils matrimony is subject to, resulting from these inordinate passions and prejudices, are pride and ambition, of which the female mind is equally susceptible; and which betrays them into fancies equally whimsical and destructive to connubial felicity. Hence, most likely, some of those calamities you so bitterly complain of; inasmuch as you say, "The remembrance of what I formerly *was*, and, had I acted prudently, might *now* be, makes me think myself the most miserable of beings."

Inasmuch as "love produces matrimony, matrimony ought to produce love;" but woeful experience teaches us, that this is not always the case, for every husband is not an Ulysses in point of fidelity and truth, nor a Socrates in philosophical energy; nor is every wife like your namesake of old, more partial to the peaceful and virtuous employments of frugal industry, than spending their time in indolence and voluptuousness. If giddy mortals would but recollect, that matrimony is a friendship contracted for life, and learn to keep affection alive by mutual good-nature, constancy and love, it would have a tendency to obviate those frivolous controversies which give rise to *connubial warfare*, so offensive to the peace and quiet of "neighbours."

Pardon my candour! Your turn of mind seems calculated to make you miserable; inasmuch as "trifles light as air,"* I find, tend to irritate, grieve and perplex you. Be assured, that so long as you continue in such a disposition, discontent and chagrin will be your attendants.—Remember that Divine Wisdom has placed your happiness in your own hands; and therefore, it rested (and yet may) with yourself, either to be happy or wretched.—If you are bent upon indulging in all the extravagant habits, manners and customs of the fashionable throng, without means to support it, you will live a stranger to happiness; inasmuch as disappointments and vexation will attend you. In order, therefore, to obviate these ridiculous notions, and to correct those idle habits you seem to have acquired under the misguided tuition of your too indulgent parents, let me beg your attention particularly to the following remarks, which may convince you, that that happiness you seem to despair of is still within your grasp.

That there are certain pains and calamities entailed upon human nature is unquestionable; such as are produced by physical sufferings, and the deprivation of near and dear friends and relations; but these are generally of a transient nature, and may be softened by the benign influence of religion. But on the other hand, the calamities occasioned by our own incoherent conduct are daily renewed by an incessant gratification of ridiculous passions, and are doubly cruel, as the infelicity produced thereby, seldom excites the commisseration of others. People of this cast are mostly capricious and inconstant in the extreme; to-day their hearts seem to overflow with affection, and to-morrow cold as ice: what they dwelt on yesterday with rapturous delight, to-day is cast off as insipid and good-for-nothing: In a word, they are entirely subject to the changeable government of whim; and therefore, it is absolutely impossible that such characters can be happy themselves, or promote the happiness of those with whom they are united in wedlock. Now, Madam, supposing that these ridiculous qualities assisted in some measure to cause those misfortunes you complain of, in all the plenitude of woe (which, from a knowledge of female excellence I would willingly hope, is not the case) I would recommend, that you use every exertion to correct these propensities by dint of reasoning and reflection, and by attaching yourself to those honourable and peaceful employments which devolve on you as a parent and a wife, and determining to pursue them with energy, you will forget by degrees, those moments, the recollection of which is *one* cause of your present unhappiness. You will find by experience, that every virtuous effort made to this end, will produce a victory of joyful happiness.

With respect to your husband, who, it seems, you married more from resentment to the world, than love for the man, it will be no small undertaking to christianize him. An "Honey-moon husband," or *human-monster*, is, I believe, an animal not much known to naturalists in this country; yet there are of this species; and the treatment suitable for them is difficult of definition. I would, however, advise her who has been so unfortunate as to have fallen into the dreadful fangs of a being, capable of maltreating a *woman*, to practice all the fortitude she is mistress of, that she may bear with christian patience and resignation the heaviest evil to which the most thoughtless of her sex is subject. He is a being so truly detestable, that I cannot speak patiently of him; and yet you must, Madam, blame yourself for having fallen under all this weight of woe. For his lesser faults you may chide reasonably, but it were almost vain to hope for amendment.

By these means you *may* render your future progress in domestic life, comparatively happy. When natural good sense, happy dispositions and constancy, unite in matri-

* The Editor cannot acquiesce in the opinion, that to have such an husband as Lucretia's, is a trifling grievance.

mony; they cannot fail to make the union pleasing and agreeable, even in poverty: Yes,

——————" when souls each other draw;
When love is liberty, and nature law;
All then is full possessing and possess'd
No craving void left aching in the breast:
E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it past,
Each warm wish springs mutual from the heart:
This sure is bliss; if bliss on earth there be.

But on the contrary, when persons of opposite tempers and dispositions are bound in Hymen's chains, it is scarcely possible for them to live happy, even under the most favourable circumstances of affluence; inasmuch as their dissimilitude of minds, ever prone to opposition, are continually vexing and perplexing each other. H.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The By-Stander No. 2 is received. He is earnestly desired to proceed.

Zophyrus' second number is received; his first was not forgotten. We thank Zophyrus for these papers.

D's poetic note to a young lady is received.

We cannot read the signature to the favour accompanying the verses occasioned by playing at whist.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TWO PIGEONS.

Two pigeons once, a happy pair,
The offspring of one tender care;
Within a barn had built their nest,
Intending there for life to rest:
Content and love they found at home,
Nor e'er express'd a wish to roam.

The spring and summer now had pass'd,
And winter, with his chilly blast
Had frozen o'er the little rills,
And whiten'd all the neighb'ring hills:
No more, responsive down the vale,
Was heard the black-birds ev'ning tale;
Each songster fled the cheerless grove,
To milder climes, afar, to rove.

Without one care to fright their rest,
Of ev'ry little wish possess'd,
Our happy pair, in snug retreat,
Secure from cold and driving sleet;
Quite unconcern'd, forever gay,
In blisses past the hours away:
Each morn the fair Maria sped,
With choicest dainties to their shed;
Her lov'd approach they quick descry,
And round their guardian mistress fly,
With seeming smiles, the fair they greet,
And peck the crumbs from off her feet:

Thus pass'd their lives from day to day:
Sure never birds so bless'd as they!
Now spring once more, with vernal bloom,
Had chas'd away the winter's gloom;
The frost had melted in the rills,
And clad in green were all the hills:
Each songster tun'd his early throat,
To swell the long forgotten note;
And every shepherd sung his lay,
To welcome in the rosy may.

Our lovers, too, the change confess'd,
And often left their humble nest;
Together o'er the fields they flew,
And mark'd a thousand beauties new:
When thus with sudden joy elate,
The lover, kind, bespoke his mate:

Behold what sweet enchantment reigns,
What flowers bedeck these happy plains!
Oh! how unlike this charming bloom,
Is yonder barn's detested gloom;
Where, pent from every fond delight,
We've slumber'd out an age of night:
Why should not we, like others, roam,
And fix, where choice directs, our home?
To taste in other woods and fields,
The sweets that nature freely yields?—
He paus'd, while thus the gentle bride,
To him, in accents mild, reply'd:

Whence springs this strange desire, my love,
To leave thy native barn and grove,
To quit those walls, of late, so kind,
When rain, and hail, and driving wind,
In vain assail'd our peaceful nest,
And nightly strove to break our rest?
When snow and ice conceal'd the ground,
And food was no where to be found;
Did not Maria's care befriend,
And all our little wants attend?
Besides, the spring will soon be o'er,
The summer, too, will be no more;
And where can we expect to find
A barn so warm, and friend so kind?

All this, the lover quick reply'd,
Seems well with other ways untry'd;—
For will not every bird agree,
And say they're far more bless'd than we?
Else why do *they* delight to rove,
And taste the sweets of every grove?
Come, come, my love, make no delay,
But instant let us wing our way;
Wherever nature most invites,
And taste a thousand new deliglits.

In vain the pleading fair replies,
In vain her utmost efforts tries:—
But fix'd resolve, within his breast,
Still baffled every fond request.—
Alike in vain, the lover strove,
His sorrowing Bride's consent to move;

'Till tir'd he gives persuasion o'er,
And sues to urge her flight no more.

Farewell, he cried, since so unkind,
You still intend to stay behind ;
And may your days in smiles be dress'd,
And all your little wishes bless'd !
This said he bade a fond adieu,
And instant o'er the fallow flew :
The widow'd bird in sorrow mourns,
And pensive to the barn returns.

Meanwhile the lover, blithe and gay,
To distant worlds pursues his way ;
With rapid wing the air he cleaves,
While big with pride his bosom heaves :
Now, borne impetuous on the wind,
He leaves his native fields behind ;
Till tir'd with many an idle round,
He drops fatigu'd upon the ground :

Refresh'd, again from earth he springs,
And shakes with joy his buxom wings ;
For three long days he urg'd his flight,
Without one care to mar delight.
The fourth, when ev'ning drew her veil,
Of pleasing twilight o'er the dale ;
Again his flight he downward bends,
And once more on the ground descends.
An ample field, of berries, nigh,
Delicious, greet his longing eye ;
Pleas'd, he accepts the offer'd feast,
And then betakes himself to rest.

Next morn ere Phœbus shot his ray,
Of orient red across the way ;
From sweet repose he joyful wakes,
And quick his mossy couch forsakes :
And now before his ravish'd eyes,
Unnumber'd scenes of beauty rise ;
Of lawns and bow'rs, and fairy groves,
Smooth gliding streams, and sweet alcoves !

Ye gods, he cries, what grandeur reigns,
What charms pervade these happy plains !
Oh ! here could I, forever, dwell,
And bid to all the world farewell.

While thus he spoke, in quest of prey,
An hungry hawk pursued his way ;
When lo ! our musing friend he spies,
And quick as thought upon him flies.

Alarm'd, the wounded victim reels,
And through the air convulsive wheels ;
Now far aloft his flight he bends,
And now, with rapid wing descends ;—
Where'er he turns, now high now low,
Close in his track, so turns the foe :
And now half spent, and sore distress'd,
While terrors shook his little breast;

With deep remorse he calls to mind
His native barn now left behind,
Whose walls, if near, might still befriend,
And succour in his misery lend.

While thoughts like these his bosom tear,
With frantick wing he cuts the air ;
Resolv'd to end at once the strife,
And try by speed to save his life.

Now swift, and swifter than the wind,
He leaves the lawns and groves behind ;
Till sick at heart he pants for breath,
And shuddering waits the coming death.

Ah ! sure some guardian angel nigh,
Beheld thee with a pitying eye ;
And mov'd to see thee so distress'd,
With sudden hopes reviv'd thy breast !—

As faint and breathless thus he flew,
A shatter'd oak, before his view
Arose, all lonely on the plain :
There still some slender hopes remain ;—
For now when fate seems hov'ring o'er,
And all his speed avails no more ;
With bounding heart and ravish'd eyes,
A hollow in the trunk he spies,
And furious through the crevice flies.
There all the long and tedious day,
As weak and faint, he gasping lay :
Again his home now far remov'd,
And all the scenes he once had lov'd ;
With cruel, and remorseful smart,
By turns assail his anguish'd heart.

Next morn, quite feeble , forth he crawls,
Half famish'd, from his prison walls ;
Resolv'd, to give his wanderings o'er,
And seek his native fields once more.

With this intent a short repast,
He takes, and spreads his wings in haste ;
While round he throws an anxious eye,
Still fearful of some danger nigh.

Thus maim'd, for many a cheerless day,
With toil-worn wings he urg'd his way ;
O'er unknown fields and forests drear :—
When sudden to his eyes appear,
The well known barn, and aged oaks,
While near the cottage chimney smokes :
His gentle mate her truant spies,
And meets him with a fond surprise ;
Close to his wounded side she press'd,
And smooth'd with care his ruffl'd breast :
Thy kindness, quite o'erwhelm'd he cried,
My constant—sweet, forgiving bride !
Shall teach my heart while life remains,
No more to sigh for distant plains ;
Shall cheer me, in whatever lot,
And never—never, be forgot.—
He kept his word, and from that day,
Again was never known to stray.—

—LEANDER.—

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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EXPLANATORY REMARKS,

OCCASIONED BY

SEDLEY'S "OBSCURE" OBSERVATION

IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE PORT-FOLIO.

THE vain man, never so terribly distressed as when he cannot attract the attention of those around him, is willing to exchange his character of insignificance for almost *any other*. He is determined to be *seen*, and *spoken of*, in some way. If incapable of any noble performance, whereby to excite admiration; he will be guilty of some very mean thing, to deserve our detestation; for he shudders at the idea of being overlooked.

This kind of vanity produces much harm in the moral world, and has not unfrequently been the theme of eloquent declamation. But its effects in a case here recorded appear ludicrous in the highest degree. We never can preserve the gravity of our muscles when reflecting upon the writhing and flouncing of a "youthful writer," whose vanity we once flattered by permitting him to appear in the Companion. We did not at the time foresee the extreme mortification to which we were subjecting the "novice," or we had not been so lenient as to have permitted his intrusion at all. However, conscious of correct intention, we feel little regret on having thus "*disappointed*" the pride of "juvenile authorship." We have presented to the publick many feeble essays, undeserving of room in the Companion, because we are anxious to excite emulation in literary pursuits. But we shall hereafter be more careful to enquire into the temper of those youth who may solicit our indulgence. We will studiously avoid all connexion with any "SEDLEYS," whose want of gratitude can suffer them to vilify us because we may not chuse to sacrifice the respectability of our paper to the vanity and "*Whimsical*" disposition of such "*obscure*" characters.

We may, for aught we know, have offended many would-be authors by refusing to insert their puerile productions. It is impossible for an Editor to give universal satisfaction; but the most impudent effrontery and barefaced ingratitude that have been practiced against us was by a mere "substitute" of an author, an "obscure, youthful writer," who, unable to do any injury at home, has lodged a serious complaint against us with the Editor of the *Port-folio*.* Though the fame of the Companion (however slender its foundation) can never suffer from the denunciations of this "obscure" "underling to a deputy," yet we consider it as a duty we owe to Mr. OLDSCHOOL, to warn *him* of his situation: For even the Port-folio cannot expect long to retain its literary pre-eminence if unfledged boys and "obscure" writers are permitted to wield the sceptre of criticism.

This little critic, whose excessive vanity has hurried him to claim personal acquaintance with the *British Anacreon* (and Mr. MOORE might have met with Sedley in company) was very desirous that his translation should *first* appear in the Companion. We gratified him by a willing compliance, and were of opinion that the production would have been honourable to a much less "obscure" writer than SEDLEY. But because we could not comply with his subsequent requests, he says "the Companion is an *obscure* paper;" and he is doubtles (or will be) sorry that he ever had acquaintance with it. Poor fellow! we would not wish thee harm; for, as Uncle Toby says, there is room enough in the world for us both. EDITOR.

* See introduction (by "ME" myself) to the translation of a Greek Ode, in No. 6 of Port-folio, (new series) page 94.—This translation was first published in the Companion, vol. I, page 344.

THE BY-STANDER.—No. II.

Damnant quod non intelligunt. CICERO.

They condemn what they do not understand.

While the Romans pursued the path which had been prescribed by their ancestors, the world admired their wisdom and respected their virtue; but when they deviated, they tarnished the glory which they had acquired, and their empire fell. From the numberless similar instances which history furnishes, it may be laid down as an incontrovertible position, that when a nation becomes so degenerate as to destroy those customs which have been sanctioned by the approbation of preceding ages, it is a certain prognostic of her impending dissolution. This appears to be the natural consequence of so extraordinary a revolution. With equal propriety it may be asserted that when men endeavour to depreciate the character of those productions which have for centuries past been regarded as the standards of literary taste and excellence, it is an indubitable precursor of the decline of learning. An opinion has lately been brought forward without any arguments upon which its advocates can hope to ground its establishment, that the ancient classics are of little advantage to the world. The seeds of this poisonous plant have been carefully sown, but hitherto from the barrenness of the soil or from some other circumstance, they have not prospered. Those who defend this *superior* doctrine, which will no doubt *enlighten and illumine* the the minds of those who embrace it, have generally been totally ignorant of what they condemn; & the *few* who have been distinguished for their literary acquirements, have countenanced it rather from a desire of displaying their ingenuity than from a conviction of its solidity.

When the barbarous tribes from the north of Europe overwhelmed the Roman Empire, a few only of the ancient works survived the wreck; the consequence was that for several centuries the world was involved in chaos almost impervious to the rays of science, and mankind sunk to the lowest depth of ignorance. When learning revived, when the works of the ancients began to be studied, they again emerged from the gulph into which they had been precipitated, and have gradually ascended until they have at length reached the point from which they fell. This example is sufficient to shew the utility of the ancient writers. I will however for a moment consider the principal and indeed the only asseveration which has been advanced in support of this new-fangled doctrine. It has been asked "where is the necessity of spending one's time in the study of an ancient author, when a perfect knowledge of it may be derived from the translation?" To this I will answer by demanding whether any *copy* is equal to the *original?* A painter may *perceive* the most exquisite beauty, but will never be able to *express* it; a plant which flourishes in a foreign country will dwindle when removed to some less genial clime. So it is with regard to the classics. A scholar who is well acquainted with the ancient languages, will frequently discover expressions which when translated will lose their native elegance. Besides he that blindly follows a a translator, who takes for granted every thing he says, evinces a low and groveling spirit. The man of genius and erudition disdains to tread the beaten track and strikes out a new path for himself; *he* prefers to drink the pure, uncorrupted water of the fountain, while the one that has a contracted soul is contented with the stream which issues from it.—Our ancestors, who were perhaps as learned as we are, never were so enlightened as to discover that they did not need the assistance of the ancient writers. *They* always discerned their usefulness and can boast of greater prodigies of genius than we can. And have we the presumption to suppose ourselves superior in intellectual improvement to them? If we have, perhaps experience will teach us that the boast is vain.

I would not, like a devotee to antiquity, deny praise to some modern works, for this would be equally repugnant to the sentiments of mankind. I only wish to vindicate the ancients and secure to themtheir just reward. The works of Milton and Shakespeare, of Pope, Thomson, Dryden and many others, will be admired while genius and learning continue to be held in estimation. It cannot however be denied that the best specimens of modern elegance and taste and more particularly those of poetry, have received a splendor from the ancients which has enhanced their value and without which they would never perhaps have attracted so much attention. It may be said that it is not the splendor which confers worth, but the inherent qualities of the object. Without resting upon the fact that many of the native productions of the ancients have been transplanted by some of the moderns who have nurtured them with care and passed them for their own; I will reply that the diamond in its rude state will scarcely attract attention, but when it receives a generous polish its intrinsic qualities are displayed and it becomes an object of admiration to the world. The marble when taken from the quarry is almost useless, but when its beautiful veins are exposed by the artist, it becomes a rich and costly ornament.

Hitherto those who have endeavoured to involve in a mass of undistinguished ruin one of the fairest and noblest superstructures that has ever been reared by the labours of

man, have failed in their machinations. If any impressions have been made, they have like the assaults on a firm and impregnable fortress served to display its strength and confound the assailants. Scarcely a human being however virtuous has escaped the shafts of calumny: we ought not then to wonder if persons should attempt to undermine this venerable fabric of literary greatness. But for the honour of human nature, I trust that it stands on too firm a basis to be shaken by the feeble attacks of ignorance. As long as learning shall be regarded, the waves of malice may dash their impetuous, but impotent rage, against the immoveable rock on which the classics stand.

M.

FOR THE COMPANION.

From Pope nor Homer need I quote,
For big with nature's sufferings fraught;
Those sufferings that from fooling flow,
And cause a life of grief and woe:
But happier days presage my mind,
Though cruel once they now seem kind;
For pure religion *I pursue,*
Though friends prove false, she's always true.

TO THE FRIEND OF LUCRETIA—Mr. H.

Dear Sir,

Your letter of condolence and kind advice came very seasonably, for about that time I had arrived at the acmé of the greatest possible degree of human suffering, (as shall be made known to you) and a friend's advice at that juncture, was as the refreshing dew that falls from heaven on the parched earth to comfort and refresh it.

On first reading your strictures on my conduct before marriage your "*candour*" staggered me—and instead of my friend, I took you for one of my quondam—or "had-been" lovers; who, instead of pitying me, was adding weight to my misfortunes, and whose "turn of mind" could not be reflected on but as a trifle "light as air"*—but finding (like the good corrector and guide) that you had strayed from "the right way," into the untrodden paths of erring fancy; so far have I compassion on *your* weakness, and a love for that "Divine Being" which you advise me to regard, if "aught of malice propense" it was "blotted out forever!" And now, like all *honest* people, having "spoken my mind *freely*," I cannot but consider you my *friend* (for all are liable to mistakes) and before I inform you of the remainder of my story, give me leave to assure you, my friend, that I never was offended with *Truth* and *Honour*—(the want of them by many are thought of but as "trifles light as air") but ever was, and I hope ever will be with dissimulation and *want* of candor: for the dear bought experience received from *your* sex will in future make me trust more to what I *see* than what I *hear*.

O heavenly Truth! forever be my aim,
And if I blush—'tis not the blush of shame.

Your having volunteered my kind advising friend, will no doubt not only advise but extend the hand of charitable benevolence to the afflicted—otherwise your advice and religion is in vain. I shall without disguise unfold my sad tale to the present day; and though I shall not directly inform you what part of *Old Town* I live in, yet your searching knowledge and philanthropy will no doubt find out my place of residence, "where thine alms may be in secret."

After I had sought advice from a "safe Companion," and a friend, before that or any assistance came from either, the ruthless hand of justice had done its office—our goods were seized—even to the last poor comfort of the wretched—my bed, and all was gone. My child and I were cast on the wide world—my husband absconded—to where I knew not—for not knowing any thing of his family before marriage, I might have gone from bad to worse; and but for an *honest soul*, who had been a servant to my father, and for the present gives me shelter under an hospitable roof, I would be "poor indeed!" after the worst is past better must succeed, and the short respite I have had from care and trouble has afforded me time for reflection and repentance. I have searched into that *best of books*, and have found such comfort as cannot be found in the "pomps and vanities of this wicked world." It has taught me to forgive and expect forgiveness from all who are *good*, and to pity the scoffings of the proud, the wicked and uncharitable. *If this detail of my former conduct can be a striking and beneficial lesson to others—enabling them to avoid in good time the like calamities, (but particularly recommended to my own sex) 'tis, I assure you, most sincerely hoped and prayed for, by*

LUCRETIA.

THE CENSOR—No. II.

Mr. Easy,

In my last I endeavoured to shew how disorders had been introduced into our country, and ascribed many of them to foreigners. But there is a vice that cannot, I fear, be attributed to that source, but which is equally dangerous and pernicious, and which it is the duty of every one who regards the interest of society to discountenance.—The practice to which I allude is that of *gambling*, which

* See the Editor's note in last Companion. L.

has been deservedly and almost universally stigmatized and branded with infamy by the more virtuous and moral part of mankind. Independent of the loss which a gambler sustains as to his pecuniary circumstances, he must inevitably lose his reputation and character: His morals will undoubtedly be corrupted; and his mind, perpetually harassed and disturbed by the fear which he entertains of losing his all, will in many cases prove incompetent to support him, and he will sink beneath the weight of accumulated misfortune. The unfortunate man after having once so far committed himself as to engage in this degrading vice, after having surmounted the obstacles which his conscience has interposed and set at defiance the opinions and prejudices of the world, will hazard his honour and will be impeded by nothing which will tend to prevent the accomplishment of his purposes. The ties of religion, of virtue or of character, when put in competition with gain, are like the dust on a balance; and far from restraining him or from producing any useful effect, sometimes fill him with despair. Hence it is, that loss of character generally follows the man who becomes a gambler; and when he has lost his character, he has no longer any regard for his family or for himself, and is frequently wrought to such phrenzy and despair as to put a period to his miserable life. These are the consequences of gambling and they are far from being exaggerated or unnatural. Daily experience has convinced us of their truth, and we cannot deny that the punishment which the wretched gambler meets with, is just and merited. This evil, so despicable in *men*, has extended itself to the fair sex, and although the consequences are not so *dreadful* to them, yet in the manner in which it is conducted will most indubitably ruin their fame and destroy their constitutions. The loss of time which it occasions is alone of the utmost importance; for it might be employed so as to teach them the criminality of which they are guilty, or in superintending the education and improvement of their families. Such conduct might in the last century have been less remarkable; but now when the ladies enjoy the benefits of education, it is really surprizing. A love for cards evidently implies a want of abilities. And if this be the case how much more profitably would their time be occupied in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and how much more rational and agreeable would it be to substitute the pleasures of conversation for the *trifling* and *despicable* amusement of *card-playing*. But if the preceding observations should have no effect; at least the *guilt* and impropriety of *midnight gambling* should have some influence. Independent of the long train of vices which it usually introduces, it corrupts the morals of those who engage in it and affects their tempers. It injures them in the opinion of society, dissolves in many cases the ties of friendship and sets the most pernicious example to the younger classes of the community. *This practice has become extremely fashionable in the cities of Philadelphia and New-York, and has occasioned several misfortunes.—But the manners of the enlightened and virtuous ladies of Baltimore, have not yet arrived at that state of refinement which would induce them to countenance so despicable a vice.* A parent who has any regard for the welfare of his children, should beware how he countenances so dangerous a deviation from the paths of rectitude; for although for a time no pernicious consequences may ensue, yet he may rest assured that an *early grave* or a *lost character* will generally be their lot.

THE PEDESTRIAN—No. X.

Mr. Easy,

No man ever had less faith in the numerous corps of strolling vagrants, who call themselves *Fortune-Tellers*, than has the person now addressing you; but at the repeated solicitation of Leander, who is ever commenting on the follies of his brethren, I consented to accompany him to the "Blind Fortune-Teller."

I know no harm in it—and it served to keep up that variety of amusement so much desired by idle speculatists.

We proceeded early in the evening, but many an anxious expectant had besieged the blind man's quarters before our arrival. We were on a speculative adventure—and being all fools (for the time being at least) together, I thought it no violation of etiquette to accost whomsoever I was curious to enquire of. A timid little CREDULITY sat in anxious waiting by the side of her still younger brother in a retired part of the room, round which we were gazing with all the philosophy of lunatics—Miss, said I, it would seem that on entering this miserable cavern of idle curiosity and deception, we mutually threw off that just restraint which characterizes polished society, in our common intercourse with the world. The young woman was so lost in delusive expectation of the great events to be unfolded, when *her turn* should come, that my first attempt to rouse scarcely obtained her attention. However, from little more than daring to breathe, she assumed the appearance of animation, and faulteringly observed, that she waited to hear her fortune. I hope, my dear, said Leander, who had viewed her with considerable attention—for

there was something peculiarly interesting in her appearance which could not be secreted from his eye, even by the strong marks of a credulous simplicity, bordering on the silly, that confirmed her in the professed knowledge of those wretches who presume to fathom the profound depth of futurity—I hope, my dear, said Leander, that your fortune, or adventures in life, may not terminate so soon as you appear willing to expect. Your present appearance promises, I think, that you will yet give many happy days—and weeks too—nay long years of joy are the decreed portion of that happy youth who shall be favoured with your smiles.

La! who is he—who is he? But, good sir, indeed you don't look like a Fortune-Teller: are you the Fortune-Teller? impatiently demanded little Credulity—and *do* you *know* that I'm to be married—and to be many years a happy wife, and——no you didn't say a Mother, too, did you?

I did not say so, answered Leander with a perplexed countenance. He discovered the mistake of the young woman—but was hesitating whether he should undeceive her or favour the delusion. A moment determined Leander, for he is incapable of disingenuous conduct. I did not prophecy what is to come, said he. Though I came not here with the intention of lecturing on philosophy nor to declaim on the credulity of the giddy mob of mankind; yet methinks, sweet girl, thou standest much in need of advice. There are two branches of the *Fortune* family, continued Leander, with the disinterested benevolence of a Burchell—and he resembles in more instances than one, the noble character in the "Vicar of Wakefield"—there are two families rather, of this name whose designs are ever at variance with the characters of those to whom you should look up for all that's honourable and amiable;—namely, the *Fortune-tellers*, and the *Fortune-hunters*—both mercenary—both contemptible—and yet very unlike each other in their appearance and conduct. The Fortune-Teller, my dear, is much the most harmless of the two—seldom presuming to ask more than a dollar, for the utmost exertion of his skill (which, remember, is altogether the power of telling lies)—but the Fortune-hunter demands all you possess in the world, of money kind, and not unfrequently, will filch all happiness from the breast of her he "adores"—all this the ravenous destroyer demands for no return to his victim, save only his indefatigable exertion to deceive.

Bless my stars! exclaimed the little Credulity, where do they live? Why I never heard tell of such people before! Now do tell me how they look? Are they Indians?

Yes, they are the most barbarous tribe of savages to be found—and yet they are admitted, generally, to all the privileges enjoyed by civilized men.

But come—I'll go home with you, said Leander, placing her hand under his arm—for she had stood up whilst enquiring so earnestly concerning the Fortune family—and on the way I'll tell you all about it.

This whim of Leander's was very curious—I was half inclined to accompany them; but before I could determine on any thing they had passed out at the door, and on turning around, I discovered that I was not the only one surprised at his behaviour.

I shall be all anxiety until I learn from Leander the success of his benevolent endeavours to enlighten the fair Credulity.

RARIO.

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
"For want of decency is want of sense."

Mr. Easy,

I am but a plain homespun sort of fellow, and cannot boast of any thing more than a common education; nay I have never even gone to dancing school, yet under all these disadvantages which in my intercourse with the world must necessarily discover themselves, I still entertain as much veneration for my own opinions as most people, and think I can "see as far into a mill-stone as can the man who picks it."

I write this to complain of various grievances which frequently prevail in some of those circles (which although I say it myself are considered far from ungenteel) in which I have the honour of associating.

From the parties above described Mr. SIMON SMUTTY is seldom or ever absent—he never makes his entry that I have not witnessed the lovely cheek of female modesty suffused with blushes; but custom has rendered his company not only bearable but frequently pleasant; for the fellow would, were he a little more cautious, become a pleasant companion. Yet such is his extreme fondness for fun, as he calls it, that he never loses an opportunity of torturing any expression which will admit of it into a pun, or conjure it up into a double entendre, and most frequently at the expence of decency. I am induced to hope that he has no positive design to wound the feelings of innocence; but having frequently given loose to his propensity to revelry at the nightly cabals of his male associates, where I am informed he shines, he may, after becoming a little exhilarated (for the fellow swigs it) he may,

I would remark, forget where he is—however I must beg him to recollect that the bawdy songs and catches, luscius glees and obscene inuendoes which give so much satisfaction to his brother bucks and bloods, are unfit guests in those circles, which claim any pretensions to DECENCY.

P. S. As I know Smutty reads the Companion, I have no doubt but he will readily recognise his own picture. If it produces amendment, my end will be answered; if it should not, and he should still continue to offend in like manner, I have determined to try what a little cow-skin-argument will do.

FROM LEWIS' COMIC SKETCHES.

Many would imagine, that a provincial dialect would greatly embarrass and impede the progress of an actor in his profession. And yet there are many who, in defiance of this defect and advice of their friends, have the temerity to embark on the perilous seas of tragedy and comedy. I have really heard one of these knights of hardihood, a Northumbrian from beyond the banks of the Tyne, scour out his words with such an abominable Newcastle bur in his throat, and talk of *privileges* and *prerogatives*, and the *brave British troops that brought down the pride of France*, that appeared as if he had swallowed a scrubbing brush, and was labouring with all his might to bring it up again.

As another remarkable instance of provincial dialect, I beg to relate what happened a few years ago at Poulton in the Fylde, in the wild parts of Lancashire. The story descended to me in its provincial dialect by a native who was present.

There were five persons, the wise-heads of the town. They consisted of the 'Squire, the Exciseman, the Apothecary, the Lawyer, and the Curate, who held a deep consultation whether a *hedge-hog* was an animal, a vegetable, an artificial, or a natural curiosity.

First, the Lawyer defined it to be a thing Heaven never made, and as how, he had a great mind to serve it with "*a copy of a stick.*"

The Exciseman declared—"I canno' gage it—nor I canno' gaum it; but for sure and sartin it must be somewhat—or somewhat else."

The Apothecary, scratching his head, very sagaciously and significantly observed—"I count it to be a sort of a live thistle."

The 'Squire asked Robin, the hostler, if he did not think it was a sort of a round-a-about curry-comb.

And the Parson, after *downing* his spectacles, and *gloring* at it for half an hour, exclaimed, "Odsboddikins, for sure and sartin, it must be the *dévil's nutmeg-grater.*"

Such was the profound consultation of these five wise men of Gotham, or rather of Poulton; such were their enquiries, that they ended just where they began.

GEOFFREY GAMBADO's instructions to grown horsemen, contain a fund of humour: the following extracts from his work will give some idea of his manner.

"It is a melancholy truth that our breed of horses is terribly degenerated; but indeed the national taste is fallen off proportionably; nothing now is seen but bred horses; every apprentice must bestride a bit of blood. A bit of blood! and well may they be termed so, for neither flesh nor bone have they to boast of."

Our author then sets forth the advantage of a Dray-horse over every other.

"The pitiful spider-legged things of this age fly into a ditch with you, at the sight of a pocket handkerchief, or the blowing of your nose; whereas mount one of these and the world cannot alter your route. Meet a higler's cart, he will stop it, either with his own head or your leg; fall in with a hackney coach, and he will carry you slap dash against it."

The following qualifications and outward beauties he considers necessary for a "fiery Pegasus."

"The height of a horse is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleasing than the sensation of continually getting forward; whereas the riding a horse of a contrary make is like swarming the bannisters of a stair-case, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

"Let him carry his head low, that he may have an eye to the ground and see the better where he steps.

"The less he lifts his fore legs the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush all the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he should do, he will then disperse them to the right and left, and not have the trouble of kicking the same stone a second time.

"A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (if your horse is not a grey one) is to be preferred; as in the night, although you may ride against what you please, no one will ride against you.

"I give myself very little trouble about the eyes of a horse. If a rider is in full possession of his own, what his horse has is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his mouth to direct him where to go, and to lift

him up again, if he tumbles down. Let no man tell me that a blind horse is not a match for one with the best eyes, when it is so dark that he cannot see ; and when he can, it is supposed the gentleman on his back can, as well as he ; and then if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear ?"

These and other minutiæ having been detailed, friend Geoffry undertakes to instruct the rider.

" Touching the apparel then, I will begin at top. Wear a wig, if possible, the larger and whiter it is, the safer for you ; for should your horse prove what is properly termed, *too many* for you, and make off, nothing but the singularity of your appearance can restore you to your disconsolate family. The hallooing and hooting of the boys that this will occasion, will enable your friends to trace you through most of the vilages you may have past ; and at the worst, to know in what part of the country to have you cried.

" I never admired a round hat, but with a large wig it is insupportable. A cocked hat besides this advantage over its competitor, the dignity it gives to the most unhappy countenace, has so many others that it is wonderful to me, it is not universally worn. If in windy weather you are blinded, in rainy you are deluged by a round hat : whereas one properly cocked, will retain the water till you arrive at your baiting place, and keep your head, apt to be heated by riding, agreeably cool ; having much the same effect on it that a pan of water has upon a flower pot.

"Let your boot be somewhat short, and the knees of your breeches but just reach the joint, so that the flap of the saddle may be continually curling up, and chafing you between the confines of the boot and breeches, it will satisfy you that your leg is in a proper position.

" When mounted there is a grace to be observed. Lean the body pretty well forward over the pommel of the saddle, there is an appearance of airiness in it that embelishes the figure of a rider very much indeed ; particularly if he be mounted on a long backed horse who throws his saddle forward, and is unencumbered with a crupper ; here he exhibits an elegant picture of careless indifference, and seems contemptuously to leave the world behind him.

" The being able to guide a horse is a matter of some moment on the road, though it may not be so any where else. Ride with a lash whip ; it shews the sportsman. If your horse bears too much to the right, of course you drop the reins entirely on that side, and pull them up sharp with both hands on the other : but if that does not answer you must refer to your whip, and a good smart cut over the right cheek and eye, will soon set him straight again.

" The next enquiry is how to set off. Before ever your horse gets into motion, clap both your spurs into him pretty sharp ; this will set him a-going for the whole day and shew him that you have got spurs on, which if he did not know he might incline to be idle. Thus then you go off with eclat, provided nothing is in your horse's way, and if there is, you have put him so on his mettle, he will probably leap over it. Indeed it is far from improbable he may run away with you ; but if he does you will make a most spirited appearance.

"When a man is once run away with, the first thing that occurs to him is how to stop his horse. A French Count tried several expedients one of which only answered, which was by running at the rubbing house ; dashing at this with true French spirit, he produced the desired effect ; his horse not being able to proceed stopped and that so suddenly that the Earl of Pembroke would have been dislodged, and old Newcastle himself lain with his mother earth. The Count it is true came off, but tolerably well ; the horse broke his own head and the Count's likewise ; so that according to the ancient opinion of two negatives making an affirmative, little or no harm was done.

" Having said thus much on the subject of being run away with, it is necessary I should decide for the benefit of my readers on the means I most approve of, for putting a stop to such doings ; and I am clearly for the stable door ; if entering it full speed, you should be afraid of your head, spread out your legs sufficiently, and your horse will go in without you." [*Boston Magazine.*]

A fanatic preacher being requested to perform the last sad office of a dying young woman, pressed her to believe as a preparation to the beatific state, that *flesh* and *blood* cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. I am safe then, replied the witty patient, for I have been so long ailing, that I am nothing but *skin* and *bones*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Zophyrus having obligingly furnished us with a series of original essays on the " Science of Physiognomy," we did intend to commence their publication this week ; but as we cannot insert those passages in No. 3, which treat *too freely of living characters*, we request Zophyrus to alter this number.

A Sojourner has arrived.

We thank Tirostaphenos.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The muse of Sidney has, in the following production made her first essay. If you think it soars not so high as the regions of mediocrity, it is the Author's wish that you would not insert it in your Companion. It was composed by him upon viewing the place of his nativity after an absence of a number of years.

[The "Return" is another proof that rhyme is not necessary to make poetry interesting and beautiful. We hope Sidney will continue to court the Muses; as his first attempt has been so successful.]

THE RETURN.

Oh native lands, delightful pleasing scene!
May I thy rural fields approach;
Thy meads, thy streams meand'ring gently down
Their sandy channels to the deep?

Dost thou yet nurture, on thy mountain's side,
The prowling wolf, the farmers' foe,
The gentle rabbit, and the wily snake,
Whose pois'nous tongue brings instant death?

What changes has the hand of time produc'd,
While tempests o'er thy plains have howl'd?
Does youthful, lovely beauty yet remain
Diffus'd o'er *Anna's* blushing face.

Does *Mary* yet, in yonder cottage dwell?
And does the humble poor old man
Frequent her door, an humble suppliant
For Mary's blessings and her alms?

And are the wings of gratitude alert,
Does yet the withered cheek of age
Disclose, by crimson'd tints, and roseate hues
The gen'rous feelings of the heart?

"Ah no!" The mournful genius of my farm
Proclaims in accents sad and slow,
"Our noble *Mary*, once the pride of earth,
"Lies happy—number'd with the dead."

"The pearly tear bedews the poor-man's cheek,
"When cold and hunger both assail—
"He looks t'ward *Mary's* cottage for relief;
"But ah! she's dead—it is to weep." SIDNEY.

Harford County, January 1806.

Mr. Easy,

Having received information of the extinction of one of the Bachanalian *family, by his having fallen into a well in the vicinity of this city, I have thought it expedient in commemoration of the transcendant abilities of the departed genius, to take a gallop up Parnassus, from whence I returned yesterday with the fruits I collected, and now present them, humbly hoping they may merit a place in your useful Companion.* B. J.

Unhappy BACCHUS! what ill fate was thine,
From all thy friends so quickly to depart;
And leave behind thee here good grog and wine;
Sweet grog, that never fail'd to cheer thy heart.

What demon tempted thee so near the brink?
Thou didst not *water* crave, I should suppose:
Full well thou lov'dst the better things to drink;
No element so mild regal'd thy nose.

Had it been Nestor's fam'd, capacious cup,
Which *blipdly* into, thou perchance had tumbled,
With ease thou surely coulds't have drank *that* up;
Had it been *brimming full* thou hadst not grumbled.

Then, Falstaff like, when thrown into the Thames,
(Of which to "sweet Ann Page" he made a boast,)
If not quite "*hissing hot*," thy warm remains
Had made for Nestor's bowl a charming toast.

BOB JOSTLE.

Mr. Easy,

If the following lines, sent to a young Lady with a box of Lip-Salve, *are worthy a place in the Companion, their insertion will oblige*

D.

Since the rude breath of Winter's wind
Would not the lips of Ellen spare;
But chopped them—cruel and unkind!
To hurt the lips of one so fair:
Soon shall this salve's balsamic pow'r
Their wonted coral hue restore;
Then, like a renovated flow'r,
They'll bloom more lovely than before. D.

SELECTED POETRY.

A REQUEST—TO MONIMIA.

Since far from thee by fate condemn'd to rove,
And absence dooms my tender heart to ache;
Oh! grant me, dear and only maid I love,
A gift I'll doat on for thy charming sake!

Oh! let me hope thou kindly wilt bestow,
The precious present I presume to seek;
One lock that shaded thy enchanting brow,
Or gaily wanton'd near thy rosy cheek!

One roving ringlet that had wildly stray'd,
In hopes of wand'ring to thy snowy breast;
Or round thy neck had innocently play'd,
Ere Fashsion's forms forbid it to be bless'd!

I'll fondly wear it nearest to my heart!
As the sweet symbol of thy silken chains,
Nor with the tender token will I part,
While in that heart the vital spark remains.

Close I'll conceal it from each curious eye,
No hand shall ever near my treasure stray;
All night upon my bosom it shall lie,
And be my dear companion all the day.

Oft will I seek some solitary shade,
Where thought's unfetter'd, and where fancy's free,
There kiss the relic of my lovely maid,
And sigh, and gaze on it, and talk of thee!

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE COMPANION.

Sir,

IN your last Companion, I met with some judicious observations on the excellence of the ancient classicks. It should I think be the pride of every one who is at all conversant in this study to recommend and hold it up to the attentive consideration of the publick. Perhaps the By-Stander, has not viewed this polite and useful branch in its greatest variety of lights; and although the author of the following reflections on classical literature does not propose to go so far into the subject; yet if you judge them deserving of a place you will oblige him by giving them an insertion.

Nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ. Hor. A. P.

The friends and admirers of native genius and unvitiated taste must view with mingled regret and indignation the disuse into which ancient learning has lately fallen, and the neglect into which it continues to sink. Like the ruins of some superb edifice, which for ages has withstood the ravages of time, and resisted the shocks of war, classical literature, soaring above the mists of prejudice, and having attained such an elevated rank in the temple of knowledge as it was entitled to by its worth, at length ceases to attract the attention of the votaries of science. This is a revolution greatly to be lamented. Whilst the world conspire to decry the study of the classicks, whilst every illiterate boor complains of the loss of time they occasion, and every silly and pert ignoramus declaims against their utility, the wise man and the man of universal knowledge sees without partiality, and estimates without prejudice, their exalted merit. He surveys with wonder and astonishment, the poets, the orators, the historians and the philosophers, of antiquity; he learns to admire their sublimity and to be ravished with their beauty. The simple and unaffected charms of nature, he beholds in every page of their works. From the deep and roaring cataract, to the limpid and purling rill; from the fierce & impetuous lion to the gentle and peaceful lamb; from the most trivial to the grandest objects in nature, we have unnumbered instances of their power of description; instances which have not only gained them the respect and veneration of contemporary ages, but have continued through a succession of generations to command the admiration of mankind. The faithful painters of nature, one would think, that they surely are the safest and most perfect models for our imitation. But we are met by an objection which is triumphantly resounded in our ears, that there have existed men who, guided by the inspiration of genius alone and unaided by the fostering care of education, have risen to a height which is coveted in vain by the student of antiquity. It must not, cannot be denied that the illustrious Shakespeare is an example. As the towering oak of the forest that branches out into all the wildness and grandeur of nature; so the immortal bard from amidst his blemishes soars into excellency, which the puny followers of ancient excellence strive fruitlessly to rival. They may imitate, at an humble distance; but they are utterly destitute of his transcendant genius. But what reader of common taste is not sensible of his defects? Where is the person of common understanding, to whom his faults are not manifest? His multiplied breaches of decorum are discernable throughout his works. Had the reins of this wild unbroken genius been committed, but in a small degree, to the skilful hand of a Sophocles, he would not have been guilty of those innumerable violations of common decency, at which refinement so justly complains; we should not have been shocked at those grotesque in-

congruities, of comic and tragic, gay and serious, which are every where conspicuous.

The study of the classicks forms the taste, assists the imagination and inspires the soul with the purest and most disinterested sentiments of virtue. Every body is sensible that the faculties of reason are of slower growth than the fancy. In the infancy of the world, men are struck with wonder and admiration at the novelty and variety of objects which the great theatre of nature exhibits: hence they describe with a boldness of diction and strength of mind which are, in a great degree, unknown in its maturity. This truth is strikingly exemplified upon comparing the productions of ancient and modern times. Art and refinement characterise the latter: the former are strongly marked by nature and simplicity. The ancients, from copying nature with a faithful pencil, paint with all the grandeur of simplicity. He is therefore much mistaken who fancies that his taste is to be refined, and his fame as an author, to spread by the bare reading of modern performances. By a perpetual study of the classicks only is he to promise himself the hope of breathing their spirit and naturalizing their excellencies in his own language. Let him not sip at the stream, but manfully ascend to the fountain head, and drink large draughts. They cannot fail to prove salutary, and invigorating. We have not a more incontestible proof of the merit of this study than the success with which Mr. Addison applied himself to it. Whilst sound sense and right reason and genuine taste hold a place among us, it will be universally agreed that the graces claim him as their own favourite pupil. That graceful air and beautiful simplicity which distinguish the works of genius, and which all suppose themselves capable of acquiring, but which upon trial is found to be almost impossible,

——————————ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustraque laboret,
Hor. A. P.

can, in no sort, be so well attained as by a close application to the classicks.

But there is a consideration of much higher concernment than any yet offered why this study should be attended to. Does not the heart beat with admiration upon contemplating the patriotic Cato? And does not the soul thirst to emulate the great exemplar of public virtue? How can so noble a purpose be better answered than by an attentive perusal of the ancient authors? He who believes that the translated histories of Greece and Rome are fully adequate to this design, has not formed a true conception of the originals. The ancient historians excel particularly in lively and picturesque description. In surveying the living pictures with which their works abound, the imagination is kept continually glowing and the heart is insensibly moulded to nobleness and virtue. Instead of the sentiments of a hero being formally and gravely related, he is made to give them utterance with all the energy and boldness of eloquence, of which the historian is master. How wonderful the effect, how lasting the impression!

Thus we have seen how the taste is fashioned and the heart informed with sentiments of virtue by the study of ancient literature, and shall only remark that it behoves those who are blessed with health and a competency to enter with spirit and vigour upon a study by which not only their own interest and happiness is to be advanced, but the welfare & honour of their country to be insured. C.

The Editor, ever anxious to win the esteem of honourable men, and gentlemen who have sufficient patriotism to cherish the institutions of our own country, receives no small pleasure from the commendation of those, with whom he considers himself associated in a common cause. Endeavouring to excite and aiding in the pursuit of literary acquirements, is honourable evidence of an aspiring soul, already far above the meanness of little actions.

To the first number of a series of essays on a subject interesting to all, we make free to prefix the remarks of their author, in reply to our note of last week. There runs a vein of frankness and independence through his reply which challenges our respect; and as he consents to our omitting that part which seemed to stamp *personality* on the 3d number, we gladly commence the publication of these papers, on the Science of

PHYSIOGNOMY.

Zophyrus is by no means inclined to arrogate to himself the exclusive priviledge of dictating to the Editor of the Companion; nor is he at all desirous that any of the wholesome regulations which may have been wisely adopted by the Editor, should in any case be dispensed with for the furtherance of individual gratification. But as much as he is inclined to respect the opinions and determination of Mr. Easy, he cannot upon mature deliberation consent that, any alteration be made in his 3d No. saving the omission of the paragraph purporting to furnish a "*clue*" to the reader, and over which he has drawn the pen. He conceives that the omission of said paragraph will remove all likelihood of odium attaching to the Editor for the entire insertion of the residue.

Zophyrus would infinitely prefer a total rejection to a partial admission. He gave an unfeigned preference to the Companion for the insertion of his papers, over any other miscellany. Nor does he wish this partiality to be ascribed solely to motives of local prejudice and attachment, but from a well founded conviction that the "Companion" must eventually surmount every difficulty, and at length occupy that station amongst like miscellanies, to which its literary claims will justly entitle it.

Though Zophyrus' imagination is not much disturbed by a purient inclination to read the effusions of his leisure hours in public print, yet it would at all times afford him considerable pleasure in finding, that they met with the approbation of Mr. Easy.

No. I,

Mr. Easy,

It is matter of surprise to me that so little attention should be paid to the science of Phisiognomy in a country such as this, the rising generation of which are daily giving new proofs of an eager ambition to excel in the acquirement of literary accomplishments. For my part, as contemptibly as this science is held, by the *grand mass*, of what are termed literary characters, and in defiance of their vain and idle efforts to convince that it cannot be properly called, nor is it reducible to a science by any actual, unfailing, conclusive or practical application, I have from the time I read the first volume of Lavater, entertained the livliest sentiments of attachment, and the profoundest veneration for the author of those fragments; as he has been pleased with modesty to term them.

Physiognomy cannot be reduced to an absolute science, or *Lavater* has been unable so to reduce it, because, no precise, conclusive and unfailing rules can be discovered and adopted, or *he* has furnished us with none! Such reasons as these, and objections equally frivolous and untenable in their nature are the arguments relied on by men incapable of embracing in one comprehensive view, a science of such magnitude and inconceivable extent in its various and complicated rules, so difficult and seemingly unintelligible, but far from being beyond the stretch of superior intellect. The same reasoning, if it have any shew of plausibility, with men of limited understandings, and confined observation, may equally apply, and in their time have been as boldly and peremptorily adduced against all other sciences in their primeval, rude, and uncultivated state, upon the first dawning of polite literature. Every species of scientifick knowledge in its commencement made but gradual advances, and was slow of recognition by mankind. All sciences, like the splendid and magnificent edifices of antiquity, have been reared up with slow-paced advancement. One unwieldy and ponderous stone was with difficulty placed on the other before they arrived at that proud, and towering pre-eminence which excited and rivetted the admiration of Pyrrhonic man.—The extraordinary efforts of a succession of enlightened and indefatigable martyrs to science, have at length plucked up by the roots every thorn that lay in the rugged and inscrutable paths, and so smoothed and familiarized her ways, as to render her once devious and impenetrable haunts, easy of access to the meanest enquirer.

Such, unfortunately, for the present race of men, has not been the case with Physiognomy. Little heard of, and perhaps almost unknown before the days of its great and enlightened architect, the world was suddenly alarmed, terrified and confounded by the bold and threatening theory of Lavater, which seemed at once to evidence an effort of aspiring rivalry with the Deity himself. Mankind could not remain quiet and undisturbed; and eager as they ever are of innovation and discovery, they paused an awful period, and feared to stamp his maxims with the seal of their unbought approbation. In every quarter of the globe, sprung up, virulent declaimers against the confuting principles of this stubborn impostor, this common enemy to the human race. He at last fell an unpitied victim to a relentless, unceasing persecution, and expired by the hand of an hired ruthless ruffian! Such thy fate Lavater! A man who could dare to search the secret cabinet of guilt, and "rive her seeming continent;" who should drag the villain from his lurking hole, and set his mark upon him "unwhipt of justice." Who would venture to pronounce that man a votary to vice before he should be intimate with his actions; that character degraded and debased which is prone to debauchery and corruption before he pursued him in his secret walks, and put his stamp of infamy upon the smiling sycophantick infidel.

The talent of observation was little cultivated, perhaps wholly unattended to before Lavater published to the world his physiognomonical sensations. When he evinced a capacity to detect the hidden, artfully concealed propensities to the most disgusting vices, frequently disguised under the fairest faces: when too he discovered the most beauteous, noble and active characteristics of wisdom and virtue visible to him by certain indefinable traits, when the features are in action, which would defy the skill even of the most ingenious artist—a Reubens himself: Thus were jealousies, enmities and animosities excited, a blast

of resistless vengeance blown up against him, which eventuated in his own destruction. This was the fate of a man whose enthusiasm in the cause of truth, and deep-searching enquiries into the faculties and propensities of mankind, together with his own nature, had almost evidenced an intuitive knowledge of human nature.

But why should not Physiognomy become a science as desirously sought after and obtained as easily as any other? It were absurd to imagine its acquirement impracticable, and equally weak and preposterous to condemn it unattempted.

Early as it is in the morning of my life, perhaps vainly supposing myself as possessing some little talent for observation, I have devoted much time to the study of this science. I deem that time as far from being misemployed, and confidently hope I shall never repent, or feel the ill effects of it, as prompt as the ignorant may be to pronounce it a dangerous study and calculated only to mislead and blind mankind. And shall it be agreeable to the Editor of the Companion, of which I have since its establishment been a faithful and impartial reader, I will from time to time, direct to Mr. Easy remarks upon Physiognomy, and occasionally, observations upon the heads given in the works of Lavater; and by way of commencement submit to his judgment the following brief observations.

I can never see or hear objections to Physiognomy without feeling resentment or contempt. An hoard of trifling witlings have attacked Lavater, and each seems to have plumed himself on stating a case in which he presumes Lavater's skill would not avail him. But they have all been egregiously mistaken, for he satisfactorily and ingeniously answered them all. But suppose he had not one; what then?

Take the face of *Bodmer*—(second volume) ugly, as every young man and giddy girl would call it: (but sublimely beautiful to me) take that face and compare it with one of Lavater's fools. Is there a man in the world so destitute of physiognomonical sensation, nay even one of the said fools, who would not distinguish the difference? But it seems that a parcel of sculls were once found, and it was not known whether they were sculls of banditti, or of monks. "Lavater" (says the wit) "would have told at once." No! says Lavater, I might not tell; and he gives *good* reasons; but he might have given better. He might have said, that "a bandit might have made a monk, or a monk a bandit. The destination of man often, if not always, is beyond his own controul."

But it appears to me, that some of the advocates for Lavater have spoken with as little sense or judgment as his enemies. What think you of the "*soul shining through the body as the moon shines through the ghosts of Ossian?*" Was ever a more ridiculous saying? and yet Lavater gives it as the saying of a *monstrous* learned man.

The truth is, and it need not be concealed, Lavater admits that the science of Physiognomy is not more certain than other sciences. Is there a man so miserably lost to common sense as to say, that if Lavater himself, the greatest of Physiognomists, should pronounce a wrong judgment, there is therefore no truth in Physiognomy? Preposterous in the extreme!

When any man says, "I don't like his looks, always was afraid of him," or "I was sure from his countenance that he was an honest man," &c. When such things are occasionally said by every man; and when every man, woman, child and even dog, examines the face of a stranger in order to form an opinion of him; and when every person supposes that he has generally formed a just opinion; when every one feels an impulse to examine, how can it be said there is nothing in Physiognomy?

Perhaps I am only detailing in less elegant language than he has used, the remarks of Lavater. Ah! says a wonderfully discerning man, true it is, that sometimes a judgment may be formed from the countenance; that is to say a general judgment, or a judgment with respect to some particular quality—you may say such a man has sense, but you cannot tell whether he is brave or generous, and so forth. You may say he is good-natured; but not that he is honest. In short, you cannot read his character as Lavater pretended to do.

To the world at large I say, read, study Lavater; give him fair play; divest yourself of self-love; discard your prejudices, and you will feel that he is right, notwithstanding he may be unfavourable to you. ZOPHYRUS.

THE BY-STANDER.—No. III.

Rarus enim Fermé sensus communis in illâ Fortunâ.

——— We seldom find
Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd. STEPNEY.

It has been frequently remarked, and experience has corroborated it, that an independent fortune is generally an obstacle to the acquisition of knowledge. A young man who looks forward and anticipates the period when an independency is to be placed in his own hands, has little else to think about but the manner in which he shall use it. The supercilious arrogance he assumes on account of the dignity he considers attached to a large for-

tune, will not permit him to subject himself to the dictates of a preceptor; but, building all his prospects on his riches, he totally neglects the improvement of his mind, which alone can soften the barbarity of his nature and render him a dignified member of society. Riches have long been the impulse to human actions. A mind unversed in the pleasures of literature will always estimate the pompous show of riches above the intrinsic excellence of knowledge, which imparts such felicity to the breast, and fits the mind for noble enjoyments. While a juvenile mind is infatuated with the splendor of riches, which shine so directly upon the world; it grasps with eagerness at its possession and contemns the recondite but inestimable pleasure of learning, which is gradually developed to the mind as it becoms fit for its enjoyment.—Alas! how many have been infatuated by the alluring lustre of gold, which, like the ignis-fatuus to the wandering rustic, only beckons him to disappointment! How many deluded imaginations have pursued that path which leads to corruption and serves but the purposes of the body, and neglected the improvement of the mind, that component principle of man, which rises superior to consuming matter and bears the impression of its Maker.

It is not my intention unjustly to depreciate the benefits which certainly emanate from riches, but to dispel the delusion which veils the minds of young men of fortune who scoff at the improvement of the mind and estimate pecuniary emoluments above all other acquisitions, whereby they pass through this world ignorant of its purest happiness and unfit for the participation of any rational enjoyments.

The combination of riches with wisdom is a great blessing; but when wealth is obtained at the expence of the understanding it becomes a curse. A *rich man* has it in his power to partake of all the pleasure a depraved mind can desire. He is enabled to satiate all his passions, whose potency, unsubdued by reason, he is unable to withstand. He will participate in the enjoyment of all the luxuries of the world and receive those pleasures so congenial to the propensities of youth. But is this happiness? Does real pleasure result from the gratification of those appetites? Will this enjoyment render him that permanent happiness which will enable him to feel its beneficial influence in the evening of his life? Will it not rather induce a premature old age, when that fount from which flowed all his happiness; when that spring on which he was dependent for his only pleasure, shall have dried up and left him destitute of the only source, whose benignity he was susceptible of? Where, when declining years shall bring down his debilitated frame; when he is unable to join the festive club; where has his happiness flown? Where now is that pleasure once in his estimation so superior to the improvement of his mind? Is it in the reflection of his past enjoyments? Do they not rather tend to add poignancy to his afflictions? Is it in the impotency of his body whereby he is unable to partake of his pristine frolics? Does he not on the contrary when he views them as the cause of his misery, curse the hour he commenced his base career and neglected the improvement of his mind, which now would uplift him in his affliction, and add the consolation of enjoying the pleasure he has been reaping in his younger days.

A man of fortune has it in his power to visit foreign countries, to view the curiosities of nature, and to cull the choicest maxims of the world; but can a mind unnurtured by wisdom, unexpanded by literature, and unameliorated by reason, be susceptible of the beauties of nature? Can the native darkness of his mind be dissipated by natural curiosities? Are not instances before us of persons illiterate but rich, who have returned from their travels with their minds stupefied at the wonders they had seen, proofs to the contrary?

While the ignited columns of Etna would fill with sublime enthusiasm the breast of a sensible man, an ignorant person would look on with gaping astonishment, and receive no other impression but that of fear.

The futility of pecuniary pursuits to obtain happiness; the misery which is the constant result of a life of luxury, which is the only pleasure to be derived from riches, and its insufficiency to afford a durable and unalloyed happiness when once obtained, tend all to indicate its inferiority to wisdom, whose dulcet beams illumine the mind in the decline of life and fit it for the eternal beatitude prepared for noble and exalted souls.

Oh wisdom! thou prolific source of all pure felicity, 'tis thou who warmests the breast with the glow of sympathy and fitest the soul for supernal enjoyments; 'tis thou who divulgests the recondite powers of the mind, and expandests the innate perfections of the soul: the vicious passions which enslave the mind ignorant of thy worth, fly at thy approach, and all the roughness of our nature seems melted at thy touch! Fill my breast with thy ardor, oh inspiring power, and teach me to nurture in my bosom thy ineffable excellence, which will enable me in the last dawn of life, when enfeebling age shall throw his hoary mantle around me, to reflect on the past with satisfaction, and to enjoy the result of my youthful labours with true felicity!

S.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumors of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful, or successful war
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained;
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.

COWPER.

By the perpetual tumults of the city, and the rumours of war and bloodshed, of depredation and cruelty, which seemed to engross the conversation of the busy multitude, to hear which I was from the nature of my calling necessarily exposed, my spirits were depressed, I was almost weary of the world, and ready to indulge such sentiments as these of the Poet—to quit the pursuit in which I was engaged—retire to some place where I might live in ignorance of whatever could disturb my tranquility—and bid adieu forever to society—such were my thoughts: but the recollection of tender connexions—of duties which I owed to the parents who had watched over my helpless infancy, and to the friends who had with parental kindness, conducted me safely to the years of maturity, arrested me in the prosecution of this precipitate design, and happily prevented its accomplishment. Still I was not reconciled to my situation. I wished for the enjoyments of solitude. When a day arrived, which by its remarkable temperature, favoured my wishes, I determined to quit the tumults of the city, and devote a few hours to contemplative retirement—Accordingly, I furnished my pocket with a favourite volume, on rural scenery; took my walking stick and commenced my ramble.

I passed in a very serious mood through several of the principal streets of the City, and soon arrived to the summit of a hill, which when I descended it, hid from my view, the scene I was accustomed to, and of which I was so weary. Here I stopped, and looked with very differing sentiments, on the various objects which surrounded me. On one side, just under me, was the City: this was not, in my present situation, a subject for many of my thoughts. I endeavoured to banish it from them entirely. Beyond it however there was a scene on which I could gaze with more satisfaction. The beautiful villas on the west of the city were indeed a pleasing sight. Not far from my stand was the house assigned for the reception of the indigent sick. On the other side was the Patapsco covered with ships. After viewing with attention for some time, these several objects, with others more minute and less attractive, I descended the east side of the hill;—on its declivity no objects attracted my attention, except a small grove of pines;—and I descended it with my *book* in my hand but it was not long that this occupied my attention; it contained indeed many beautiful descriptions; but nature is always more beautiful than art—my thoughts therefore were diverted, from the description to contemplate the thing itself. Not far before me was a wood, which I hastened to arrive at. There were several habitations of human beings still within my view; but they appeared to be not the habitations of those who know the cares of an affluent or a busy life, but the lonely retreats of those who are contented with a simple competence to live secluded from a world of strife. An agreeable melancholy had by this time taken possession of my mind. I entered immediately the little wood, and derived a particular pleasure in observing the great variety which this sylvan scene presented. I counted the different kinds of trees—I noticed their different shapes and sizes, as well as their apparent different ages. But what excited the most serious reflections was, the consideration of the great length of time, that these trees are in growing, and the few minutes in which they are cut to the ground. I observed scarcely any that appeared to have attained their full natural age, and that no age was exempt from the fatal stroke. I moralised this observation, and it was indeed an affecting consideration.

Passing on, I soon found myself again in an open field. I marked as I crossed it the effect of this mild season on the vegetable world. I passed several lonely dwellings, and at length arrived at another resting place—it was situated on a declivity where the rays of the sun had operated with full force. Here, fatigued with my walk, I sat down and reclined myself against a sapling. My attention at first was occupied in examining the objects immediately about me, and I could but regret that so many young bushes had been suffered to grow up so near together; for it had an unhappy effect on their growth, and appeared to be the cause why so few of them were fit for use. But I dwelt not on such objects; my eyes were, by the situation in which I was placed, naturally turned upward. I beheld the vast expanse of heaven. There appeared a profound pause; a most sublime, and tranquil majesty appeared displayed in the upper regions, and an awful stillness pervaded my soul. Every passion had subsided, and every object seemed to bear witness in a manner not to be disputed, to the Omniscience, Omnipotence and Omnipresence of the Deity. Thus I sat, till the great source of day had descended beneath the western horizon;—when another luminary which had been lost in his superior splendour, made its appearance. I indeed considered myself under the protection of the Pa-

rent of the universe; but the evening dew urged my return. I rose and walked towards the city. I wanted now the comforts of society; and as I walked, ruminating on the forlorn and helpless condition of man, I saw the necessity of human society. I considered the dependance of man upon man; and could do no less than acknowledge that a mysterious providence rules for the best. Yet, when I came to reflect again on the state of society truly it wounded me to the heart. Perhaps at this very moment there are thousands, notwithstanding the noble privileges with which they are blessed, above every other order of the creation—that every circumstance when properly considered, conspires to remind us of our dependance on each other, and the dependance of all upon God—who forgetful of all those things, are with savage ferocity, waiting with impatience for an opportunity to spill each others blood. Perhaps in the very city to which I am now going, there are many, who, not thinking that that God sees them, are deliberately transgressing his righteous law. When this is the case, when mankind are thus abandoned to wickedness, what can be expected, but that such should be the instruments of each others destruction.

A secret intelligence then saluted my ear,—"Acquiesce in the dispensations of Providence—commit thyself to his disposal—in whatever situation thou art placed, attend to thy own particular duty, and be not anxious further than this." I came to the place from whence I departed—retired to my chamber, and, after having commended myself to the Divine Protection, quietly closed my eyes in sleep.

SECLUSIUS

At the late anniversary feast of the Musical Society, London, a new catch was sung, in which we find the following pun:—

"I am unable, (yonder beggar cries)
"To stand or go." If he says *true*, he *lies*.

A Mr. James Cross, whose profession is Cotton dying and scouring, thus quaintly prefaces a short public notice, in a paper printed at Charleston, S. C. "All trades must live, but one must *dye*."

A labourer's daughter, who had been in service from her childhood, when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she emphatically termed it, she might *rest her bones*. Hymen at last listened to her prayers, and a neighbouring clodhopper led her to the altar, *nothing loth*. Sometime afterwards her late mistress, meeting her, asked her, "well, Mary, have you rested your bones yet?"—"Yes, indeed, (replied she with a sigh) *I have rested my jawbones*."

A dull parson, one Sunday afternoon, suddenly stopt in the midst of his discourse, and looking round the church, exclaimed—But why should I say any more, seeing you are all a-sleep, except that poor ideot there? pointing to a poor fellow somewhat deranged; who rising up, sharply made answer——Sir, if I had not been an ideot, I should have been *sleeping too*.

EPIGRAM.

Joe Sprightly once courted a beautiful maid,
She ask'd, "Had he form'd a connexion in trade?"
"Not yet," he replied, "but I have one in view,
For I hope to become *sleeping partner* with you."

On hearing two worthless cowards challenge each other in Drury-lane playhouse, a gentleman present wrote the following stanzas:

In Drury's lobby, Tom and Dick
Pull'd each the other's nose:
And yet if Dick or Tom was right,
Pray who the devil knows?

"I am a gentleman!" cried Dick,
"And so (quoth Tom) am I!"
Each strove to hide his trembling heart,
While each roar'd out—you lie!

Dick said, "I'm cousin to Lord Cog:"
Tom swore, "he roll'd in riches."
Dick knit his black Patrician brows,—
And Tom pull'd up his breeches.

Now if this palsied pair should meet,
Impell'd by common sneers,
If *either*, or if *both* were shot,
Pray who the devil cares?

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

SEDLEY'S "Key" cannot appear in the Companion. We replied, "in our own way," to his illiberal remark in the Port-Folio; (to the Editor of which we are much indebted for this specimen of politeness) but have nothing additional to say, unless further "provoked."

To adopt the language of a numerous and respectable class of gentlemen, in the midst of whom we prepare the literary banquet, "we inform our friends and the publick, that we have received *by this week's arrivals*, a large and general assortment of" Manuscripts, "*amongst which are*,"

PHILOGAMUS—STEADY—OBSCURITY—ERIN—J—
FIRST—JOHN GAUKY—S. F.—E.—
"*&c. &c.*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

The following was occasioned, by the death of Miss ———— The youth, beauty, merit, and accomplishments of the deceased; the vanity of this life and the great debt we all must pay sooner or later; recurring to my mind with additional force, as "The slow hearse conveyed her to the grave," my juvenile pen, impressed with the ideas of my imagination, produced the following lines. I am conscious of the many faults that will strike the eye, even of impartial criticism, on examining them; but should you charitably adjudge them a place in the "Companion," you will oblige the infant muse of the author; and should they be so fortunate as to arrest the giddy career of youth even for a moment, or give birth to the repentant sigh in the bosom of sensibility, he will be amply rewarded.

TIROSTAPHENOS.

"NEQUE ULLA EST AUT MAGNO AUT PARVO LETHI FUGA."

Hark! the bell tolls, how awful is the peal,
That calls the mourners 'round the fair one's grave,
Vice e'en is forced at virtue's shrine to kneel,
And man, awakened, cries—my God, oh save!

I started at the sound and join'd the throng,
That bore this once lov'd maid unto the tomb;
Silent we walk'd, each step was slow and long,
And heavy looks proclaim'd the general gloom.

Her form was stampt in symmetry's best mould,
Her eyes replete with soft celestial fire;
A purer heart, this earth did never fold:
A chaster soul, ne'er went before its sire.

Mild were her manners as the setting ray;
Soft were her accents, as the eastern breeze;
Blithe as the lark, that sings at op'ning day;
Her placid look evinc'd her heart at ease.

Scarce had her mind expanded to the light,
Scarce had her beauties ripen'd into bloom,
When death, relentless, snatch'd her from our sight,
And her fair form consign'd to yonder tomb.

Her sorrowing parents had not ceas'd to mourn
Her brother's loss, an infant sweet and gay,
When their lov'd daughter quick from them was torn;
And her pure soul aloft was borne away.

"And weep not father dear, the suff'rer cry'd;
"Nor yield thy soul to feeble vain despair,
"Thy Country on thy virtue has reli'd,
"Thy Country now demands thy warmest care."

Such was the maid whose death we now bewail,
Such was the maid that lies beneath yon sod,
Such was the maid that late dwelt in this vale,
And such the maid that's now beside her God.

Ye giddy youth when walking round this spot,
Consider life is but a fleeting shade;
Reflect a moment on your certain lot,
And try to live—and die, as did this maid.

Could wealth have turn'd aside the mortal dart,
Could beauty stop the never erring hand,
Could sweetness—Elegance or purity of heart,
Then this lov'd shade had still adorn'd our land.

But death determin'd to display his power,
Neglectful of her friends', and kindred's sighs,
Smote youth and beauty in the lively hour,
And signed her passport to her native skies.

Ye female train, Columbia's highest pride,
When Sol retreats into his western bed:
Ponder on this, as round her tomb you glide,
And tread the roscid grass, that shades the dead.

Baltimore, February 22, 1806.

Walnut Hills, February 8, 1806.

Mr. Easy,

The following is from the pen of a gentleman, whose lucubrations have oft illumined your celebrious pages, and though the language is not sufficiently conformable to the true spirit of poetry, nor the subject possessed of those neoteric qualities, requisite for this species of composition, still, I am induced to send it for publication, if after undergoing the test of your classic ordeal, it should be deemed meriting a place in the Companion. My true motive for sending it is, the author having always condemned those juvenile effusions of the innocent mind as beneath the notice of a rational being, and was unwarily led into this attempt by his mistress throwing on the table at the game of whist two hearts when he (her partner) called but for one: The lady after repairing her mistake, jocosely remarked that a man of his penetration could not long be at a loss for her true motive; and the gentleman, following the impulse of the moment, presented her an hour after, while sitting at supper, the following. I have his permission to make any use of it I think proper, and by your inserting it, you will not only oblige me, but prove to the world the truth of the trite saying—"Omnia Vincit Amor."

TIROSTAPHENOS.

Long have I sued, Amanda, for thy hand,
Long have I wished to wed, no more to part;
But thou, the haughtiest beauty in the land,
Hast said, thy hand can't go without thy heart.

As two are often chose a third to name,
Perhaps by playing two you kindly proffer
That I should act for those two cards the same
As agents do? My heart receives your offer.

Then, dear Amanda, as you've kindly play'd
Two hearts when I for one did only ask,
Take back these two again, dear lovely maid,
And give but that which wears so fair a mask.

For, know, dear maid, thy charms have fettered strong
A breast despising either guile or art;
Then smile, Amanda, where you've frown'd so long,
And take my hand:—you long have own'd my heart.

E. B——s.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

No. II.

THAT Lavater's fragments, which contain principles in themselves incontrovertible, are calculated to convince all real lovers of truth of the certainty of the science of Physiognomy, it requires no deep analysing of his opinions to believe: Maugre the fierce opposition which his bold and resistles principles have received from the most ingenious pens, he has triumphantly confuted the pretensions of rude literary despots, and forced them into a mean, and humble acquiescence in his opinions.

I hold it to be established as an incontestible fact, beyond the extensive reach of sophistry; not because Lavater has so said, but because it is a manifest and undeniable truth, and would have been equally true had he never have said it; that those very men who have opposed, and written against the science, and all the world besides, whether sensibly or otherwise, are daily influenced by Physiognomy. The violent and spirited opposition which it has met with, is of itself sufficient to satisfy the greatest sceptick, and to my mind furnishes the strongest argument of a secret belief in the science by its sturdiest adversaries. SULTZER affirms, and the experience of mankind sufficiently proves the fact, that every man, nay every living creature after its manner, either consciously or unconsciously, knows something of Physiognomy, and draws inferences instinctively for its own safety, and better guide, from the external to the internal, influenced by the ungovernable idea that every exterior sign is the symbol of some inherent quality.

And let us here observe the correctness of Lavater's declaration that the most pitiable absurdities have been written against Physiognomy. That this sublime science, so little studied and less understood, should be debased by the most foolish, puerile attacks, & be confounded with divination by the countenance & quackery of chiromancers, is equally to be derided. If the science be so glaringly false and pernicious in its consequences as is so strenuously contended for, why have not those splendid possessors of talents, taste and genius, who have spent their vigour in a fruitless effort, from the time of Aristotle to the present day, displayed a more generous candour and impartiality, than their unfair investigation of the subject has betrayed.—These and other considerations all conspire to prove an opposition either miserably destitute of substantial grounds, or an unhappy exertion of ill-directed reasoning; together confirming the fashionable philosophy of the present age, "outwardly to treat that with contempt which we are inwardly obliged to believe."

But wherefore, is it, I would fain know of you, Mr. Easy, that amongst all people, in all nations not actually immersed in ignorance, that Lavater, whom I adore as the great master of Physiognomy, together with his favorite, alluring science, have found so many stubborn and implacable enemies? For this simple and obvious reason; because mankind dread the light and are tortured by the searching rays of Physiognomy. It is a mirror, that reflects too truly to be admired; a scrutiny, which withers human nerves. Is it not a fact equally notorious, that the most vicious and depraved have always occupied the foremost stand amongst its opposers? And why is it in every instance that this has been and ever will be the case? For no other cause, than that they are convinced of the truth of it in others, and tremble and are terrified lest others should read its truth in themselves, should detect and expose to the world their villainies and impositions, which with impunity they have practiced upon mankind. It is too, from a consciousness of the scarcity of human

beauty that it is so much decried and clamoured at, and has become the terror of vice and wickedness. A secret dread lest the base character concealed under a fair exterior be dragged into light and exhibited in its own unborrowed colours, and thus incapicitated from again practicing his iniquities and impositions upon the credulous and unsuspecting.

Admitting the certainty of the science, to which I imagine there is little doubt it has been reduced (yet Lavater himself pretends not to infallibility) why should the man of a pure unblemished conscience, whose no single act in life was ever tarnished by the feint semblance of vice and iniquity; who secretly exults in the proud possession of a fame unsullied by meanness or dishonour, be uneasy at any judgment which the Physiognomist should pronounce, with however loud-tongued certainty he might speak. The naked, simple fact of opposing Physiognomy, to my mind always has served, and ever will, as the strongest presumptive evidence, that it proceeds from a consciousness in the opposer that his true character will sink under inspection.

It is contended by some that Lavater's opinions in many of the most important cases carry upon the face of them a conviction of egregious fallacy, and as confirmatory of this rash declaration we are referred to the head given of Socrates in vol. 1st, page 218. Upon a minute examination and strict enquiry into the most prominent and striking traits in the head referred to, I am bold to pronounce that, instead of the case of Socrates being opposed to the science of Physiognomy I consider it one of the strongest confirmations; provided only that this be the true resemblance of Socrates. Let such enquirer examine and judge for himself. Was ever forehead seen like this? It seems to me as if the wisdom of all preceding ages is expressed by the capacious, knotty, arched forehead. The eyebrows it will be said have a heavy, massive appearance; but it is the weight of wisdom. The ugly nose corresponds with the eyebrows. Do not the lips, easily closed, and easily breathing, express benevolence, harmles wit, manly eloquence, well meant censure? But as for the chin, my beloved sage, I should suppose that independently of the other features thou wast salacious as Silenus, as fond of wine as Bacchus. In short, it appears to me that if this head had been presented to me, as an unknown head, I should have formed precisely the judgment I have expressed. I disregard the declaration of Alcibiades and others, or the historical account of his decision. 'Tis preposterous in the extreme to assert that the case of Socrates should militate against Physiognomy! But if it be thought at all an exception, it surely must be a trifling one.

I shall now, Mr. Easy, in pursuance of the original object of my numbers make some remarks on Physiognomy after the manner of Lavater.

No. XXV. in vol. I. page 240, are given two fools, which the leàst skilled in Physiognomy would know to be such. It is observable that one of Lavater's great Physiognomonical *desiderata* is that, when the profil is taken the line drawn from the tip of the nose to the most distant point of the back of the bare head, shall be exactly equal to a line drawn to the point, where the neck and chin join to the most distant part of the head. Now being really struck with the upper fool's head, I measured it from mere Physiognomonical curiosity, and found that it possessed the very requisite desired. I then measured the other head and found the same result—that is to say—I measured with an allowance to the best of my judgment, for the hair. Having my own shade drawn by a machine, I found from actual measurement, that mine also possessed the said requisites. I have just measured Lavater's head, and several of the most applauded heads in his book, and found not one of them exactly to answer his rule.—Here it would seem was a complete detection of misapplication of rule; Mr. Lavater and his fine fellows must yield to me and his two fools.

But another great desideratum is that the head be high and arched from the forehead. The more arched the better; that is, the more removed from *flat* the better. See again those two fools. Are not their heads well arched? Now Lavater has made sections of one of his shades; there is allowed all the way from the nose to the back of the head for a young or petty Physiognomist to form his judgment from. There is about half as much for a second rate Physiognomist; but for your deep, discerning ones, like himself, he allows only from the nose, including the descent, to about one inch and an half of the forehead. Now *I* would allow Lavater from the middle of the first fool's head to the middle of the back of the head. I am much mistaken if he would not ascribe to the fool both sense and cunning.

What then? Am I decrying Physiognomy? Far from it I assure you. I am every day more and more convinced of the truth and utility of the science. On this occasion I only mean that my master is inconsistent, and liable to err from pursuing his own principles. But peradventure he might point out to me some capital distinction between a good arched head and the aforesaid head of the fool.—On further inspection I believe he would. I have just

now examined the shade of an undoubted great man.—The arch of his head, though rising not so much so as that of the fool, seems to have strength and stability inexpressible; whereas the fool's arch is nothing more than an inanimate arch of brick or stone, which, although regular, conveys nothing to the fancy. But, gracious powers! view the arch of the great man, and it seems as if it were animated and could not only support every weight to be laid upon it, but has under it every thing valuable.

After all, I wish Lavater could see, and should determine on a section of the two fools' heads drawn from the upper part of the forehead to the correspondent back part of the head without knowing them. Should he then pronounce a correct judgment, who could suppress an exclamation—"Lavater is infallible!"

ZOPHYRUS.

Reason and free enquiry are the only effectual agents against error; they are the enemies of error, and error only. JEFFERSON.

Mr. Easy,

I consider it to be a duty incumbent on every member of society, to promote, as far as is in his power, the prosperity and welfare of mankind. To root up every plant of error, that encumbers our land; to stem the torrent of absurdity that pours down our streets is certainly the part of the great, the wise, and the good man. And with us, if a man benefits his fellow-citizens by impeding the progress of innovations dangerous, ill concerted, and involving, in their issue, the most pernicious consequenes; or by enlightening them with the most ingenious, brilliant, and salutary discoveries; he is equally deserving of their thanks, commendation, and patronage. Such were my sentiments, such my intention, at the time I addressed to you the essay with the signature of "Philogamus." Such they still remain, and while I have a post of so great honour and importance, to defend, I shall not fly it, even though "Sidney" has "stormed the battlements."

The fifteenth number of the Companion informs me that he has again drawn the bow of contention, and discharged his arrow full at the breast of his adversary: but his arm was nerveless, and the dart fell far short of its object: it was not propelled with sufficient force to penetrate the achilean shield that covers him, not the workmanship of Jove—offending Vulcan but of truth.

But I hasten from these general observations, to particulars that appertain more closely to the subject. I would wish however to advertise my readers, that I am not actuated by motives of spleen or revenge thus again to take up my pen; for indeed a native and fixed dislike to caviling, would stay my hand; did not reason, justice, and truth impel me to the contest.

On my apprisal of Sidney's replication, I expected to find some new arguments advanced, some more conclusive reasoning than he had before used. I sought it; but I sought in vain. He has indeed contributed largely toward filling one number of your paper, but I cannot resist my inclination to add, that it is more remarkable for elegance of composition than for depth of reasoning. While mounted on "fancy's airy pinions," he plucked, and collected, the most pleasing, fragrant, and beautiful flowers, to decorate and adorn—What? A castle built in the air; a castle whose foundation is absurdity, whose covering is declamation, & whose furniture is grandeur without utility. After an enumeration of the heads of the arguments, which in his former essay, he had endeavoured to enforce on the minds of his readers, he thus rapturously exclaims in the language of exultation "It was these assertions, with their demonstrations, that formed the phalanx against which Philogamus had to contend." Observe the word "demonstrations." Undoubtedly had he demonstrably proven, in my opinion, the truth and propriety of his assertions, I should never have drawn my pen in contradiction to him; but I trust that I will convince some of your readers, that his expections are rather sanguine, that his boasted "phalanx" is not altogether impregnable.

In his replication, he boldly accuses me of misrepresenting his ideas relative to his assertion, that nature pointed to early matrimony; but I am disposed to believe that the charge is unfounded. If I am not mistaken I put that construction upon his ideas, which the expression justifies. He averred that it was the intention of nature that young persons should enter early into the married life. I asserted and so I still assert, that it is the more certain road to happiness, and contentment, to wait till that period of human life arrives, when steady maturity of years shall have taken the place of volatile, improvident, and capricious youth. In what point then have I misunderstood him? In what particular have I misrepresented what he has said? I presume in none; nor indeed could I have done it easisily, for he has barely asserted and I have contradicted. If there be any medium between direct assertion and contradiction, I will acknowledge that I may have been guilty of misrepresentation; but I believe there is none, and therefore cannot conceive that I am culpable.

Inconsistency is another mark of incorrectness, with

which he would brand my devoted forehead. But I hope I shall be able to plead my excuse with success, before the inflexible, and unerring tribunal of justice. He charges me with "denying and assenting to the same proposition in the same paragraph;" because I have not granted him implicit belief, when he says that extravagant passions were given us in youth, merely as incentives to matrimonial subjugation; because I have chosen to account for them, rather as some wise and secret dispensation of providence, calculated to promote his honour and glory, than agree with him in his improbable supposition. Improbable for a reason which I before cited, and which I shall again mention; it is this, if the passions were given us merely to stimulate us to early marriage, we ought to marry much sooner than even the most obsequious devotee to Hymen would think proper: because the passions exist, in a feeble degree, at the age of fourteen or fifteen; yet I would think that man little better than an ideot who should recommend marriage at that age, because the passions then exist. This is the reason why I reject Sidney's hypothesis, and refer it to a decree of the Creator inscrutable by us. Nor was I unmindful of what I said when I pronounced the beforementioned opinion to be my firm belief, for I do not conceive, that I burst the bonds of reason when I reject the above rationale of Sidney, if it contains principles derogatory to the ideas I entertain of right, although I do not pretend to give a satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon.

He seems inclined to believe that I have paid no particle of attention to his reasoning under this head, *or I must certainly have become a convert; it would most assuredly have acted as a magic wand in dispersing those mountains of scepticism that lie in my breast:* but I can with confidence assure Sidney that I have paid particular attention to his arguments; I have surveyed them with a scrutinizing eye, and still my doubt remains "firm as a rock within my soul."

It would seem that Sidney would wish to ridicule the idea that any of the Creator's ways are inscrutable; that any of his works are mysterious; and persuade us that it would be possible for man, wafted by the gales of philosophy, "to scale high heaven," penetrate the celestial abode, and, Prometheus like, steal from thence that knowledge, which it never was intended he should possess; and communicate it to the world. However high an opinion Sidney may entertain of the force, strength, and power of human genius and investigation; however strong impreesions human wisdom may have made upon Sidney's mind, with respect to her attainments and exertions; yet there are many acts of Providence, which will ever elude the vigilance, which will ever escape the grasp of man. And should philosophy progress with as rapid strides for a hundred centuries to come, as it has for the two last; should Galileos, Bacons, and Newtons rise up every year, every month, every day, to furnish new materials for the erection of the temple of philosophy, yet would an impenetrable veil hang between them and numerous provisions of the all-wise Creator; a veil which it will ever be impossible for the brilliancy of the human imagination to irradiate, or human ingenuity to tear away. "Cease then vain dust and ashes to be so presumptuous. Mind thine own concerns: Presume not God to scan."

> "Man may conjecture and new schemes declare;
> "Yet all his systems but conjectures are."

It is not my advice, as Sidney would wish to insinuate, that a man should "grow grey" in his examination of the character of the female whom he would wish to make his companion in life; that he should wait till old age "unnerves his arm" before the roses of Hymen encircle his brow: so far from it, that I should think it the height of impropriety and folly in any person, who should so act. But is there no medium between youth and old age? Yes.—What is it? Physiologists tell us, that from the thirtieth to the thirty-fifth year of human life is the period in which a man's corporeal and intellectual powers exist in the greatest degree of vigour and perfection. "The passions then blow a perpetual storm, then is the time for a man to direct his thoughts toward matrimony; then it is fit, that he should woo the lovely female, nor is it necessary or proper that he should consume a whole age in bringing about that end, which, might be accomplished in a few months. If the foregoing reasoning be just, as I presume it is, how absurd must be the idea held out by Sidney, viz. "that the termination of twenty years of our life is the period most proper for entering into the matrimonial state." Can it be rationally supposed that, when a person is merely in a progressive state from infancy to manhood, (and such he really is at twenty years of age) he ought to take upon him the important appellations and functions of a husband and a father? No! reason forbids it, custom forbids it, and ever will, I hope, in spite of Sidney's elaborate dissertations.

No person will, I believe deny that a man ought to make such provisions and arrangements before hand, as the married life demands. Now what time has the lad of twenty to make such arrangements? Can he be possest of so much riches by that time, as to ward off the chilling

blasts of poverty, so great plenty as to diffuse tranquility and contentment over the minds of his rising family? No. Reverse the picture, and it will appear depicted in its true colours. The youth who has just emerged from his father's roof, who has no fortune to depend on, marries; but, wife and children, my heart bleeds for you, while I relate the consequence; he marries I say, but mark the dire effects of his temerity: he marries, but alas! he is too soon convinced of his error. His mind is distracted, his soul is rent with anguish, and a thousand conflicting passions struggle for the mastery in his breast, when he hears the heart-piercing words of reproach, mingled with distress, uttered by his wretched consort.—"Husband! why didst thou engage my affections? why did the matrimonial torch light us to the altar of Hymen, until your circumstances, your situation in life authorized you to do so? why didst thou bring me to bare walls and empty shelves? why have we become the parents of children whose tender frames, for want of raiment, must be exposed to the winter's howling storm and the summer's scorching heat, whose bodies must pine, and languish, for lack of nourishment?

It is enough: the distracted husband then repents of his rashness, then wishes he had protracted the day of his marriage to a remoter date. But it is too late: The die is cast; and, unable to relieve the wants of his family and withstand their lamentations, in the perturbation of his mind he betakes himself to the horrid expedient of suicide. I am aware that my opponents in opinion, will here be ready to say, that some young men inherit large patrimonies, and therefore they may marry without any such calamitous consequences. I do not deny that there are some who obtain large fortunes hereditarily; but as they are few when compared with those who have to make their livelihoood by labour and the "sweat of their brow," and as we must not draw general inferences from limited premises, the position still holds good.

Wherefore my young friends, be advised by one who is ambitious of no greater honour, than promoting, as far as his feeble abilities will admit, your happiness. Look before you leap. Take care that you be not swept away by the torrent of precipitancy into the sea of infelicity.—Suffer not yourselves to be led astray by every ignus fatuus of the brain, with a delusive and momentary splendour, which soon dies away and leaves the bewildered pursuer to grope his own trackless way to the correct path. In short, let your minds be impressed with the correctness of the maxim "Ibis tutissimus in medeo."

It would be improper, Friend Easy, to impose on your indulgence, should you be disposed to grant it to this communication, by an unnecessary examination into the minutiæ of Sidney's replication, or an uninteresting detail of all the ideas which every particular might suggest. Nevertheles I importune you to exercise your patience, while I pay a small portion of attention to some charges of misconception, which in all the subtlety of criticism he hes been pleased to prefer against me.

I cannot deny that I was guilty of an oversight, when I pronounced him altogether "unconscious of what might be urged in opposition to what he had advanced," when he contended for the propriety of early marriage; for he himself states an objection, which he considers to be of greater weight than any argument that can be adduced adverse to his opinion, and attempts to shew its invalidity. But I do not agree with him when he supposes it to be an obligation of the greatest importance, nor do I think he has proven it "to rest on a sandy foundation," although I esteem it inferior in importance to many others that must occur to every serious and reflecting mind.—Wherefore had I said that he appeared unconscious of many of the most weighty arguments that might be adduced in opposition to his opinion, I would have been quite aloof from the satire of the critic. But as I am inclined (when engaged in such a subject as this) to pay greater attention to the force and strength of the arguments, than to the punctilious nicety of my expression, I care but little for any small inaccuracies of that kind, provided they do not injuriously affect my position.

Having made such acknowledgments to Sidney, as I thought the nature of the case demanded; I must now inform him that the term of my condescension, though short, is expired; and that I now proceed to convince him that he has attempted to wound me in a part that is not vulnerable. He charges me with having brought a false accusation against him, when I said that he declared love to be a "serious evil;" but I hope any of your readers who will take the trouble to glance their eyes over that part of his first essay that speaks to this subject, will concur with me in sentiment when I plead not guilty. Love he declares to be a passion so violent and so influential over the minds of young persons, that it reigns a despot over the human heart. So august and transcendant is its presence that every other passion cringes into nothingness, before its superior sway. If so, it must most assuredly be an *evil*, inasmuch as its iron rod prevents genius from rearing its majestic head: for I think that no rational man will hesitate to pronounce that an *evil*, which stifles that noble quality of the mind in its growth. And that

he considered it an *evil* is evident, for this reason, because he recommends marriage as the promoter of genius, and the corrector of that domineering love to which the hearts of young unmarried men are subjected. I beg leave once more however to state my dissent from this opinion; for although I do not apprehend that genius is incompatible with marriage, yet I think that it derives no strength or advancement from the connection, nor indeed does it need it, for where love and genius exist in the same breast, the powers of the former are too feeble to make any injurious impression on the latter. Genius is too vigourous a shoot to require any extraneous support. It is a plant whose root strikes too deep, to be destroyed by every noxious weed, that grows in its vicinity. It forms a bulwark in the mind, in which it is impossible for Cupid and all his congregated allies to make a breach. I would not however wish to be understood as insinuating that the man of genius may not be susceptible of the divine impressions of love; for wretched indeed would be the man, however flourishing his circumstances might be in the world; however brilliant his genius; however extensive his knowledge; in however great estimation he stands with respect to mankind; in however great perfection the other qualities of his mind exist, if his callous heart is insensible to the soothing whispers of Venus: But to permit her to reside sole regent of the heart would be indicative of the greatest imbecility of mind. From the many examples, with which history furnishes us, corroborative of the above reasoning, I shall name but one, viz. the celebrated Chatterton, whose character I presume is too notorious to the public to require any comment.

Young men! you, upon whose minds Sidney's essays may have made any serious impressions, hearken to the dictates of truth. "Listen not with credulity to the whispers of Sidney's fancy. Pursue not with eagerness the phantoms of his imagination. Reflect that the fountain of his reasoning is impregnated with that baneful ingredient absurdity and consequently all the streams that issue from it must partake of the same poisonous nature, wherefore suffer them not to irrigate your minds. Remember he wanders on the mountains of error, & follow him not."

I have now, Sir, said all I shall ever say to Sidney, on this subject. I might have made this communication much more copious, but I think it sufficiently prolix already. I have perhaps said more than is absolutely necessary, but I flatter myself that I have written nothing altogether superfluous. Should this essay so far meet with your approbation as to obtain insertion in your valuable Companion, I shall be highly gratified. PHILOGAMUS.

THE BY-STANDER.—No. IV.

——si volet usus
Quam penes arbitrium et jus et norma. HORACE.

Mr. Easy,

Fashion, ever varying and fickle, sucks every flower from which some pleasure may be extracted, and when satiated with the sweets of one, deserts it for another whose buds are more attractive and inviting. To this we may attribute the flux and influx of fashions, their eccentricities and novel appearances. The same dress and habits which formerly engaged the attention of the *Beau monde*, now appear to the descendants and progeny of the wearer grotesque and antiquated. An amusement much in vogue at present and which has enchained the succumbent minds of the fashionable circles, is, what is denominated a morning feast, or *Levee*. The frequenters of this divertisement are not those ladies who can listen with rapture to the mellifluous tones of wisdom, or who regard the admonition of the engaging Thomson,

> To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
> And sweeten all the joys of social life:
> This be the female dignity and pride;

But those who study to excel in the "swimming mazes of the dance," and affect coquettish airs to fetter the hearts of youthful coxcombs. The number of the former (with pleasure I relate it) is not inconsiderable; higher attainments than captivating giddy boys, by the force of beauty alone, claim their attention: The cultivation of the mind, that exuberant source of exquisite and refined pleasure, which exalts them in colloquial intercourse above the feminalities of their sex. I might unceasingly expatiate upon this theme, but deferring until another opportunity this pleasing subject, I shall conclude these trivial observations, intended to be preparatory to the following essay which accidentally came to my hands, by repeating the remarks of a pleasing and sensible writer, that "Wisdom never appears so charming as when cased in beauty."

The modern fashionable *Levees*, or morning parties, lately introduced into this city, have excited much conversation and discussion of their propriety amongst the females. On the side of opposition, are ranged in a formidable phalanx the old fashionables, elderly and matron like ladies and a select few of the younger: in support of it, the modern belles have marshaled their forces, and a great effusion of blood may alone terminate the contest.—Since its introduction, I have considered and weighed the arguments of each side, and having the honour of an *invite*,* which I accepted, to one, I can the better decide of their propriety.

* A fashionable cant word.

Before this fashion crept into the gay circles of Baltimore the belles were either confined to *sombre home* or occupied their time in parading the streets to catch every passing gaze. Where is the belle who will attend to domestic duties, or who can delight in holding converse with the silent dead, by a perusal of their elegant and immortal compositions? The only resource remaining from *ennui* was to direct her footsteps to the busy haunts of men, most frequented by the pert and smerking beau, and divert their attention from their customary avocations to the contemplation of beauty, elegance and grace. The scene is now reversed; the cares of house-wifery are left to the domesticated few, who demean themselves to perform these servile offices; business more pressing and of much more importance awaits the attendance of the Belle. A Levee has superceded the necessity of scouring the streets for gallants. There are assembled in a small room (if large 'twould mar a charming squeeze) all the most gallant and foppish of the male sex and the most froward of the female. The employment of the gentlemen is to hand round refreshments and whisper soft nonsense in the ears of the ladies. That of the ladies, to partake of the banquet and *titter sweetly* at the profound remarks of the gentlemen. After remaining an hour at this delectable place, they all disperse, some to carry to those who had the unhappiness of being absent, an account of all the particulars, others to figure with their levee-acquainted beaux through the principal streets.

The many advantages of the Levee may by this short and imperfect sketch be easily discerned. Previous to its institution the conversation of ladies(belles)consisted of the accidents of the ball-room or theatre, and the dress and *horrid* looks of other ladies; now they can exercise their loquacity in narrating the occurrences of the preceding morning's levee in addition to their former chit chat. But, say those in the opposition, can you advocate the visiting of Bachelors? Before they visited us; now it is reversed. To this I answer, that, refinement has arrived at that acmé, when dress makes scarce any distinction between the sexes; but this is rather to be rejoiced at, for the sooner the ladies forget the *old and absurd* custom of distant behaviour towards the gentlemen, the sooner we'll arrive at our pri-tine simplicity of manners. Besides a great poet and an erudite man appears to have doubted of the capability of belles to err;

"————————If belles had faults to hide."

and if we should acquiesce in his opinion, both sides must retire from the field of battle; and all arguments for the abolition of morning parties, being thus undermined, must fall, and Levees obtain your countenance.

D.

An *idle* club has lately been established at Wolverhampton. Every member is allowed *two* chairs, and the president *three.*—*Smoaking* is their only employment, as being *next to nothing*. *London Paper.*

"To think of death," said Madame Clare,
"Is doing well."—Last night, the fair,
Thinking of death, in earnest died,
"*Well done*, my dear," her husband cried.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

E. Has furnished us with a much admired epistle from one of those right worthy ladies whose patriot souls joined in the contest for the liberties of a world. This gentleman is earnestly desired to retire occasionally from the dulness of professional avocation, and assist us in providing for our bantling: under such tutors he would be an *improving* Companion.

"A True American" shall be attended to.

No. 5 of the "By-Stander" is received.

Slip has slipt his piece into our box—in vain.

We have been peculiarly fortunate in gaining the good opinion of the more amiable part of the community; and we derive from this source, alone, the most ample reward for our unwearied efforts to please. When Woman waits to applaud the noble action, what man so humble as not to aim at excellence.

A gentleman friendly to the Companion read to us the following passages in a letter from a young lady in the country; one whose retirement carries dignity to the interior—one whose virtuous attachment to literature, adds irresistable charms to the elegancies of the female character.

Speaking of the Companion she says—"I am very glad to see it go on with so much spirit. The literati of Baltimore seem to have awakened from a long slumber—I hope it may be long ere another literary famine assail us. . . . . If ——— would allow a person to understand poetry who never wrote any, I should declare the 'Two Pigeons,' (No. 18) was a beautiful poem. What a good quakerly little body she is! But I believe Tom was more fortunate than such *runagates* generally are. They are very liable to receive wounds in their flight that kindness cannot heal. . . . . "

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

I have lately arrived in this city to seek a refuge from political persecution in my native country on the other side the Atlantic.—Here I flattered myself, I should have tasted the sweets of liberty, *but, I have fatally experienced the contrary: A few evenings past I was introduced to a circle of the finest females I ever beheld, when, as if by incantation, I became (if possible) more a slave than ever. The image of the divine enchantress has so engrossed my attention that I have (like most lovers) invoked the muses to my aid, and have taken the liberty to request the insertion of the following lines in the Companion.*

TO MARIA.

Come gentle love, whose smiling form inspires
Each tender wish, all elegant desires;
Come thou soft pow'r, who with MARIA's charms
Each soul enraptures and each bosom warms;
Come with that form, where all are wont to trace
Endearing sweetness, unaffected grace;
Which angels did with hallowed hands prepare
And nature moulded with peculiar care;
Minerva, with her choicest gifts inspir'd
The beauteous plan, which when she heard, admir'd,
And virtuous freedom warm'd with purest zeal
Her patriot heart and taught it how to feel.
Come with those eyes where tender pity shines,
Where softness beams, where joy with love combines;
Where in each glance, as with unconscious ray,
Bright, glowing genius ever seems to play,
If from those orbs should lucid drops e'er flow
For others sorrows, melt at others woe,
O be it thine in exquisite employ
To heal each grief and double ev'ry joy. ERIN.

TO HER WHO MAY NOT UNDERSTAND THEM.

Ah! blame not my want of respect,
Ah! chide not my coldness tow'rds thee,
Thou could'st not one moment suspect
Thy beauty was slighted by me:

For charms so divine you possess,
That hard and unfeeling's the heart
That would not with pleasure confess
The raptures thy beauties impart.

My bosom with firmness endued,
Ne'er yielded to love's sweet alarms;
'Till the graces this firmness subdued
And surrendered my heart to thy charms.

Now captive to love and to thee,
The rigour of frown's I endure;
Yet trusting the warmth of my plea
Will mildness and favour procure.

Deprived of the sun's genial rays,
But cheered by the lustre of thine,
Such pleasure, thy presence conveys,
I'd never for freedom repine. J.

Mr. Easy,

D's poetical note to a young lady accompanied with a box of lip-salve, reminded me of a petite bagatelle *sent to a young lady of thirty-five years with a box of rouge—I rummaged my cabinet and at last discovered it—there is a remarkable coincidence between the two. If you consider it worthy of insertion you will gratify*

THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND.

Since the rude hand of hoary time,
Vermilion from thy cheek has moved,
And lover's verse no longer chime,
For time their constancy has proved:

Soon shall this rouge's reviving pow'r,
The vivid hue of youth impart,
And as a spring's refreshing show'r,
Pour comfort on thy drooping heart. ADONIS.

ON A SCOLDING COUPLE NOT FAR FROM HERE.

He's proud and he's saucy, she's saucy and proud,
Both at all times, are peevish, or sulky and loud;
They quarrel from morning to night as we see,
Yet we're apt to cry out—How the deuce can that be,
For, in perfect ill humour they always agree.

S. F.

EPIGRAMS BY THE REV. S. BISHOP.

Though George, with respect to the wrong and the right,
Is of twenty opinions, 'twixt morning and night;
If you call him a turn-coat, you injure the man;
He's the pink of consistency on his own plan,
While to stick to the strongest is always his trim;
'Tis not he changes side, 'tis the side changes him.

Celia her sex's foible shuns;
Her tongue no length of larum runs;
Two phrases answer every part:
One *gain'd*, one *breaks* her husband's heart;
I will, she said, when made a bride;—
I won't—through all her life beside.

Old Gulo, one day, gravely shaking his head,
To his comrades a lecture of temperance read
"In all eating and drinking proportion pursue;
"That's my method," said he—and indeed he said true;
For wherever good wine and good ven'son he found,
He would drink ye three bottles—and eat ye three pound.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. II. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1806. N°. 21.

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ORIGINAL LETTER.

Mr. Easy,

THE following interesting letter was written by an American lady during the troublous times of revolution; it was addressed to a British officer with whom she had been well acquainted, and exhibits the heroism which then distinguished every class of our citizens. While we express our gratitude to the hero, who bravely fought our battles, and admire the wisdom and firmness of the statesman, who directed our affairs in the cabinet, let us not forget our fair countrywomen, whose zeal, patriotism and public spirit, may have often excited both the hero and the statesman to deeds which render them dear to our country. E.

Sir,

We received a letter from you, wherein you let Mrs. S—— know, that after the battle of Lexington, you had written particularly to me, knowing my martial spirit, and that I would delight in the exploits of heroes. Surely, my friend, you must mean the New-England heroes, as they alone performed exploits worthy to be noticed, while the regulars [the British troops] vastly superior in numbers, were obliged to retreat with a rapidity unequalled, except by the French at the battle of Minden. Indeed, Gen. Gage gives them their due credit in his letter home, in saying, that lord Percy was remarkable for his *activity*. You will not, I hope, take offence for any expression, which, in the warmth of my heart should escape me, when I assure you, that though we consider you as a public enemy, we regard you as a private friend; and while we detest the cause you are fighting for, we sincerely wish well to your own personal interest and safety—thus far by way of apology. As to the martial spirit, you suppose me to possess, you are greatly mistaken—I tremble at the thoughts of war—but of all wars a *civil* one! Our all is at stake, and we are called upon, by every tie that is dear and sacred, to exert that spirit, Heaven has given us, in this righteous struggle for liberty.

I will tell you what I have done; my only brother I have sent to camp with my prayers and blessings—I hope he will not disgrace me. I am confident he will behave with honour, and emulate the great examples before him—had I twenty sons and brothers, they should go. I have retrenched every superfluous expence in my table and family—tea I have not drank since last Christmas—nor purchased either cap or gown. Since your defeat at Lexington, I have learned to knit, which I had not done before, and I am now making stockings of American wool for my servants. In this way, I am desirous of contributing my mite to the public good. I know this, that as free, I can die but once; but as a slave I should be unworthy of life. I have the pleasure to assure you, that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans. They have now nothing to do with balls, assemblies, parties of pleasure, tea-drinking and finery—the spirit of patriotism, alone actuates all ranks and degrees of people throughout this extensive continent. If these are the sentiments of females, what must glow in the breasts of our husbands, our brothers and our sons! We are with one heart determined—it is not a quibble in politics (a science which few understand) which we contend for—it is a plain truth—obvious to the most ignorant peasant, clear to the weakest capacity. Has any man a right to take your money without your consent? None but highwaymen and robbers attempt it. Can you, my friend, reconcile it to your own good sense, that a body of men in Great-Bri-

tain, who have little intercourse with America, and of course know little of us, nor feel nor see the misery they would inflict upon us, could rightfully invest themselves with power to command our lives and properties, at all times and in all cases whatever. You say you are no politician; ah! sir, it requires no Machivilean head to develope this and discover it to be tyranny and oppression: it is written on a sunbeam: every one will see, and know it, because it will make them feel, and we shall be unworthy of the blessings of Heaven, if we submit to it.

All ranks of men amongst us are in arms, and nothing is heard in our streets, but the trumpet and the drum.—The universal cry is—"AMERICANS TO ARMS!" All your friends are officers; there are Capt. S——, Lieut. B——— and Capt. I—— S——. We have five regiments in the city and county of Philadelphia, complete in arms and uniform, and very expert in their military manouvres. We have companies of light horse, light infantry, grenadiers, riflemen and several companies of artillery, and some excellent brass cannon and field pieces. Add to this, that every county in Pennsylvania and the Delaware government can send two thousand men to the field. Heaven seems to smile upon us, for in the memory of man never were known such quantities of flax, and sheep without number. We are making powder fast, and do not want for ammunition; in short, we want for nothing, but ships of war to defend us, which we could procure by making alliances; but such is our attachment to Great-Britain, that we sincerely wish for a reconciliation and cannot bear the thought of throwing off all dependence on her, which such a step would assuredly lead to. The God of mercy will, I hope, open the eyes of our king that he may see, that while he is seeking our destruction, he will go near to complete his own. It is my ardent prayer that the effusion of blood may be stopped. We hope yet to see you in this city, a friend to the liberties of America; which will give infinite satisfaction to your sincere friend,

C—— S——.

To Captain ——— in Boston.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

No. III.

Mr. Easy,

I was lately led by curiosity to visit M. St. Memin, where to my infinite delight I enjoyed the rare pleasure of viewing and attentively examining a number of portraits and engravings, which for their precision of drawing, and acknowledged justness of similitude, I venture to affirm no artist of ordinary genius can out-rival. My attention was particularly taken up, I might add almost exclusively directed to three profiles which imperceptibly drew me towards them immediately upon my entering the room.—It may be remarked, that amongst a thousand profiles delineated by an ingenious artist, with sure mechanical aid, these three would first excite the attention of the Physiognomist—and upon these three, in the spirit of Physiognomonical sensation and curiosity, I shall venture to pronounce an opinion, in which I feel satisfied few will differ from me.

I.

It is impossible not to perceive that this is an extraordinary man. It is extraordinary too that the *chin* is the most remarkable feature, pregnant, firm and steady. In one hundred thousand heads would not be seen such a striking line of the bone above the eye, agreeing so well with the eye-brow, and the chin. What a magazine of notions, plans, and machinations, is seen in the back part of the head! How powerful is the full bushy hair! View the firm turned up nose, with its open nostrils, and the lips so strongly closed. Contemplate the lowering brow, with the fixed steady orb beneath it. Every thing denotes power and determination.

But what kind of determination? It is that power which is employed in confounding, or destroying, not foreign foes, but domestick political opponents, not by open force, but by secret artifice and finesse. How strange it is to discern amongst these strong features, and that saturnine countenance, the marks of a visionary mind.

When I speak of firmness I mean not heroism, or military virtue. This head is precisely the head of a man who will act the despot, when he safely can, who will not murder the body, but destroy a man's fortune; who will veil his sentiments, when he has not power to strike with effect; but whose constant efforts are to obtain that power, and who (to use a vulgar phrase) will not display his teeth until he is sure of biting.

II.

Sound sense and goodness are displayed throughout the whole head. Penetration and courage are shown by the eye, the brow and the nose. Good temper in the mouth and somewhat of voluptuousness in the chin. What gentle power is denoted by the hair! Who can fail to love this easy meditating physiognomy. If it does not plainly exhibit heroism it is because so little of the devil is seen: unquestionably he is to be applauded and loved in private life.

III.

How smooth and easy is every line. What undulation, congeniality, and proportion! The forehead gently retreating, arched, and lofty. The descent from it to the nose long, straight and noble. The eye-brow arched, compressed and delicate. The nose barely aquiline and well defined. The lips firmly, but easily closed. The chin neither projecting nor retreating, but finely interrupted and waving. The eye well formed, exactly placed, and piercing as a sun beam. The hair full and disposed in curling masses. There is in short not a single trait to be condemned. Genius, taste, modest self-confidence, and philanthropy are throughout evident to the Physiognomist. And yet it will not be approved by all because the eye seems as if it would penetrate the inmost recess of a mean soul.

But is this head equal to either of the others? Thousands may say "*no!*" It is not the head of a hero, statesman, or man of enterprize. Piercing as is the eye it would not undisturbed view the slaughter of columns in the bloody field; nor does it denote that shrewdness and finesse, which are requisite in a statesman, or that species of sagacity which profits from the weakness of others. But may it not be asked whether his mind is not superior to all this. Is not this a head, which all must respect; which none but the base can fear; in whom the miserable will put their trust, and in whom the discerning will confide in either peace or war.

Though this head has none of those prominent, large features which are held requisite to denote the man of greatness, there are in each feature strong marks of talent and taste of a peculiar kind. What harmony and proportion! What smoothness and delicacy! But do we perceive in this profile as in number I. the man who can controul the minds of his fellow-citizens; who forms and executes projects for his own aggrandizement, and can withstand an host of political foes? Do we see, as in number II. the man, who can govern armies, and lead them to conquest? The answer is obvious. It is made by another question. Is there any thing which denotes the want of power to do these things? No! certainly the reverse.

Upon the whole I consider this face, as Lavater says of C. Alex. Scaglia, as the master-piece of congeniality; replete with calm activity, tranquil energy; breathing the spirit of a better world. Seldom are tranquility and power thus intimately combined. The thoughtful brow, the penetrating eye, the spirit-breathing lips, the deep intelligence of the assembled features; how they all conspiring speak the picture of the fair immeasureable mind within.—Oh God! how I adore that face. ZOPHYRUS.

THE BY-STANDER.—No. V.

——————————— *navibus atque*
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere ———————. HORACE.
———————*abroad we roam*
In quest of happiness.

A few days ago I was employed, in conformity to my character, in considering the different occupations of mankind and the sole object of their pursuit. Having retired at night to rest, I was involuntarily led to the same subject which had occupied part of my time during the day. When I reflected on the various incentives and actions of man, I found that they all tended to one great end—that Happiness was the goal to which he bent his course. As a natural consequence, it appeared to me that *self-love* was the predominant motive of all his operations, the great spring which superintended and directed all his movements. I was the more confirmed in this belief from having observed that in proportion as the interest of one man depends upon the exertions and friendship of another, precisely in that proportion is his conduct and behaviour regulated. As this opinion was in some measure derogatory to the character of man, I laboured to produce arguments against it, but in the attempt became entangled in the labyrinths of research and lost in the mazes of propugnation. My imagination which had soared into the regions of mind and was endeavouring to scrutinize the principles which guided human action, became suddenly bewildered by the multiplicity of objects which attracted its attention. My ideas, scattered over an immense field of disquisition and enquiry, became confounded—and satiated with the labour of investigation I sunk into the sweets of repose. The subject was so deeply impressed on my mind, that it returned during my sleep, and I was in some degree edified, though not perfectly satisfied, by the following vision.

I was in the middle of a beautiful and extensive field, enjoying myself in contemplating the beauties of nature. At a distance from me I discovered a numerous croud of people of every age, who appeared to be all intent upon the enjoyment of some favourite object. I hastened to go where they were in order to know what was the cause of their assemblage. As soon as I joined the croud, an old man, seeing perhaps my curiosity, offered to conduct me to a place where I could see to the best advantage. Immediately before the croud was a wide gate, on the left side of which AMBITION dwelt. Like the attractive

power of the load-stone, which is not confined to its surface, but extends beyond the space which it occupies, the influence of Ambition in some degree affected the whole body of the travellers. But mark the different effects which it produced. In some it created a desire to excel, in others a propensity to vice. That potion which when taken with moderation will prove a salutary cordial—will reanimate the declining spirits and invigorate the dormant powers of the body, by affording a gentle stimulus to the animal essences; when prostituted by the licentious and voluptuous, will be productive of the worst consequences, and in some cases prove a deadly poison. Just so it was with the unhappy followers of Ambition. Many were allured by her flattering promises to pass through; but there were some who preferred a small by-path that led from the right hand of the gate to the mansion of VIRTUE. She was a graceful, charming female who sat upon a splendid throne, surrounded by Justice, Temperance and others, who welcomed all that approached them. It would be impossible for me to express the sensations which they experienced: they were sensations which *the virtuous only* can enjoy, and which the *virtuous only* can conceive. As soon as they left the habitation of Virtue, they passed through a walk which led them to the dominions of HAPPINESS. She was seated upon a high and craggy mountain, inaccessible on every side except on that nearest to the confines of Virtue. On her right hand was PLENTY, who bestowed her blessings with a liberal hand on all who had the good fortune to reach the summit of the mountain. Those who proceeded through the gate of Ambition were conducted by a wide road to the habitation of VICE. Her figure was deformed, her looks ghastly and on her countenance was depicted some secret crime which preyed upon her spirits. Those who beheld her started back *at first* with horror, but soon became familiarized with her appearance. They seldom came to her dwelling without having their morals undermined, and the small sparks of virtue which remained, were quickly extinguished by her endeavours. From her dominions they continued their journey towards Happiness, by a path which led to the bottom of the mountain whose summit they wished to attain. But alas! How fruitless were their attempts. Some ascended a little way, but quickly fell; others were discouraged by the misfortunes of their companions and the cragginess of the mountain; none ever found it possible to attain their wishes. From the foot of this hill there was a road which led to an arbour prepared by a companion of Vice. To this the unhappy creatures betook themselves and endeavoured to console one another: here they remained but a short time, when they were interrupted by the appearance of a form as loathsome and disagreeable as Vice herself. 'Twas MISERY—under her steps every thing faded away and assumed the appearance of desolation. At sight of her they all endeavoured to escape, but it was impossible; she seized them and carried them away to her dreary mansion.

My companion having thus assisted me, said "Go, young man to your proper destiny, and whatever be your occupation, this lesson will forever be of service to you. Remember it and let it be your guide in future; be assured that however prosperous the vicious may appear, however virtue may be depressed by the powerful or ambitious, yet no mortal can enjoy true happiness except by pursuing the paths of rectitude." M.

TO CENSOR.

Dear Sir,

When a man assumes the pre-eminent station of *Censor-general*, he ought before he blames others to be particularly careful to divest himself (as far as human nature is capable) of any striking errors on his own part; so that whatever good object (and I assure you I do not think otherwise of Censor's intentions) the writer may have in view, *facts* may prove, and physical reasons satisfy—and not to end in mere hypothesis. The man of general philanthropy exults in the idea and rises at once to that height of perfectness to which the world will finally arrive, when he calls every man his brother, and entirely divests himself of *prejudice*. That you have done so, Mr. Censor, I cannot reasonably think, when you ascribe our vices to "foreigners." Our own luxurient soil, when not properly cultivated and divested of its weeds, gives us sufficient proof that we possess indigenous *nettles*, or natural bad qualities enough without ascribing them to foreigners or exotic causes. Too true it is, that the *lowest* vices have been imported in overflowing abundance, the refuse of some countries have too easily enjoyed the overflowing kindness of our country, and at once been made *bon republicans*; they truly have been cherished by the "generosity of our laws." But have our legislators studied that simple but striking fable of "The Countryman and Snake;" they might have known better than so *readily* to have granted citizenship to those *worthies*, were it literally the case that they had been "oppressed by the iron rod of power."

As to the *higher* or fashionable vices, truly, Mr. Censor, I know not how they can *very easily* be imported; nor do I think you can doubt of their sometimes originating with

ourselves; for those routs, or *riots*, have been conducted in such a variety of ways, that it requires genius and originality of thought to find out the necessary etiquette and manner that one *fashionable* neighbour intends to vary, and surprize the other. No, Sir, human nature is the same in all countries, and to have the *means* is too often productive of the *abuse* of the good things and opportunities we ought rather to cherish and profit by. The fact is we have began to grow rich and vicious, and if we have not sufficient virtue left to make a good use of the blessings which Providence has placed in our power, but will apply them to wrong purposes, and do not look to the examples of former republicks; like them we may desire (when too late) the state of prosperity we once enjoyed—never to be recalled. I have been in different parts of Europe, and am convinced that in proportion to our means we out do them in extravagance. With respect to "gaming," you may not be at a loss to determine its origin; for truly, Mr. Censor, *this* position is ridiculous. I cannot think but that your casuistical scruples on this head might very easily be satisfied. I must then inform you that our city *swarms with young gamblers*, who perhaps never travelled twenty miles from Baltimore to learn or find out the "origin" of so *fashionable* a vice. That you may not doubt my assertion, there is at this moment a proscribed list of those honourable gentlemen, which to their confusion and the benefit of society, may yet be made public.

Here, Mr. Censor, rests the *principal* cause of our degeneracy. Here is the root from which the branches both of the greater and minor vices and evils proceed, and if not prevented in good time and held up to public detestation must end in general depravity. That *our ladies* have not *yet* arrived to that degree of perfection in iniquity in which you represent those of Philadelphia and New-York we ought to be thankful; but if they continue to *improve*, as they have this season progressed, who can tell where it will end. Merciful Father! are we *already* so depraved that cards and dissipation are more an object of our worship than thy attributes! and that we willingly sacrifice health and time to those baubles, and that instead of going to church to seek forgiveness for our offences, we stay at home and read novels! How pleasing would it be to see our ladies generally imitate the conduct of the good and accomplished CAMILLA, who, being a *living character*, I with the more pleasure

> Relate those virtues which the good will prize,
> Her bright example set before our eyes.

This amiable young lady appears most pleasing to all, by her *uniform, quiet, and easy disposition*. She spends not her leisure hours in cards and dissipation, but at those times set apart for sociability or relaxation (if not in the bosom of domestic happiness) is enjoying the select company of a few *real friends*, or playing on the Piano, on which she so much excels, accompanied with her charming voice,—which to the enchanted hearers resemble the heavenly choirs. On Sundays she goes to church, and whilst there pays such attention, that she not only *learns* her duty, but what is the proof of perfection here *practises* it; so that "the same road that leads her to wisdom, will finally land her in heaven." Farewell, dear Censor, and believe me to be sincerely, your friend, and

March 7, 1806. A TRUE AMERICAN.

Mr. Easy,

Enclosed I send you a manuscript production on the life and character of the celebrated MIRABEAU. It is the composition of a yonng man of the brightest talents, who wrote solely with a view of improvement. He never intended it to appear before the public; but as it has come into my hands I cannot restrain myself from sending it for your perusal, and that of your readers. You may perhaps esteem some of the sentiments heterodox; but, for this, I am confident that the energy and beauty of the style will make full compensation. *In this instance* I cannot take a more appropriate signature than the Friend of Merit in OBSCURITY.

When nations are engaged in dangerous wars or disturbed by intestine commotions, it is then that great men flourish. The gloomy aspect of affairs and the impending storm which appal the affrighted multitude, are but incentives to call them into action, and afford stronger displays of their astonishing powers. The French revolution, it has been said, is an exception to this, since during its continuance none deserving the name of great have appeared. This remark has proceeded from the spirit of party, or from personal malice. Even its commencement presents us with one whose great genius and extraordinary abilities, whose strenuous exertions and persevering ardour against the power of oppressors have scarcely been equalled. The actions and political tenets, but chiefly the character of MIRABEAU, have been drawn in colours the most unfavourable and disgusting. He has been represented as a furious demagogue, whose libertine sentiments and unprincipled motives inflamed the minds of the people and instilled into them that revolutionary fury which aimed at the virtuous and the vicious, the cottage and the palace, and dyed the streets of Paris

with the blood of her slaughtered citizens. But men are ever prone to decry those qualities in others which they themselves are deprived of. The high station to which his abilities and his efforts had enabled him to rise was viewed with envy by most of the nation. In forming an opinion of Mirabeau, the traits of his character cannot be illustrated by comparing him to any foreign politician or orator. Born and educated in a despotic government, living in a licentious and degenerate court, can it be expected that we should find in him the quiet citizen or the uncorrupted courtier. France at that time was torn by intestine broils, her national consequence was sunk in foreign countries, and she was then on the eve of that revolution which has shaken the support of tyrants and caused the kings of Europe to tremble on their thrones. The imprisonment and indignities that Mirabeau suffered softened his heart with compassion for the oppressed and fired his soul with the love of liberty. His active genius could not rest while scenes of such importance were agitating his country. He formed one of the national assembly, and his address and abilities soon enabled him to hold the first station in it. He did not yield himself up a leader to the blind fury of the populace. His design was not to overthrow the monarchical government which had lasted so many ages, and in its stead to introduce that levelling democratical system which he knew would not agree with the French character, and could not be unattended with wars. France had for centuries been despotically governed, and Louis XVI. was the mildest and most just prince that ever sat on her throne; yet while such power remained in the hands of a single person their liberties could not be secure. To reduce the prerogative of the crown, to invest the convention with a consistent portion of power, to restore to the people their lost rights and to render France a free government, was the wish of the patriotic Mirabeau. He was every way fitted to produce this reformation of the constitution. His mind was vigorous and penetrating, and he possessed all the arts requisite to gain the esteem and confidence of a turbulent assembly. His person was disagreeable, his mien harsh and forbidding; but he never failed to attract the attention and win the favour of his audience by the transcendant powers of his eloquence. France was at an early age deprived of the benefit of his labours. Had he lived some years longer, we should not have seen a sovereign of France driven from his capital and then ignominiously beheaded; thousands of his loyal subjects murdered unarmed, and the whole terminating in a tyrannical and oppressive, though nominally republican government.—But rather we would have beheld a limited monarchy, and the French nation happy in the enjoyment of moderate liberty.

Upon the whole, though we may justly suspect the integrity, and censure the dissipated life, yet we cannot chuse but admire the political address and firm intrepidity, the love of liberty and almost unparalleled eloquence of Mirabeau. *May* 1803.

FROM LEWIS' COMIC SKETCHES.

Of all the extraordinary characters with which England abounds, that of the Quack Doctor is the most strange, outré, whimsical, and ridiculous. This has caused some of our most famous story-tellers to be saluted with the title of Doctor, whenever they enter a room full of company by whom they are known. They derive this distinction from telling a story of the above medical personage. They are commonly received by their acquaintances with "Ah Doctor!—How do you do, Doctor? Now, now, we shall have the Quack Doctor in style. His story being thus preluded, he rises up and begins:——

"Gentlemen,

"I beg leave to inform you, that I am the very celebrated *Doctor Puff Stuff Sham* QUIRK'EM TO AUGFU, Physician to the sole Governor of the Earth, the most magnanimous and puissant *Chou Khan, Emperor of China*; I am *Professor of Magic, Physic, Surgery*, and *Anatomy*, in the university of Pekin; *Oculist* and *Dentificator* to all the *Monarchs* of the *East*; *Manmidwife* to the *Empress Pinka Panka*, and Member of every Medical Society throughout the vast Empires of China, Persia, Turkey, and Indostan.

"I have enjoyed these high honours in my native country, and was chief favourite and counsellor to the Emperor. But being converted to Christianity by Lord Macartney in his late embassy, I was obliged to escape in an open boat, in which, after a long and perilous voyage, I arrived at Capa Bona de Esperanza, the Cape of Good Hope, from whence I took shipping for England.

"This may be considered, Gentlemen, as the most fortunate event that ever happened to Europe; for you must know, that I have brought with me the following unparalleled, inestimable, and never-before-discovered secrets.

"First. My most surprising Balsam, called *Paramandelang Ratskiammum* from *Whamgwaghgang*, situated thirty degrees South of the South Pole. This wonder-

ful of all wonderful balsams, if only rubbed for five minutes on the gums, will cause a new set of teeth to sprout up, like mushrooms in a hot-bed, to the amazement of all beholders.

"I have also invented a machine, which will extract the whole entire old sett of teeth in the tenth part of a moment, without the patient feeling the operation, or knowing his loss.

"Secondly. I perform the most astonishing operations upon the eye; and I have a certificate under the hand and seal of his Siamese Majesty, who, having lost his sight by cataracts in each eye, sent an embassy to China for the Emperor, to permit my visiting him at Siam. On my arrival, I, with most unparalleled skill, extracted both of his Majesty's eyes, and then, anointing the empty sockets with a particular glutinous application, I dexterously inserted a pair of eyes taken out of the head of a living lion. I thus not only restored his Majesty's vision, but bestowed on him such a ferocious countenance, as makes him most terrible to all his enemies.

"I beg leave to observe, that my patients may have the choice of the eyes of different animals, so as to best suit their faces and professions.

"The soldier may be furnished with the eyes of a *lion*, a *tyger*, or *panther*; the lover with those of a *spaniel* or *goat*; and such persons as are obliged to work at night, I can furnish with *cat's eyes*, which will enable them to see in the dark as well as by day-light. I also give a considerable price for sound human eyes, which I extract without the blow of a pugilist, or any other pain to the seller.

"Thirdly. I have an illustrious ointment, called *Syang, Yang, Ching, Quey, Ischenumencow*, prepared from the quintessence of a humming-bird's marrow: this superlative medicine was discovered by Li Laokum, who lived five thousand years before the Mosaic creation, and from whom I am in a right line, decended. This ointment, applied to the stump of a leg or an arm, will cause immediately a regeneration of the parts which have been destroyed. Thus shall the patient have, in five days, as perfect a foot or hand, as he had before the amputation.

"Fourthly. I have a restorative root, which contributed so largely to the population of the Chinese Empire, that, by its constant use, the Empress Pinka Panka, though eighty years old, continued to bring forth children when I left China. I attended her in her last labour, when she was delivered of seven living children, and each was as large as any European, when new born; and all this was effected without her Sublime Highness having a single pain. The method of use is peculiar to myself.

"I have brought over the method of bandaging, by which the Chinese Ladies confine their feet to that beautiful smallness, so as to be scarcely equal to the great nail of any Russian, Austrian, Hungarian, or Muscovian princess.

"It is unnecessary for me to descant any longer upon my own merit; all impartial people must be convinced of my being the most profound philosopher and physician, and the most exalted genius that the world ever produced."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

DEFENDER has *attacked*, he knows not who, instead of *defending* his own cause. But his letter was, from first to last, manufactured in the shop of absurdity; and the thing itself is a "monstrous compound" of impudence and inconsistency. If the last number of the "By-stander" was really "on the wrong side," then this angry "Defender" should shew wherefore: he should at least know, that to *abuse an opponent*, is not defending the position attacked. Were any "Defender" to set up a defence of the *Levee*, in a style worthy the "By-stander's" notice, our pages are open; for we do not conceive it necessary for us to "declare ourselves" at this time. *We know not the "By-stander;"* therefore cannot say whether Defender's allusions to *person* are correct; but we pronounce them quite impertinent. Speak to the question, and discard all irrelevant matter.

"An original Letter," written by an American officer previous to the attack on Quebeck, is received.

We are anxious to hear once more from LEANDER.—Has he converted "the little Credulity;" or are they yet in pursuit of *Fortune?* We expect from Leander a poetic account of this strange expedition.

The complaint against "intruders," shall be inserted.

Owing to the indisposition of one of our *Carriers*, the last Companion did not reach all our subscribers in the western district; those not served, can be supplied at the office.

THE FURY OF DISCORD———A WAR SONG.

By John Carr, esq. Author of the stranger in France.

In a chariot of fire through hell's flaming arch,
The Fury of Discord appear'd,
A myriad of dæmons attended her march,
And in Gallia her standard she rear'd.

Thy name so enchanting, sweet freedom ! she took,
But in vain did she try to assume
Thy smile of content, thy enlivening look,
And thy roseate, mountainous bloom.

For wan was her visage, and frenzied her eye ;
At her girdle a poignard she wore ;
Her bosom and limbs were expos'd to the sky,
And her robe was besprinkl'd with gore.

Nature shudder'd and sigh'd, as the wild rabble past ;
Each flow'r hung its beautiful head ;
The groves became dusky, and moan'd in the blast,
And Virtue and Innocence fled.

She rose from her car, 'midst the yell of her crew ;
Emblazon'd, a scroll she unfurl'd,
And on it the dreams of philosophists drew—
" Tis the charter," she cried, " of the world."

Plunder, keen-ey'd and lean, rang with plaudits the sky ;
Murder grinn'd as he whetted his steel ;
While Blasphemy swore the Redeemer on high
Was the creature of folly and zeal.

The scaffold grew red with the blood of the brave,
Kings turn'd pale on their thrones at her nod ;
While Loyalty flew to the gloom of the cave,
And Piety knelt to her God.

At length, after changing her chiefs at her will
As their mischievous zeal grew remiss,
She sought a new fav'rite with dexterous skill,
From Obscurity's darkest abyss.

The powers of her monstrous adoption to try,
'Midst Egypt, thy waterless waste !
She bade him the blast of thy desrrt outvie,
And defile all thy relics of taste.

The hero obey'd—with a merciful air,
He rung from thy natives a tear ;
But the justice and valour of Britain e'en there
Shook his legions recoiling with fear.

Well pleas'd, with his crimes, the Fury with flight,
To her empire safe wafted him o'er,
While the spectres of Jaffa, with ghastly delight,
The murd'rer pursued to the shore.

Arriv'd,—for his brow, lo ! a turban she made,
Bright with gems pluck'd from Gallia's crown ;
To give him a name, she Rome's hist'ry survey'd,
In the days of her early renown.

To embellish his guilt, or to soften its shade
The Arts mournful captives she kept ;
And the plund'rer and plunder of Europe display'd
To the wand'rer, who wonder'd and wept.

To support this apostate imperial shade,
This impious mockery of good,
She rais'd a banditti, to whom she convey'd
His spirit for plunder and blood.

The chiefs of the earth in a panic beheld
The flash of his sabre afar ;
They enter'd—but pensively mov'd from the field,
And bow'd to this Idol of war ;

Till fum'd with the incense of slavish applause,
O'er the globe's fairest portion he trod ;
And spurning its liberty, spirit, and laws,
Conceiv'd himself rais'd to a God.

But England disdain'd to the Tyrant to bend ;
Still erect undismay'd she was found,
Infuriate, he swore that his bolt should descend,
And her temples should fall to the ground.

Yes, here, if his banner, be destin'd to wave,
It shall float o'er her temples laid low ;
Over piles of her children, who, loyal and brave,
Such a victory never will know.

Oh ! banish the thought—for learn 'tis in vain,
Thus, thou maniac tyrant, to boast ;
As soon shall her base be remov'd by the main,
As her empire by thee and thy host.

The sound is gone forth—'tis recorded above :
To the mountain it spread from the vale ;
" Our God, and our King, and our Country we love.
And for them we will die or prevail."

Then hasten the day if thy threat be sincere,
Let the winds blow thy myriads along ;
Then soon may thy boasted Armada appear,
Soon our rocks catch the militant song.

Thy guardian foul deity ! hideous with crime,
Shall view as she moves to our shore,
The Genius of Britain, mild, brave and sublime,
And shall boast her atchievements no more.

Oh ! direful and strange will the contest appear,
Big with freedom to nations afar :
The good who confide, and the guilty who fear,
Shall join in the conflict of war.

In heaven, with smiles, shall the happy and blest
Lean over its bright beaming walls,
To guide and support to the regions of rest
The soul of the patriot who falls.

Britannia ! thy muse, on a rock high and steep,
The fate of the fight shall proclaim ;
The strings of her lyre Inspiration shall sweep,
Recording each hero by name.

The world to its centre shall shake with delight,
As thus she announces their fall ;
" They sink—our invaders submit to our might,
The ocean has buried them all."

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE BY-STANDER.—No. VI.

Domus et placens Uxor. HOR.

A pleasing wife and family.

THERE is no sensation so exquisitely excellent to me as that which arises from the anticipation of the married state: when with a loving wife and smiling offspring I expect to enjoy unalloyed felicity. There is no greater proof of the intention of the Divine Being that man should marry, than the inexpressible happiness with which he looks forward to the period when he shall participate in those pleasures, the attainment of which appears to be the end of all his actions. Man's life is so transitory and uncertain that he has scarcely time to look about his temporary habitation before he is removed from this precarious and slippery stage, unnoticed and forgot; unless he has been so fortunate as to have left a family behind to perpetuate his memory. It appears inexplicable that a rational man can so far deviate from the instinct of nature as to avert the great intention of his Maker, and lose that attainment from which emanates the purest felicity: to mope about the world without a partner, whose softness might sooth his afflictions and dulcorate the miseries of this life. Man contemplates with indescribable pleasure the period when he shall have it in his power "to rear the tender mind and teach the young idea how to shoot;" when his amiable wife shall be a solace to him in affliction and greatest comfort in adversity; when he will obtain that respectable standard in society which a married man alone is entitled to, and when he shall have it in his power to reflect on the service he has done his country by giving to it perhaps a hero to defend its injured rights, a philosoper to enlighten the minds of his fellow men, or a physician to heal the afflictions of mankind. What pleasure can a solitary creature receive whose whole life is occupied in the gratification of his selfish propensities, who returns home after the accustomed labour of the day with no smiling family to hail and welcome him to his fireside, or wife whose conversation would dissipate the fatigues of his mind, and in whose arms he might with happiness recline and wear off the fatigues of the day in honourable felicity. Celibacy is a state so opposite to nature, and so repugnant to every sentiment of virtue, that I have often thought an old bachelor to be a nuisance to society, a despoiler of every thing moral or virtuous, and unworthy the esteem of every good man. I have often in contemplating the married state considered its influence on society. Instead of consumptive females, I could see mothers of families whose greatest pleasure arose, not from the fulsome adulation of *ribbon-brained fops*; not from the insignificant dance or prattling nonsense of *coxcombs*; but from a prolific source of pure felicity—the smiles of a lisping family. I could see one of our modern belles, instead of contemplating her own beauty in a looking-glass, observing with inexpressible pleasure the little girls that "catch the fair features of their mother's face," and boys who will one day be a support to her declining years and a defence from the insults of a depraved world. Instead of idle and pale-faced debauchees, I could see fathers connected to this world by endearing ties, whose zeal for their country would increase with their families. I could see the arms of the Prostitute in vain extended to ensnare the credulity of youth, and sap the very foundation of morality. I could see no seduced innocence lamenting and cursing her existence; but all domestic purity and true felicity. I could see society progress in one harmonious rythm of virtue and worth, and men whose ties to society and to the world would impel them to great and praiseworthy actions: In short, I could

see the golden age again return, when innocence would burst the shackles of oppression, and virtue and true happiness be the impulse to all our actions. This consideration affords me such pleasure that I cannot refrain giving it to the world, and I shall never think my duty fulfilled or my happiness complete, until I reach this state. When that period arrives, I shall consider the end of my creation answered, and shall with sweet resignation obey the call of that Being whose first and greatest mandate I have complied with. S.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

No. IV.

Accustomed as I am to the minute examination of countenances, and influenced by that spirit of philanthropy which results from a constant application to the science of Physiognomy, long, with enthusiastic eagerness, have I sought after the face of a youth of PROMISE. But how seldom is the physiognomist cheered in his laborious researches, with the rarely experienced gratification of meeting with a countenance he entirely approves and admires. After devoting his days and nights to a fruitless pursuit, his lucubrations are scantily requited by his thoughts occasionally lighting on a subject worthy of investigation. Too frequently even then does it chance, after many precious moments idly bestowed in the examination, that he has exhausted his time and patience on the dissection of a head weak and unsound, revolting at the scrutiny of criticism, and too tender to withstand the rude touches of the Physiognomist.

It has lately been my good fortune to spend some hours in company with the original of a face, which a few days before at St. Memin's, had afforded me such exquisite delight in studying in profile. True it is I formed an extravagant opinion of the original after a very short acquaintance with the profile; but so far from being diminished after access had to the original, I was transported with admiration immediately upon my seeing him. My eyes almost leaped from their sockets to penetrate the recesses of the soul of such a youth, that seemed the prince of a higher order of beings. Such an expression of countenance I would defy the most skilful artist to portray.—All the powers of art and fancy might be poured forth; but such an expression would even then be lost in the representation.

The profile has too much the appearance of a boy, yet must the Physiognomist know it to be the drawing of a first rate mind; deep and profound; most excellent as a professional character; faithful, feeling and refined.—From the form, outline and position of the forehead alone, his equal cannot be found amongst an hundred thousand, or one who so combines clear, deep penetration, with superior taste and power. The harmony, the congruity of the forehead and nose are evident; all will feel that such a nose must be the continuation of such a forehead; that the even, easy chin, must equally be a part of the whole; and that the cavity between the nose and the chin is most expressive and significant.

The arch of heaven's promise is not more beautiful than the eye-brows. The whole profile suggests the idea of the Appollo of Belvedera, corrected as to the harsh unnatural line of the forehead and descent to the nose. This head, with the hair in large waving divisions, is almost equal to that of the God. What then can be said of it less than that it is of a very superior kind. All is harmony: Nothing is base: With an eye threatening, commanding, fascinating.

How powerful, firm, courageous and pregnant is the nose. How mild, innocent and benevolent are the lips! How admirably adapted to utter the dictates of sense and taste!

Behold the chin, moulded in the Grecian form; but without its hardness and insensibility. It is the chin, which above all other features, betrays grossness or sensuality; but nothing of grossness or sensuality is *here* discerned. The whole is that which Lavater describes as almost preternatural. Strikingly a hero and an orator, a person superior to his contemporaries. Without designating in what particular he excels, suffice it to say, he is calculated to become conspicuous in all arduous pursuits, and will be a great and good man.

But alas, the uncertainty of human excellence! It is yet possible that vice may prostrate every fond hope conceived from this elegant juvenile countenance. Vice, like a consuming fire, may quickly destroy all its beauty and excellence, and crush in the bud this fair promise of a man that might adorn the most enlightened country.

The head when seen will be a sufficient apology for the space occupied in the remarks made upon it. I will now make a few remarks upon the profile of a young lady in water colours by the same artist.

II.

This is one of the faces in which every feature speask the same thing, and the form of the head and the position of the forehead, are correspondent to the pointed aquiline nose, supported by large, coral, firmly closed lips. I shall not make a partial remark on each distinct

trait. I will only say that the evidently beautiful original is lively, full of youthful frolic, sanguine, friendly, faithful, discreet, sensible and possessing a sufficient share of wit.

But I am much mistaken if the God of Love may not boast of her as one of his most favoured and favourite objects, formed to constitute the happiness of that man who shall win and deserve her. I cannot however conceal, that she will sometimes be rather too firm in her opinions and resolutions; rather too much inclined to have her *will* stand for a law. But seldom indeed, I am inclined to believe, will she require a submission to an unreasonable will. I can never behold a face like this without forming a wish to become well acquainted with the original.

In the number of enemies to this science, men who absolutely decry Physiognomy, it cannot be denied by the candid, that there are some who are deemed good and great men. "*They had heard of Lavater. They had seen his book; but they would not read it, &c. long as they lived.*" I knew a gentleman who had taken up the idea that he should see his own face, as well as the face of his friends, and should be sure of finding unfavourable accounts of himself and them. It was in short silly pride and self-love which prejudiced him against Lavater.—Could I have shewn him a face most strikingly resembling *his*, of which Lavater had spoken in high terms, I am sure he would then have read the book with avidity.

Several months have since elapsed and I dare say he has never since dipped once into Lavater, and that he absurdly values himself on his contempt for Lavater. O weak, frail, credulous creatures, divest yourselves of selfishness and envy. Divest yourselves of these infernal inmates of your bosoms, and you will marvel how greatly you all approve men formerly the objects of your hatred and rooted prejudices, and how amiable you will find some who (as self-love induces you to think) had treated you ungenerously.

I read with avidity Lavater's remarks on Aristotle.—He speaks of him precisely as he deserves. I cannot bear that such deference should be paid to the opinions of any one man, however great he may be, that even the nonsense he utters, on subjects he understands nothing of, and with which he ought not to meddle, should carry weight with them, and be acceded to by men of far superior information on those subjects. Nothing has more than this contributed to mislead mankind. Should Bonaparte give his opinion on a point of law, ought no man to expose his error merely because Bonaparte is a soldier and a statesman? Yes! every man who pretends to law learning ought, on that account, to speak with more freedom. But if —— should presume to publish his *notions* of religion, how monstrous would it be, if his station, philosophy, and supposed science should prevent other men from defending doctrines on which the welfare of mankind depends.

Lavater says just enough to shew his noble independence of sentiment, and to condemn Aristotle as he ought to be condemned, with respect to his physiognomonical ideas—viz—in the lump. How could the meanest observer suppose that a firm tip of the nose should denote a want of energy? ZOPHYRUS.

ORIGINAL LETTER.

Mr. Easy,

The following letter was written by a most valuable young officer in our revolutionary army, a few hours before his death. He was the aid of, and fell before Quebec, with his friend General MONTGOMERY; a hero distinguished by his zeal, enterprize, skill and bravery. It is not improper to state that the worthy brother mentioned by this amiable young gentleman, soon afterwards, resigned his commission in the British army, attached himself to the American cause, and became a meritorious, distinguished and useful officer in our service. E.

My dear Father,

If you receive this letter, it will be the last this hand will ever write you. Orders are given for a general storm of Quebec this night, and Heaven only knows what will be my fate. But, whatever it may be, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to assure you, that in this cause, I feel no reluctance to venture a life, which I consider as lent only to be used when my country demands it. In moments like these, such an assertion will not be thought a boast by any one—by my father, I am sure it cannot. It is needless to tell you, that my prayers are for the happiness of the family and for their preservation in this general confusion. But there is one thing, which I must mention.—Should Providence, in its wisdom, call me from rendering the little assistance I can to my country, I could wish that my brother would not continue in the service of her enemy.

That the all gracious Disposer of human events may afford you, my mother, brother and sisters every blessing our nature can receive, is and will be to the last moment of my life, the sincere prayer of

Your

Mr. Easy,

Abundant has been the information, rich the instruction, and delightful the amusement which I have derived from your literary treasury, and I trust that my assertion is not unfounded, when I say that the republic of letters, need entertain no apprehension that it will be soon exhausted, while they have so acute, so spirited, and so indefatigable a financier as you. Think not, sir, that I am playing the sycophant when I thus address you, for that is a character which above all others I despise; it is a character far more to be dreaded than an open, and professed enemy; for if the latter meditate any evil designs against you, you are made acquainted with them, you are at liberty to provide for your own safety, and you may possibly avoid the premeditated blow. But the insidious sycophant conceives, matures, and executes the most execrable designs under the mask of the most sincere friendship. While his lips are pronouncing to you in all the elegance and smoothness of language, the ardor of his affection, the benevolence of his intentions, his heart is manufacturing the most deadly poison to your life, your honour and your reputation. Although the words proceed from his mouth as smoothly as oil, they are sharper than two-edged swords. Subtlety and death lurk in the breast of the sycophant. So exquisite are his powers of dissimulation, that he can assume the countenance of a seraph, while he stabs you to the heart. Wherefore I conjure all those who are desirous of preserving their happiness, their fortunes and their lives, to avoid the sycophant as they would a fiend from the infernal regions. Although he should endeavour to persuade you with the mellifluous voice of an angel, listen not to him; shun him, for he is the most "abominable abomination of all abominations." But whither has this detestable character led me? I hope, Mr. Easy, you will pardon this digression, for so exceedingly does my heart despise such a character, that I cannot resist my inclination to attack him whenever opportunity offers. The torrent of abhorence pours into my mind with such vehemence, that I must give vent to it, and contribute a small rivulet to that immense deluge of infamy, in which the sneaking sycophant should be overwhelmed. But let this suffice for sycophancy; I must now speak to that subject, which was the primary object of my present communication.

It is a well known fact, that in every garden, no matter how excessive its beauty, no matter if it equalled the garden of Eden in elegance, some particular flower surpasses all the others, in the richness of its hues, or in the pleasure and penetration of its odour. So it is with the Companion; it forms an agreeable, variegated and picturesque flower-garden, in which the seeds of literature are sown, progress and are matured for the edification of the amatures of knowledge. Nor is variety wanting, for there is matter in it adapted to the various tastes and dispositions of men; there is something calculated to coincide with the feelings of the grave; something to excite a smile in the face of the gay; something to suite the moral or religious character; in short, it is a source from which every rank of citizens may extract something for their benefit, something to further their erudition.

I have said that in a flower-garden some particular flower strikes the senses of beholders more forcibly, fixes their attention more stedfastly than others of an inferior quality: So it is with me. I have lately beheld a flower in your literary garden, which does honour to its cultivator; which in my opinion excels all the others that I have seen in the sweetness of its fragrance and in the beauty of its appearance. Yes——Emily's charming "Pastoral" will exist a never fading flower, in the wreath of honour that adorns her meritorious head. Sweet girl—I exhort you to consider it as a very precious jewel in your coronet; consider it as a composition that exceeds mediocrity, even as the resplendence of the noon-day's sun surpasses in effulgence the feeble light of the dependent moon, or the faint glimmerings of the twinkling stars.—It is a piece of poetry replete with sweetness, harmony, and good sense, and while we have a person that can invoke the Sacred Nine with so much ease, smoothness, and elegance, I hope that Emily will continue to grace the pages of the Companion, with her occasional poetical effusions. It is a reflection peculiarly consolatory to me, that our state embosoms a fair one, who has the power to please to such an extent, who can "sweep the sounding lyre" with so great nicety. Go on, sweet charmer, and convince those haughty trans-atlantic bigots, that the genius of literature as well as liberty has taken up her residence on the continent of America: let the nations of Europe be made sensible that they must no longer look down upon us, with the supercilious glance of conscious superiority, but take us by the hand as equal to them in literary acquirements, and consider us as a people who can boast of as many men and women of genius and learning as they can. Continue to soar aloft on the pinions of your fertile imagination, and you will contribute in no small degree to wipe off that stigma of inferiority in point of ingenuity which the inhabitants of the old world wish to attach to us.

In a political point of view America has taken her

stand among the nations of the earth, and we have reason to hope from numerous specimens of genius with which the natives of this continent have furnished us, that she will ere long become a rival with them in the sphere of literature. The language of a respectable historian is :— "The fates are preparing an exalted destiny for America." It is to be hoped that they will spin out the thread of literature to its greatest possible length ; nor let it break until it renders our country as conspicuous for learning as liberty. May the genii of liberty and literature go hand in hand until they exalt it to the very acmé of excellence.

Friend Easy, I now present you with this "rudis indigestaque moles" to use it as you please. I doubt not but you will esteem the ideas heterogeneous, but it would be inconsistent with the eccentricity that characterizes me to write systematically.

The principal object I had in view was to pay that homage of respect to Emily's Pastoral which I think it merits ; and whatever else has crept in, is in the digressional way, which, though it may not appertain closely to the subject, I hope is not altogether inapt or improper.

Some persons perhaps may suppose, that I am actuated by the spirit of flattery arising from personal intercourse with the polished authoress of the 'Pastoral,' to write in this manner. I can however inform them, that I am a total stranger to her, have never seen her to my knowledge, nor do I know her name, but I should certainly consider it as an happy and important era in the annals of my life, to become acquainted with so fine a woman. I cannot conclude without expressing a wish that a spirit of emulation in poetry may pervade the minds of the belles of Baltimore, and cause them to annex their names to the list of Emily's and Clara's. RUSSEL.

Harford County, March 21, 1806.

ADDRESS TO FASHION——AN EXTRACT.

I declare, madam, that you are at this moment employed and occupied in the introduction of those manners and that profligacy, which brought on the ruin of a neighbouring kingdom, have involved Europe in all the miseries that now oppress it, and, if suffered to advance to maturity, will shortly corrupt, and, in the end, annihilate the boasted virtue and honour of Great Britain.

There never was a period, and I assert it, fearless of contradiction, though with an aching heart, when your influence was so baneful to morals, so obnoxious to honour, and so hostile to domestic happiness, as in the day that is now passing over us. But though I cannot allow you one solitary good quality, I am ready to do you justice, by acknowledging your genius, however misapplied, and your penetration, however ill directed.*

You well know that men, from the nature of their occupations, from the objects which they pursue, and the passions that govern them, are not altogether subject to your control ; it is, therefore, to the women, and not to those who resemble women, that you direct your peculiar and insidious attentions.

You well know that if you can enslave, or, in other words, corrupt the women ; if you can infuse into the female character a fanatical disposition to attend upon your altars, your reign will be secure, and your dominion supreme.

Hence it is, that you employ so much art to influence the higher orders of the female world from the cradle to the grave. Hence it is that you conduct your votaries through various scenes of gaiety, display, and dissipation, to the altar, and from thence through all the negligence of maternal duties, and the indulgence of mutual passions, to the final resources of cards or devotion.

Your original power was confined to the labours of the loom, to the shape and colour of upholstery, and the exterior decoration of the useful apparatus of life ; and, while you confined yourself to these objects, your office was inoffensive and innocent.

Now, you presume to dictate, or rather destroy, principles, and influence manners ; you take upon you to occupy the place of reason and experience ; you assume the province of forming character ; your power then becomes very alarming and dangerous to the health, the virtue, and happiness, of the female world.

In your progress to complete the conversion which you have in view, you exert all your endeavours to undermine those qualities which must prove the great obstacle to your designs.—You have been most wickedly active, and fatally successful, in banishing modesty from your circles. Hence it is, that the fashionable young women of the present day indulge themselves in a mode of conversation, a latitude of expression, and a freedom of demeanour, which the courtezan of a former period would have blushed to practice.

Dress may run through all its variations, from simpli-

* If we look to the origin of most fashions, nothing can more effectually make us feel their absurdity.—In *William's* time, to lack a Roman nose was to lack every thing.—In *Richard the Third's*, you were nobody, if you had not a hunchback.—In *Alexander's*, a wry neck was *all the go* ; and in *Philip of Macedon's*, to have more than one eye was quite a bore. The silly, and wicked fashion of swearing, was probably introduced by some such ridiculous precedent.

city to gaudiness, from splendor to the fantastic, without any violation of decorum or moral duty; but the present mode of appearance, which is adopted by many persons in superior life, is a very high degree of immorality, because it is indecent and immodest; because it is a shameful defiance and contempt of those qualities which are the brightest ornaments of the female character. There is little doubt, if one of those unhappy women, who have abandoned themselves, or have been abandoned by their seducers, to prostitution, were to appear, in any public place, in that shocking, half-clothed state, in which so many women of rank present themselves to fashionable assemblies, that she would risk a submission to the penalties of Bridewell.

The time was, when you were nothing more than the regulating minister of the form and exterior appearance of those ranks in life, to which a submission might be practiced without inconvenience or dishonour.—But the time now is, when you are become the school-mistress of vice and immorality, when the demon of impudence is your idol, and when the paths, in which you conduct your disciples, lead to profligacy, to ruin, and a premature sepulchre.

But though your power, I fear, is increasing, there is, I doubt not, still remaining, a sufficient stock of virtue, which, if brought into exertion, would not only check, but destroy it. A parish church has lately been weekly crowded, to inconvenience, with persons, and particularly women of rank, wealth and distinction, to hear an eloquent, learned, and pious prelate expound the principles of Christianity, enforce its duties, display the celestial inheritance which awaits the good, and denounce the punishment which will one day tread on the heels of transgression. His labours, and the example of other distinguished persons, will, I trust, arrest you in your wicked career: nor am I without the hope, that the above observations, though short, will be found to aid the cause of virtue, that they will tend to diminish your abominable influence, to restore the reign of decency, decorum, and good morals, and promote a saving sense of honour, virtue and religion, among the female youth of my country.

ON READING.

In the pursuit of amusement or information, it is not always necessary to read every book entire. Perhaps this task is now become an impossibility. There are, it is true, *ostentatious erudits*, who, by their infinite and exact quotations, appear to have read and digested every thing; but the quackery of the learned has been often exposed, and the art of quoting fifty books in a morning, by the help of the little supplement placed at the close of every volume, of which few readers conceive the utility, is a task neither difficult nor tedious. From such *ostentatious writers*, readers, artless and honest, have conceived an illusive idea of the power and extensiveness of the human faculties. Of many books, however, it is sufficient to seize the plan, and to examine some of its portions.

It may be unnecessary also to read all the works of an author, but only to attach ourselves to those which have received the approbation of posterity.* By this scheme we become acquainted with the finest compositions in half the time those employ who, attempting to read every thing, are often little acquainted with, and even ignorant of, the most interesting performances. A reader is too often a prisoner, attached to the triumphal car of an author of great celebrity; and when he ventures not to judge for himself, conceives, while he is reading the indifferent works of great authors, that the langour which he experiences arises from his own defective taste: but the best writers, when they are voluminous, have a great deal of mediocrity.

A frequent impediment in *reading*, is a disinclination in the mind to settle on the subject; agitated by incongruous and dissimilar ideas, it is with pain that we admit those of the author. But, it is certain, that if once we apply ourselves with a gentle violence to the perusal of an interesting work, the mind soon assimilates the subject; the disinclination is no more; and, like Homer's chariot-wheels, we kindle as we roll.

Happy is he who feels an inclination for *reading!* and what a loss those must sustain, if only considered in the light of amusement, who cannot, in the hour of sickness and sorrow, "beguile the woe-fraught period" with the works of some ingenious author:—When left by friends, who, tired of the gloom of a sick chamber, and the querulous complaints of suffering humanity, fly, to forget themselves, to a *rout*, *concert* or *opera*, your books never forsake you! They are companions with whom you may be grave or gay: you can, without fear of offending, dismiss or recall them at pleasure: they instruct us, by innumerable examples worthy of imitation, to live and

* Thus of *Milton*, it may be sufficient to read nearly all his poetry, little of his prose, and nothing of his history or politics:...of *Fielding's* twelve volumes, six may be sufficient:...of *Voltaire's* ninety, thirty may perhaps satisfy:...of *Lord Chesterfield's* Letters the third volume is the essential one, and concentrates the whole system.

die like Christians: by them we may acquire a competent knowledge of this world, and be enabled to prepare for a better.

Count T. complained to Foote, that a slanderer had ruined his character. So much the better, replied the wit, for it was a bad one, and the sooner destroyed the better.

An elegant writer, describing the perfections of a lovely woman, declares, in glowing phrase, that "the fire, which flashed from her eyes, shewed, that she felt all the passions, which she inspired."

A gentleman, informed by a bill on a window of a house, that *apartments were to let*, knocked at the door, and, attended by a pretty female took a survey of the premises. Pray, my dear, said he smiling, are you to be *let* with these lodgings?—No, replied the Fille de Chambre with vivacity, but I am to be *let alone*.

A sea captain, not much accustomed with the customs of a theatre, being presented with a ticket to the opera was asked, on his return to his lodgings how the performers acquitted themselves. Upon my conscience, replied he, I have no very fine ear for music; but by the manner in which those that I suppose were judges behaved I should think that the performers did very ill. One of them sung so bad, that they made her sing all her songs over again.

What can favour the pretensions of that old dotard to the hand of that young and accomplished lady? Is he rich? Yes; he has gold enough to gild over the bitter pills of age and impotence. This forcibly brings to our remembrance the witty lines of the poet, who observes, that

——— the precious metal
Solders sexes like a kettle.

An *eating*-house fell down some time ago in London; a gentleman, who saw the crowd, asked a fellow in the street, what was the matter. Nothing, replied the other, only a *cook's-shop* that's *dishst*.

Old Time kills us all,
Rich, poor, great, and small,
And 'tis therefore we rack our invention,
Throughout all our days,
In finding out ways,
To *kill him*, by way of prevention.

Owing to the indisposition of one of our *Carriers*, the last Companion did not reach all our subscribers in the western district; those not served, can be supplied at the office.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

SYLPH is received.

MERCURY is postponed, for a second examination.

PROPOSALS

OF ABNER NEAL, SAMUEL COLE, & SAMUEL BUTLER,

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CHURCH OF CHRIST,

From the Birth of our Saviour to the present time;

With faithful characters of the principal personages, ancient and modern.

BY THE REV. T. HAWEIS,

Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon, and Rector of All-Saints, Northamptonshire.

This work was published in London as late as the year 1800, *and the author has been uncommonly successful in pleasing Christians of almost every denomination; for, where historical truth did not render it necessary, he followed the true scriptural rule of speaking ill of no man or sect of men; at the same time his style is simple, nervous and elegant, and his accounts apparently correct, in many instances more so than his predecessors. The work has been perused and critically examined by several of the Rev. Clergy, and other respectable religious characters of this city, and in every instance highly approved.*

CONDITIONS.

I. It will be put to press as soon as 500 subscribers sanction the work with their signatures.

II. It will be printed on a good paper, and make three vols. large octavo, to contain from 450 to 500 pages each.

III. The price to subscribers will be, payable on delivery, six dollars in boards—six dollars and seventy-five cents handsomely bound, and eight dollars bound in calf. To non-subscribers, they will be raised.

IV. Any person subscribing for ten copies, or procuring ten subscribers, and being accountable for the payment, shall have one copy gratis.

V. The list of subscribers shall be printed at the end of the third volume.

☞ *Subscribers received at the Office of the Companion, and at the Book-stores of the Publishers.*

The following parody was written by a gentleman of this city; it has been highly complimented in several diurnal prints and appeared in the Port-Folio with the following introductory remarks.

[Monk Lewis *has* parodied himself; *and his* ballad *style has been* travestied *by others very humorously. We have read scores of merry imitations of "Alonzo the brave, and the fair Imogene," but they were the production of British bards. The following is from the "Anti-Democrat," and is a proof that, amid the dulness and malignity of the times, we can sometimes discover good natured* WIT, *and sportive humour.*] [Port-Folio.]

SAM SNIP AND BETTY BLIGHT.

A parody on parodies.

A tailor so smart, and a damsel so tight,
Drank *gin*, as they sat on a bench:
They push'd round the bottle as long as 'twas light,
Sam Snip was the name of the tailoring wight,
Betty Blight was the name of the wench.

And now, says Sam Snip, since to-morrow I go
To *kick* for some trade out of town,
At a certain church meeting, to which you oft go,
You may tumble in love with some quill-driving beau,
And repay all my smiles with a frown.

Do you mean to affront me? fair Betty Blight said,
You must think very meanly of me;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the *gin-bottle*, none in your stead
Shall the husband of Betty Blight be.

And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting my Sammy so civil,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost, with a large *pair of shears* at his side,
May come to the wedding, there claim me as bride,
And carry me off to the devil.

'Twas *cucumber* time, and away went poor Sam;
His *doxy* she cri'd to be sure;
But scarce had a fortnight elaps'd, when behold
A *quill-driving* beau, with his silver and gold,
Pick'd her up at a meeting-house door.

His features, his cash, and his sweet pretty name,
Soon made her untrue to poor Sam;
The sight of his *shiners* bewilder'd her brain;
She declar'd that the tailor had woo'd her in vain,
That she did not care for him a d— —n.

And now they got marri'd, and sent off the priest,
For they knew that he drove away fun:
The tables all smoak'd with a plentiful feast,
Nor yet had the singing and dancing quite ceas'd,
When the watchman went by bawling—One!

Then first, with amazemnt fair Betty Blight found
That a stranger was stuck by her side;
His hair was quite stiff, he utter'd no sound,
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
But star'd with both eyes on the bride.

His hat was three-cock'd, and his coat button'd tight,
His stockings, one red, t'other blue,
His coat, just like Joseph's, was patch'd left and right,
'Twas so motley the dogs ran away from the sight,
'Twould not sell for old clothes to a Jew.

This wonderful figure threw all in dismay,
For he look'd like a Hottentot savage;
At length Betty spoke, while she trembled—I pray
That your coat and your hat, Sir, aside you would lay,
And partake of our bacon and *cabbage*.

At the sound of the last word, the stranger complies,
And his trappings he quickly unclos'd;
When oh! what a sight met fair Betty Blight's eyes.
What artist can paint her dismay and surprise,
When a large *pair of shears* was expos'd.

All present then roar'd—'twas a general shout,
That the tailor's poor hide they would tan,
But in turning him out, why he ran farther in,
And seizing a glass, toss'd it off full of *gin*,
And address'd Betty Blight like a *man*.

Behold me, *pot-wrestler*, behold me, he cri'd,
You have brought on yourself this *here* evil,
God grants that, 'to punish your falsehood and pride,
'My ghost, with a long *pair of shears* at his side,
'Should come to your wedding, there claim you as bride,
'And hoist you away to the devil.'

Thus saying, his arms round poor Betty he wound,
And in spite of whate'er she could say,
He cut off her head, and then sunk thro' the ground,
Nor ever again was poor Betty Blight found,
Or the tailor who took her away.

The quill-driver di'd too, and none since that time,
At the meeting-house door do presume,
To make free with the girls, for by orders sublime,
There Betty Blight suffers the pains of her crime,
And sends forth a brimstone perfume.

At midnight twelve times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals with slumber are dead,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear on the pavement—Oh! dear, what a sight,
And scream while Sam cuts off her head.

There *nine tailors* are seen, with a hop and a skip,
Dancing round this most horrible sight;
They drink out of *thimbles*, their liquor is flip,
And this is their toast, 'here's success to Sam Snip,
'And the devil take false Betty Blight.'

BOOK, JOB, AND MUSIC PRINTING,

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE BY-STANDER.—No. VII.

Quid de quoque viro, etcui dicas sæpe caveto. HORACE.
Of whom, to whom you speak, beware.

CURIOSITY never fails to repay suitably a mind devoted to its services. When exerted toward the attainment of knowledge and science, a rich harvest will remunerate its efforts; degenerating into inquisitiveness concerning individual affairs to propagate scandal, the odium and detestation of man will pursue it. The cultivation of the former is sanctioned by the approbation and countenanced by the behaviour of every literary and scientific man; the latter is reprobated and condemned by the same respectable and dignified characters. There appears to be a medium between these two extremes left undecided as to its propriety—a curiosity to be informed of other's opinions respecting ourselves. Although some may pride themselves on the contempt they entertain for the sentiments of the world respecting themselves or their behaviour, yet all are desirous to acquire its good opinion in some manner, and to ascertain the certainty of that opinion. Even the morose Dr. Johnson cherished this laudable curiosity.—And indeed were this desire annihilated, a grand incentive to noble actions would be destroyed. The fragile bark, long tost on tempestuous billows, would be overwhelmed by turbulent waves, or founder on some latent rock. I confess myself to be actuated by such sentiments, and would not exchange the noble and exalted pleasure I enjoy when an opinion relative to myself, expressed by one who never suspected it would travel to my ears, is detailed to me by a friend or companion, for that stoic indifference *assumed* by the despisers of men's opinions. If favourable, it creates in me a desire to increase that flattering opinion, by an assiduous and diligent application to increase my store of knowledge and extend the limits of my information; if the reverse, my spirits are not damped nor my aspiring flame quenched, but my ardour to erase all suspicion of my misbehaviour from the mind of the speaker, is roused, and my exertion to afford pleasure even to a reviler compensates internally for any chagrin I might have endured at the recital of the ill opinion. Thus do my feelings reward my care, and an enemy improve my understanding. I wish not to encourage the officiousness of pretended friends, who invidiously relate every petty anecdote to promote strife and contention amongst neighbours and friends; I would rather depress that inquisitiveness.

With such sentiments I offered my trifling effusions to the readers of the *Companion* under the title of *The By-stander*, and with such sentiments I awaited their determination either to prosecute my original plan or hereafter devote my lucubrations to the devouring element. I sedulously avoided introducing any conversation concerning them, in any company, lest in my impatience to collect its sentiments, I might incur the suspicion of being the author: But in my fourth number a favourite amusement, or rather employment of fashionable young ladies being attacked under an ironic mask, I was eager to listen to any observations relating to that essay, particularly if dictated by a female mind. For this purpose, I determined the succeeding evening to frequent their assemblies and to glean from their conversation their thoughts on the subject. I first visited an elderly and sensible lady of my acquaintance. No words, on my part, were necessary to extort her opinion relative to the subject. After a few prefatory remarks on the current disposition and degeneracy of the times, she descanted on the impropriety of levees, the justness of the censure, the appropriateness of the language, and concluded with complimenting its secret author as the first assaillant of this degrading folly.—

Much gratified by the testimony of her approbation, I inwardly thanked her, and, taking my leave, bent my course towards the habitation of a modern Belle. Pope, has elegantly delineated this lady's character in the Rape of the Lock :

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those ;
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

On my entrance in the parlour, my eyes were attracted by the Companion lying open on the table, and dissimulating my intentions, as if accidentally, read a column aloud of my fourth number ; immediately her eyes sparkled and cheeks glowed with indignation, a violent invective against the *By-stander* for composing and *Mr. Easy* for permitting the insertion of such vile trumpery in his miscellany, professing to be instituted for the defence of the fair sex, succeeded. Anger is a conflagration which acquires greater strength in its progress, as barriers are opposed to its rage. I therefore judiciously restrained my increasing impatience and waited its issue. It was but momentary, her liveliness returned and the smiles of beauty resumed their former station. The cause of levees was forgotten and an hour flew on downy pinions, before I recollected my original intention of visiting many other ladies, of whose opinions I desired to be informed. My next visit was paid to the charming & accomplished FLORELLA. To her, I could discourse with freedom on this subject without incurring suspicion, and I embraced that opportunity by requesting her opinion of the By-stander's ridicule on levees, which she delivered nearly in the following words. " Levees, I have always considered as the resort of those whose days are employed in devising schemes for killing time, and who sacrifice their health and fortune at the shrine of pleasure : Those ephemerals, who glitter in the fashionable world and then sink into oblivion. But as the avocations of professional gentlemen (in whose offices I understand they are chiefly held) are too momentous and important to be deferred by the unseasonable interruption of any visitors, I think they are very reprehensible, and I was greatly pleased at the appearance of an essay endeavouring to nip the bud ere it matured.—The author is entitled to the praise of all those, who endeavour to check dissipation and turn aside the minds of youth from trifling and unimportant occupations to more solid intellectual pursuits."

She ceased, and I felt pleased with the sentiments and delighted with the accomplishments of the speaker. This approbation of my conduct and encouragement to future attempts, spread an agreeable dew upon my spirits and communicated pleasure to my grateful heart. Many other opinions, some accordant and others dissentient, according to the speaker's participating in the pleasure of levees, were repeated to me. But the majority commended the adaptation of the ridiculous style to oppugn ridiculous fashions, and appeared to agree with Horace when he declares,

——————Ridiculum acri
Fortiuset melius magnas plerunaque secatros.
Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot where graver reasons fail.

And now, my fair readers, be hereafter circumspect in your remarks upon these essays, lest in the greatest abuse you lavish on them, you may address yourselves to the By-stander ; and when you declaim with the greatest vehemence against them he may silently hear and inwardly smile at your observations. No place of amusement, but what he frequents ; no fashionable circle but what he can obtain an introduction to : therefore remember the old adage and keep it constantly in mind, " *Latet anquis in herba* : " There's a snake in the grass." D.

Mr. Easy,

In silently admiring your talkative bantling, I perform no duty to letters or to morality ; but I am unwilling to screen myself behind a *silent vote*, & will, by your permission, give proof in black and white that I am pleased with the society of such a companion. In your 17th number I discovered the cavilling of an ungallant knight who, with no great impropriety, assumes the popular family name of SOFTHEAD.

I will not say there is any thing of inconsistency in a member of this family waging uncourteous war with a lady—especially when she is of the ancient family of the WOULD-BE-KNOWINGS. Every Softhead possesses at his birth, as a portion of the family's hereditary dominions, an unalienable right to that district of metaphysical country denominated *Intellectual Vacuity*. As supreme lord of this as were the Picts of Nature's covering, a Softhead will repel with his utmost strength every attempt to invade his property. Deadly as is the hatred between Great Britain and France, yet this national enmity is neither so durable nor so violent as the antipathy of a Softhead to any thing like useful knowledge ; hence the perpetual warfare between these people and the Wouldbeknowings.

To this cause then we must impute the ungallant conduct of " J. Softhead," in attacking the cheerful and witty " Eliza." I have a strong predilection for this young

lady, were it for no other cause than my partiality for her family name. Every benevolent heart rightfully claims kindred with those who wish to be instructed and those who are willing to instruct. On this principle I claim Eliza as my sister ; at least my couzin ; but I would not wish to be dubbed *Sentimental Scoundrel*, because of my pretensions to benevolence. A great man of the present day—and many small snarlers join in the cry—" knows that Sterne was a sentimental scoundrel," because, forsooth, Sterne presumed to *feel*, and was bold to declare his feelings! Very good, Mr. Softhead ; truly worthy the family dignity and fame.

Mr. J. Softhead thinks the Wouldbeknowings a " collateral branch of the Softhead family." But this supposition is absurd. There can be no kindred blood in the two; for we all know that the latter are the friends of knowledge, as their name implies ; whereas the former are proverbial for their ignorance and their instinctive opposition to the inroads of Science. That individuals of this family are in possession of many posts of honour and of profit argues nothing against my position. " They have worn the royal purple?" True—but they have then ruled a nation of Softheads. They have defended the honour of their sovereign ? As true—for none but Softheads would " fight the the battles of the world," *without enquiring into the merits of the cause of war.* They hold offices even in this enlightened country ? 'Tis all true—the best government and the wisest people, are not always infallible ; but I tread cautiously on political ground. I cannot (on this subject) travel to classic regions without encountering the boisterous sea of politics. This I dare not ; the *easy* disposition of the Companion would not permit it. Else I had gone to Athens and to Rome, there to enquire if the increase of Softheads did not bear down the wisdom, and ultimately destroy the grandeur and very existence of these ancient republics. I would have enquired, whether, when learned republican Athens submitted to the *softheaded* influx of luxury and indolence, this deviation from the *Knowing* (or " Wouldbeknowing") path did not contribute, in no small measure, to the destruction of their wise and wholesome institutions, nay, to the annihilation of this people. I would have enquired at Rome, whether, after the expulsion of the softheaded Tarquin, it was not owing to the influence, or apathy, of this family of Softheads, that the Cæsars and murderers rode on the rights of the citizens, and trampled on the liberties and valour of the fragment of this great nation. I would make many such enquiries, had not Mr. Easy forbidden, and wisely too, unlike a Softhead, political discussion. Returning to our own country, I would have enquired into the demerit of appointing Mr. J. S's father to the office of Justice of the Peace. But this was not wonderful, when we consider that those who appoint are sometimes themselves of this family. Who but Softheads would commission one ? *There is a town in this country*, where some Magistrate's offices are mere shops for the sale of warrants. The veriest paperskull of the whole family could " support" the retail " dignity" on such a " bench ;" therefore, 'tis no great cause for triumph to J. S. that his father arrived to that honour.

You, Mr. Easy, may think it unnecessary, to be at any trouble in endeavouring to convince a Softhead that he is in error. But I, who had " a leisure hour to idle," have thought J. S's observations not unworthy this reply. I am furthermore urged to do it by my strong attachment to the interests, and great respect for the character of woman. All of giddiness, all of pride and vanity, all of objectionable kind, that is, here and there, to be discovered in the female character, is generally derived from the undue influence of the Softheads. Free from the unmeaning —and worse—prattle of these animals, many young ladies who are now beset by them, could have some opportunity of being more than *ornamental* to the city. Religion will not permit one of God's creatures to despise another, however contemptible the latter may be ; yet I certainly *much less than pity* the *thing* that inherits the properties & character of a Softhead, when considering *it* in this point of view.

J. Softhead, notwithstanding his descriptive name, pretends he has intellect sufficient to discover that Eliza has deviated from the female style. He is consistent. But the vivacity, & the playful humour, together with the unlabour-ed satirical wit convince me that the writer was indeed a woman. Though ladies are destitute of the savage disposition to mangle and to kill, yet it is quite characteristic in them, when indulging in playful jest, to *threaten* what they will do. J. S. will not dispute the authority of the Spectator, from which I will quote an instance.

There could be more *forcible* passages produced ; but I think the writer of the following note alluded to an unadulterated Softhead. " I have a sot of a husband that lives " a very scandalous life, and wastes away his body and " fortune in debaucheries ; and is immoveable to all the " arguments I can urge to him. I would gladly know " whether in some cases a cudgel may not be allowed as a " good figure of speech, and whether it may not be lawfully used by a female Orator"—Spectator, No. 252.

If Mr. Easy thinks this not unworthy his notice, the

insertion of it will gratify a true friend to woman. If its plainness be cause of condemnation, I submit; for I cannot *bedaub* you, as did "Russel." T. HARDHEAD.

THE PEDESTRIAN—No. XI.

Mr. Easy,

I have given my friend sufficient time to have preached a long sermon to the little Credulity, and to have fairly convinced the girl—with arguments to heart's content—that she could derive no real, substantial, benefit from the lectures of an old and blind Fortune Teller.

I am convinced that girls in general would prefer the friendship of such a fellow as Leander to all the blind, decripped and superanuated gentlemen in the city—and for good reasons. Sound arguments would be advanced by them. Nature pleads for Leander; and the young ladies are always obedient to her call—when she exhibits striking allurements.

Thus was it with Credulity. Come, I'll go home with you, said Leander—and I'll tell you all about it.—About what?

Since my account of this to you, Mr. Easy, I overheard an arch young baggage declare that she didn't think he had any intention of declaiming against Fortune Tellers at all when he left the house with the girl under his arm. And I verily believe that this meddling body would have handled the poor girl's character quite severely, had she not been stopped by a discreet and accomplished sister, who checked the suspicious speculations of young Fidgetty. Now what possible harm could result from accompanying him to her home? Harm enough, said Fidgetty, in going off with a man she didn't know any thing of. La me, continued she, do you think I would permit him to lead me about so; a person that——

I would not trust you, miss, replied her sister. Her sister "spoke my mind" exactly, as the Quakers say. Were she any thing to me, I would not trust her. No, no; none of your too prudent ladies for me—they are as dangerous, to themselves—I don't know that they can injure us, as society and men are at present constituted—They are as dangerous—to themselves—as are those men in the world who know too much. You will frequently meet with men of this description; but when I fall in with such an one, it is a rule with me to have as little intercourse with that man as possible. Never rely upon the advice of a man who knows too much—nor believe all that Fidgetty says, if she is too prudent.

Such people may say what they will; but I am certain no honest person in their right senses, acquainted with Leander, would once doubt his most serious intention to undeceive the girl—and that alone. And Leander informed me at our next meeting thereafter, that his labours were not altogether unavailing. Thy countenance, said he, bespeaks thee subject to the duplicity of men. Thy well formed person, that bewitching eye, will attract those who are far more dangerous to the peace of this gentle breast than the wretched old man we have left behind. This nest of down, continued Leander, laying his hand on Credulity's "softly heaving bosom"—take care, Leander, don't throw off the sacred moralizing character which sits so aptly on you. This nest of down, said he, on which I could rest my cheek with the delicious rapture of an ardent lover of woman—Behave, sir! said the innocent creature, as she pushed Leander rather angrily. You don't love *me*—why I never seen you before. You seem so strange a thing, I don't know what to think: But you would'nt tell stories, would you? said she, as she smiled most beauteously in his face. Leander felt the rebuke, and thought of Moore; exclaiming,

> ———I would rather forever forswear
> The elysium that dwells on a beautiful breast,
> Than alarm, for a moment, the *peace* that is there,
> Or banish the *dove* from so hallow'd a nest.

They had got into Hanover-street just as the cry of FIRE alarmed this neighbourhood. Leander discovered the destructive element, consuming a frame which joined a tall brick dwelling. No citizens collected to check its progress—what should he do? Many a *fine gentleman* will say 'tis no question. I am aware of this sentiment, Mr. Easy, in the minds of many who pass current for *men*; but Leander must not be measured by the rule that applies to such as can look on with indifference during such calamitous times. His breast beat high to the tune of commisseration, as he paused a moment weighing his sense of duty with that of gallantry. Never before this night was Leander an idle— I cannot say an unfeeling—spectator during a time of fire. But he had timid delicacy under his care; and they stood where a frightful mob must soon arrive—'twas enough—"there was a woman in the case"—then go, Leander; it was well you protected her—let proud laziness hand the buckets. If the little gentry will not assist on these occasions, they may one day see their own property in danger. They will then know that many are as vile as they.

A few minutes brought them to Credulity's dwelling. The house, deserted by its inhabitants—who had flew to the fire—could not be entered. A sad predicament this for Leander; but he must face it. The seat of the door offered space enough for two to sit on—provided always that they had no objection to sitting close one to the other. I never—except in one instance, not necessary to be here named—knew Leander averse to "coming in close contact with a pretty girl." The necessity of the present case urged to the measure, and they squeezed into the narrow seat together. Here I must leave them, Mr. Easy, or trespass on your patience by grasping at more than my portion of your valuable paper. RARIO.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

AN EXTRACT.

I labour under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than he had acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and I, an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education.—I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the University, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended.

You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the University and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those of better education than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son: and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of *that*, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own.

My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune, which he used to boast, would make a Nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of sixty-thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause, I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, Sir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the *wealthy learned clown*.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighborhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, especially by those who have marriageable daughters: from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself on the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

At length, however, I determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open easy manner, left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about five thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall, dependant on their father.

Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past, taken private lessons of a *professor*, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first

found wonderous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow; I boldly ventured to accept the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory*, when unsupported by habitual *practice*.

As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw; at my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new learned bow to Lady Friendly, but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in *me*, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men *can* judge of my distress, and of that description, the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led, by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be: Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me, there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambrick handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me; spilling a sauce boat, and knocking down a salt seller; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon, that stood near me; in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal: it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets: at last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already

flea'd and blistered : totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do ? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes ; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters ; for the measure of my shame, and their diversion, was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration, which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with the streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh ; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a " goblin damned." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead ; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned ; perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbors know how much I *feel* on the occasion, they will spare a *bashful man*, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I subscribe myself.

The following most extraordinary circumstance occurred at the Grapes tavern in Cable street Liverpool :—A young gentleman, under the influence of a dream in which he supposed a person was pursuing him with a pistol, left his bed in a middle story, and actually forced the lock of a door to attain the attic floor, when he opened the upper sash, and threw himself into the street. In falling his shirt caught the projecting grapes, and forced them down with him. This considerably broke his fall, inasmuch that he lit upon his heels ; and, strange to tell, received no bodily injury whatever, not even the slightest scar. It will be recorded as an almost incredible wonder, that after rising from the bed, forcing the lock of a door, and falling from a window of three stories, the horrors of the dream had not left him, as, on being interrogated by a watchman—" In the name of God what is the matter ?" he exclaimed, " A villian wants to shoot me !"

An uncommonly splendid work, appears to have excited no small curiosity and attention amongst the patrons of the arts in England. It is entitled, " *The Indian hunter, or, Wild sports of the East* :" and it is intended to exhibit not only the manner of hunting wild animals by the native and European inhabitants, but will, when completed, form a perfect system of Oriental History. The list of subscribers is very extensive.

A NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The following literary notice appeared in the last Monthly Magazine, and it announces the design of a new and valuable work, which cannot be viewed by the intelligent part of the public without considerable interest. " William Godwin, author of the Life of Geoffry Chaucer, the first English Poet, and of other works, wishes to give this public notice, that he has undertaken to compile a work, to be entitled *The History of England*, from the earliest records of events in this island to the revolution in 1688, to be written on a scale not smaller than that of the History of England during the same period, by Hume. He therefore invites all persons who may possess rare books, manuscripts, or documents of any kind, calculated to illustrate the annals of this country, to favour him with the inspection and use of them. He pledges himself to a just and punctual conduct respecting the articles which may be entrusted to him, and will thankfully acknowledge the facility which may be afforded to his pursuit. He would not have undertaken such a work, were he not animated with the ardent hope, by study and diligence, to throw a new light upon our annals ; and it will be the first object of his vigilance to divest himself of such partialities and prepossessions as might lead him in any degree to distort or misrepresent any transaction or character of which he shall have occasion to treat."

THE ROYAL LIBRARY OF FRANCE.

About 1683, an accurate review was made of this vast collection, and then it was found to contain 10,942 manuscripts and 40,000 printed volumes. In 1782, the manuscripts amounted to fifty, and the printed to above two hundred thousand ; and the prints, plates, medals, antiques, charts, maps, genealogies and charters, had been increased proportionably. Its exact contents at the present day seem hardly known ; but the great accessions it received during every period of the Revolution leave little doubt upon the mind but that both in the number and quality of its contents it must now be the first in Europe.

Lond. Magazine.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A LIVING PICTURE,

OR THE VICTIM OF COQUETRY.

Down in the mazes of a grove,
Young Harry told his tale of love,
As all forlorn he stray'd;
And as he brooded o'er his fear,
Full many a sigh and many a tear,
His bosom's grief betray'd.

Sweet girl with locks of auburn hue,
He sung, whose eyes so soft and blue,
Lead captive every swain;
Say, while I languish to be bless'd,
O! wilt thou grant thy suppliant rest,
Or must he plead in vain?

Sometimes indeed, I've thought thee kind,
But ah! thy ever wavering mind,
So fond of being free;
On all, I've seen thee smile as sweet,
And with the same endearments greet,
As erst bestow'd on me.

O then, with half resenting heart,
I've almost vow'd at once to part,
And never see thee more;
Yet still that smile—that glance divine;
Has made me more than ever thine,
And forced me to adore.

Since then to fly, I strive in vain,
O! do not hear me still complain,
And no relief impart;
Come, sweet, enchanting, heavenly fair!
In pity listen to my prayer,
And ease my bursting heart!

Thy prayer is heard, a voice replies,
While anxious wonder, and surprise,
Beat high in Harry's breast;
But what can speak his soul's delight,
When full before his ravish'd sight,
Sweet Mira stood confess'd!

Quick o'er his cheeks the current flew,
As near the lovely maiden drew,
And on his bosom hung;
O maid divine! he would have cried,
But crouding sighs all speech deny'd,
And chain'd his eager tongue.

But soon his lips, in eager haste,
To her's, the trembling lover plac'd,
And clasp'd her in his arms:
Ah! never more, at length he said,
Can Harry doubt his charming maid,
Nor suffer fresh alarms.

But ah how transient is our bliss!
It oft expires upon a kiss,
And in a moment flies:
Just like some little gaudy flower,
That blooms in sunshine for an hour,
And in the evening dies.

Next eve, his face in smiles array'd,
Again young Harry woo'd the maid,
And urg'd in tenderest strain?
But Mira, cruelest of her sex,
With cold reserve his suit rejects,
And laughs at all his pain!

Half craz'd, he rushes from her sight,
To spend in tears the tedious night,
Or lose in sleep his care;
Alas! no sleep beguiles his grief,
Till Mira deigns to smile relief,
And heal his sad despair.

Thus bless'd and wretched, still by turns,
A constant flame within him burns,
And wears his life away;
Yet still obedient to her call,
He cringes and submits to all,
Tho' jilted every day!

LEANDER.

TO A PROFILE.

Image of my lovely fair,
To this heart so often press'd;
Dost thou read what passes there?
Canst thou give the trembler rest?

Ah! I feel 'tis all in vain,
Still it flutters as before;
Go—you but increase the pain,
You can never peace restore!

Haste and send thy mistress here,
Bid her to her lover fly;
Tell her, she alone can cheer—
Whisper, 'tis for her I die!

LEANDER.

Turn on me, love, those eyes of thine,
That blooming cheek, O! turn to me—
Now press thy ruby lips to mine,
And let me die with loving thee!

What—only one—one sparing kiss!
When I would freely give a score—
Olenia! but renew the bliss,
And I will teaze my girl no more.

There—now a thousand thanks my love,
O! I could hold thee thus forever—
Ah! why must fate such bliss remove,
By forcing us again to sever!

LEANDER.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE BY-STANDER.—No. VIII.

Quicquid est illud quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod viget, cæleste et divinum est, ob eamque rem æternum sit necesse est.

CICERO.

Whatever that be which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and upon that account must be eternal.

SCARCELY any subject has been discussed more frequently than the immortality of the soul, and nothing requires more serious attention. The natural arguments in favour of this doctrine are obvious to every reflecting mind; yet independent of these, conscience dictates its probability and reason sanctions its truth. It is properly the duty of the philosopher and moralist to point out the distinction between the properties of matter and the qualities of mind: to analize them accurately and by forming a just comparison between them, to deduce the best and most rational conclusion. I shall not therefore enter into a consideration of the component principles of the soul, nor repeat the observations of those writers who have fully investigated this subject. It is my intention to controvert, and I hope to refute one of the arguments which have been advanced against the reality of a future state. But before I proceed further, I must remark that almost every moral periodical writer who has preceded me has in some measure treated of the subject of this essay. *Novelty* should not therefore be expected. It would be presumptuous were I even to *hope* that I could render this noble theme more interesting than it has been made, by a number of distinguished luminaries whose brilliant literary productions have enlightened the world. Perhaps however by elucidating some of their observations and by enlarging upon their opinions, I may afford *some* instruction; or, as *Dr. Johnson* has remarked, I may render agreeeable the path which has been before so often trod, by spreading it with flowers whose odours will be congenial, or by pointing out new scenes which have been carelessly passed by. And if I fail in affording either instruction or amusement, I shall comfort myself with the reflection,

.....*Est*
In magnis incœptis labere magnum.
" 'Tis great to fail in noble undertakings."

The argument to which I allude appears at first extremely plausible, but is by no means incapable of refutation. It has been asserted that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is a mere political regulation, formed to restrain the wicked and licentious, but totally destitute of truth and unworthy the belief of a sensible man. Without depending upon the christian religion, to whose precepts it is directly contrary, for a confutation of this argument, let us for a moment suppose, that system not to be the divine revelation, and appeal to reason. I would ask then how are we to judge whether a principle be implanted by nature in the human breast or is merely the result of education? The proper, and indeed the *only* answer that can be given is, by its universality. For if a cause always operates in a certain manner and invariably produces the same effect, its rule of action is ascertained and it becomes a law of nature. We know that all bodies are attracted towards the centre of the earth, and as there are no exceptions, this has been established as a law. Experience has convinced us that every substance must dissolve, and we therefore justly infer that the dissolution of matter is a law of nature. The same reasoning applies with equal force to the affections and passions of the mind. We find that all animals have a fondness for their offspring, and that from the earliest period of infancy, the affection is reciprocal. Will any one assert

that this is the result of any human establishment or regulation? The most sceptical refinement must acknowledge that it is implanted in the mind by nature, or more properly, that it is an establishment of the Divinity. I do not here mean to assert that it is an innate principle, but that it is among the first, and is perhaps the *very first* affection which a child experiences. It is an impression made upon the mind as soon as its faculties are capable of operation, and before it is in any manner affected by education. In order to prove more fully that filial love is not the result of any human establishment, I would ask whether a child could be persuaded to dislike its parent as long as the actions of that parent evinced affection for it? Certainly not. Reason and Nature would revolt at the idea. It is not therefore a human or political establishment, but nature which teaches an infant to love its mother. With the brute creation it is more evident, for we can ascribe their affection to no other source than that of Almighty Wisdom. For who will pretend to assert that the affection which an inferior animal feels for its parent is the result of education? Every person must acknowledge that brutes imbibe it from the fountain of nature, or in other words, that it is bestowed by the hand of that Being who directs the movements of the universe. From its universality and invariability it has been established as a law of nature. Since then we can judge whether a principle is natural or political only by its universality, it necessarily follows that if we can establish an universal belief of the immortality of the soul, then it is natural to the human heart, and consequently is a truth implanted in the mind by the Almighty.

As far as we have been able to trace the religious institutions of different countries, we have always discovered the belief of a future state. It is true that it is corrupted among some; but it is not our intention to examine the various modifications of this general sentiment; we only wish to prove that there is a principle which will comprehend all the different opinions which have been entertained concerning it. History informs us that among the most barbarous nations as well as the most refined societies; among the philosophers both of ancient and modern times, a belief of a future state has always been inculcated. I must repeat that the corruptions of a principle do not invalidate its reality. And though the opinions of the savage be not so pure and exalted as ours,

> Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
> Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humble heav'n;
> Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
> Some happier island in the wat'ry waste.

M. ESSAY ON MAN.

Mr. Easy,

By publishing the following, you will much oblige

A FRIEND.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BY-STANDER.

Sir,

As no *gentleman* has had the gallantry to defend us, I have thought proper to address you. When a man assumes the privilege of ridiculing the follies and vices of others, it should always be done with the strictiet justice and impartiality. You, sir, have assumed this privilege, but hitherto you have made the errors of the ladies the chief subject of your animadversion. I expected that ere this you would have pointed out the degeneracy of the gentlemen, and particularly because their conduct is more worthy of reprehension; but from your silence on the subject I fear that you add one to the number of those who make it a constant practice to ridicule the ladies. Scarcely a writer makes his appearance who is not armed against the weaker sex; and instead of defending, which is more consonant to the dignity and generosity of man; their greatest pleasure appears to be in persecuting us. Sir, I am one of those to whom your remarks on the morning parties in some measure apply; and although I acknowledge the justice of your observations, yet I cannot help considering them rather too severe. It is true that the fault which you ridiculed had become general; but you should have recollected that you were addressing *ladies*. Your remarks if addressed to *gentlemen*, might have been perfectly proper; but to those who are unaccustomed to such language, they were, I assure you, highly improper. I do not mean to impeach your intentions, for I am convinced they were good; I only wish to render you more delicate in future towards that sex, whom it has ever been the pride of gentlemen to admire and respect.

Before I conclude, let me once more remind you of your duty towards your own sex. For a long time past I, as well as many of my female acquaintance, have observed in them a kind of coldness and neglect towards us, and a desire of associating with one another in preference to the enjoyment of the pure and interesting conversation of the ladies. You, sir, know that this is a mark of degeneracy. There are many other faults which I could easily point out, but there is no necessity: You as a *By-stander*, are acquainted with them, and I trust that this hint will be sufficient. ELIZA.

The above letter addressed to the *By-Stander*, a writer whose talents and industry stand high in the estimation of

the Editor, will, we doubt not, receive every attention which female complaint ever deserves at the hands of a gentleman and a scholar.

Relying with confidence on the ability and willingness of this writer, we shall not interfere in his affairs; but, in justice to ourselves, we must protest against the unqualified censure of Eliza. The By-Stander constitutes but one part of the Companion; and Eliza cannot charge us with issuing satire against the ladies only. We all know their faults are trivial, when compared with the masculine profligacy we witnesss: but they are therefore the more easily corrected. Indeed the aberrations of men are such as almost to defy the severest animadversion. The incorrigibleness of a large number of young men, plunged into dissipation, and gathering the abominable fruits of a vicious life, is painful to the eye of morality; disgusting to a man of decency, and beyond the short influence of our correcting pen. Terrified at the dreadful scene before us, we would willingly turn back, and forget the impression, but that a sense of duty impels us to the unequal contest. We could name places, the nocturnal resort of youth, (whose parents and guardians little suspect such doings) that are the secret, contaminating sink of unlawful revelry and dissipation. These are emphatically the graves of the morality and the honesty of this city; where, long ere it ripens, a boy barters his character for delusive, momentary enjoyments; unknown to his parents, unsuspected by those whose timely interference would rescue from approaching infamy many a bright promise of subsequent usefulness. Parents and guardians do not immediately encourage this contempt for character; but they do mediately, by their remissness, hasten the progress of vice. We are not so uncharitable as to insinuate that heads of families permit their boys to indulge in all the wantonness of vice, when they are acquainted with their haunts: But how will *such* account for their neglect of duty, when informed that a company of boys, who they suppose engaged in innocent amusement in a neighbouring parlour, are decoyed by an overgrown minister of wickedness, into a back room, where Cards, Dice, and ardent Spirits take place of every thing useful and instructive? In such assemblies; not the accidental; but the *habitual* resort of those once initiated into the guilty and enticing mysteries of the den, a boy of thirteen or sixteen loses all respect for moral rectitude, and eagerly exchanges the unfashionable garb of virtue for the fascinating habiliments of vice. Here, before he is acquainted with the heavenly rules which bind man to man, and render civilized society a blessing; he is taught to despise every effort to restrain his natural propensities, and to laugh at the *morose stupidity* of him, who dares be just to himself and to his God:—Here, before a finished education has implanted fixed principles of honour and integrity in his breast; he is swallowed up in the awful whirlpool of all that is villainous.

Let not this be called imaginary speculation. It is a painful allusion to FACTS, *which will stare any man in the face who has courage to look that way.* We have been importuned to hold up to public view the Monsters of Iniquity, who, by keeping such houses, work this alarming mischief. Had we any hope of success, we would beseech the proper characters to see to it; but what would our exhortations avail.

If then the mountain of error in the conduct of men defies our attempt to break or remove it, by *direct attacks*, may we not be permitted to erect batteries for its gradual demolition? May we not employ the ladies (whose influence over man, barbarous or civilized, is so extensive) in the capacity of miners, to remove the foundation of the enemy's works? Those small blemishes sometimes found in woman's character, it is no difficult task to remove: It is a pleasant one, because seldom necessary, and always soon accomplished. And every writer is urged to it, when he considers, that while the purity of female manners is preserved; men, associating with such women, cannot become irremidiably depraved.

REMARKABLE CAPTURE OF FESCAMP,

FROM SULLY'S MEMOIRS.

The manner in which Fescamp was surprised is so remarkable, that it well deserves a particular recital. When this fort was taken by Byron from the league, in the garrison that was turned out of it, there was a gentleman, called Bois-rosé, a man of sense and courage, who making an exact observation of the place he left, and having concerted his scheme, contrived to get two soldiers, whom he had bound to his interest, to be received into the new garrison which was put into Fescamp by the royalists. That side of the fort next the sea is a perpendicular rock six hundred feet high, the bottom of which for about the height of twelve feet, is continually washed by the sea, except four or five days in the year, during the utmost recess of the sea, when, for the space of three or four hours, it leaves fifteen or twenty fathom of dry sand at the foot of the rock. Bois-rosé, who found it impossible by any other way to surprize a garrison, who guarded with great care a place lately taken, did not doubt of ac-

complishiug his design, if he could enter by that side which was thought inaccessible, this he endeavoured by the following contrivance to perform.

He had agreed upon a signal with the two soldiers whom he had corrupted, and one of them waited for it continually upon the top of the rock, where he posted himself during the whole time that it was low water. Bois-rosé, taking the opportunity of a very dark night, came with fifty resolute men, chosen from amongst the sailors, in two large boats, to the foot of the rock. He had provided himself with a thick cable, equal in length to the height of the rock, and tying knots at equal distances, run short sticks through, to serve to support them as they climbed. The soldier whom he had gained, having waited six months for the signal, no sooner perceived it, than he let down a cord from the top of the precipice, to which those below fastened the cable, by which means it was wound up to the top, and made fast to an opening in the battlement with a strong crow run through an iron staple made for that purpose. Bois-rosé giving the lead to two serjeants, whose courage he was well convinced of, ordered the fifty soldiers to mount the ladder in the same manner, one after another, with their weapons tied round their bodies, himself bringing up the rear, to take away all hope of returning; which indeed soon became impossible, for before they had ascended half way, the sea rising more than six feet, carried off their boats, and set their cable a floating. The necessity of withdrawing from a difficult enterprize is not always a security against fear, when the danger appears almost inevitable. If the mind represents to itself these fifty men, suspended between heaven and earth, in the midst of darkness, trusting their safety to a machine so insecure, that the least want of caution, the treachery of a mercenary soldier, or the slightest fear, might precipitate them into the abyss of the sea, or dash them against the rocks; add to this, the noise of the waves, the height of the rock, their weariness, and exhausted spirits; it will not appear surprizing, that the boldest amongst them trembled, as in effect he who was foremost did. This serjeant telling the next man that he could mount no higher, and that his heart failed him, Bois-rosé, to whom this discourse passed from mouth to mouth, and who perceived the truth of it by their advancing no higher, crept over the bodies of those that were before him, advising each to keep firm, and got up to the foremost, whose spirits he at first endeavoured to animate; but finding that gentleness would not prevail, he obliged him to mount by pricking him in the back with his poignard; and, doubtless, if he had not obeyed him, he would have precipitated him into the sea. At length, with incredible labour and fatigue, the whole troop got to the top of the rock, a little before the break of day, and was introduced by the two soldiers into the castle, where they began to slaughter without mercy the centinels and the whole guard; sleep delivered them up an easy prey to the enemy, who killed all that resisted, and possessed themselves of the fort.

WILLIAM COWPER ESQ.

"His virtues form'd the magic of his song."

"In riper life, exempt from public haunt,
Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

SHAKESPEAR.

The following biographical notice of W. Cowper, is abridged from the interesting memoir of that poet, published by Hayley, who has perhaps indulged too much in the luxury of strewing, with an abundant hand, aonian flowers on Cowper's urn.

W. Cowper was born on the 26 of November 1731; at Great Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire: his father John Cowper, then holding the rectory. Here the infancy of William was passed. He went to Westminster school, and thence when 18 years old to the house of an attorney, where he courted the Muses. He laboured under the severest sufferings of morbid depression from December 1763, to July following. In 1765, he removed to Huntingdon, where he became acquainted with the family of Mr. Unwin, a clergyman. He settled in 1767, with his widow at Olney in Bucks. In November 1786, he removed to the neighbouring village of Weston. He died on the 25th of April 1800; and was buried in that part of Dereham church which is called St Edmund's chapel.

The person and mind of Cowper seem to have been formed with equal kindness by nature, and it may be questioned if she ever bestowed on any man, with a fonder prodigality, all the requisites to conciliate affection and inspire respect. His countenance expressed all the powers of his mind, and all the sensibility of his heart.

He was of a middle stature, rather strong than delicate in the form of his limbs; the colour of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes of a blueish grey, and his complexion ruddy. In his dress he was neat, but not finical; in his diet temperate, and not dainty.

He had an air of pensive reserve in his deportment, and his extreme shyness sometimes produced in his manners

an indescribable mixture of awkwardness and dignity ;* but no being could be more truly graceful, when he was in perfect health, and perfectly pleased with his society. Towards women in particular, his behaviour and conversation were delicate and fascinating in the highest degree.

Nature had given him a warm constitution, and had he been prosperous in early love, it is probable that he might have enjoyed a more uniform and happy tenor of health. But a disappointment of the heart, arising from the cruelty of fortune, threw a cloud on his juvenile spirit. Thwarted in love, the native fire of his temperament turned impetuously into the kindred channel of devotion. The smothered flames of desire uniting with the vapours of constitutional melancholy, and the fervency of religious zeal, produced altogether that irregularity of corporeal sensation, and of mental health, which gave such extraordinary vicissitudes of splendor and of darkness to his mortal career, and made Cowper at times an idol of the purest admiration, and at times an object of the sincerest pity.

As a sufferer, indeed, no man could be more entitled to compassion, for no man was ever more truly compassionate to the sufferings of others.† It was that portion of benevolent sensibility in his nature, which endeared him to persons of all ranks who had opportunities of observing him in private life. The great Prince of Condé used to say, "No man is a hero to his familiar domestic ;" but Cowper was really more ; he was beloved and revered with a sort of idolatry in his family ; not from any romantic ideas of his magic powers as a poet, but from that evangelical gentleness of manners and purity of conduct which illumed the shade of his sequestered life.‡ As a man, he made the nearest approaches to moral perfection. Cowper greatly resembled his eminent and exemplary brothers of Parnassus, Racine and Metastasio, in the simplicity and tenderness of his domestic character.

His voice conspired with his features to announce, to all who saw and heard him, the extreme sensibility of his heart ; and in reading aloud, he furnished the chief delight of social winter evenings. He had been taught by his parents at home to recite English verses, in the early years of his childhood ; and acquired considerable applause, as a child, in the recital of Gay's popular fable, *The Hare with many Friends*. A circumstance that probably had great influence in raising his passion for poetry, and in giving him a peculiar fondness for the wild and persecuted animal, that he converted into a very grateful domestic companion.

Secluded from the world, as Cowper had long been, he yet retained in advanced life uncommon talents for conversation ; and his conversation was distinguished by mild and benevolent pleasantry, by delicate humour peculiar to himself, or by a higher tone of serious good sense ; in short, by all the united charms of a cultivated mind.

Men, who withdraw themselves from the ordinary forms of society, whether delicacy of health, a passion for study, or both united, occasion their retirement from the world, are generally obliged to pay a heavy tax for the privacy they enjoy, in having their habits of life and their temper very strangely misrepresented by the ignorant malice of offended pride. The sweetness and purity of Cowper's real character did not perfectly preserve him from such misrepresentation. Many persons have been misled so far, as to suppose him a severe and sour sectary, though gentleness and good nature were among his pre-eminent qualities, and though he was deliberately attached to the established religion of his country. He was however, a most ardent friend to liberty, both civil and religious. Few ministers of the gospel have searched the scripture more diligently than Cowper, and, in his days of health, with a happier effect ; for a spirit of evangelical kindness and purity pervaded the whole tenor of his language and all the conduct of his life.

Cowper was a scholar ; he was master of four languages besides his own. He read Greek and Latin, French and Italian ; but the extraordinary incidents of his life precluded him from indulging himself in a multiplicity of

* In his thirty-first year he was nominated to the office to reading clerk and the clerk of the private committee in the House of Lords. Although he had endeavoured to prepare himself for his public duty, by attending closely at the office, his diffidence and distressing apprehension increased as the time for his appearance approached, so that when the day arrived, he was unable to make the experiment. His terrors on this occasion utterly overwhelmed his reason. His friends acquiesced in the necessity of his relinquishing a situation so formidable to a frame of such singular sensibility.

† Cowper's retirement was ennobled by many private acts of beneficence. While at Olney, he ministered abundantly to the wants of the poor, by that model of philanthropy, John Thornton, esq. Before he quitted St. Albans, he assumed the charge of a necessitous child. He loved the poor, he often visited them in their cottages, and consoled and comforted them in their distresses.

‡ He writes in one of his letters : "The Turkish Spy says he kept no servant, because he would not have an enemy in his house ; I hired mine, because I would have a friend. Men do not usually bestow those encomiums on their lacqueys nor do they usually deserve them ; but I have had experience of mine, both in sickness and in health, and never saw his fellow.

books, his reading was conformable to the rule of Pliny, *non multa sed multum.*

In describing the social and friendly faculties of Cowper, it would be unjust not to bestow particular notice on a talent that he possessed in perfection, and one that friendship ought especially to honour, as she is indebted to it for a considerable portion of her most valuable delights: viz. the talent of writing letters.

Those of Pope are generally thought deficient in that air of perfect ease, that unstudied flow of affection, which gives the highest charm to epistolary writing; but those unaffected graces may be found abundant and complete in the various correspondence of Cowper. He was indeed a being of such genuine simplicity and tenderness, so absolute a stranger to artifice and disguise, his affections were so ardent and so pure, that, in writing to those he loved, he could not fail to show what really passed in his own bosom, and his letters are most faithful representatives of his heart.

Letters indeed will ever please, when they are frank, confidential conversations on paper, between persons of well principled and highly-cultivated minds, of graceful manners, and of tender affections.

The language of such letters must of course have that mixture of ease and elegance, peculiarly suited to such composition, and most happily exemplified in the letters of Cicero and Cowper.—These two great masters of a perfect epistolary style have both mentioned their own excellent and simple rule for attaining it—to use only the language of familiar conversation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

In the words *Revolution Française*, there occurs a very singular anagram. Take from the words *Revolution Française* the letters which form the word *veto*, and the remaining letters rightly transposed, will make this sentence: Un corse la finira—*a Corsican will finish it.* The Emperor NAPOLEON thus whimsically *finishes* the revolution; and, to finish the sentence, stamps his *veto*, or negative, on the liberties of Continental Europe.

Who, but a writer endowed with powers of thought and expression like Dr. JOHNSON could describe the process of a glass manufactory in such magnificent periods as the following.

Who when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat melted into a metalline form rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities would have imagined that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniencies of life as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world. Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction, was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the Sun and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to view ranges of existence and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animate life, and what is yet of more importance might supply the decays of nature and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in Glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of Science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures: he was enabling the Student to contemplate nature, and the Beauty to behold herself.

THE HISTORY OF POETRY, IN A LETTER FROM DEAN SWIFT.

"In obedience to your commands, I here send you a short essay towards a history of poetry in England and Ireland. At first it was a science we only began to CHAW SIR. A hundred years after we attempted to translate the psalms, but could not our STERN-HOLD. In Queen Elizabeth's reign there was but one DI SPENCER of good verses; for his patron, though a great man IS HID NIGH by the length of time. Yet a little before her death we attempted to deal in tragedy, and began to SHARKE SPEARS; which was pursued under King James 1st. by three great poets; in one of them many a line so strong, that you might make a BEAM ONT: the second, gives us sometimes but FLAT CHEER, and the third is BEN-DING a little to stiffness,

In the reign of Charles I. there was a new succession of poets: one of them, though seldom read, I am very fond of: he has so much salt in his composition, that you would think he had been used to SUCK-LING. As to his friend, the author of *Gondibert*, I'D AVE AN AUNT write better. I say nothing against your favourite, though some censure him for writing too COLLY; but he had a rival, whose happier genius enabled him to stand like a WALL OR a pillar against censure.

During the usurpation we fell into burlesque, and I think, whoever reads *Hudibras*, cannot BUT LEER, I have COT ONE more, who travestied Virgil, though not equal to the former.

After the restoration poets became numerous; the chief, whose fame is louder than a MILL-TONE, must never be

forgot. Poets in those days loved retirement, and sometimes lived in *dens*. One of them in a DRY-DEN: another called his den his village, or DEN HAM; and I am informed that the sorry fellow who is now laureat affects to USE DENS still. But to return; the author of *Venice Preserved* is seldom o'T WAY; yet he who wrote the *Rival Queens*, before he lost his senses, sometimes talked MAD-LEE. Another, who was a native of Ireland, went into England, because it was more SOUTHERN. I say nothing of the satirist, with his OLD DAM verses. As for comedy, the *Plain Dealer*, w'ICH EARLY came into credit, is allowed on all hands an excellent piece; he had a dull contemporary, who sometimes shewed humour; but his colouring was bad, and he could not SHADE WELL. *Sir George* out-did them all, and was sharp at EITHER-EDGE. The duke is also excellent, who took a BOOK IN GAME, and turned it into ridicule, under the name of *The Rehearsal*. It is indeed no wonder to find poetry thrive under the reign of that prince; when by one of his great favorites, who was likewise an excellent poet, there was a DORE-SET open for all men of wit. Perhaps you WILL-MUTT 'er, that I have left out the Earl of Rochester: but I never was one of his admirers.

Upon the revolution, poetry seemed to decline; however, I shall PRY o'R as many poets as I can remember. *Mr. Montague* affected to be the patron of wit, and his house was the poet's HALL-I-FAX for several years, which one of them used to STEP NIGH every day. Another of them who was my old acquaintance, succeeded well in comedy, but failed when he began to CON-GRAVE subjects. The rest come in a ROW.

The author of the *Dispensary* had written nothing else valuable, and therefore is too small in the GARTH: but may not a man be allowed to ADD IS OWN friend to the number? I mean the author of *Cato*.

To mention those who are now alive would be endless, I will therefore only lay down one maxim, that a good poet, if he designs to TICKLE the world, must be GAY and YOUNG; but if he proposes to give us rational pleasure, he must be as grave as a POPE."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In our 16th number we inserted *part* of a letter "to Miss E——." Philander was "happy to find that the number of our correspondents had increased." We hope the great crowd of writers then at our door has not deterred him from returning. Don't be alarmed, Philander, they are not so numerous now; you should bring the remainder of that letter; for the lady must surely think herself slighted, when she is held in suspense *seven long weeks*.

We were told last week that the *By-Stander's* attack on Levees, would be repelled by a gentleman, who we know is capable of exciting interest; and we regret that such writers should so long neglect us. The "coldness" of which "Eliza" complains, is found in *single* gentlemen only; therefore it cannot be indifference with regard to the welfare of the ladies that witholds the "Defence of Morning Parties."

If the beaux and bachelors of this city have really *cooled* in their attachment to the ladies as "Eliza" declares, we may expect to hear re-echoed at every corner, we'll "barter all joys for a goblet of wine." But we think she is under a mistake: These gallant fellows will never desert the God of Love, to sacrifice to Bacchus.

R. ROUNDHEAD's reply to T. HARDHEAD is received.

PHILALETHES shall be attended to.

No. IX of the BY-STANDER is received.

The following *Literary Curiosity* is the most curious piece we have received for some time. If it be nothing more than an *attempt at composition*, we freely forgive the author; but if, as the thing itself seems to import, it is intended to excite a laugh at the sufferings of humanity, then the unfeeling writer deserves the contempt of every Christian!

THE WIDOW'D POOR.

As late a lady walk'd the street
A 'lorn object she chanc'd to meet,
This object sought this lady's aid
I am a widow'd poor she said,
Not only from the man I lov'd
But from every door I'm shov'd.
My babes to me than life more dear
For those I quake, for those, I fear;
An infant screaming for the breast
And not e'en bread to feed the rest,
None! none! feel my woes no not one
All! all! at pleasures vortex run.
I've cry'd Oh hear a mothers pray'r
And allways have they sorn'd to hear:
But let the world enter my hut
And see my fire of Tan and soot,
See! my babes suffering for cloaths
Myself! from grief deny'd repose,
Then they'd relieve the widow'd poor
Nor turn their back as heretofore.

ROSELLA.

ERRATA.—In the last number of the *By-Stander*, last quotation from Horace, for "plerunaque secatros," read *plerumque secat res*. In the adage, for "anquis" read *anguis*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SOLILOQUY OF A FASHIONABLE LADY.

To dress? or not to dress?—that is the question:
Whether it is most prudent to expose
Our lovely forms to keenest blasts of boreas,
To winter's nipping frost and icy fang,
Or to be doubly fortify'd, entrench'd,
Behind a foxen muff enormous?
Take cold?—impair our health?—ah, there's the rub,
For in our flimsy garb what ills may come,
By shuffling off a petticoat or *two*,
Might give us pause: there's the respect, that makes
Our constitutions oft so much impair'd;
Yet who would patient bear to trudge and sweat
Under a silk *Pelise* with wadding stuff'd,
Who their *debut* should make with a *bare elbow*?
'Tis thou, O Fashion, who the deaf can hear;
Whose fascinating form the blind can see;
Whose sway extendeth over young and old;
The prince and peasant are thy votaries;
Before thee, Wisdom looks discountenanc'd,
And at thy shrine devotes itself with zeal;
In chains, the boasted lords of the creation
Obey thy mandates and become thy slaves:
Thy voice prevailing, to the winter's wind
And summer's scorching sun we'll bid defiance;
For thee we'll sacrifice our health and ease,
Those sweet companions of the young and fair,
Which makes the roses flourish on our cheeks,
Our eyes with lustre sparkle; at thy call,
With all the formal out-works we'll dispense,
And substitute a *scanty leafy cover*.
Thus, fashion does make converts of us all;
And thus its votaries are led away,
'Till reason, weak'ned, palsi'd by its pow'r,
Becomes supine and loses all its action. SYLPH.

SELECTED POETRY.

Second Prize Translation of Horace, Ode 22, Book 1.

BY GEORGE W. ORMEROD,

OF BOLTON, ENGLAND, AGED 15.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

The man, unaw'd by guilty fear,
Protection from the pointed spear,
Or Moorish bow disdains;
He needs, my friend, no venom'd dart,
For innocence protects the heart,
Where conscious virtue reigns:

Whether through depths of trackless snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows,
He bends his weary way;
Or where the treacherous quicksands o'er
The surging billows loudly roar,
And dash the foaming spray.

For late as in a Sabine grove
I careless sang the maid I love,
Too far my steps were led;
A grim wolf stalk'd across my way,
I stood a weak, defenceless prey,
But me unarm'd he fled.

No beast of such tremendous size,
Beneath the shady covert lies
Of warlike Daunia's groves:
So dreadful thro' the howling plains
Of Afric, Juba's drear domains,
No tawny lion roves.

Place me where no refreshing breeze
Sighs gently thro' the verdant trees,
Or zephyrs cool the air;
Where dull infectious damps arise,
Where low'ring clouds obscure the skies,
And vap'ry mists appear.

Or place me where the car of day
Pours on my head its downward ray,
Or houseless wilds among;
Whatever dang'rous toils I meet,
My fair one's wit and smiles so sweet,
Shall be my ceaseless song.

THE PUNSTERS.

At a tavern one night,
Messieurs *Moore*, *Strange*, and *Wright*,
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange;
Says *Moore*; "of us three
The whole town will agree.
There's only one knave, and that's *Strange*."

"Yes,—says *Strange*, rather sore,—
I'm sure there's one *Moore*,
A most terrible knave and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother,"—
"O yes,—replied *Moore*—that is *Wright*."

On a regiment sent to Oxford, and a present of books to Cambridge, by George the First.—1715.

BY DR. TRAPP.

The king observing, with judicious eyes,
The state of both his Universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That *learned* body wanted *loyalty*:
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that *loyal* body wanted *learning*.

These lines were once repeated to Sir William Browne, who, with extraordinary quickness, answered,

The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own *no argument but force*;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow *no force but argument*.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. II. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1806. No. 25.

Printed and published by COLE & HEWES, 4 N. Charles-st.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

THE members composing the Easy Club, by whose united endeavours, the Companion was originally established and supported, having found any further attention to it incompatible with their individual avocations, it was left for some months, to the precarious supply of the Communication Box; which has not proved a very fertile source, for enriching its pages, either with instruction or amusement. Aware, however, of the advantages which may result to society, from a well conducted periodical paper, the members of this Club, have determined to resume their labours, and devote their talents to promote its utility.

The editorial part of it is deputed to one, who is actuated by the most ardent desire, of advancing general improvement.

In addition to the objects of literature, the Companion has hitherto embraced, the Editor conceives, it might take in a wider field with much advantage.

Various events that occurred during the revolution of this country, are alive in the memories of many; but yet are not generally known. The recital of private acts of heroism, performed at such a period, must awaken an interest, and give a glow of pleasure, to the breast of every American reader. Anecdotes of this nature, would with much propriety form a part of such a publication.

The talents of poets, orators and historians have been employed, to celebrate and record the actions of all those who have moved in a distinguished sphere, while perhaps, the biography of such characters as have shone in the humbler career of private life, might be attended with more important advantage to the generality of readers.—Hence, the lives of persons who have shed lustre on the human character, by the practice of every social virtue, would form a useful, and not uninteresting part of the Companion; and every communication of this nature will be most cordially received.

Many persons are disposed to improve their minds, but not having a judicious instructor, to point out works, that might be perused with advantage, they read promiscuously whatever comes in their way, and thus, rather collect a quantity of undigested matter, than enlarge their minds with useful knowledge. The library of this city contains a variety of excellent authors: It is open to every one: A review of these books, together with a recommendation of such as are best adapted to promote general improvement, would prove very effectual in aiding the growing taste of this community.

Those whose talents would enable them to give this paper distinction, and who are so patriotic as to desire, the amelioration of manners, the cultivation of taste, and the diffusion of information amongst their fellow-citizens, will, it is hoped, lend their assistance to the Companion; that whilst wealth and luxury make such rapid progress in our city, we may not be found deficient, in that which might contribute to blend with our more sterling merits, the softer graces of polished life.

THE BY-STANDER.—No. IX.

Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque Puer. HOR.

The youth who hopes the Olympic Prize to gain
All arts must try and every toil sustain. FRANCIS.

The study of the sciences is so intricate and abstruse in the commencement that there are few minds that are not depressed before they gain a sufficient insight into their beauties to render them agreeable. The mind wanders between ignorance and abstrucities which appear unintelligible and is unable to satiate itself among the many difficulties which arise and annoy it. It is this that perplex-

es a student at his first onset and renders him fickle and wavering between a desire and a supposed inability to overcome the embarrassments of the study. There is but one way of surmounting these obstacles, which I need scarcely say is *perseverance*, which alone enables us to gain a thorough knowledge of every science; by which we are to clear away the rubbish and superfluous brambles that circumvest the tree of knowledge and fairly pluck the dainty flower, whose fragrance will refresh and whose taste will renovate us, after the toil and difficulty of obtaining it.

There is something so noble in perseverance, so manly in an undaunted fortitude to overcome the few obstacles which are always to be met with in study, that nothing short of the end pursued could be a sufficient reward for it. On the contrary, a mind so fragile, so weak, so fantastical, as to be daunted at such trifling incidents, receives a just recompence in not obtaining the benefits which unquestionably would emanate from a strict perseverance. The Lapidary zealously cleaves the earthy particles or gangue from the pure diamond, and by persevering assiduity draws out its native splendour and unsullied polish, which crowns his labour with its just reward, and is a sufficient compensation for all his toil. Just so is it with the student; he must with fortitude overcome the obstacles which oppose him, and as it were divest a work of its extraneous matter, if he would bring out its intrinsic lustre, and receive a remuneration of his exertions.—The mind is always roving after novelty; it is naturally fickle and inconstant, it therefore requires our most unremitting exertions to restrict it within the bounds of discretion, that it may by perseverance obtain that noble and exalted state so well suited to its greatness. It was a saying of the *younger Pliny* that there was no book from which he did not receive some benefit; and sure the experience of every sensible man confirms it; even the *Bystander* flatters himself with a modest assurance that his lucubrations, however weak and feeble the attempt, do to those who favour him with an attentive perusal, afford some satisfaction, some entertainment; perhaps some of the fair sex may smile upon them and coalesce in their sentiments; then sure his wishes are crowned and he feels himself sufficiently rewarded for his labour, and will persevere in his little work as long as Mr. Easy will honour him with his sanction. The most refined and most noble sciences are to a person unacquainted with their beauties, dry, unpleasant and unengaging; the mind would grasp at their excellencies at once, imbibe their beauties while the novelty pleased, but when it finds itself unable to attain that end it falls into langour and impotency to proceed; the unentertaining pages seem a difficulty too great to be opposed, and it gives up the contest perhaps at the moment it was gaining an insight into its excellencies, which would smooth the path and render those things which before appeared as difficulties, light and inconsiderable when compared with the enjoyments to which they pointed. No man would ever have found out the intrinsic worth of a Locke, a Baxter, or a Reid, had they attended to those obstacles which of all others abound most in *metaphysics*. This noble, this exalted study, which to a young beginner appears to be most surrounded with those difficulties, so amply repays the labour of obtaining a knowledge of it that no toil would be thought too arduous which would be crowned with such success. It is by perseverance we are to obtain a proficiency in any science; the mind is always averse to difficulties and entangling cogitation, but when once it has overcome them and sees its way clear and unobstructed, it exults in the victory and feels an expansive glow not easily described. It very frequently happens that a student of a particular science will apply himself to the newest and most fashionable authors, and discard those which they call musty volumes merely, because he had not perseverance to read them; when, did he attentively study them, he would often find some noble thoughts and well founded ideas arise amid all their dryness, which would amply repay him for his labour.

We are not to read the beauties of an author only, but we should follow him through every thought, if we would thoroughly comprehend him and reap that benefit from him which we ought to do. By a hasty and cursory view of an author we often imbibe erroneous principles and apply misconstructions to his work; when, did we studiously read and diligently search for its beauties, we would probably find them in those very places we ignorantly condemned.

> " Errors like straws upon the surface flow,
> He that would search for pearls must dive below."

As soon as the gloss of novelty is tarnished, and the student begins to perceive the dryness of study, he falls into a langour and feels an aversion to it, and would willingly exchange it for some other which he thinks would suit him better. It is now that I would strenuously recommend perseverance: a little fortitude, a little courage to surmount the seeming difficult ascent, would open to his view an unbounded prospect. He would look abroad into its beauties, and feel an ambition to participate in its benignity. It is then that he would feel his exertions crown-

ed with their sweet reward; the difficulties which once marred his procedure have vanished, and he would find himself in a fertile garden culling the choicest flowers that rise to deck his assiduity. I might extend my observations to the statesman, the merchant, and, in short, to every profession or occupation; but my intention being only to apply them to the study of the sciences, I will conclude with an assurance, that without perseverance we can never obtain a dignified station in life or become citizens worthy of imitation or respect. S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas several persons have declared themselves acquainted with me, and have actually asserted that they are so far ingratiated in my confidence as to have the perusal of my essays before they are sent to the Companion; I hereby request all persons to consider them as *white lies*, fashionable in the *Beau Monde*, and to respect them only as a substitute for rational conversation, ☞ now obsolete.

THE BY-STANDER.

Mr. Easy,

I had resolved to treat your "black and white" correspondent with silent contempt. But the strong disposition to be merciful which I possess, has perhaps overruled justice, and inclined me to send you the following letter, which I received from a friend soon after the publication of "Hardhead's" very convincing arguments.

Dear Jonathan,

I was not a little surprised, on my return from the country, to see your signature in one of our late Companions, for, thought I, sure Softhead is the last person I should suspect of troubling himself with literature; but, upon reading your letter, the mystery was immediately explained, and I found that, pricked on by honour, you were laudably contending for the dignity and fame of your family. I have since seen something which Hardhead terms a reply. Pray is not this same Hardhead a relation of your's? If I mistake not, he married your cousin Margaret Knocksoftly! all the Wouldbeknowings are also nearly related to you by the mother's side, though he pretends not to know it. What an ill-natured, morose creature he must be indeed to call you a "talkative bantling," &c. merely because you wished to preserve your bones from the mangling and craunching teeth of Miss Eliza.

Neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus
Unquam, nisi in dispar feris.

No doubt he expects to be called "dear creature" now by the ladies, since he has so manfully defended their stile. He says "it is quite characteristic in the ladies to threaten *what they will do*." Had he been less bewildered by the magnitude of his case, he would have said, it is quite characteristic in the ladies to threaten what they *will not* do; he however, "dear creature," in endeavouring to journey to Rome, and Athens, got his head so muddled, that nothing better could be expected from him.

My Lord Hardhead, forsooth, must be a scholar; nay, he must be a greater one than any body else, for he has made "Cæsar & the murderers," contemporaries with Tarquinius Superbus, who most people think lived near five hundred years before them. To me it seems impossible to pass over this boisterous part of his "reply," without exclaiming,

Parturiunt montes nascitur ridiculus mus.

Hardhead may banish his apprehensions of being dubbed "Sentimental Scoundrel," by a very respectable, honourable, and "great man of the present day;" for the chances are ten to one if either he or his writing will be noticed by that gentleman, unless in a *professional* way.

Who that possesses the smallest share of intellectual discernment, can read Sterne's works and not be convinced of the justice of the judgment passed on him. He indeed must be a wiseacre, who cannot bring his hardhead to a similar decision, on the character of a man who printed his sermons under the nickname signature of Yorick, jester, or buffoon, to the king of Denmark! who under his ecclesiastical cloak used the most indecent, and most disgraceful expressions which man could utter; who speaking of his own writings says, "I know what I am doing whilst I write the first sentence; but for all subsequent sentences I depend on Providence!" who though while living, possessed superabundant means of securing to himself, and family, much more than the necessaries of life, died in debt, leaving a helpless wife, and children, to depend on the too often scanty hand of charity, for their sustenance and raiment. Nor was his money spent in any laudable way, to serve his country, or his God; but solely to gratify his insatiable desire after worldly extravagance! And this is the man "who presumed to feel and was bold to declare his feelings!" But let not his merit be *extenuated wherein he was worthy*, it is a pity that so many fine morals were buried by him in such obscene language; yet many parts of his works are excellent in themselves; sure every body knows with what pathos he has drawn the story of Le Fevre in his Tristam Shandy. But pardon this long digression—I will now return to the point.

Were I called upon to give my opinion of the prevailing customs, and fashions of our young ladies, I certainly would not begin with accusing them of rashness, for having thrown off those globular bodies, formerly called hooped petticoats; thus rendering themselves defenceless, and of course subject to the sudden incursions of those hideous monsters men. Neither would I condemn them because they have only substituted a thin satin, or muslin petticoat, and crape frock, each about a yard in circumference! And why should I mention that when confined within these curtailed, short dresses, they make too many nice courtesies, graceful twists, and delicate bends, for the purpose of displaying to the greatest advantage their angelic forms! Undoubtedly it would be deemed highly impertinent in me, to unite in the waltz dance a modern Circe thus accoutred, to the arms of a passionate Hard-head, or a wanton Hothead! And how could I dare to aver, that the young ladies of our most polished circles, have countenanced the vile practice of cursing and swearing! No, in my humble opinion, if some few of the fair sex have been a little too sportive, free or unguarded in their behaviour, they will not be led to amend their conduct because we accuse them of, or scold them for faults greatly exaggerated in our charge. I must confess that my conception of the nature of the female heart, is much more lofty, and I am bold to say that my ideas on this subject do not differ very much from those of the thinking part of mankind. Woman is not a degraded animal, that requires the scourge, or the lash to keep her in the path of virtue, or of prudence; she spurns at the insults of self-conceited pride; but her heart is ever open to conviction. Use that gentle persuasive language which it can understand, and you may accomplish whatever is proper.

Credulity is woman's greatest failing. Conscious of no intention on her own part to deceive, and knowing, too little of the extent of human depravity, how often, alas! hath the innocent female been deluded, nay, ruined, by the dark designing villain, who holds no reign over his lusts, who sets no bounds to his crimes. Considering that this failing in the fair sex, might be in a great measure removed, or entirely eradicated if more attention was paid to the education of children, how distressing the thought, that parents, who have had years of experience, and who certainly have arrived at the age of discretion, and reflection, should daily injure their children by not instructing them. "There is scarcely any argument in favour of the liberal education of our sex, that will not with equal, or superior force, apply to the other. *A good education* will often enable them to avoid, and always to bear the inconveniencies of domestic life. It will render them objects desirable to men of sense, who at least promise more of domestic happiness, in a union with them, than the ignorant and the vulgar. It will enable them to be nice and accurate in their choice, both of books and companions. It will make them better advisers, better mothers, better members of society. It will remove the necessity of resorting to trifling, perhaps criminal amusements to pass off time: nor is this an object of light concern; since I cannot help thinking that much of the profligacy of the age, may be attributed to the neglect of female education." *Gregory's Essays, page* 162.

Knowing, my friend Softhead, that you are averse to reading long letters, I will now conclude with averring that nothing which I have just said, has been intended by me to lessen that praise to which the female society of Baltimore are so justly entitled; on the contrary, I have ever been delighted with observing how courteously they daily seek the temple of knowledge; how often they are decorated by the industry of their own hands, and with what charming, unaffected modesty, they regulate their general conduct. But what words can express the pleasure I have experienced on hearing the afflicted widow, and orphan, bestowing thousands of blessings on them, for those charities, and acts of kindness, which they so frequently afford to the poor!

Dear Softhead, I have now no more paper, or with what pleasure could I still sit and enumerate each female excellency. Adieu. Yours respectfully,

ROBERT ROUNDHEAD.

Mr. Easy,

In looking over the 24th number of the Companion, I perceived some observations relative to the prevalence of dissipation in this city, and particularly among the youth. I sincerely lament, that my own observation obliges me to say, your charges are but too just; and were I possessed of ability sufficient, I should long ere this have addressed you on this important subject, endeavouring to stem, if possible, the mighty torrent, which endangers the principle of goodness, and aims a deadly blow at all that's amiable. But being myself a youth, and well aware of my own incapacity for so great an undertaking, as that of correcting the vices of others—have been a silent observer—but lamented that I had not the eloquence of a Cicero, that I might persuade them to become sensible of the errors into which they have fallen—and induce them to turn

with horror from the delusions of dissipation—which certainly cannot promote their temporal or eternal felicity.

I hope, dear sir, you will employ your talent for the suppression of vice; for I am sensible it would give you much satisfaction, to be the mean of snatching from the gulf of misery, only one fellow-mortal, who would otherwise be lost to himself, to society and his God.

——————Dissipation hideous!
Although thou art the bane of all things good and virtuous,
Yet man, degraded man, pays adoration to thee.
Altho' thou art as drops of deleterious hemlock,
Yet art thou cherish'd, as a darling gift of heav'n!
Where are the joys, which thou to man wouldst yield,
Or where the comforts, which so richly flow
From thy unhallowed source of woe and infamy?
Dost thou give comfort to the broken-hearted;
Or offer balm of consolation to distress?
Embracing thee, can mortals hope to find
The path to happiness; the joys of heaven?
That thou shouldst thus with domineering influence
Preside o'er those whom virtue ought to guide.
Can you fresh laurels place on hero's brows,
Or give new lustre to the charms of beauty?
Alleviate our griefs for loss of relatives,
Or drive infuriate discord from its influence
O'er those whose vows, at sacred altar giv'n,
To love and cherish, while the lamp of life shall last,
And whom, some fascinating charm allures
To break the vows, their God was witness to?
No! shameless Dissipation. Thy presence adds
Fresh fuel to the fire—and gives to injur'd innocence just cause
To reprobate thee, as heightening all its misery.
Sad thought, that man, the image of his God,
The noblest work of his creating power,
Should thus drive heedless on, with strides gigantic,
To embrace his passport to eternal misery. M.

LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER ESQ.

(Concluded from our last.)

The very sweet stanzas that Cowper has written on friendship, would be alone sufficient to prove, that his heart and spirit were most tenderly alive to all the delicacy and delight of that inestimable connection. He was indeed such a friend himself, as the voice of wisdom describes, in calling a true friend, "the medicine of life:" and though misfortune precluded him in his early days from the enjoyments of connubial love, and of professional prosperity, he may be esteemed as singulary happy in this very important consolatory privilege of human existence; particulary in his friendships with that finer part of the creation, whose sensibility makes them most able to relish, or to call forth the powers of diffident genius, and to alleviate the pressure of mental affliction. It may be questioned if any poet on the records of Parnassus ever enjoyed a confidential intimacy, as Cowper did, with a variety of accomplished women; maintaining, at the same time, consummate innocence of conduct.

Pre-eminent as he was in warmth and vigour of fancy and affection, the quickness and strength of his understanding were proportioned to the more perilous endowments of his mind. Though he had received from nature lively appetites and passions, his reason held them in the most steady and laudable subjection.

The only internal enemy of his peace and happiness, that his intellect could not subdue, was one tremendous idea mysteriously impressed on his fervent imagination in a scene of a bodily disorder, and at such periods recurring upon his mind with an overwhelming influence, which not all the admirable powers of his own innocent, upright spirit, nor all the united aids of art and nature, were able to counteract. Though he was sometimes subject to imaginary fears, he maintained, in his season of health, a most magnanimous reliance on the kindness of Heaven.

He also possessed and exerted that becoming fortitude, which teaches a man to support, under various trials, the sober respect which he owes to himself. Praise, however exalted, did not intoxicate him; and detraction was unable to poison his pure sense of his own merit.* Cowper possessed, in his original motives for appearing in the character of a poet, the best possible preservative against his double infelicity of mind. His predominant desire was to render his poetry an instrument of good to mankind; his love of fame was but a secondary passion.

Accident, idleness, want, spleen, love, and the passion for fame have all, in ther turn, had such an occasional influence over the human faculties, as to induce men of considerable mental powers to devote themselves to the composition of verse: but the poetical character of Cowper appears to have had a much nobler origin. He was formed a poet by the munificence of Nature and the decrees of Heaven: he seems to have received his rare poetical powers from Providence, to compensate the pressure of much personal calamity, and to enable him to become, though secluded, by irregular health, from the worldly business, and from the ordinary pastime of men, a singular benefactor to mankind. He had cultivated his native talents for poetry in early life, and his mind had been engaged in such studies as form, perhaps, the best possible preparation for great

* His infinite good nature, as a literary man, is strikingly exemplified in the indulgent condescension with which he gratified two successive clerks of Northampton, in writting for them their annual copy of mortuary verses. He thought like the amiable Plutarch, that the most ordinary office may be dignified by a benevolent spirit.

poetical achievments; a fervent application to that book, to which Milton and Young were indebted for their poetical sublimity. Cowper, in reading the Bible, admired and studied the eloquence of the Prophets; he was particularly charmed with the energy of their language in describing the wrath of the Almighty.

By his zealous attention to the Scripture, he incessantly treasured in his own capacious mind those inexhaustible stores of sentiment and expression, which enabled him gradually to ascend the purest heights of poetical renown; which rendered him, at last, what he ardently wished to prove, the Poet of Christianity, the Monitor of the World.*

Cowper has accomplished, as a poet, the sublimest object of poetical ambition; he has dissipated the general prejudice that held it hardly possible for a modern author to succeed in sacred poetry; he has proved, that verse and devotion are natural allies; he has shown, that true poetical genius cannot be more honourably, or more delightfully, employed, than in diffusing, through the heart and mind of man, a filial affection for his Maker, with a firm and cheerful trust in his word. He has sung, in a strain equal to the subject, the blessed advent of universal peace; and perhaps, the temperate enthusiasm of friendship may not appear too presumptuous in supposing, that his poetry will have no inconsiderable influence in preparing the world for a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

We will close this memorial, by applying to him those tender and beautiful verses, which Cowley, one of his favourite poets, addressed to a poetical brother, in all points perhaps, and assuredly in genius, by many degrees his inferior.

"Long did the Muses' banish'd slaves abide,
And build vain pyramids to mortal pride:
Like Moses, thou, though spells and charms withstand,
Hast brought them nobly home, back to their holy land:
Poet and saint, to thee are justly given,
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven."

ON DIVERSIONS.

It is laid down as a principle of action by most young people of fortune, that there is no enjoyment of life without diversion: and this is now carried to such excess, that pleasure seems to be the great object which has taken place of every other. The mistake is very unhappy, as I intend to shew, by taking the other side of the question, and proving that there is no enjoyment of life without work.

The words commonly used to signify play, are these four; relaxation, diversion, amusement, and recreation. The idea of relaxation is taken from a bow, which must be unbent when it is not wanted, to keep up its spring. Diversion signifies a turning aside from the main purpose of a journey, to see something that is curious and out of the way. Amusement means an occasional forsaking of the Muses, when a student lays aside his books. Recreation is the refreshing of the spirits when they are exhausted with labour, so that they may be ready in due time to resume it again. From these considerations it follows, that the idle man, who has no work, can have no play; for how can he be relaxed who is never bent? how can he turn out of the road, who is never in it? how can he leave the muses who is never with them? how can play refresh him, who is never exhausted with business?

When diversion becomes the business of life, its nature is changed. All rest presupposes labour; and the bed is refreshing to a weary man; but when a man is confined to his bed, he is miserable, and wishes himself out of it. He that has no variety can have no enjoyment; he is surfeited with pleasure, and, in the better hours of reflection, would find a refuge in labour itself. And, indeed, I apprehend there is not a more miserable, as well as a more worthless being, than a young man of fortune who has nothing to do but to find some new way of doing nothing. A sentence is passed upon all poor men, that if they do not work they shall not eat; and it takes effect, in part, against the rich, who, if they are not useful in some respect to the public, are sure to become burthensome to themselves. This blessing goes along with every useful employment, it keeps a man upon good terms with himself, and consequently in good spirits, and in a capacity of pleasing, and being pleased with every innocent gratification. As labour is necessary to procure an appetite to the body, there must also be some previous exercise of the mind to prepare it for enjoyment; indulgence on any other terms is false in itself, and ruinous in its consequences; mirth degenerates into senseless riot, and gratification soon terminates in corruption.

If we compare the different lots of mankind, we shall find that happiness is much more equally distributed than we are apt to think, when we judge by outward appearance. The industrious poor have, in many respects, more enjoyment of life than the idler sort of gentry, who, by their abuse of liberty and wealth, fall into temptations and snares; and in the immoderate pursuit of imaginary

* Cowper published, in 1795, two volumes of poems, and he finished his translation of Homer in March 1799. He took leave of the Muses in an affecting poem, entitled the "Castaway."

pleasures, find nothing in the end but real bitterness. The remedy of all is in this short sentence, "to be useful, is to be happy." If Eugenio had followed the profession for which his father intended him, he might now have been alive, and a happy member of society: but his father dying when he was young, he used his liberty (as he called it) and threw himself upon the world as a man of leisure with a small fortune. His idleness exposed him to bad company, who were idle like himself; they led him into extravagance; extravagance led him into gambling, as a last resort for the repairing of his fortune; but it had a contrary effect, and completed his ruin: his disappointments made him quarrelsome, and a quarrel brought on a duel, in which he lost his life at five and twenty.—In this short account of Eugenio you have the history of many young men of this age, who are bewitched with the ideas of liberty and pleasure; but with this difference, that some are destroyed by others, and some destroy themselves.

The progress is much the same with a nation as with an individual; when they rise from poverty, activity, and industry, to improvement, ease and elegance, they sink into indolence and luxury, which bring on a fever and delirium, till having quarrelled among themselves, and turned their swords against one another, they fall by a sort of political suicide, or become a prey to some foreign enemy.

The author of Letters from a tutor to his pupils says, you are sensible we have taken some pains, and with good reason, in the practice of reading with propriety. It is a matter of the last importance in education, though too generally neglected. Several years are employed in charging the memory with words, while few days are spent in forming the voice and judgment to utter them in a powerful and agreeable manner.

A scholar may be such in theory, when his head is stored with languages, and he can interpret the writings of the Greeks and Romans; but he is no scholar in practice till he can express his own sentiments in a good style, and speak them in a proper manner. A mathematician understands the rationale of musical sounds; but the musician, who charms the ear, and touches the passions, is he who can combine sounds agreeably, according to the rules of art and composition, and perform them well upon an instrument. The dead philosophy of music in the head of a mathematician is like the learning of a Greek and Latin scholar, who can neither write nor read; and there are many such to be found.

A PLAY UPON WORDS.

One telling another, "That he had once so excellent a fowling-piece, that it went off immediately upon a thief's coming into the house, although it was not charged." "How can that be?" said the other. "Because, said he, the thief carried it *off*, and what was worse, before I had time to *charge* him with it.

THE WAR.

A woman in Lancashire being lately told that tallow was risen on account of the war: Dang it, said she, why then I suppose they have ta'en to *fighting* by *candle-light*.

COMPLAINT CONFIRMED.

A gentleman once apologizing to a company for not joining in conversation, said he was afflicted with a cold in his head, *and when that was the case*, he was always *heavy, dull, and stupid*. Upon my soul, then, replied John Wilkes, you are very much to be pitied, for you must have been afflicted with that same *cold in your head* ever since I knew you, which is more than twenty years.

BRITTLE COMFORT.

On a public rejoicing night, a gentleman passing by as the mob were breaking a Quaker's windows in Cheapside, stopped to expostulate with them for the cruelty, as the poor man was sick in bed;—on which one that was near, replied, That the gentleman having for some time laboured under a complication of disorders, the mob were so compassionate as to remove some of his *panes*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Nelson, an Ode"—is postponed.

The invention of *white lies*, noticed by the By-Stander, however fashionable some may wish to render the "substitute," is to be deprecated. Others have complained; and they will be heard.

Russel's very ingenious and acceptable communication shall be attended to. This writer, with just indignation, spiritedly repels the unprovoked attack. His assailant must have a very *hard head*, if Russel's artillery make no impression on it. We are aiding and abetting neither; but when one writer attacks another, the defendant rightfully claims the priviledge of replication.

"Stephen R." is the signature to a piece which comes, we believe, from one who has *once deceived us*. He commences his sketch with this remarkable declaration—"I am a plain fellow, and an honest fellow;" but how opposite this character to the conduct of him who could *copy* .... and send it to us as *original*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

If you judge the thoughts, contain'd in the following elegy upon the death of a worthy man, Colonel ——, who died in the year 1803, deserving a place in your Repository, I may, perhaps, be encouraged, to send you now and then, the effusions of better days and spirits. A. B. C. D. ARIAN.

How ere attuned, the mind, to hope or love,
Catches the visions, as they fleeting rise,
However real; our golden prospects prove,
Or fancy's pictur'd to our sanguine eyes:

Let but the solemn toll, the death bell sound,
And lo! the fond delusions disappear;—
A dreary waste steals on the prospect round
And marks the dark'ning clouds with gloomy fear.

But ah! how sad, when on a wife's fond breast
The solemn summons, strikes its sick'ning knell
That all her hopes, her infants' hopes arrest
And sounds a husband's father's last farewell.

Oh cruel death! with what resistless sway,
You wave your sceptre o'er our destin'd race!
How vain is youth, or manhood in thy way;
How vain e'en beauty, deck'd with ev'ry grace.

Alike unfearful of th' embattled tower,
Or pitiless, of th' humbler shed in view,
Alike you vice or virtue bend to power
And all mankind resistlessly subdue.

Else hadst thou spar'd my friend, to virtue dear,
Long had his manhood braved th' inclement sky,
Rear'd his young shoots, and bid the world revere
"A good man striving with adeversity."

But ah! he's gone, what boots the silent tear,
Why let affliction heave the swelling breast?
Can melancholy, back his spirit bear
Or give a father to his children blest.

Ah no! yet still shall he be honour'd here,
As future years, shall hear his friends relate,
On this sad day, with many a grateful tear
The manly virtue's that were snatch'd by fate.

SELECTED POETRY.

PARODIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

If Lobsters be the sauce for Turbot, heap on;
Give me another plate—that so the appetite
May gormandize before the season's out—
That smack again;—it had a luscious relish;
Oh, it came o'er my palate like sweet jelly,
That doth accompany a haunch just touch'd,
Stealing and giving odour: enough,—no more—
O pamper'd taste! how quickly cloy'd thou art,
That, notwithstanding my capacious eye
Is bigger than my paunch, naught enters there
Of what high price and rarity soever,
But turns to chalk-stone, and the gnawing gout,
Even in a minute! such pains do lurk unseen
In dishes season'd high, fantastical.

TWELFTH NIGHT. i. 1.

To wed? or, not to wed?—that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for a man t' endure
The wants and cravings of a scanty fortune,
Or to take refuge in a fair one's arms,
And by espousing end them? to wed?—t' unite—
No more—and by that match to say we end
The plague of keeping house, and other cares
A Bachelor's heir to—'tis accommodation
Devoutly to be wish'd—To wed? t' unite—
T' unite?—perchance be hen-peck'd—there's the rub—
For in that hasty deed what ills may come,
When we have shuffled off this single state,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes celibacy of so long life;
For who would bear the creeping waste of time,
The spendthrift's loss, the miser's contumely,
And distant kin cursing our death's delay,
The insolence of long-kept servants, and the frauds
That patient ignorance of the tradesmen takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare ring? who would the mark'd tax bear,
And sit down daily to a solitary meal,
But that the dread of something after marriage,
A scolding wife! from whose outrageous tongue
No priest can loose us, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others which we think much worse,
Thus selfishness makes cowards of us all:
And thus the native strength of constitution
Wears out, through this pale cast of thought;
And lovely women, of great wealth and beauty,
With this neglect are suffered to go by,
And so the family name is lost.——But see,
In charming weeds the widow!—in thy rich dowry,
Lady! be all my debts o'erpaid.

HAMLET. iii. 1.

EPIGRAM.

On the Marriage of an Ancient Maiden to a tall and athletic Clergyman.

Blest, says the Sacred Text, are those
That on the Prop of Faith rely:
Sabina heard this truth, and chose
A PILLAR OF DIVINITY.

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BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE BY-STANDER.—No. X.

Women, Man's first, best gift!——They alone
Know how to seize the captivated soul
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the muzy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the dewy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties——— THOMSON.

Mr. Easy,

IN the 24th number of the Companion, I observe that there is a letter addressed to me by a young lady who complains of the severity with which I treated the ladies in my essay on the morning parties. I must however disagree in opinion with my fair correspondent; and to convince her that I do not "add one to the number of those who make it a constant practice to ridicule the fair sex," I request her as well as the rest of my female readers to peruse the following reflections. They are sentiments which I have ever entertained and will I trust remove all the unfavourable suspicions which "Eliza" may have formed of me.

It has been frequently remarked that the ladies are generally the objects of modern abuse, and that writers exercise their ingenuity in discovering expressions by which they may ridicule them. There is some truth and justice in this complaint, but it must be remembered that the most distinguished writers of every age, even those who satirized female eccentricities have always acknowledged that the fair sex possess charms and virtues which claim our warmest admiration. The censure applies only to those who make the ridicule of ladies a general practice. It can only therefore affect those illiterate persons who having never learned any thing "except to descant upon the elegance of a shoe or to measure a yard of ribbon," so far mistake their abilities as to assume the pen. From such coxcombs we generally hear the severest epithets of abuse. Disappointed and enraged at the contempt which they receive on account of their ignorance, and destitute of merit themselves, they are totally incapable of perceiving it in others. Hence they generally attack the weaker sex, and never make any distinction between their errors and excellencies. The duty of a *true critic* is to point out beauties as well as faults; and no person however inimical to the female sex can deny that they possess many amiable and useful qualities. My readers will, from the specimen they have had of my opinions concerning the fashionable amusements of the ladies, wonder that *I* should advance such sentiments as the preceding; for in addition to the charge of *severity* with which I am accused by "Eliza," I am informed that the belles of this city are highly offended with me, and consider me as an enemy to all their amusements. Being concerned at the opinion which they entertain and much chagrined at their resentment, I beg leave to assure them that nothing is more repugnant to my sentiments. There are few who have a higher respect for them, or who wish more sincerely for their happiness than I do; and as far as is consistent with my duty it shall be always my endeavour to merit their approbation. Far be it from me to injure the feelings of those who contribute so much to the felicity of man; to detract from the excellencies of those "upon whom one age has laboured after another to confer honours and accumulate immunities; those to whom rudeness is infamy and insult is cowardice; whose eye commands the brave and whose smiles soften the severe; whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend and the poet wears out life to celebrate." No!—It shall ever be the duty of the *By-stander* to support them To defend them from the attacks of coxcombs shall be

peculiar care; but in return he claims the privilege of giving his advice as occasion may require. He will expose their errors and when they become *general*, it must be done with severity. He never will wantonly and unjustly attack them; but it is his indispensable function to point out and as soon as possible to check any improprieties and irregularities of which they may be guilty. The By-stander will endeavour to prune their exuberancies, and in doing it he will not injure the plant; but hopes that after the ladies have been properly attended by him, to use the language of a modern poet.

Then like a renovated flow'r
They'll bloom more lovely than before.

One evening in March I rode at some distance from the city in order to take a view of the rural scenes, which on account of the dreariness of the weather and their tendency to create melancholy reflections were to me peculiarly interesting. On the summit of a hill I stopped in order to take a view of the surrounding country. The immense space which I beheld, the grandeur of the objects which I saw, increased by their desolation, the naked trees and bleak hills served to kindle within me a divine awe, and I inwardly exclaimed

These are thy glorious works, parent of good
Almighty!

I felt however a *vacuum*, and immediately thought what would all these have been without Woman? Without her man for whom this vast orb was created, who arrogantly styles himself "lord of the creation" would have been completely wretched. Tossed on the tempestuous ocean of his passions without the prospect of any harbour in which he might hope to rest, he would have been dashed on the rocks of despair, or wrecked on the quicksands of misery. But Providence who had formed him in a rough mould, kindly gave him a more gentle and amiable companion who might sooth him and restrain his appetites. Nature has implanted in his mind a noble principle which prompts him to cherish and defend the weaker sex, and accordingly we find that in every polite and civilized country, they are held in the highest estimation. As man degenerates, as he approaches towards the savage state, the finer feelings of the soul become impaired; he gradually loses the advantages of education and his affection for them becomes obtunded. His ideas become more contracted, his feelings are less acute than those of an inhabitant of a more polished nation, and his passions are violent in the extreme. His soul is comparatively destitute of tenderness, and he becomes from these and other causes solitary and miserable. But in civilized societies, where the women are respected, the men enjoy more happiness and are continually progressing in refinement: until causes (among which the disrespect of women will always be found and will generally predominate) produce their degeneracy and downfal.—These ideas are by no means chimerical. What I have said with regard to the savage nations is substantiated by history and by my own experience at least with respect to the Indians of North America.

In a country where the women are respected, you will always find generosity, refinement, heroism and every noble virtue which can dignify the character of man; and it may be laid down as an incontrovertible position, that tyranny is the ultimate if not the immediate consequence of disrespect to women. Those nations who treat them as inferiors have nothing to stimulate them to the acquisition of freedom. In Turkey where despotism holds her sway, the women are sunk to the lowest point of degradation. And can we wonder that in such a country there should be slavery? No—There is no tie to bind them, no divine love to create in them a desire of freedom. Contrast their situation with ours, where the soul unappalled by the horrors of slavery is expanded by the enthusiasm of love; where uncontaminated by prejudice and cruelty, it melts into tenderness and becomes susceptible of the sweetest emotions of sympathy. *Here* the greatest blessing which man can desire is an amiable partner. What tie can bind him more strongly to the government? What will sooner impel him to resist encroachments or to burst the trammels of oppression? Men may talk of *love of country*, but *love of family* first incites us. It is the foundation of that invincible *amor patriæ* which animates the soul and teaches her to disdain submission.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The By-stander would have noticed *the gentlemen* in conformity with "Eliza's" request, but he conceives that the able and judicious remarks of *Mr. Easy* preclude the necessity at present. He assures her however that he will attend to that part of her advice as soon as possible.

N. B. Although he has answered a *lady's* letter, yet he must remark that he does not consider himself bound to attend to *every attack* which may be made upon his opinions.

M.

CHARACTER AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE TUSCANS.

There is not a country in Italy, which nature has so richly endued with all the properties that have an influence on the happy formation of man as Tuscany. It is bounded on the north and east by the Appenine mountains, which not only shield it from the frosty winds, but water it with rivers and streams and salubrious springs, ever verdant hills and dales in alternate undulations, form the surface of the country from one end to the other, becoming thus alone one scene of delight, both to the bodily and mental eye. This charming interchange of elevation and descent, of hills and vallies, is every where richly productive, of all for which the lesser Asia, and the Isles of Greece are so celebrated, as affording the most valuable nutriment to mankind, and as to the wines they are partly improved. Whatever else may be wanting to the comfort of life, is supplied by commerce and industry.

As the inhabitants of this favoured clime, neither breathe the watery exhalations of the slimy Po, nor the streams of Vesuvius, so preserving the mean, betwixt the sluggish dulness of the Lombards, and the fiery enthusiasm of the Neapolitans, they are fitted by nature, for whatever requires understanding and dexterity. As far as history reaches, they have ever taken the lead of all other European nations, in arts and sciences. To the Romans they taught religion, the theatrical art, manufactures and commerce and on the return of light, after an universal darkness of several ages, not only the imitative arts, but likewise history, poetry, and rhetoric, mathematics and physicks, here found their first restorers.

Florence, is both the centre and the capital of this renowned nation; he that traverses Italy and surveys this city, with its circumjacent territories, is immediately convinced, that a totally different genius here prevails, among mankind. Regularity, ornament, and fine taste, pervade their public places, streets, and villas, the statues, libraries and galleries, both in public and in private edifices. The people are every where civil; and though in their expression one hears a disagreeable aspiration, more or less, according to the various districts of the state; yet their speech itself is so genuine and regular, so full of ingenious proverbs, and happy phrases, that, with all the corruptions, which the reading and imitation of French writings have introduced, it may still be considered as the best living source of genuine language.

The Florentine loves employment, is very diligent and industrious, where he has a prospect of but a small gain, or of advantageously reaching his aim, he is not to be discouraged by the method he must pursue, or the pains it may cost him; no delay, no obstacle, can make him slacken his industry or abate his ardour, though he see with his keen perception, the improbability of success. He then desists as readily, and without murmuring, from the farther prosecution of his project as he is ingenious in the invention of some other process. To this industry of the Florentine, we are indebted for the rise of experimental philosophy; and their opulence in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was a signal effect of it.

They are contented with a little and are immoderately disposed to joy. Half a dozen of wretched ponies, or a couple of old fashioned chaises running a race, or a match at Tennis, is a grand spectacle at Florence, and is sufficient to elate the town with pleasure. Happy the prince, who has such a people to govern! it costs him but little to attain his wishes, and to change every discontent that may arise among them, into pleasure and satisfaction.

Among so contented and industrious a people, great crimes are exceedingly rare. A man must have resided many years in Florence, and in general in Tuscany, if he can speak of three or four murders, or considerable robberies. Nothing seems more useless here, says the famous Count Carli, in his saggio politicoed economico sopra la Toscana, than the officers of justice; and nothing does so much honour to the wisdom and benignity of the reigning grand duke, as the abolition of capital punishments among so tractable a people.

The difference remarked by Plato between Athens and Thebes in Greece, holds good in some measure in Tuscany, between Florence and Pisa. Perhaps this may be partly attributed to the vapours arising from the numerous canals and dykes, that run through the plains of Pisa; perhaps too the west winds so prevalent here, and blowing from the Islands that abound in iron, may contribute to it. Certain it is, that the Pisans, are very distinguishable from the Florentines, by a certain ferocity and hardness apparent on all occasions. Throughout the whole of the Florentine history, no instance can be shewn, of such an extraordinary cruelty, as that with which the Pisans destroyed Count Ugolinadella Gherardesca, with his innocent children. They have often given evident proofs of their hard dispositions, since the sea fight off the Tower of Melora, in their well known bridge plays, or rather murderous games, which are happily now abolished.

The spirit and rage of party they used to exhibit on these occasions, was of a peculiar nature. For more than a month, as long as the preparations and the play lasted, husbands parted from their wives, and fathers abandoned their sons, whenever they adhered to different parties.—Completely armed in coat of mail, and with a swinging bludgeon in their hand, they came upon the bridge of the Arno, one party at one end and the other at the other, both inspired with a furious thirst of slaughter; and whoever did not yield by force of heavy blows, was either felled to the ground, or cast headlong into the river. It frequently happened that the combatants could not hear the voice of those that yielded, for very fury; and then the blows were repeated by the victors, till the vanquished gave up the ghost. Such a case actually happened, when the reigning Grand Duke, for the first time was present at this savage spectacle.

Siena, the capital of a particular Duchy, is extensive, thinly peopled and poor. Yet the pure air of the hills on which it stands, inspires its inhabitants with a cheerful and lively spirit. Plays and games of chance, diversions and dancing, leave them no leisure for thinking on their poverty, or repining at their wretchedness. Poetry, metaphysics, and works of ingenuity, have usurped the place of the spirit of commerce, of arts and manufactures, of courage and wealth, for which they were formerly as conspicuous. They still boast of the imaginary phantom of their former greatness. To be a member of their grand council, to bring into the world a handsome poem, or to solve an ingenious question, can so inflate the imagination of a Sienese, that he shall actually conceive himself to be a great and happy being. Hence arose the taunting proverb, "aver bevuto a fonte brand a," to have an overweening imagination. Siena has notwithstanding, produced in all ages, men of fame, in literature, in the army, in the church; and it cannot be denied that its inhabitants excel many other nations of Italy in intellectual capacity, and mental endowments. Count Richecourt who many years governed this country in the name of the late emperor, used to say that for forming a perfect species of mankind, he would wish, that Sienese women, would marry with the men of Pisa, and the Pisanese women take husbands from the men of Siena.

The rest of the towns containing mines, in Tuscany, such as Valterna, Aresso, Cortona, had nothing distinguishing enough for rendering them famous and rich, before they were despoiled of their liberty by the Florentines. Nature has endowed these people, with an eminent capacity for arts and agriculture. If they had only proceeded as they began, to profit by the advantages their wise law-giver granted them, for the encouragement of agriculture and trade, they would have had no need, to palliate their splendid indigence, by the study of Etruscan antiquities and useless genealogies.

Pestoia, Priscia, Prato, and this whole valley, nourish an industrious people, who beneficially employ themselves, in agriculture and manufactures. All the other districts of Tuscany increase the materials of her natural commerce by the culture of land, vineyards, and silk, and in every corner people are found expert in promoting the particular and general welfare.

To what a height of prosperity might not such a country rise, the inhabitants whereof are fitted and disposed, to the particular arts of life! where the nobility, who in the other states of Italy, are only employed in contriving how they may waste their lives in idleness and sleep, in this contribute their utmost, to the general prosperity!

The Tuscan nobility is very numerous. They do not here confine themselves merely to the peculiar use of a peerage in all governments, in being the intermediate class, between the prince and the people, in promoting arts, manufactures, and commerce by their luxury, in serving as a restraint upon the people, by their dignity and the reverence that is paid them, and in providing such persons for the administration of affairs as may be of eminent service, more from ambition than interest, either in war or peace; but they are here of great advantage besides busying themselves in commerce. The Tuscan nobility are not of that idle opinion, that trade contaminates blood. They make not the least hesitation, to study it in the counting house of the merchant, and afterwards to carry it on in their own names. The Florentines, who have for so many ages past, been greatly beyond the rest of Tuscany, in their ingenuity and industry, have herein transcended the bounds of the common origin of nobility, by making it a law, that no family can be admitted among the nobility, who cannot bring proof that they have heretofore been enrolled, in the guild register of the silkmen, or the clothiers. This particular trait is of itself sufficient to give a perfect insight into their character.—How happy would it be, for the useless nobility of oppressed nations, if they had but the courage to introduce so advantageous a maxim!

The only instance whereby the nobility of Tuscany has hitherto given a considerable wound to the public weal, is the right of primogeniture and the fidis commisses. In a country which can only attain to its utmost degree of prosperity by means of commerce, the goods and capitals,

should neither be unalienably annexed to certain families, nor limited to a certain number of heirs. This evil too the wise regent, by a law enacted some months ago, has happily abolished, at least for the future, and thus complied with the wishes of all true patriots.

Leghorn is a mart, constructed on the most refined principles, of which the spirit of commerce is capable, and provided with a large and secure harbour. The advantageous situation and extraordinary freedom, enjoyed here by all the nations of the world, are the causes that this agreeable city is become, in so short a time, the general depository of Levantine and European products. The number of vessels, that annually land here, may be computed, from the considerable income of the Capitano della Bocca, who for every ship that arrives receives little more than about the value of a dollar. Hence it is no wonder that great fortunes are made, and that the possessors of millions are very frequently met with. Many millions of crowns are in circulation in this city. It is a pleasure to see how, without intermission, ships from all parts of the world are eitherunloading or taking fresh commodities on board, how full the enormous magazines are of goods from the Levant, the Indies and all parts of Europe, how busy the brokers are, and what vast sums of money are, by the exchange of this place, carried into exchange, over the whole surface of the earth.

Count Carli is surprised, and lays it to the blame of the Tuscans, that of the great number of millionaries at Leghorn, there is not more than two or three of them of their own people, and all the rest foreigners. Had he reflected that this is likewise the case in many other famous marts of trade of much greater countries ; how short the period of time is, since Leghorn has been visited by all trading nations, and how small the original capital of a Tuscan millionary must be ; he would rather have had reason to wonder, how, even but one Tuscan should in so short a time have acquired such great wealth. The majority of the foreign merchants came hither with large capitals, either as heads or branches of substantial mercantile houses in Provence, in England, in Portugal and other countries. It seldom indeed appears to a Foreigner, when he has seen such enormous riches at Leghorn, and with this great idea in his mind, travels through the impoverished towns of Valterra, Averro, Cortona and Siena. Nothing is more natural than for him to blame the sluggishness of the inhabitants of these cities in not profiting by their vicinity to this productive golden mine. But he perhaps might be mistaken. The evil lies by no means in the inactivity of the inhabitants, but in the ancient constitution of the country, which it was ever the aim of duke Leopold to abolish by degrees.

Tuscany as every one knows, was formerly as it were, a forest of republics, who were incessantly at war, and had nothing more in view than how one, could attain the ascendancy over the other. Each distinct republic or city, nay every village almost, conducted itself, by its own laws or statutes, which in regard to politics were as contrary as possible, to the interests of their neighbouring rivals. Hence arose, innumerable burdens and taxes, which were laid on persons and commodities passing through the narrow confines of these free states. After these petty states had fallen under the dominion of the Florentines, it became necessary to the general welfare, to treat the conquered territories as members of the aggregate body, and by the abolition of the ancient statutes and customs, to open the way for the due circulation of commerce through the various channels, from one end of it to the other. But this did not succeed, and it has been at a stand for two centuries and a half. Thus the cities still remained in a kind of war among themselves, and obstacles were thrown in the way of the communication of commerce almost at every step. Thus for example, before a clothier of Cortona receives a bale of wool of 500 lbs. weight from Leghorn, which is about 112 miles distant, it will have been ten times thoroughly searched on the road, and have paid forty-four toll duties, which together amount to the sum of thirty-one livres (if the bale be reckoned at 260 livres at 12 per cent.) to this must be added the pay of the transport, and the delays of the toll gatherers, the liberties they take, the tricks they put in practice to extort bribes, before they will give the necessary documents and papers, and a number of other grievances. We must also take into the account, that the clothier is obliged to pay, just as many dues, in sending the stuffs or cloths wrought from this wool to Leghorn ; by this mean, the price amounts to so much, that, from the competition of other cheaper woollens, no purchaser is to be found. Thus the affair stands, in all the cities and towns in Tuscany ; and therefore it is no wonder, that they reap but little or no benefit from their vicinity to Leghorn.

The grand Duke Leopold, who thoroughly and without prejudice examined into all matters with the eye of a philosopher, and as soon as he was convinced of the truth resolutely encountered and conquered every difficulty, broke most of the bonds which ignominiously bound the hands of his subjects, and even in some measure remedied this complaint, by the abolition of pernicious sta-

tutes. The communication between one town and another is no longer obstructed, or retarded by any grievous impediment; every Tuscan carries the fruit of his labour subject to small duties, to market at Leghorn, and manifest proofs of the rapid growth of arts and agriculture are every where seen.

THEATRICAL.

Mr. Easy,

The following thoughts occurred to me at the Theatre the other evening. If you should deem them worthy a place in the Companion they are much at your service, and should they be acceptable you may hear further from me on the subject. F.

The "Honey Moon," a new comedy, was performed on Friday evening to a crowded audience. This play is extremely interesting and is enlivened with many brilliant strokes of wit. Perhaps upon very close criticism some defects might be discernable in it, but upon the whole it is one of the best modern productions we have seen.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
"Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

The performers went through their several parts with much animation.

Mrs. Wignell delighted us with the display of her comic powers; and the melody of her voice, and the taste with which she sings, are really beyond expression: nor in the midst of the gayest scenes, does she for a moment appear to forget that chaste and dignified conduct which marks her private character.

Amidst the various excellencies of this distinguished lady, we cannot but regret, that she will not always favour us with the full exhibition of her powers—whether it proceeds from her supposing her audience not sufficiently enlightened to appreciate her talents, or that we have failed in rendering her that tribute, to which her merit so justly entitles her; we frequently have to lament a carelessness and inattention in her performance which obscures the lustre of her genius. In general, she performed the character of Juliana with spirit, but yet she did not give it all that interest, she is so highly capable of communicating, to whatever she chuses to lend the full exertion of her talents.

Mrs. Wood played Zamora extremely well.

Mrs. Woodham in the character of Volante, displayed a great deal of vivacity and entered into the part with much spirit; but she distorts her body into so many affected shapes, and brings out her words with such an interesting squeak, that we cannot but admire in her the improvement of art upon nature.

Mrs. Cunningham was a disgusting caricature of a caricature.

Mr. Warren, who is one of the best general performers we ever saw, played the character of the Father, in his usual stile of excellence.

Mr. Rutherford very poorly supported the part of Count Montalban. He has a bad voice, an awkward manner, and appears altogether deficient in theatrical powers.

Mr. Jefferson did ample justice to the lively and agreeable character of Rolanda.

We regretted the absence of Mr. Blisset, who would have played Jaquez infinitely better than Mr. Bray, who quite "overstepped the modesty of nature," and seemed to aim at exciting risibility rather by apish tricks, than by a display of comic humour. The character of the apothecary was overdrawn, but it did not lose any thing by the performance of Mr. Francis.

The amusements of the evening were closed with the after piece of the Purse which is one of the most puerile trifles, that can possibly be presented to a full grown audience; whatever merit it has, is in the character of the Sailor, which was excellently done by Mr. Jefferson.

Mr Robbins is one of the most striking instances of self-illusion we have seen. As a painter, as a musician, this gentleman is undoubtedly a man of genius—and we cannot suppose it possible that the managers have not occasion for his talents in this way—but when he attempts the actor—O monstrous! a colossus in appearance—a stentor in voice—in air and manner a Non-Descript—his love making is like the roaring of the Baltic—and when he would present to our view, the jocund mien, and gay frolic of a sailor, he puts us in mind, of the whales gamboling round Neptune.

Either in the orchestra or the scenery, Mr. Robbins' exertions, would highly merit our approbation, but when he so strangely mistakes his part, and attempts the actor, he can only excite ridicule or disgust.

ANECDOTE OF DRYDEN.

Mr. Dryden happening to pass an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, lord Dorset, and others of the first distinction and reputation for genius, the conversation turned upon literary subjects; such as the fineness of composition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the smoothness

and elegance of style, &c. &c. After some debate, it was finally agreed, that each person present should write something upon whatever subject chanced to strike the imagination and place it under the candlestick. Mr. Dryden was excepted against in every respect, but as a judge of the whole. Of course that office was assigned him.

Some of the company were at more than ordinary pains to out-rival each other: the man most tranquil and unconcerned was lord Dorset; who, with much ease and composure, very cooly wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them in the place agreed upon; and when the rest had done so by theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one, in particular, he discovered the most boundless rapture.

"I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them; but I am under indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, gentlemen; and I believe each and every of you will approve my judgment.

'I promise to pay to John Dryden esq. or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.

DORSET.'

"I must confess," continued Dryden, "that I am equally charmed with the style and the subject; and I flatter myself, gentlemen, that I stand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the essence, but the quintessence of language; and is, in fact, reason and argument surpassing every thing."

The company all readily concurred with the bard; and each person present was forward to express a due admiration of his lordship's penetration, sound judgment, and superior abilities; with which it is probable, Mr. Dryden, that great judge upon such occasions, was still more thoroughly satisfied than any of the company.

ANECDOTE OF SWIFT.

Swift once stopping at an inn at Dundalk, sent for a barber to shave him; who performed his office very dexterously, and being a prating fellow, amused the dean, during the operation, with a variety of chat. The dean enquired of him who was the minister of the parish, and whether he had one farthing to rub upon another? The barber answered, that though the benefice was but small, the incumbent was very rich. "How the plague can that be?" "Why, please your reverence, he buys up frizes, flannels, stockings, shoes, brogues, and other things when cheap, and sells them at an advanced price to the parishioners, and so picks up a penny."

The dean was curious to see this vicar, and dismissing the barber with a shilling, desired the landlord to go in his name and ask that gentleman to eat a mutton chop with him, for he had bespoke a yard of mutton, the name he usually gave to the neck for dinner. Word was brought back that he had rid abroad to visit some of his parishioners. Why then, said the dean, invite that prating barber, that I may not dine alone. The barber was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dressed out in his best apparel, came to the inn, first enquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who had so kindly invited him. What the vengeance, said the servant, don't you know Dean Swift? at which the barber turned pale, said his babbling tongue had ruined him: then ran into the house, fell upon his knees, and intreated the dean not to put him in print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his reverence should put him into black and white, he should lose all his customers.

Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's simplicity, bade him sit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he assured him he would neither put him or his wife, or the vicar, in print. After dinner, having got out of him the history of the whole parish, he dismissed him with half a crown, highly delighted with the adventures of the day.

DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

This Lady was always remarkable for having a very high sense of her own dignity; being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in a very narrow street, she leans with both her arms upon the door, and asked the fellow, "How dare you, Sirrah, to stop a woman of quality in the street?"—"Woman of quality!" replied the man.—"Yes, fellow, rejoined her grace, don't you see *my arms upon my carriage?*"—"Yes, I do indeed, he answered, and a pair of d——d coarse arms they are."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The By-Stander may rely upon it, his request will be punctually observed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

The following ode is the production of a friend across the water, to which, if you think it not unworthy, you are requested to allot a place in your next Companion. G.

NELSON—AN ODE.

On a tall cliff, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er the foaming surge below,
In awful majesty, Britannia stood :
Well pleas'd, her hardy sons she view'd,
By toils and dangers unsubdued,
Braving the perils of the boist'rous flood :

When sudden, o'er the face of Heav'n,
The low'ring clouds, by whirlwinds driv'n,
Conceal the much lov'd prospect from her sight ;
Loud and more loud, the thunders roll,
The lightnings flash, from pole to pole,
And the bright day is chang'd to blackest night.

Fierce howls the raging blast, the storm
Assumes its most terrific form,
Earth shakes, tumultuous boils the troubled flood.
Not with such dreadful signs of grief,
Did nature mourn Rome's mighty chief,
When Brutus stain'd the earth with Cæsar's blood.

The Queen of Isles, with anxious dread,
Saw the wide ruin round her spread,
And the fam'd beauties of her realms deform ;
She trembled, lest her gallant tars,
Who bore, triumphant in the wars,
Her conq'ring flag, might perish in the storm.

Vain were her fears ; Jove's mighty hand
'Midst ocean fix'd the British land,
And to his daughter gave the fair domain :
Neptune receiv'd her as his bride,
And swore, by Styx' eternal tide,
Whilst ocean flow'd, her sons should rule the main.

To guard his fav'rite sons, the God
Majestic rose above the flood—
The winds are silent at his awful word ;
The billows sink beneath his feet ;
The clouds before his face retreat ;
And with new lustre shines the day restor'd.

Then, o'er the surface of the deep,
Swift as the winds, his coursers sweep,
And bear the God of ocean to the fair ;
Who, with that voice, which calm'd the seas,
And hush'd the howling blast to peace,
Thus calms her troubled breast, and soothes her care.

" Why droops my best beloved, why flow
" Those tears, the harbingers of woe ?
" Tis not for thee, but for thy foes to weep :
" E'en now, defeated and forlorn,
" Their captur'd ships and chiefs they mourn,
" Whilst thy proud sons ride victors on the deep.

" Yes ! tho' the sounding trump of fame
" Thy triumphs thro' the world proclaim,
" And vict'ries fairest wreaths thy brows entwine ;
" Yet, in Trafalgar's dreadful fight,
" Thy glory shone supremely bright,
" There fate and Nelson made the ocean thine.

" For often vanquish'd, still thy foes
" Have dared thy title to oppose,
" To ocean's realms, tho' sanctioned by the skies :
" But here their efforts end, and all
" Their pow'r and hopes of conquest fall,
" By Nelson's fatal arm, no more to rise.

" Here then thy wars, thy triumphs cease,
" Ocean is thine to rule in peace ;
" No hostile fleets shall henceforth plough the flood :
" Sublimely rais'd, by Nelson's hand,
" Upon thy prostrate foes shall stand
" Thy glorious throne, cemented with his blood.

" That direful elemental war
" Which shook the earth, and rent the air,
" And hid yon splendid orb of day from earth,
" Was nature's sad responsive moan,
" To godlike Nelson's dying groan ;
" Her solemn homage to his matchless worth.

" But he his glorious race had run,
" Atchiev'd whatever could be done,
" To raise thy greatness, and his own renown :
" Unwilling to withhold the prize,
" Jove call'd him to his kindred skies,
" Where, with the Gods, he wears a deathless crown.

FROM THE KISSES OF BONEFONIUS.

KISS THE 26th TO HIS FRIEND.

Hence be the nymph, whose beauties owe
To the deep Tyrian dye, their glow ;
Around whose syren neck are hung
Pearls and rubies richly strung ;
Hence—let her dance on pleasure's plain,
And wanton with the cyprian train.
Give me my friend, the artless maid
Sprung from yon valley's peaceful shade ;
With flowing locks of auburn hue
Dipp'd in the morning's silver dew ;
Roses on whose lip do grow ;
Whose neck is cloath'd with native snow ;
And round whose cheek of blushing red
Health has her vermil pencil spread.
I hate the riches of the east,
The ruby or the rainbow vest ;
Gods ! let me fold within my arms,
The nymph, whose wealth is native charms !

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE COMPANION.

Mr. Easy,

I take the liberty of addressing you the following observations; should you deem them worthy an insertion in the Companion I shall undoubtedly feel flattered by the distinction; but it will give me the greatest pleasure to see the place they may occupy, filled with effusions of a more able writer.

It is infinitely to be regretted, that while our city can boast of many persons whose talents would undoubtedly give importance to any paper, they should lend their support to the periodical publications of other cities and entirely neglect the Companion. Should you accept of these remarks, I shall occasionally address you my lucubrations, at the same time hoping most sincerely that ere long the patriotism of our men of genius will be awakened, and their assistance be no longer refused to give the Companion a place of importance, in the literature of America. R.

THE OBSERVER—No. I.

"Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein, tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes, on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost;
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly, to the metal of my speech?
There then, how then? what then? let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him. If it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself. If he be free,
Why, then, my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man."

Nothing more frequently strikes the attention of the philosophic observer, when he mixes in the motly groups, that assemblies and large parties present to his contemplation, than the triumph which fortune often gains over nature, by giving importance to many who were created for obscurity; for who does not bow before the supremacy of riches? A weighty purse is one of the best possible recommendations to distinction in society; and however deficient a man may be, in all that constitutes a gentleman, does he but possess money, he is sure of attention and respect. Of all the different species of pride, that swell the heart of man, that originating in wealth, is most contemptible. Pride of ancestry, may inspire or be accompanied with nobleness of soul; pride of talents brings with it in those talents, its apology, but the arrogance which arises in narrow minds, from the adventitious gifts of fortune, is the growth of vulgar souls, and with it, nothing great or good, can ever be allied. A man, who by industriously pursuing his avocations, has acquired wealth, deserves respect, but if pluming himself on his riches, he becomes overbearing and consequential, it is a proof of the depravity of society, if he does not meet the contempt he merits. Men of this complexion however, are sometimes restrained from shewing their insolence, by the dread, that their impertinence, may meet its due chastisement. But women who are so disposed, have no apprehensions of this nature and are therefore under no restraint. Decked out with all the ostentation of wealth, they suppose that wherever they appear they must command homage. And yet, all the dignity of lace and satin, and the splendour of pearls and spangles, will scarcely prevail in imprinting the mark of gentlewoman on some of the pretenders to that title. In truth a novice in

the world, who had learned to expect in a lady, suavity of manners, modesty of demeanour, and undiscriminating politeness, might be tempted to suppose, that if the Fairies still visited our earth, many of the richly arrayed dames he observes, had been touched by a magic wand, and suddenly transported from the servants' hall to the drawing-room. While the air of importance they assume, the proud stalk with which they pass those, whom whatever may be their merits, fortune has not distinguished with her favours, sufficiently declares, the grounds upon which they rest their claims of superiority.

Lady Montague observes, that the fair ones of Prague should distinguish their species, by writing on their backs, this is a woman. Would not these stately dames do well, to contrive some ornament on which they might embroider in conspicuous characters to that title, "this is a lady," and at the same time justify their pretensions, by emblazoning on it the number of thousands that fill their coffers. While the mind turns with disgust, from purse-proud insolence, and low bred vulgarity in state, how it exults in the contemplation of those, who though distinguished by fortune, yet remember how indiscriminately she distributes her gifts, and therefore do not suppose that wealth alone, entitles them to pre-eminence, and for the honour of human nature it must be acknowledged, that many such are found in society. Mrs. Mortimer set out in life with an humble mediocrity of fortune; but with that dignity of mind, and refinement of manners, which ever characterises the true gentlewoman; which riches could not increase, nor poverty itself deprive her of. Fortune at length, lavished her gifts on Mrs. Mortimer—the humble habitation was exchanged for a costly mansion, and luxury and elegance were at her command. Yet this difference in fortune was marked in Mrs. Mortimer, but with the increase of her inclination with her ability to do good. The affability, the benevolence, the heart cheering cordiality of her manners was unchanged like the pure ore, whose value the crucible of the chemist ascertains, her worth was but the more appreciated, as proved by the trying test of prosperity. R.

Interesting account of the Character and Political State

OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

"Conquered Greece polished Rome, but the conquerors were Romans. Conquered Greece did not polish Turkey, for the conquerors were Turks. The insensibility of these barbarians is astonishing: living amid the effulgence of genius, they have not caught one spark; they gaze with unfeeling stupidity on the wonder and boast of art, and their glorious monuments, on their temples, and conclude they were built by genii, and then destroy them, to burn the marble for lime to make stucco for their own tasteless houses, whence the fine arts are banished; where ignorance, tyranny, superstition, and gross sensuality only dwell in sad and stupidly-solemn pomp, or issuing out with savage fury, lay waste the country round, and imbrue their hands in the blood of the helpless, murdering without remorse those they have conquered. Thus the finest countries in the world are become deserts; part inhabited by savage beasts, and part by more savage men: the poor aborigines skulking in hiding places like the timid hare (which epithet the turks give them in derision) while those beasts of prey roam abroad.

"Every object moral and physical, the fair face of nature and the intellectual energies of the inhabitants, have alike been blasted and defiled by the harpy-touch of Turkish tyranny. As an instance of those changes which the country has undergone, we need only consider the island of Cyprus, now an almost uninhabited desert, which was, not only in ancient times, but when it was taken by the Turks from the Venetians, populous and exceedingly rich. The gentry lived like princes in splendour, and even the peasants had each of them at least a silver cup, spoon, knife, and fork. The number and excellency of its productions were wonderful. At present only a little cotton, some silk and wine, and a few drugs, are its produce, all to no great amount. Even the salines (or salt-words) which were so great a branch of revenue and commerce to the Venetians, have produced nothing since the Turks possessed it.

"Of the defects of Grecian character some are doubtless owing to their ancient corruptions; but most of them take their rise in the humiliating state of depression in which they are held by the Turks. This degradation and servility of their situation has operated for centuries, and has consequently produced an accumulated effect on the mind; but were this weight taken off, the elasticity and vigour of the soul would have wide room for expansion; and though it cannot be expected that they would at once rise to the proud animation of their former heroes, they would doubtless display energies of mind, which the iron hand of despotism has long kept dormant and inert. It is rather astonishing that they have retained so much energy of character, and are not more abased, for like noble coursers they champ the bit, and spurn indignantly the yoke; when once freed from these, they will enter the course of glory. The truth of these observations will ap-

Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting on the sounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation was unavoidably caused to laugh. The father surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely reproved his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociforations and his actions: these the Ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer retain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper conduct; and such was the arch demeanour of his animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command the muscles of his countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take him away.

ANECDOTE.

The celebrated Dr. Saunderson, the blind mathematical professor of Cambridge, being in a very large company, observed, without any hesitation or inquiry, that a lady, who had just left the room, and whom he did not know, had very fine teeth. As this was really the case, he was questioned as to the means he employed in making such a discovery. I have no reason to think the lady a fool, said the doctor; and I have given the only reason she could have, for keeping herself in a continual laugh for an hour together.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We give insertion, with great pleasure to the communication of "Candidus," in the Telegraphe of Tuesday—and very much approve of his strictures upon the Critique of "F." in our paper of last Saturday. We think with him that the author is probably a lady.—Whether however by a lady or a gentleman; the following anecdote may not be inapplicable. At a certain court-martial, when the question was taken on what punishment should be inflicted on a culprit, beginning as usual with the youngest officer, he awarded one thousand lashes! The president asked the stripling whether he had formed any conception of what would be the effect of such laceration—of course he answered in the negative, but declared he would put it to the proof. He repaired to his room, ordered a drummer to attend him, and to give him personal knowledge of the effect of a cat-o'-nine-tails. This effectually answered the purpose, and he became ever afterwards distinguished for his humanity. The animadversions upon F. will, we hope, have a similar effect. The writer is certainly possessed of point, and has conceived just ideas of theatrical criticism, and evidences a capacity both to praise and to blame. We strongly recommend more attention to moderation in future. The pen of the author thus governed is certainly capable of producing excellent effects; and if it is thus governed, we shall with great pleasure receive future communications on the same subject. It is however but doing justice to the critique of F. to observe, that his (or her) remarks on Mr. Wood's performance, wherein he (or she) does ample justice to the merits of that excellent actor were omitted through a mistake of the Printer. We therefore think it proper to insert them here, although we have not heard from F. on the subject.

"Mr. Wood cannot be too highly extolled for the industry with which he has pursued his profession; and the high degree of excellence he has attained in it, is a striking proof of the improvement of which human powers are susceptible from application and perseverance.—We never look at Mr. Wood without pleasure; a pleasure too heightened by the reflection that in private life he is as much distinguished by every thing that characterizes a gentleman, as on the stage, he is conspicuous for his merits as an actor. He performed the part of Duke Aranza in the true spirit of the author."

Corrector is received and will appear in our next.

Lictor seems to have been induced from motives of compassion to make his communication; but the style of it is so unintelligible, that we conceive no advantage would be derived from giving it publication. If Lictor thinks proper to have it returned, that he may make some very necessary alterations in it, he has only to send any address he may chuse to the communication box, and it will be immediately attended to.

Mr. Benjamin Thomas is authorised, by the former Proprietors, to receive monies due for the "Companion," up to the *first day of May* 1806.

COLE & HEWES.

FOR THE COMPANION.

FANNY, BLOOMING FAIR.

A translation of a celebrated Welch song.

With Fanny, blooming fair,
Who still unrivall'd reigns,
What virgin can compare,
Thro' all Siluria's plains :
Come Cambrian bards, and weave a beauteous chaplet rare,
Of sweetest flow'rs
From Pindus bow'rs
For Fanny blooming fair.

Sweet Lilly of the dale,
The theme of every song,
Her charms shall still prevail
O'er all the youthful throng ;
Still bright as morning dawn, her lovely face appear ;
Of life the balm,
She bears the palm,
Dear Fanny blooming fair.

No pleasure can I taste,
But pour the mournful strain,
My tedious hours I waste,
In sorrow, grief and pain ;
If you, dear lovely maid, refuse to ease my care,
Oppress'd with woes,
My life I close,
Dear Fanny blooming fair.

Beneath those polar skies,
Whose streams forget to flow,
Where icy mountains rise,
Wrapt in eternal snow,
Though tempests round me rav'd and shook the frigid air.
With fond desire,
I'd strike the Lyre,
To Fanny blooming fair.

In all Afric's blaze of day,
On April's utmost bound
Tho' Phœbus' noon-tide ray,
Should parch the burning ground,
Tho' sick'ning nature droop, 'mid scorching deserts bare
My song should be
Of love and thee,
Dear Fanny, blooming fair.

Thou balmy Zephyr mild,
Breathe on the hawthorn pale,
Soft April's modest child
That decks the flow'ry vale ;
And then each tender sigh, perfum'd with incense bear,
Those sighs that prove,
Unfeigned love
To Fanny blooming fair.

In softest whispers speak,
Her poet's anxious pain,
That faithful heart must break,
That long has sigh'd in vain :
For soon without one sigh, to chace my deep despair
The Yew tree's gloom,
Must shade my tomb,
Dear Fanny blooming fair.

TO A ROBIN,

Which took up its habitation in a Cathedral, and accompanied the organ wth his singing.

Sweet social bird, whose soft harmonious lays,
Swell the glad song of thy Creator's praise,
Say, art thou conscious of approaching ills ?
Fell winter's storm, the pointed blast that kills ?
Shun'st thou the savage north's unpitying breath,
Or cruel man's more latent snares of death ?
Here dwell secure ; here with incessant note,
Pour the soft music of thy trembling throat.
Here gentle bird, a sure asylum find,
Nor dread the chilling frost, nor boisterous wind.
No hostile tyrant of the feather'd race,
Shall dare invade thee, in this hallow'd place,
Nor while he sails the liquid air along,
Check the shrill numbers of thy chearful song.
No cautious gunner, whose unerring sight,
Stops the swift eagle, in his rapid flight,
Shall here disturb my lovely songster's rest,
Nor wound the plumage of his crimson breast,
The truant school boy who in wanton play,
With viscid lime involves the treach'rous spray,
In vain shall spread the wily snare for thee,
Alike secure thy life and liberty.
Peace then sweet warbler to thy fluttering heart,
Defy the rage of hawks, and toils of art,
Now seek thy downy plumes, now gladlier pay
Thy grateful tribute, to each rising day,
While crouds below, their willing voices raise,
To sing with holy zeal Jehovah's praise ;
Thou perch'd on high, shall hear th' adoring throng,
Catch the warm strains, and aid the sacred song,
Increase the solemn chorus, and inspire
Each tongue with music, and each heart with fire.

ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL,

BY MR. SHERIDAN.

Mark'd you her eye, of heav'nly blue,
Mark'd you her cheek, of roseate hue ;
That eye in liquid circles moving,
That cheek, abash'd at man's approving :
The one love's arrows, darting round,
The other blushing at the wound.

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4 NORTH CHARLES STREET.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. II. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1806. N°. 28.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

WE republish this brief view of our plan for conducting the Companion, supposing it probable that many of our new readers may not have had an opportunity of seeing it.

The members composing the Easy Club, by whose united endeavours, the Companion was originally established and supported, having found any further attention to it incompatible with their individual avocations, it was left for some months, to the precarious supply of the Communication Box; which has not proved a very fertile source, for enriching its pages, either with instruction, or amusement. Aware, however, of the advantages which may result to society, from a well conducted periodical paper, the members of this Club, have determined to resume their labours, and devote their talents to promote its utility.

The editorial part of it is deputed to one, who is actuated by the most ardent desire, of advancing general improvement.

In addition to the objects of literature, which the Companion has hitherto embraced, the Editor conceives, it might take in a wider field with much advantage.

Various events that occurred during the revolution of this country, are alive in the memories of many; but yet are not generally known. The recital of private acts of heroism, performed at such a period, must awaken an interest, and give a glow of pleasure, to the breast of every American reader. Anecdotes of this nature, would with much propriety form a part of such a publication.

The talents of poets, orators and historians have been employed, to celebrate and record the actions of those who have moved in a distinguished sphere, while perhaps, the biography of such characters as have shone in the humbler career of private life, might be attended with more important advantage to the generality of readers.—Hence, the lives of persons who have shed lustre on the human character, by the practice of every social virtue, would form a useful, and not uninteresting part of the Companion: and every communication of this nature will be most cordially received.

Many persons are disposed to improve their minds, but not having a judicious instructor, to point out those works, that might be perused with advantage, they read promiscuously whatever comes in their way, and thus, rather collect a quantity of undigested matter, than enlarge their minds with useful knowledge. The library of this city contains a variety of excellent authors: It is open to every one: A review of these books, together with a recommendation of such as are best adapted to promote general improvement, would prove very effectual in aiding the growing taste of this community.

Those whose talents would enable them to give this paper distinction, and who are so patriotic as to desire, the amelioration of manners, the cultivation of taste, and the diffusion of information amongst their fellow-citizens, will, it is hoped, lend their assistance to the Companion; that whilst wealth and luxury make such rapid progress in our city, we may not be found deficient, in that which might contribute to blend with our more sterling merits, the softer graces of polished life.

Non damno quod non Intelligo
Nec Sperno quod nescio.

I don't condemn unheard
Nor blame unknown.

Mr. Easy,

Though I confess myself to have been often entertained by the occasional essays of the By-stander, and to feel considerable regret, in dissenting from the opinion of so pro-

mising a writer; yet when he condemns all who differ from him upon the absolute necessity of studying the Greek and Latin Languages as either *ignorant, malicious, impotently raging, calumnious*, or as *persons who only wish to display their ingenuity:* I cannot help feeling a little surprize, at a *display* of epithets, not quite so polite as we have a right to look for, from the pen of the By-stander.

Though I may agree with him, that much of the perspicuity and elegance of the English language, and perhaps the whole of its force and energy hath been derived from the study of the Greek and Latin classicks—yet I can by no means allow, however I may render myself liable by it, to be ranked among the ignorant, that now when our language is so improved, the study of them is equally indispensable, as in the barbarous ages of Gothic inundation.

Language like every thing sublunary hath its periods of perfection and decay; and, supposing for a moment, from whatever helps derived, that the English hath now attained its ne plus ultra of perfection; will a knowledge of the Greek and Latin prevent its lapse, or in other words preserve it in its present purity? I do not find, even with the help of *all* the classics, when they were entire, and more universally known, as written in the language of those countries; that the solid gold of the Augustan age long remained without alloy: Tinsel and false brilliants, superceded the pure diamonds of Attica and Rome, and their taste and language, swelled into metaphor, substituted bombast of style and sentiment, for the pureness and sublimity of feeling.

Now, sir, if with the aid, of these very classics, in all their native ornaments of language, when, from a knowledge of the facts alluded to, and a warmth of feeling, which *we* can never experience, their beauties must have been better felt and understood, their language and taste degenerated; we must look for something more to support ours——and this let me say, Mr. Easy, can only be found in the study of the language itself.

Neither the Greeks nor the Romans, acquired from the study of foreign or dead languages, the purity or perfection of their own, whatever they might have done in the sciences. No, it was from deep thought, from meditation, from fitting their words to their meaning, and from coalescing as much thought as possible, in the smallest number of most appropriate words, that they derived that pith, aptness and symmetry of expression so eminently pleasing to the lovers of true taste and learning. Do this, young men of letters—choose, reject, change, transpose your words, see that nothing false or unnatural be expressed, and give smoothness and harmony to your periods, and you will rival or surpass the bare studies of Demosthenes and Cicero, Homer and Virgil of antiquity

But in what I have advanced, sir, I do not meanto decry the entire study of these repositories of taste and learning. I could only wish to insinuate, for with deference I offer my opinion to the public; that, the laying so great a stress upon these studies, and making them as it were, an excuse for the neglect of others, equally or more important branches of education; is rather extravagant in a country of trade and commerce like ours.

How few youths, warm from the alma mater, glowing with all the ardor of sentiment, and enraptured with the beauties of the authors of antiquity, are willing to turn over the dry pages of Coke and Lyttleton; to inhale the odour of disgusting drugs and study the diseases and maladies of mankind,—how few less, can be brought to cringe and bow behind a counter for the sake of custom.—But laying aside all this, few, very few, are conversant in the golden rules of adding and multiplying? The most common rules of arithmetic and book-keeping are unknown—and French and German, languages so intimately connected with us, are not so much as dreamt of.

Now, Mr. Easy, though I confess myself aware, of the advantagess to be derived from the study of the ancients, and that, exclusive of any eventual polish, they may assist in lending to our language, they give us an intimate acquaintance, with the heroes and statesmen of antiquity, and teach us by examining their springs and motives to action, and by considering the events that contributed to the rise and fall of nations, to appreciate truly, the designs of our own rulers, and to estimate with precision, the occurrences of our own and other governments—and though I am also persuaded, from the reading of these histories, in languages which require no mean exertion of labour to understand and develope their sense, that the transactions are more firmly impressed upon the mind; and, what is superior to all; that from the natural construction of the Greek and Latin languages, which have no settled order for the arrangement of their words, and from the great diversity of their verbs and the regimen of their prepositions, a constant exertion of reason is requisite, and a kind of logical habit and investigation is acquired, which seldom or ever after leaves us.

Yet as these very objects may be acquired, though perhaps in a less degree, by the studying of these histories in the French and German languages, which have also their difficulties, and quaintnesses of idiom, to expound and

unravel; I humbly think, that, the time requisite to become critically conversant with the dead languages,—(though of so little estimation to Mr. By-stander) might be better employed, in devoting it to the attainment of more solid acquirements, than the mere elegance of taste and happiness of diction; unless indeed by those, who have a fortune ready cut out for them, and can enjoy the true otium cum dignitate of the ancients.

I grant you, sir, to write well, to see a piece admired in the Companion or Port Folio, to hear it spoken of, is highly flattering to the feelings; but you surely cannot put this, or even the pleasure, with which a fond parent anticipates the future eminence of his hopeful boy, in competition with the numberless other branches of more importance in education, and but little of which can be acquired from the ancients.

Now, Mr. Easy, as I think I have answered with candour and politeness most of the arguments of the By-stander, and indeed whatever others I could think of in favour of his favourite study: I must beg leave to make you and him my bow, and assure you at the same time that I would much rather be a Newton, a Bacon, a Franklin, or a Rittenhouse, a good doctor, lawyer, or merchant, than the most sounding name of antiquity.

dixi——

A. B. C. Darian.

Interesting account of the Character and Political State

OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

(Continued from page 213.)

"In the war between Russia and Turkey, which continued from 1769 to 1774, wherever the Russians appeared the Greeks took up arms and joined them. The history of this war, and the part which the Greeks took in it, is too well known for it to be necessary that I should enter here into any particulars. The progress that was made against the Turks was very considerable, and their fleet being destroyed at Chishmé, the capital might have been attacked by the victorious Russians. Had the Russian admiral been a man of any experience, or of an enterprizing character, that war must have terminated in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe.

"Nothing can place the Turks in a more despicable light, than the progress the Russians did make, notwithstanding the slowness of all their motions, their never profiting by any advantage, the opportunities they lost of striking decisive blows, the want of plan or combination in every enterprise, and the unmilitary conduct in the execution; the bravery of their troops indeed, when there was a possibility of success, always secured them victory. The Russians and Greeks, to this day, make reproaches to each other of misconduct; but as the accounts hitherto published are taken from the relation of Russians, we may safely conclude that justice has not been done to the Greeks. In this last war, when they acted alone, they fought like true descendents of their heroic ancestors in the little diversion they made.

"It was solemnly stipulated in the 17th article of the peace of Kainargi, (signed $\frac{10}{21}$ July, 1774,) that, 'The empire of Russia restores to the sublime porte all the 'islands of the Archipelago, which are under its depend-'ence; and the sublime porte, on its part, promises, 1st. 'To observe *sacredly*, with respect to the inhabitants of 'these islands, the conditions stipulated in the first arti-'cle, concerning a general amnesty and eternal oblivion 'of all crimes whatever committed or suspected, to the 'prejudice of the sublime porte, &c."

"Notwithstanding this solemn engagement, the Turks, almost as soon as the Russians had evacuated their conquests, and relying on the faith of treaties, had delivered up the inhabitants to their domination, fell upon their victims, unprepared to resist them, and massacred an incredible number, particularly in the Morea, where their vengeance fell with all its weight. Whole districts were left without a single inhabitant, and this fine country is now almost a desert. The Greeks upbraid the Russians with abandoning them; the Russians answer, they relied on the faith of treaties. They ought to have known, that the fetva of the mufti had often announced, that *no faith is to be kept with christians*; history furnished them with numerous instances of their putting in practice this precept; indeed I know of no instance when they have not, if it appeared to them that it was their interest so to do; and yet we find writers who vaunt the scrupulousness of the Turks in observing their treaties; they should always have added, *when it was their interest*, and their statement would have been just.

"So ardent was the wish of the Greeks to regain their liberty and independence, that, neither discouraged by the abandonment of the Russians, nor deterred by the apprehension of again incurring the dreadful vengeance of the Turks, as soon as a fresh war broke out between those powers they again took up arms.

"A fleet was fitted out at Cronstad, and sailed for the Archipelago, under the command of a brave, prudent, experienced officer, admiral Greig, an Englishman, who had served in the former war, and greatly distinguished himself under count Orlow; who, from an officer in the

guards, where he saw no other *honourable* service than quelling a riot at a brandy shop, was raised to the supreme command of a fleet and an army, and entrusted with an expedition which required the greatest experience and talents. The king of Sweden rendered to the empress the essential service of detaining her fleet in the Baltic, by attacking it in that sea, and thereby putting into her hands the naval superiority which, by its absence would have passed into his. This ill-timed diversion of the king of Sweden retarded the fate of Turkey, and the interference of other courts saved it for this time; at least they obliged the empress to make peace; but that peace would have been but of a few month's duration, had not the death of prince Potemkin and some other circumstances intervened, which shall be spoken of in this place.

"In the mean time the empress sent manifestoes to all parts of Greece, as she had done in the former war, inviting the inhabitants 'to take up arms, and co-ope-'rate with her in expelling the enemies of christianity from 'the countries they had usurped, and regaining them their 'ancient liberty and national independence.'

"A Greek, of the name of Sottiri, was sent to Epirus and Albania, to distribute manifestoes, and combine an insurrection with the chiefs. An army was soon raised; their head-quarters were at Sulli. They marched against the pasha of Yanina (Janina) and completely defeated his army in a pitched battle, in which his son was killed, and despoiled of his rich armour, which they sent to the empress.

"They collected a sum of money by voluntary subscription of individuals, and fitted out at Trieste an armament of twelve small ships, under the command of Lambro Canziani, a Greek, with which they sailed to the Archipelago. They were every where victorious, and the impression was so great and alarming to the porte, that it had nearly drawn the whole Turkish navy out of the Black Sea, and left the capital exposed to the attack of a formidable Russian fleet, then in the ports of the Crim.

"The empress had sent a captain Psaro to Sicily to establish magazines for the fleet coming out under admiral Greig, and several other persons, to furnish the Greeks with money and ammunition, and to remove the difficulties the Venetians, still unwilling to offend the porte, had thrown in their way, and the obstructions they had put to their communication by means of their port Prevasi, the nearest to Sulli. In this state of things the Greeks sent three deputies to St. Petersburgh, with complaints against the persons commissioned to this service by the empress. They presented the rich armour of the pasha of Yanina's son to her imperial majesty; but were prevented, by the intrigues of those who feared an inquiry into their scandalous peculations, for several months from presenting their petition, and explaining the business of their mission; at length they succeeded in obtaining a private audience of the empress, to which they were conducted by Mr. Zoubov, the favourite. They presented a memorial in Greek, with a translation in French, of which the following is an English translation:

"Madam,

"It was not until we had long solicited in vain your imperial majesty's ministers for an answer to the memorial, which we had the honour of presenting to them; it was not until, driven to the utmost despair by the reflection of the dreadful evils which this delay might produce to our countrymen, who (invited by the manifestoes of your imperial majesty) have taken arms against the enemy of the Christian name, and deputed us to lay the offer of their lives and their fortunes at the foot of your imperial throne; it was not till we had lost all hopes of otherwise obtaining a speedy answer to stop those streams of the blood of our brethren, which doubtless flow already through this delay, that we have at length dared to prostrate ourselves at your feet, and to present our humble memorial to your imperial majesty in person.

"Another duty equally sacred, and which was a principal object of our mission, induced us to take this step: it was to undeceive your imperial majesty whom (as well as your ministers) there have been people audacious enough to mislead. We have learned with indignation, that the chevalier Psaro now erects himself into a chief and conductor of our people; a man abhorred by our nation, out of the dregs of which he rose, and where he would have remained, if he had not, with an unheard-of audaciousness deceived your majesty's ministers, and assumed a reputation by attributing to himself exploits he never performed. If no ill consequences would ensue but to himself, we should patiently await his appearance in our country, a boast however which he never will perform but in his writings. How he has acted towards us, your imperial majesty will see in our memorial. We hear that he has received immense sums, which he pretends to have expended for us. We assure your imperial majesty that neither he, nor any of your officers sent to us, ever paid us a single rouble. The flotilla, and the other armaments of Lambro, were equipped at our own expence. One of us (deputies) abandoning his peaceful home, fitted out two

vessels at his own expence, and expended in armaments 12,000 zechins, whilst the Turks massacred his mother and his brother, levelled with the ground his possessions, and desolated his lands.

" We never asked for your treasures ; we do not ask for them now ; we only ask for powder and balls (which we cannot purchase,) and to be led to battle. We are come to *offer* our lives and fortunes, not to *ask* for your treasures.

" Deign, O great empress! Glory of the Greek faith! deign to read our memorial. Heaven has reserved our deliverance for the glorious reign of your imperial majesty. It is under your auspicies that we hope to deliver from the hands of barbarous Mahomedans our empire which they have usurped, and our patriarchat and our holy religion, which they have insulted ; to free the descendants of Athens and Lacedemon from the tyrannic yoke of ignorant savages, under which groans a nation whose genius is not extinguished ; a nation which glows with the love of liberty ; which the iron yoke of barbarism has not vilified ; which has constantly before its eyes the images of its ancient heroes, and whose example animates its warriors even to this day.

" Our superb ruins speak to our eyes, and tell us of our ancient grandeur ; our innumerable ports, our beautiful country, the heavens which smile on us all the year, the ardour of our youth, and even of our decrepid elders, tell us that nature is not less propitious to us than it was to our fore-fathers. Give us for a sovereign your grand-son Constantine : it is the wish of our nation (the family of our emperors is extinct;) and we shall become what our ancestors were.

" We are not persons who have dared to impose on the *most magnanimons of sovereigns :* we are the deputies of the people of Greece, furnished with full powers and other documents, and as such prostrated before the throne of Her, whom, next to God, we look on as our saviour ; we declare that we shall be till our latest breath,

Your imperial majesty's most faithful and most devoted servants,

PANO KIRI,
CHRISTO LAZZOTTI,
NICCOLO PANGOLO.

St. Petersburgh, April, 1790.

" As these people are out of the reach of Turkish vengeance, I have not scrupled naming them.

(To be continued.)

THEATRICAL.

Mr. Easy,

It has frequently been mentioned, that some of the members of the Baltimore theatre have used language disrespectful, nay contemptous with respect to a Baltimore audience, and that some have gone so far as to say, that any kind of acting however indifferent it might be, was good enough for, and would go down with the Baltimorians. That this is their way of thinking and expressing themselves seems to be confirmed by the frequent mutilations of some of the best plays that are offered to the public, by the imperfect manner in which the performers commit their parts to memory, offering to the audience the very interesting spectacle of a set of mutes without even the mimicry of pantomime to fill up the blank they leave in the piece, and the apparent *non chalance,* carelessness and indifference with which some of the principal performers go through their parts. This contemptuous demeanor towards the public of Baltimore must proceed from an idea the players have conceived, either that there is not taste or discernement enough to estimate their theatrical talents, and that however imperfectly and in however bungling a manner they labour through their parts, their performance will be received with the same applause as first rate acting—or it is occasioned by an idea that the public want liberality and that this demeanor towards them, is for the purpose of making them sensible of their deficiency in that respect. If the performers are actuated by the first motive, a little reflection will teach them that their vanity and pride, has led them into an error which when they are undeceived may redound to their shame and mortification, and instead of that indulgent and generous spirit which the Baltimore public has manifested towards them, they will find that they deserve all the severity an offended public will be disposed to treat them with. They ought to reflect that there is scarcely a night on which they perform but a great body of the audience is composed of individuals who have seen the best theatrical exhibitions which Europe affords, and many of them have been witnesses of exhibitions that very few if any of those who compose the Baltimore company can even conceive any idea of. Many of the elder gentlemen of this city have visited Europe, for before the American revolution it was much the custom of the wealthy of this state to send their sons to England, many of these are often seen in our theatre. And since Baltimore has become an extensive commercial city, great numbers of young gentlemen combining amusement and business together, have visited England and other

parts of Europe, and have had frequent opportunities of seeing the first rate acting in the world. Even the rough tars (who often constitute a considerable part of the audience) one of the first things they think of when they arrive in port is the theatre. They perhaps may not have discernment sufficient to discover all the beauties of a play. But it requires no very great exertion of the mind to draw a comparison between very good acting which they have so often seen, and the very indifferent acting which is here so frequent; the difference of their feelings points out to them the superiority of the one over the other.—Molier did not despise the opinion of his old house maid, when he made the sensations they excited in her, the test of his inimitable comedies; judging thereby of the success they would meet with from the public. There are besides many persons, who although they have not had an opportunity of seeing the excellence to which some of the European theatres have attained, have nevertheless highly improved their minds and taste by literary pursuits, and have familiarized themselves with the most judicious criticisms upon plays and upon acting, when they read a play they form in their own imagination the character the author really intended to give the different personages of the drama. How great is their mortification, when they come to the theatre expecting to see represented to the life, characters they had already made themselves familiar with, by the perusal of the author, to find them so disguised, so metamorphosed that they only recognize them by their names and the mutilated sentences of the author. The writer of this is himself fond of theatrical amusements, and takes pleasure in them if the performance is barely tolerable. He however never permits himself to read a new play, before he has seen it represented, for fear his disappointment, at finding on the stage characters never intended by the author, should interrupt his delusion and blast all his pleasure. The representation then would be deprived even of novelty. Such characters then as those mentioned, often fill up a considerable share in our theatre; and if the performers who have so often offended the public have not a thousand times been "*hissed, pelted and laughed at,*" let them be assured that it has not been for want of judgment, taste, or discernment sufficient to discover and feel their many and great deficiencies; but that the mildness and forbearance of the audience has proceeded from a lenient and indulgent disposition, an unwillingness to check and discourage a rising theatre, to confound and discredit by the expression of their indignation, individuals who look up to the liberality of the public for their support. If they wish this indulgent disposition still to prevail, let them shew themselves deserving of it. The public will overlook a thousand defects when they see inclination and exertion to please. A person may have many glaring defects which strike us very sensibly on a first acquaintance, but on a more intimate knowledge, we may discover some good quality which pleases us, & by degrees accustoms us to the defects till at last they entirely escape our observation. So it is with many stage performers, at first we find something disagreeable in their acting, but seeing them always anxious to please, their defects gradually wear away and they become favourites. This, at the same time, shews how important it is for the public to have good performers, that, instead of becoming familiar with defects, the public taste may be improved by the best patterns being always presented to their view. The school-boy who has been under the tuition of an awkard, clownish schoolmaster, often goes home to his parents as great a clown in his manners as his tutor. A person who has familiarized himself with the most perfect models of taste in the arts and in literature, cannot help receiving from them the impressions they are so well calculated to make.

But if this contemptuous behaviour towards the public has arisen from a sense of its want of liberality, it will according to all accounts on a comparison with Philadelphia be found to be without any foundation. It is generally allowed that, considering the difference in the number of inhabitants, the players have met with *at least* as much, if not more encouragement here than in Philadelphia, this is by no means a subject of praise to the Baltimoreans, for the encouragememt of theatres is generally in proportion to the extravagance and dissipation of a city. There is however it must be confessed one subject on which the public want of liberality and generosity (this remark will apply as well to Philadelphia as to Baltimore) where an actor has made it his constant task to omit no exertions to please and to render himself acceptable to the public and by so doing has become a favorite with them: Such ought to be selected as distinguished objects of liberality. The benefit nights of such have often been an expence to them, when they ought to have had a crowded house, in that the public want liberality. Those who have so often made it their study, and contributed so much to make the *amateurs* of the theatre spend dull and gloomy evenings in mirth and pleasantness, who have so often been seen to tread the stage to the great satisfaction and delight of a crouded audience, ought not to be fed during the season with empty applause, and at the close to be deserted when they make a special call upon the

public, they ought then personally to feel the liberality of all such as are fond of theatrical amusements; such distinguished marks of liberality would excite in all an emulation which would tend much to the improvement of the stage.

The writer cannot conclude without observing that he thinks it ungenerous for any one to indulge himself in gross and illiberal sarcasms upon such defects of nature as are impossible to be corrected. Criticism is for the purpose of improving, when it has not improvement in view, it is illiberal and proceeds rather from a malicious, ill-natured disposition to mortify, than to mend—when its object is to drive from the stage an individual whose place perhaps cannot be supplied, and who by holding it keeps no other person better suited to fill it, out of employment—it is cruel. CORRECTOR.

Remarkable instance of the sagacity, and humanity of the Elephant, from Bingley's Animal Biography.

An incident to which M. le Baron de Lawriston was a witness, during one of the late wars in the east, forms another trait of the sensibility of the Elephant. This gentleman, from his zeal, and some other circumstances, was induced to go to Laknaor, the capital of the Soubah, or viceroyalty of that name, at a time when an epidemic distemper was making the greatest ravages amongst the inhabitants. The principal road to the palace gate was covered with the sick and dying, extended on the ground at the very moment when the nabob absolutely must pass. It appeared impossible for his Elephant to do otherwise than tread upon and crush many of these poor wretches in his passage, unless the prince would stop till the way could be cleared; but he was in haste, and such tenderness would be unbecoming in a personage of his importance. The Elephant however, without appearing to slacken his pace, and without having received any command for that purpose, assisted them with his trunk, removed some, set others on their feet, and stepped over the rest with so much address and assiduity, that not one person was wounded. An Asiatic prince and his slaves were deaf to the cries of nature, while the heart of the beast relented; he, more worthy than his rider to elevate his front towards the heavens, heard and obeyed the gentle impulse.

In the Philosophical Transactions, a story is related of an Elephant having such an attachment for a very young child, that he was never happy but when it was near him. The nurse used, therefore, very frequently to take the child in its cradle, and place it betwixt his feet, and this he became at length so much accustomed to, that he would never eat his food except when the child was present. When the child slept he used to drive off the flies with his proboscis, and when it cried he would move the cradle backwards and forwards, and thus again rock it to sleep.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

PHILOLOGUS, is received, and we beg him to accept our warmest thanks, for the very valuable communications he has furnished—at the same time we would request him when he would favour us again, to make his writing more legible, as the Editor is under the necessity of copying every word of the manuscript, and apprehends, that though the utmost pains be taken to decipher it perfectly, it may yet suffer some mutations, from the manner in which it is written. It came too late for publication this week, but will undoubtedly appear in the next Companion.

We hope A. B. C. D ARIAN, will continue us his favours.

We regret our not having heard from the BY-STANDER this week.

We are much indebted to the author of the ALPHABET OF LOVE for his very agreeabe morceau—but it, as well as the OBSERVER, and a CRITIQUE on the Blind Bargain, were sent too late for insertion, and will appear in our next.—We shall be enabled to present to our readers, in our next, some original pieces of much merit.

A judicious and enlightened friend, has promised to furnish us, with a paper on Natural History; an interesting study which we would recommend to the attention of our young readers. We have also hopes of obtaining shortly a *recueil* of anecdotes that occurred during the war.

We ardently hope, that the friends of literature and science will not refuse their aid to the Companion. The effusions of many of our Bell Esprits, have ornamented the pages of the Port Folio—but this invaluable paper has in its own brilliant and enlightened editor, together with the assistance of the literati of Philadelphia, and many other places, ample support. We trust then that our fellow-citizens, "will not as wordlings do, give their sum of more to that which hath too much;" and in the meantime suffer the Companion to languish. Our utmost endeavors, if altogether unsupported, must fail, and we shall be necessitated to abandon, the pleasing and flattering hope, of seeing our paper, assume some rank in the literature of America—this would indeed be a strong impeachment, of the taste, the science, the genius of Baltimore.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

Should the following trifle be deemed worthy your attention, it is at your disposal.

TO ROSALIND.

Ah ! would fair Rosalinda deign
In humble state to dwell,
The world despise, and with her swain
Bid pageantry farewell.

'Tis not the beauties of her face,
Her form that I admire,
No—'tis a lovely nameless grace,
That fed my fond desire.

'Tis that which age can ne'er destroy,
'Tis Rosalinda's mind,
That sweet perfection ne'er can cloy,
'Tis sense with sweetness join'd.

Then come, my lovely Rosalind,
Superfluous wealth despise,
With Edwin be content to live,
Who knows thy worth to prize.

FROM THE KISSES OF BONEFONIUS——KISS XV.

TO PANCHARIS.

A FREE TRANSLATION.

Ah ! why my sweet girl, dost thou fly from these arms
Over rocks and o'er deserts to stray ?
Where each riotous satyr may rifle thy charms,
And steal all thy roses away ?
Ah ! guard them, my love, with solicitous care,
Let them blossom unfaded for me ;
Nor forget, when alone thou shalt wander afar,
The sad shepherd that sorrows for thee.

Old age o'er my head, has not scatter'd his snows ;
Nor with icicles frozen my heart ;
Through every vein my blood cheerily flows,
Good humour and health to impart.
No sullen indifference deadens my eye,
No moroseness encircles my brow ;
Sensibility sometimes solicits a sigh
—And a tear when I think upon you !

Ah ! spare her ye fauns ! spare the girl of my soul,
Let her roam unmolested and free ;
Nor with plundering sickle, unfeelingly spoil,
The rich harvest that's ripening for me.
But why over rock and o'er desert away,
Dost thou seek to escape from my view ?
Ah Pancharis ! trust me wherever you stray,
There shall I with impatience pursue.

In vain shall the hollow winds riot around,
Or the lightenings insultingly flash ;
Or the thunder-clap shake with convulsions the ground,
And each cavern re-echo the crash :
In vain o'er my head shall the ragged rock scowl,
And the cataract double its force ;
No danger shall daunt my inflexible soul,
Nor impede my impetuous course.

But perhaps, my sweet girl, thou mayst love me e'en now,
And this coyness, perhaps, is to prove,
How sincere was the spirit that breath'd in my vow,
And how true is the language of love ;
Ah ! Pancharis, how many proofs have I given,
And how many yet have in store ?
Go number the stars that enamel the heaven,
Or the sands that are wash'd on the shore ;
Count how many dew-drops bespangle the thorn ;
In yon field count the kernels that wave ;
Count the myriads that live in each beam of the morn,
And that find in each evening a grave !

Then pity, ah ! pity this languishing moan,
And kindly attend to my pray'r ;
No more, my sweet girl, let me sorrow alone,
And pour the sad sigh of despair !
But ah ! my lov'd Pancharis flies from these arms,
Over rocks and o'er deserts to stray ;
There each ruffian satyr will rifle her charms
And steal all her roses away.

CANZONET.

[*From Lord* STRANGFORD'S *Translation of the Poems of* CAMOENS.]

"A DAMA QUE JURAVA PELOS SEUS OLHOS."

THE LADY WHO SWORE BY HER EYES.

" Quando me quiz enganer
" A minha bella perjura." &c.

When the girl of my heart is on perjury bent,
The sweetest of oaths hides the falsest intent,
And suspicion abash'd, from her company flies,
When she smiles like an angel—and swears by her eyes.

For in them such magic, she knows, is display'd,
That a tear can convince, and a look can persuade ;
And she thinks that I dare not, or cannot refuse
To believe on their credit whate'er she may chuse.

But I've learn'd from the painful experience of youth,
That vehement oaths never constitute truth ;
And I've studied those treacherous eyes, and I find
They are mutable signs of a mutable mind.

Then, dear one I'd rather, thrice rather believe
Whate'er you assert, even though to deceive,
Than that you " by your eyes" should so wickedly swear,
And sin against heaven—for heaven is there.

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

REMARKS ON THE ANCIENT CLASSICS.

NO study is more pleasing and few more instructive than that of philosophic history. To trace in their causes the rise and progress, the decline and fall of empires, is an occupation equally interesting to the imagination and improving to the understanding. But the most pleasing employment of history is perhaps in relating the origin and advances of the arts, sciences, and civilization. The remains of ancient literature if regarded only as containing the history of those distant times from which they have descended to us, and affording specimens of the cultivation which they had attained, would preserve a considerable degree of importance. But, it cannot be denied that they have still more forcible claims upon our attention.

The progress which the ancients had made in science was by no means inconsiderable. The elements of most modern improvements in physical and ethical studies were perhaps possessed by the philosophers of Greece and Rome. They left indeed much to be investigated. They often wasted the most powerful efforts in pursuit of devious courses, which terminated only in error, but still they opened those paths of science which have since been more successfully traced, and the disciple of modern schools is often surprised in meeting in the works of the ancients with hints of knowledge which he had considered as the exclusive possession of the philosophy of a more recent period.

The vast importance of ancient literature at the period of its revival, if considered only as a source of scientific instruction, is indisputable. The world had for centuries been almost retrogade in knowledge, and if the tide had been already turned, it was still far below the mark of its former ascent. It was the lot therefore of the moderns in every science to be the scholars of the ancients, and their happiness, at so critical a period, to meet with such instructors.

They were not backward to acknowledge their obligations, and discern their interest. Never was an object sought with greater ardour than the restoration of learning. Italy led the way in this honourable pursuit, and soon communicated the emulation to the adjoining nations.

The state of things is now greatly changed. Three centuries of rigorous and unintermitted improvement have placed the moderns far above their masters. The rotations of space and number have been pursued and applied to an astonishing extent. The general properties of matter have been successfully investigated in theory, and extensively applied to practice. Substances have been brought to the test of examination, which in their usual state are so subtle as to elude the notice of our senses.—The earth has been explored to an extent far exceeding the limits of ancient discovery. We are not strangers even to the regions of space. The structure of our own globe has been minutely examined so far as it is accessible to human industry. Its products have been ingeniously classified, and are thus brought more easily under the mental view. Many of their useful properties have been discovered. Man is more intimately acquainted with his own nature, both corporeal and intellectual. Even in the intricate regions of metaphysics, something like certainty has been attained; we are taught the strength and weakness of our own faculties; the limits of scepticism and decision, and the first principles that form the postulates of knowledge. The structure and use of languages have been usefully illustrated. The powers of the human mind have been accurately distinguished; the

principles of social and individual happiness have been developed with no inconsiderable success, though we are not yet sufficiently wise to make the best use of our discoveries.

We no longer resort therefore to the ancients for instruction in science, because an ordinary proficient in modern education might communicate information to Plato and Aristotle. In defending the importance of classical learning, we must now proceed upon other principles. The ancient languages are the keys of ancient history. Within the circuit of the Greek and Latin tongues is preserved by far the principal part of the information we possess respecting the most interesting portions of the world, from the earliest memorials of history till the decline of the ancient civilization.

In the languages of Greece and Rome we possess authors of consummate and unrivalled excellence in some of the departments of literature, who still remain our best models in their respective branches of composition. If the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle are consigned to neglect; the poetry of Homer and Virgil; the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero; the histories of Herodotus, and Thucidides, Livy and Tacitus, still retain an acknowledged pre-eminence.

The structure of the ancient languages, so different from that of our own, and in many respects so superior, is alone a subject of curious and important investigation to the philosophical grammarian.

One science epecially will acknowledge its obligations to ancient learning, some of the most important doctrines connected with the subject of theology, are principally founded on historic facts; the evidence of which is transmitted by authors who have written in the ancient languages.

Lastly, criticism is capable of becoming a very interesting and engaging employment, as is sufficiently proved in the well known attachment of the votaries of this study to the objects of their pursuit; and where it is not permitted to encroach on the discharge of more serious duties. The pleasure which it affords may surely be regarded as more than an innocent gratification.

ALPHABET DE L'AMOUR.

Ardeur. La timidité exprime moins et prouve davantage.

Baiser. Le recevoir est quelque chose, le prendre vaut mieux, l'obtenir, de l'amour, est un des plus doux presens qu il puisse faire.

Coufiance. On la perd quand on aime et on l'acquiert, l'homme le plus coufiant tremble de deplaire, et le plus reservé confie tout a sa maitresse.

Depit. Delateur de l'amour; avant coureur du raccommodement; il hate la defaite, varie les scenes, embellit les femmes, et donnent une ridicule aux hommes; parce quils y mettent plus d'apret et moins de graces.

Esperance. Les amans la perde facilement, l'out il perdue, ils esperent encore.

Fidelite. Les femmes sont generalement plus fideles, et les hommes plus constans, c'est que les unes sont plus maitresses de leurs sens, et les autres plus maitres de leurs coeur.

Gaité. Une tristesse interessante peut fait naitre l'amour, mais la gaite seule le conserve.

Humeur. Fils du caprice—tous les deux sont insupportables dans les hommes, et presque necessaire aux femmes pour retenir leurs conquetes.

Inconstance. Elle attache l'homme qui ne consulte que ses sens; elle eloigne celui qui aime de bonne fois, et ne consulte que son coeur.

Jalousie. Lorsque elle vient d'une exces de modestie elle flatte, et si la douceur l'accompagne elle touche, mais quand elle nait de l'egoisme et la defiance, elle desespere et humilie toute a la fois.

Jouissance lors qu'en se refuse tout, on meurt d'inanition, et lorsque on se permet trop, on finit par le degout.

Larmes. Dangereuses dans de certains hommes; trop communes chez les femmes; n'embellissant que les jolies et prouvant peu de chose.

Malheur. Le bon temps! disait une femme d'esprit; mon Dieu que, j'etois malheureuse!

Nouvelles. N'en demander jamais aux amoureux; ils ignorent tout, hors ce qui les regarde.

Orages. Il est impossible de les eviter, mais le soleil doit luire apres.

Plaies. Gardez vous d'en faire, aux coeurs que vous aimez, elles se ferment, mais la cicatrice reste; et trop souvent s'ouverte; il se forme une calus, qui rende l'endroit insensible.

Question. Il y-en a qu'on ne doit jamais risquer, quand on aime.

Raison. Elle est dit on incompatible avec l'amour, mais lorsqu'elle n'ent justifie pas l'objet, la constance devient impossible.

Secret. Dites hardiment le votre a deux amans; ils l'oublieront bientot, pour ne penser qu'au leur.

Temps. Il detruit l'amour; aidé de l'habitude il l'afferment.

Union. Pour etre heureux, l'amour ne doit qu'avertir, l'estime decider et les complaisances doivent l'entretenir.

Viellier. On dit que le coeur ne viellit point : tant pis ! c'est tout ce qu'il a de mieux a faire, quand le reste n'est plus jeune.

Zephirs. Ils servent les amans et les poetes, et quelque fois rendent les uns jaloux, et les autres ennuyeux.

THE OBSERVER—No. 2.

Millions of suppliant crowds, the shrine attend,
And all degrees, before the goddess bend ;
The poor, the rich, the valliant and the sage
And boasting youth, and narrative old age
Their pleas were different, their request the same,
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.

TEMPLE OF FAME.

The love of Fame is that which excites all ambition to do well, and perhaps from it may be derived, every excellence to which the human powers have attained. It is amusing to consider this thirst for distinction, in all its ramifications, and to observe the influence it produces on various minds : Warriors, statesmen, poets, philosophers, it is to the desire of Fame we owe them all : and whilst the lords of the creation are roused to action by the inspirations of this passion—the softer sex are not insensible to its incitements.

In the sober days of our grand-mothers, the ladies generally aspired to renown, by aiming at superior skill in domestic affairs : But fashion, which changes all things, has also changed the path to female glory. To be perfectly ignorant of all useful information ; whether she has ear or not, and no matter what havock she may commit amongst the sharps, flats and naturals, to *play* on the piano, is indispensible ; to dress herself a la Grecque, that is, scarcely dress herself at all ; to be the first in every new fashion, and have all the coxcombs of the day in her train, these are the paths to distinction for a modern belle.

At a watering place across the Atlantic, which I visited en philosophe two or three years ago, I had infinite amusement, in observing, the competitors for Fame's proud honours amongst the ladies. Whilst I was there, a heroine arrived in the town, whose celebrity had reached "from Dan even unto Beersheba." This fair damsel had out done all her rivals ; her fame resounded from place to place ; wherever she arrived, she might say with Cæsar, I came, I saw, and conquered. No heart however obdurate, could withstand her ; the various Cupids that played around her, would have banished insensibility from the breast, of the most determined stoic. The first time I beheld the dangerous nymph was at an assembly, where she appeared with a flowing drapery thrown over her person, which sometimes she'd raise above her face, and then anon, the veil would fall, and like Aurora, breaking through the clouds, she stood confest, before her admiring beholders, in all the radiant blaze of beauty.—And no less did this matchless fair excel her sex, in mental, than in personal endowments. As St. Paul recommends she was "all things unto all *men*"—with the grave divine she'd talk of Moses and the Prophets—with the philosopher she'd soar into the regions of science, describe the orbits of the planets, (luckless wight that came within her orbit) she'd speak of the gas's with the chymist, talk of commerce with the merchant ; with the sentimental swain she'd wander along the banks of purling streams, and while her maid, was wasting the midnight lamp, preparing her robes of gaudiest splendour, she'd charm the ear of some listening Strephon, painting the joys of rural life, moralizing on the inutility of riches, and drawing the scene of her wished for happiness in a thatch built cot, at the foot of a lofty mountain, where herself, and the thrice happy mortal, that should be blessed with her hand, would retire from the tumultuous world, and "draw on each others stock of information," for winging with delight, the passing hours : with women, she would condescend to hold no converse, except with those to whom policy compelled her to descend, that she might obtain an introduction into society. As I am a modest man, and should not have ventured to prefer my suit amongst such a phalanx of rivals, I withdrew from the place very soon after, that my heart's repose might not be altogether destroyed by the charms of this fair perfection.

Ut pictura, poesis ; erit quæ, si propiùs stes,
Te capiat magis ; & quædam, si longiùs abstes.
Hæc amat obscurum ; volet hæc sub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen ;
Hæc placuit semel ; hæc decies repetita placebit.

HORACE ART OF POETRY.

Poems, like pictures are ; some charm when nigh,
Others at distance more delight your eye :
That loves the shade, this tempts a stronger light,
And challenges the critic's piercing sight :
That gives us pleasure for a single view ;
And this ten times repeated, still is new.

FRANCIS'S TRANSLATION.

Mr. Easy,

The stage, when properly regulated, is a source of the most elegant and refined improvement. The masterly delineations of the poet, in the mouth of the graceful ac-

tor, form too powerful an appeal to our best feelings, not to be productive of signal and lasting effects. The abstract maxim of the philosopher is, as it were, embodied in the lofty conception of the poet; and its beginning, its progress and end, are made visible by a more striking example than nature herself could have furnished. In the golden days of Greece, when she was distinguished by every illustrious achievement of genius, the drama was not among the least cultivated of the arts. Two poets of distinguished rank applied themselves to this department of composition, and from the exquisite specimens they have left us, we cannot but form the highest opinion of the Athenian stage. An inviolable regard to truth, a warm attachment to the cause of virtue, not less than the sublimest poetry, distinguish the writings of Sophocles and Euripides. It was the aim of the ancient tragedian to give his piece that awful impression upon the heart that would eventually mould it to nobleness and virtue. Œdipus, at one moment, enjoying the summit of human grandeur, and in the next, sunk to the lowest depth of human misery, reminds us of the uncertainty of human events; while the ferocious, but unfortunate Medea, is a warning to those who are the slaves of ungovernable and licentious passions. The Greek language, by its copiousness and harmony, so elegantly adapted to every species of composition, gave the ancient dramatist a decided superiority over the modern; besides, the chorus, which is an appendage, wholly wanting to our drama, enabled him to condense a greater variety of circumstances into his piece, and to embellish it with all the charms of poetry and music. Thus did tragedy for a long time continue to flourish in Athens, and the stage, not less than the Lyceum, to instruct and reform mankind. The Roman theatre, which succeeded the Grecian, presents little worthy the attention of criticism; and it was not till a long series of dark, barbarous ages had elapsed, that tragedy shone out again with its ancient splendor in England & France. The writers of the French school, with some alterations, copied after the Grecian model; but their pieces are eminently defective in costume. They perhaps conformed themselves too much to the taste of their nation, and were unwilling to draw after the noble originals of nature. It is for this reason, that a foreigner cannot relish their pieces, which are founded upon ancient story, where modern manners supply the place of that dignified simplicity which marked the characters of old. Achilles, in the Iphigene of Racine, talks like a French gallant, and Phædra has all the airs of a modern coquette; nevertheless, it must be allowed, that the polished graces of language, beauty of sentiment, and a rapture that seizes irresistably on the heart, are the distinguishing characteristics of Corneille, Racine and Voltaire. Long before tragedy had made this near approach to perfection in France, England was not neglected by the genius of dramatic poetry: there, had appeared a poet second to none of his predecessors; a poet within whose works are comprised more variety of character, more masterly exhibitions of human passions, and loftier flights of human genius, than are to be found in the writings of any poet, whatever. This extraordinary man was Shakespeare. But his works, while they present us with the proudest monument of native genius, are marked by its aberrations and eccentricities. "I cannot say," says Mr. Dryden, "Shakespeare is every where alike. Were he so, I should do him wrong to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat—his comic wit degenerating into clenches—his serious swelling into bombast." Few among the imitators of this great poet have been successful. Mr. Addison's Cato will be admired, while propriety of sentiment and the highest graces of diction have any charms. But he wanted that amplitude and enterprize of genius, so necessary to give tragedy its full and complete effect. It may perhaps be asserted with truth, that in most departments of polite literature, the present age is equal to the most brilliant ones that have preceded it. Cowper and Darwin are names to be placed on a par with our best poets. History has been successfully cultivated; style in general has improved, and good writing upon every subject is more frequently to be met with, than it was some centuries ago. The stage alone has seemed to decline; and so long is it since we have had a tragedy capable of satisfying a refined and cultivated taste, that many have pronounced the vein to be fairly worked out, and that we are not to expect any thing above mediocrity in the higher kinds of dramatic composition.

These thoughts were suggested to me the other night, at the performance of Mr. Lewis's Castle Spectre; a play which glaringly exhibits all the faults with which the modern drama stands charged. Mr. Lewis himself seems to have been sensible of this, when he says, "In spite of the favourable reception which it has met with, I am conscious that my tragedy may be charged with a thousand inconsistencies, and is full of all faults, of all sizes and denominations; but those faults are too radical to admit of correction, and too glaring to render their enumeration necessary." This is one of the most singular compliments surely that an author could have paid to

his audience. Mr. Lewis's witticism is nevertheles perfeetly correct. The inconsistencies of character are too numerous to allow of, and too glaring to require enumeration; and strange as it may seem, the success of the play may be attributed to these very inconsistencies. When we read a dramatic work leisurely and deliberately in our closet, we may examine the composition of each separate character attentively: having then discovered the leading principle of action, we apply it to each particular situation and event, and are able to anticipate its operation. We are pleased in proportion to its activity, and disappointed in proportion to its supineness. At a dramatic representation, on the contrary we have no time to compare very accurately the sentiments and actions of the same characters, in different situations. An author must not allow his audience to reason; he must not appeal to their judgment, but to their feelings. In the serious drama he must seize upon the attention, and fasten it to deeds of lofty, daring,and frightful atrocity; or must lead it a willing captive among scenes of melting tenderness and heart rending woe; he must produce a sudden and powerful impression, and it is no very difficult task to draw a strongly marked character, and one of course calculated to produce such an impression, where an author does not feel himself bound to pay attention to unity of principle by which the sentiments of men are dictated and their actions regulated.

Mr. Lewis, in common with many others, has written this tragedy in prose, a fault against which criticism cannot too loudly protest. The diction of the tragic muse should ever be as lofty as her sentiments: to give them appropriate utterance, they require the pomp and harmony of verse; poetry should bestow on them all her grace and all her grandeur. There is a meanness in the unmeasured dialogue which suits very well the familiarity of comedy, but which appears to me, to derogate from the dignity of tragedy.

Mr. Easy,

It is a sad reproach to the female world that as they are incapable of drinking deep of the Castalian waters, they are always dangerous smatterers in knowledge. There exists not an instance on record of one noble discovery being added to human science, through the exertions of a female. Vanity holds so predominant a sway in the breast of woman, and is so prone to distend itself at every increase of knowledge, that science becomes with her a most pernicious acquisition. Abstruse learning is seldom attempted, but at the expence of her modesty and good sense, and her increase in vanity is always commensurate with that of her knowledge. The soft unassuming air of modesty is renounced for the brow of arrogance and presumption, and the timid bashful virgin starts up into the formidable disputant. Pardon me my fair ones; think not that these are the effusions of a heart dead to all the numerous host of female attractions; it is the language of one who feels and owns the powerful enchantment of your charms. Indeed, I have often wondered that woman, who unites in herself so many more powerful instruments of persuation, should ever have recourse to any weapon of logic. A single glance from her can disarm the united powers of wisdom, and a smile has often achieved more than the most elaborate and well conducted argument.

> ——— Yet when I approach
> Her loveliness so absolute she seems,
> And in herself complete, so well to know
> Her own, that what she wills to do or say
> Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,
> All higher knowledge in her presence falls
> Degraded. Wisdom in discourse with her
> Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shews,
> Authority and reason on her wait.
> As one intended first—not after made
> Occasionally: and to consummate all
> Greatness of mind, and nobleness their seat,
> Build in her loveliest and create an awe
> About her, as a guard angelic placed. MILTON.

If we compare the constitution of woman with that of man, we shall find the former made up of more delicate parts, more harmoniously arranged, and consequently adapted to a greater variety of finer and more exquisite movements. Her bosom is the dwelling of every soft and gentle affection, her heart vibrates to the slightest impulse of sympathy and love, and she is feelingly alive to the loftiest raptures of poetry and music; but formed with weaker powers of reason than man, she is less capable of resisting the enchantment of her imagination and passions, and is often the slave of prejudice; hence she is incapable of philosophic research, and hence timidity and suspicion are the genuine characteristics of the sex.

In the laborious and arduous walks of science we may, I think, justly claim the pre-eminence; but in the more sprightly flourishes of the mind, women are undoubtedly our superiors. In the captivating graces of epistolary composition, France boasts her Sevigne and England her Montague. But not to mention the Sapphos, the Aspasias and the Collonnas of former times, let me only name the accomplished ——— who unites in herself the talents of them all. In easy badinage, an occasional play-

fulness of wit, and all the lighter exertions of the fancy and taste woman is peculiarly fitted to excel. But when she attempts the critic and philosopher, nature is outraged; man revolts at a monster so unnatural in the creation, and exclaims with the Roman poet—O sit mihi non doctissima consors.* TIBULLUS.

* From a learned wife, ye Gods deliver me.

Interesting account of the Character and Political State

OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

(Continued from page 221.)

"The empress received them very graciously, and promised them the assistance they asked. They were then conducted to the apartments of her grand-sons, and offering to kiss the hand of the eldest grand duke, Alexander, he pointed to his brother Constantine, telling them, it was to him that they were to address themselves; they represented to him in Greek the object of their mission, and concluded by doing homage to him as their emperor He answered them in the same language, 'Go, and let 'every thing be according to your wishes.'

"With this memorial they presented a plan of operation, from which I shall extract only a few particulars: They proposed, after the empress had furnished them with cannon, and enabled them to augment the squadron under Lambro Canziani, and sent them engineers to conduct the siege of strong places, to begin their first operations by marching from Sulli, where the congress was held, and whence they had a correspondence with all Greece. Their route was to be first to Livadia and to Athens, dividing into two corps. In their march they were to be joined at appointed places by troops from the Morea and Negroponte. To this Island the fleet of Lambro was to sail. They were then to proceed in one body to Thessalia and to the city of Salonichi, where they would receive large reinforcements from Macedonia.—The whole army being then assembled, they were to march to the plains of Adrianople, with (as they calculated) three hundred thousand men, to meet the Russians, and proceed to Constantinople, where they hoped the Russian fleet would be arrived from the Crim; if not, they esteemed their own force sufficient to take that city, and drive the Turks out of Europe and their islands.

"In this plan the establishment and the disposition of magazines, and retreats in case of disaster, were provided for. The force of the Turks in different parts, and the different movements to oppose them were calculated. All their resources, and the amount of the troops each place had engaged to furnish, were plainly stated, as well as the means they had adopted to carry on a secret correspondence with all parts of the country, both with respect to their own allies and the movements of the Turks. To enter more into particulars would not be justifiable in me.

"The empress sent them to the army in Moldavia, to prince Potemkin, giving them 1,000 ducats for their journey thither. They left St. Petersburgh the $\frac{24}{13}$ May 1790. In August they were sent to Greece by the way of Vienna, and major general Tamara with them to superintend the whole expedition, and furnish them with the assistance they required.

"It merits attention, that the king of Prussia had posted an army of 150,000 men, in June 1790, on the frontier of Bohemia; that the convention of Reichenbach was signed the 27th of July. The sentiments of the court of London respecting the war, and its probable interference in as serious a way as Prussia had done, were known at St. Petersburgh. It is to these circumstances we must attribute the slowness with which the projects of the Greeks were seconded. They were assured that they should have every succour they required, and much more: money was sent, but not much of it disbursed; they were enjoined to prepare every thing, but to undertake nothing, till the proper moment should arrive for their acting, which, they were told, depended on many circumstances of which they were ignorant. Lambro in the mean time acted by himself, but could undertake nothing of any consequence. Things remained thus till after the campaign was ended, and prince Potemkin came to St. Petersburgh.

"The fate of the armament commanded by the gallant Lambro deserves to be mentioned.

"The Greeks proved on this occasion their love of liberty, their passion for glory, and a perseverance in toils, obedience to discipline, and contempt of danger and death, worthy of the brightest pages of their history; they fought with, and conquered very superior numbers; and when at last they were attacked with an inequality of force, as great as Leonidas had to encounter, they fought till their whole fleet was sunk, and a few only saved themselves in boats.

"Lambro had only resources left to fit out one single ship; the news of a peace arrived; but boiling with indignation at the neglect he had experienced from the Russian agents, and thirsting for revenge, he sailed notwithstanding, and attacked and destroyed several Turkish vessels: he was declared a pirate, and disavowed by Rus-

sia—but he was not intimidated—at length he was again overpowered; he disdained to strike; his vessel sunk under him, and he again escaped in his boat, and took refuge in the mountains of Albania.

"The conduct of the Russian agents to him was the most scandalous. The peculation of all those entrusted at a distance with the empress's money was become so glaring and common, that they looked on it as their own property. Lambro was suffered to be imprisoned for debts contracted for his armaments, and was only released by the contributions of his countrymen.

"In the spring of 1791, an armament was prepared in England to sail for the Baltic, to force the empress to make peace. The king of Prussia was ready to co-operate by land. Instead of the fleet Mr. Fawkener arrived at Petersburgh. It was still undetermined by the empress, whether she should brave England and Prussia (though from the turn affairs had taken in England, and the arrival of another ambassador, she was assured she had little to fear from our fleet, and consequently little from the Prussian army) or make peace with the Turks on the conditions she had consented to, when she was more seriously alarmed.

"In this uncertainty a courier was kept ready to depart with instructions to general Tamara. The king's envoy was informed of this circumstance, and would have learnt immediately the contents of the dispatch, which would have made him acquainted with the empress's resolutions respecting the prosecution of the war, or consenting to peace. The courier, however, was not dispatched. The business was terminated with the king's joint envoys. Prince Potemkin departed for the army, and on his road learnt the victory gained by Repnin over the vizir's army, and the signing the preliminaries of peace. Secret orders had been sent to Repnin, as soon as the empress had resolved to conclude a peace, which he fortunately executed; and it is certain that he received a copy of the arrangement made with the king's ministers, before he signed the preliminaries. Impediments were thrown in the way of the departure of the messenger dispatched to Constantinople, so that he did not arrive till any interference of our ambassador could be of no effect.

"It is plainly to be seen, that though the empress pretended she had of her own accord (and before the arrangement with his majesty was known to her general) concluded a peace, the interference of his majesty in bringing about that event had a weighty effect.

"When the news of the signing the preliminaries reached the Russian fleet, it had beaten the Turks in the Black Sea, and was pursuing them into the channel of Constantinople, where they must inevitably have been destroyed. Had the Russian admiral been a man of more experience, they might all have been taken in the engagement.

"Thus ended a war, which, had it not been for the interference of G. Britain and Prussia, would have placed the empress's grand-son on the throne of Constantinople; and, had not circumstances imperiously prescribed to them the part they acted, we should have had, in Russia and Greece, allies, which would, long ago, have enabled his majesty and the emperor, in all human probability, to have humbled a foe, which now threatens all Europe with total subversion, and even to become the instrument of emancipating Greece from the Turkish tyranny, not to become an independent people, but to be oppressed by a worse tyranny, under the name of liberty.

"The Suliotes still maintain their independence: they were often attacked by the Turks, but were as often successful; they fought seventeen battles or skirmishes, the last of which had nearly been fatal to them, as appears by the following paper, communicated to me by a drogoman, now in the British service, which will throw much light on the character of the inhabitants of Epirus; and it contains, besides, very curious and interesting matter. The authenticity of what he relates cannot be called in question, as it very exactly agrees with every other account I have received.

(To be continued.)

A curious instance of the sagacity of the Dog, from Smellie's philosophy of natural history.

"There is a dog, at present belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh, who has for some time amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood. A man who goes through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pye. The next time he heard the pyeman's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, siezed him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pyeman who understood what the animal wanted, shewed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street door, and saw what was goingon. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pyeman, and received his pye. This traffic between the pyeman and the grocer's dog has been daily practiced for months past, and still continues."

ODE TO HEALTH.

BY MR. DUNCOMBE.

Health ! to thee thy vot'ry owes
All the blessings life bestows ;
All the sweets the summer yields,
Melodious woods, and clover'd fields ;
By thee he tastes the calm delights
Of studious days and peaceful nights :
By thee his eye each scene with rapture views ;
The Muse shall sing thy gifts, for they inspire the Muse.

Does increase of wealth impart
Transports to a bounteous heart ?
Does the sire with smiles survey
His prattling children round him play ?
Does love with mutual blushes streak
The swain's and virgin's artless cheek ?
From HEALTH these blushes, smiles, and transports flow ;
Wealth, children, love itself, to HEALTH their relish owe.

Nymph ! with thee, at early morn,
Let me brush the waving corn ;
And, at noon-tide's sultry hour,
O bear me to the wood-bine bow'r !
When evening lights her glow-worm, lead
To yonder dew-enamell'd mead ;
And let me range at night those glimm'ring groves,
Where Stillness ever sleeps, and Contemplation roves.

This my tributary lay
Grateful at thy shrine I pay,
Who for sev'n whole years hath shed
Thy balmy blessings o'er my head ;
O ! let me still enamour'd view
Those fragrant lips of rosy hue,
Nor think there needs th' allay of sharp disease,
To quicken thy repast, and give it pow'r to please.

Now by swiftest zephyrs drawn,
Urge thy chariot o'er the lawn ;
In yon gloomy grotto laid,
PALEMON asks thy kindly aid ;
If goodness can that aid engage,
O hover round the virtuous sage :
Nor let one sigh for his own suff'rings rise ;
Each human suff'ring fills his sympathizing eyes.

Venus from Æneas' side
With successful efforts try'd
To extract th' envenom'd dart
That baffled wise Iapis' art :
If thus, HYGEIA, thou could'st prove
Propitious to the queen of love,
Now on thy favor'd HEBERDEN bestow
Thy choicest healing pow'rs, for Pallas asks them now.

What, though banish'd from the fight,
To the Hero's troubled sight,
Ranks on ranks tumultuous rose
Of flying friends and conqu'ring foes ;
He only panted to obtain
A laurel wreath for thousands slain ;
On nobler views intent, the SAGE's mind
Pants to delight, instruct, and humanize mankind.

ODE TO A YOUNG LADY,

Somewhat too solicitous about her manner of expression.

BY WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Survey, my fair ! that lucid stream
Adown the smiling valley stray ;
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way ?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow ;
Not all thy art, nor all thy care,
Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamell'd o'er ;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flow'r to please us more ?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose,
And oh may Laura, ere she try,
With fresh vermillion paint the rose.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can every study'd grace excel ;
Let art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well ?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic rules confin'd !
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

FROM THE KISSES OF BONEFONIUS.

KISS XXIII.

When forked lightnings flash'd around,
And pealing thunders rock'd the ground,
Pancharis came with trembling charms,
And rush'd into her lover's arms :
'Save, O ! save this tender form,
'Save me from the ruthless storm ;
'Hide me from this anger'd sky,
'Hide, O ! hide me, or I die !'

While with gentlest care I prest
Her panting bosom to my breast :
'Why dost thou call on me, my queen,
'To guard thee from this playful scene ?
'*These* lightnings but in frolic fly ;
'With joy *these* thunders shake the sky ;
'Rather, sweet girl, with suppliant knee,
'Should I protection seek from thee ;
'Believe me, from thy sparkling eyes,
'That far more deadly lightning flies,
'And when thou bidst thy swain depart,
'Far deeper thunders rend *his* heart !'

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

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THE BY-STANDER.—No. XI.

"*Valete.*" Farewel.

AS this is the last number which will appear under the head of the By-Stander, it will be proper to disclose the reasons which induced us to present our essays to the public. Upon the resignation of the first Editor, the Companion depended almost entirely upon the communication box; we had observed that it was badly supported and had degenerated both in the prosaic and poetic departments. Sensible of the neglect into which it had fallen, and anxious for the literature of Baltimore, we formed an association, the members of which engaged to produce essays in rotation. The Club consisted of but three, and for a long time we offered our reflections in a regular series of papers, one of the principal objects of which was to correct general faults and to inculcate moral sentiments. With such intentions, the purity of which cannot be impeached, we came forward and hoped that it would be in our power to continue during the year; but to proceed in the determination with which we commenced, would, we *now* find, be incompatible with our professional studies. As the proprietor, under whose auspices we first presented our juvenile effusions, has resigned his claim to the *Easy Chair*, we believe our contribution to be no longer necessary. The Companion is under the direction of one whose talents and erudition will undoubtedly raise it to eminence; whose taste and genius will amply compensate for the removal of the crude and undigested lucubrations of the By-Stander.

The attention of every one who wishes to be distinguished in the literary world, should be directed to the cultivation and improvement of his style. Proceeding upon this principle during the winter evenings we devoted our time to those essays which have already been published. Winter having passed they must as *lucubrations* necessarily cease.

The errors which we have committed will, we hope, be excused; for independent of our youth and inexperience, it would have been utterly impossible to produce a paper *every week* free from faults. We have not the vanity to suppose that *any* are without imperfections, but we feel confident that some of the inaccuracies are owing in a great measure to the haste with which the pieces were composed. Many are written with carelessness; these we would, if possible, recal; but we trust that our generous readers will pardon those faults which time and revision might have obviated, and duly appreciate the incentives which actuated us.

Some objections have been made to the number of quotations with which we interspersed our essays; but hitherto we have not been convinced of any impropriety in having done it; for when the elegance of the quotations from the best ancient and modern writers is considered, who can repent having read them in the words of the original author? And if we had expressed the same ideas in our own language, the charge of plagiarism would then have been adduced against us. Whatever quotations we selected from the Latin, were usually accompanied with a translation, and we doubt not that many of our readers were as much, if not more pleased with the citations than with the original matter of the essay. Trusting that all objections are removed on this head, another of greater consideration remains—more important, because it concerns the fairest part of creation. Their resentment was excited by the *fourth* number, wherein an amusement then prevalent in this city was condemned. We were

considered as enemies to the sex and hostile to all fashionable diversions. The Spectator criticized the dresses and manners of the ladies in order to lead them to a perusal of his speculations and compel them to listen to reproof; but at this period every lady pays *some* attention to reading and this excuse will therefore ill suffice the By-Stander. The reasons which prompted that attack and engaged us in that warfare, were the declarations in the first number, to endeavour to draw their attention from trifling and transient pleasures to more exalted and refined ones, to convince them of the truth of the expression,

> Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll:
> Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul,

and to distrust the vain professions of flattering *beaux*, who dangle after beauty and pronounce with insincerity what their reason and judgment must condemn. That this was the object, our *tenth* number written in vindication of our behaviour to the fair, and plainly professing the great regard we constantly retained for them will shew. The expressions may have been harsh and disagreeable, and if so, the generosity of our readers will pardon them as the effusions of a mind scrupulous of countenancing a time-killing amusement. The censure also might have embraced more than was actually intended, as *curiosity* excited in many a desire of visiting only to behold what passed on such occasions; on such the attack was not justifiable, but the author of that essay considered not the intentions of a part but of the whole, and it was his design to expose the impropriety of the levees and not the persons attendant upon them. The *tenth* number, we trust, dissipated those forerunners of a storm which appeared on the front of beauty. We again declare that we shall ever entertain a high opinion and a profound respect for the ladies and studiously endeavour to deserve their approbation. If a wish for their happines had not actuated us, we would never have attempted to correct their imperfections.

Thus having discharged ourselves of the labour which we voluntarily assumed and pursued, with encouragement far above our merit, we beg leave to return our thanks to Mr. Easy for his condescension in permitting the insertion of our productions. Perhaps at some future period we may resume our labours; but for the present we must resign the station which we have hitherto held to more worthy writers, who since the acceptation of the present editor have determined to exert their energies in support of his laudable undertaking. Circumstances render it impossible for us to assist, but we doubt not that the united endeavours of the *Easy* Club and of the *Literati* of Baltimore generally, will raise the Companion to an enviable station.

M.

ROSCOE's LEO X.

In order to constitute a proper subject for a separate extensive biographical work, it seems necessary that the hero should be either so elevated by rank and station as to form a kind of centre to the great events and characters of a particular period, or that he should himself possess a very distinguished place in the class of mankind to which he belongs. Without one of these conditions, unless indeed where the features of character and the incidents of life are very remarkable, an interest will be wanting to keep up the reader's attention through the details of a long narrative. Of the numerous pieces which have appeared in this important branch of literature, none has so completely answered these requisites as Mr. Roscoe's Leo the Tenth. Mr. Roscoe has not only selected the most illustrious personage of his time, but has made choice of a period the most important in the history of Europe.—In or about this time the causes were laid of all those great events which have formed the present manners and politics of Europe. Then were sown the seeds of Ecclesiastical reform and then it was that the long extinguished light of science began to be restored. The arts which the munificence of Lorenzo had revived, seemed under the auspices of Leo to acquire fresh lustre, and the powers of Ariosto, Michael Angelo and Raphael, were displayed in all the magnificent atchievements of poetry, painting and sculpture. Every true friend to literature must feel the value of such a work as Mr. Roscoe's. It not only supplies some important defects in political history, but enables us to speak with precision concerning many points of the utmost importance to classical learning. Sir Richard Clayton's excellent translation of Tenhove was the only work we possessed relative to this eventful period: and yet this, notwithstand the many encomiums it has received, can be considered only as an unfinished outline. Those who have wished to see the sketch of Tenhove filled up, the colouring laid on and the whole piece finished by some masterly hand, will find their wishes accomplished in the labours of Mr. Roscoe. Even Italy herself, the theatre of these events, has long felt the want of a publication like this, and did not the genius of that once distinguished country now languish under oppression, we might hope to see the pages of Roscoe distinguished by an Italian version. The elegant and captivating manner

in which the literature of this period is discussed will, it is hoped, introduce to our more intimate acquaintance the higher poets of modern Italy. The Florentine muses, not less than the Grecian and Roman, are marked by the features of originality and beauty. No poet ever possessed a more sublime and original strain of fancy than Dante; he is, in poetry, what Michael Angelo is in painting; and though his characters have on them the stamp of a wild and irregular fancy, they are nevertheless drawn with the skill and discrimination of a master—as a late elegant writer has expressed it—"His draught of men and their passions is eternal."

The sonnets of Petrarch can never be too much admired for their inimitable tenderness and beauty. It is a relief to pass from the solemn harmony and terrific imagery of Dante, to the softer cadences and milder pictures of Petrarch's muse.* We are led by every milder feeling to the retreat of Valclusa. The strain of the poet is yet softer than the breeze or the murmur of his fountains; yet was he not without energy, his subject was sometimes high and holy; he was familiar with death, and his breathings were after immortality; he too could describe the disruption of the mortal veil and the departure of the soul.

Svegliata fra gli spiriti eletti
Ove nel suo fattor L'ama sinterna.†

I have often wondered that a version of so beautiful a poet as Petrarch has never been attempted in English. England certainly possesses translators equal to the task, and it is much to be lamented that lord Strangford did not here display those talents by which he has irradiated the cold conceptions of the Portuguese muse.

But it is not in the regions of fiction and poetry alone that the Italians have made the most distinguished figure. In animated historical narration, in political research, no modern stands on the same ground with Machiavelli and Guichiardini, and however France may boast her numerous tribe of novellists, they are all surpassed by the inimitable Boccacio.

ALGAROTTI.

MR. HAYLEY'S LIFE OF COWPER.

Genius and virtue in union never fail to excite the interest of all who contemplate them, and when misfortune is deded, all the sympathetic emotions are irresistibly called into action. This concurrence was exemplified in an uncommon degree in the late William Cowper, whose poetical talents broke forth with a lustre that astonished all readers, while the tokens displayed in his works of exalted piety and benevolence on the one hand, and of a deeply wounded spirit on the other, inspired general esteem and regret. Curiosity was powerfully awakened to the history of such a man, and as it was imperfectly gratified during his life, the public impatiently expected fuller information after his decease. Every one was apprised that various reasons of delicacy existed which might prohibit an undisguised narrative of all that concerned him; but it was hoped that enough of the veil might be drawn aside to exhibit the true features of his singular character, and the principal circumstances by which it was formed. When it was understood that the office of his biographer had devolved upon an eminent writer, who had enjoyed a greater share of his intimacy, and might be supposed to have obtained access to all existing memorials respecting him, little doubt was entertained that a valuable and interesting production would be the result.

Mr. Hayley has adopted a mode of biographical writing which has proved popular in some late instances, and certainly possesses some advantages—that of making the subject in a great measure his own historian by interweaving in the narrative all his familiar letters, which relate the events of his life, or display the sentiments of his mind. This method is lively and entertaining, and carries with it a strong impression of authenticity—it has however obvious defects. Frequently no one is less to be depended upon in the representations of incidents, or of principles and motives, than the person to whom they belong, and it is from the sagacious and impartial biographer alone that we can expect such a statement as shows the man as he really is, stript of the mask of self-love.—Further, the thread of narrative is broken, and all due proportion of length to importance of matter destroyed by such an intermixture. On the whole, it cannot be considered as a just model of this species of composition, and probably will seldom be employed unless where the biographer is conscious of a paucity of materials for his own share of the work, or of some nice and delicate points in the story upon which he does not wish to express himself with the responsibility of an author. That the familiar letters of men of eminence are of themselves highly pleasing, no one will call in question, or that they form excellent matter for the use of the biographer, who may with great advantage introduce portions of them as illustrations of character and incident. It is only with

* See preface to the Pursuits of Literature.

† Translation of the Italian. Awakened as from slumber among the spirits of the elect, where the soul enjoys a more intimate communion with her maker. PETRARCH.

this chequered mode of mingling them entire, with the staple of the writer's narration, that any objections can be found.

There are no grounds for supposing that Mr. Hayley has designedly sunk any information relative to the early history of the subject of his memoirs; but it is to be lamented that this period of his life is passed over with a rapidity which leaves us in the dark with respect to the most essential points in the formation of this extraordinary character. We are told of an extreme modesty and reserve in his nature, of a shyness and delicacy of feeling that rendered a public school a scene of terror and torment to him, yet he passed with credit through this school, formed connexions with such men as Colman, Lloyd and Thornton, and, as we have reason to believe, mingled in the pleasures and gaieties of the metropolis, rather distinguished by uncommon mirth and vivacity than marked with the impression of pensive diffidence. Are we then to imagine that it was the mere influence of natural temper which at the mature age of thirty-one rendered the idea of appearing in an official station at the bar of the house of lords so distressing to his mind as entirely to overwhelm his reason: or rather to conclude that some previous circumstance had so debilitated his nervous system as to reduce him to the brink of that unhappy condition, into which the above incident precipitated him? Surely the latter supposition is the most agreeable to what we know of the mental affections; yet we have only vague conjecture to confirm it. Was not compunction for youthful irregularities probably enhanced by the austerity of a gloomy religious system, the great predisposing cause? Is not this idea inculcated by the mention of an undescribable load of religious despondency which clouded his faculties, while under the care of Dr. Cotton, at Saint Alban's?—Pity if the delicacy of the biographer (which is indeed one of his most conspicuous features) has in this instance, precluded the reader's instruction.

Let it not be reckoned hostile to the spirit of rational devotion, when it is said, that such a perpetual recurrence of the same ideas, and those according to the system adopted by this class of religionists, chiefly of the awful, alarming, self-debasing kind, could not fail of overwhelming such a mind as that of Cowper's, naturally prone to timid apprehension, and still infirm from the relics of late derangement. A philosophical biographer, not shackled by the necessity or inclination of acting the encomiast on every occasion, must have found a fertile and interesting source of reflection in the incidents in Cowper's life. Mr. Hayley, however, has ventured only once slightly to touch on the topic of devotional excesses; he has not even been warmed to any expression of indignant pity on the circumstance of Cowper's falling under the direction literary, as well as religious, of a person, who may deserve the epithet of a "benevolent and animated pastor;" but certainly was not the man in point of education or abilities, to whom the destiny of a man rich in the stores of learning and animated with pure poetic fire, ought to have been committed. It appears that such a genius was suffered for some years to discontinue all proper means of intellectual improvement, and to waste its efforts upon methodistical hymns and versions of the reveries of quietism!

The deficiencies of the biographical part of this work have already been noticed; and will certainly be felt by every one who has expected that the obscurity which hung upon that part of Cowper's life, which permanently influenced his character, would have been cleared up by his friend. It would however be an injustice to Mr. Hayley, to deny that his narrative is in many respects highly interesting, and that he has succeeded in impressing on the reader's mind a very lively as well as captivating image of the excellent person he commemorates. As a painter, he has indeed one defect; not only his principal figure, but all the accessary ones, are set off with such a glare of showy colouring, that distinction of feature is almost lost in the general lustre: To speak without a metaphor, we might imagine that when he sat down to compose, he had provided himself with a list of all the laudatory and ornamental epithets in the English language, in which he rang the changes in conjunction, with every name that occurred. It would not be easy to find a single person mentioned without some panegyrical addition; and this perpetual strain of compliment throws a finical and artificial air over his language, totally repugnant to the tone of manly sincerity.

The great value of this publication consists in the letters of Cowper, which are indeed some of the most exquisite specimens of the true epistolary style that our language affords, and it is truly wonderful that a man of a shy and retired disposition, long buried in an obscure retreat, and absorbed in deep melancholy, should have been capable of a graceful and polished familiarity of address, scarcely equalled by any of those who have been most conversant with the world. The humour, vivacity, elegance and ease of these artless effusions, have scarcely ever been surpassed, and the honest affectionate heart that animates them is a perpetual charm. Were this the sole present which the editor had made to the public, he would

merit its gratitude. But he has likewise collected many other fugitive compositions of his friend, which will give pleasure to the admirers of Cowper—light and careless as many of them are, upon the whole it cannot be doubted but that these volumes will not only engage the present curiosity of the public, but make a permanent addition to English literature. CRITO.

I do not know, Mr. Easy, when I experienced more real pleasure and intellectual satisfaction, than in the perusal of the last Companion. The elegance of stile and novelty of ground assumed by the anonymous writer of the remarks on the ancient classics, and his critical investigation of the theatre from the early days of Greece and Rome to the present æra, display such a fund of reading and accuracy of taste and judgment, as must have afforded, the most elegant repast to your readers;—— sorry I am to say, that any thing subsequent should have destroyed these pleasing impressions. But the attack upon learned ladies is so just an appeal to every admirer of this last best work of God—of the most beautiful ornament of the creation, that like a true knight, I cannot help taking up the gauntlet, and poor as I am in composition, standing forth their champion—for though I perish in the attempt like Phæton, I shall think myself honoured in the fall.

Were, what your anonymous correspondent asserts, true, that ladies are incapable of drinking deep at the Pierian spring, I would not even in this case attribute to them as a reproach, what at worst can be but a defect—that they do not drink deeper I own I regret, and to this I ascribe their being in general, what he stiles, smatterers in learning—and that no one discovery in science, which by the by I am not certain of, can be allowed to a female.

But whom have we to blame for this very remissness in their exertions?—man proud man, who in the plenitude of his power, selfishly restricts them to the arts of dalliance and the charms of pleasing.

It is not, Mr. Easy, that women are incapable of eminence in the pursuit of any attainment. It is we who limit their researches, who circumscribe their endeavours. What parent thinks of giving to a daughter the education of a son? A year or two at a grammar school, with French, and at most Italian, are the extent of female education—what wonder, that, on a foundation so slender, a more weighty superstructure cannot be raised. The rest of her time employed to render her either useful or entertaining to us lords of the creation, is spent in music, dancing, embroidery or needle work. Did boys enjoy advantages of no greater import, where should we look for the Homers and Virgils the Newtons and Franklins, with the other gigantic geniuses of masculine pre-eminence, whom we so proudly stile the sons of men, but whom with greater propriety we should rather call the sons of study, diligence, and investigation? And even, among these who have for so many centuries applied themselves to learning and intense study, we find but one Homer, one Newton, one or two eminent historians, and but very few real inventors, or truly eminent in any branch of science, to make up for the vast herd of blockheads poured forth annually from our seminaries, notwithstanding all their diligence and *manly* understandings, assisted by all the learning and experience of their *manly* teachers.

Now, Mr. Easy, it is my firm opinion, and indeed it seems a kind of sacrilege to me, to doubt, that the wise architect of creation, who is never inconsistent should to such symetry of shape and figure, such intelligence of eyes and features, and to such exquisite sensibility of feeling, deny a soul, or what is equivalent to it, grant them one deficient in power and capacity.

No, Mr. Easy, believe me it is impossible, and you, ye fairest flowers of creation, believe not the effusions of those who can think so meanly of you, or who wish to divest you of any one power of your souls or reason. Sensual indeed must that mind be, which in the angel woman, can contemplate nothing but the attractions of her person, and who can view in her mind no other power, and can grant her no other attainment but what conduces to her lustre as a mistress or a slave.

Good heavens, if it be my lot ever to enter that blest, that happy state, "where thought meets thought ere from the lips it springs"—may I in a form not inelegant, meet with a female endowed with sensibility—to whom I can communicate the effusions of my love or genius—who can perceive a point, or note a beauty, and who can divert me by her own occasional productions—converse with me upon the most learned subjects—from lips such as these, to gather wisdom how inchanting—to have some soft intelligent fair, to whom I can unbosom my grief with confidence of condolence and advice—to lay your sorrows on a bosom such as this, or on the bosom of a wanton—or of some pretty, little, ignorant wife, how different—but oh how different from the harsh dictates of bearded arrogance and self conceited wisdom.

A. B. C. D ARIAN.

ALPHABET OF LOVE.

Age. The heart is said never to grow old. So much the worse. It is hard to have wishes that youth only can realize.

Bliss. To obtain a kiss is pleasing—to steal it is happiness, but to receive it as the gift of love, is surely the height of bliss.

Confidence. It expresses more but proves less than timidity—love is at once its parent and destroyer—the most dauntless is timid before his mistress and the most reserved places the greatest confidence in her he loves.

Delight. The lover's heart is sometimes a prey to despair, but often beats with exquisite delight.

Enjoyment. To abstain from the most trifling, and to indulge in the greatest, are frequently productive of its ruin—fear prevents it in the first, and disgust destroys it in the latter.

Faithfulness. Women are commonly the most faithful—men most constant—the first have a greater command of their senses, the second of their hearts.

Gaiety. Grief when it interests the feelings, often gives birth to love, but gaiety and cheerfulness alone can preserve it.

Hope. "None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love will hope, where reason would despair."

Inconstancy. The sensual lover is alone subject to it—to the man who loves truly and consults his heart it is unknown.

Jealousy. When the effect of modesty is flattering, and when accompanied by gentleness, captivating—but as the result of self sufficiency and mistrust, it is at once humiliating and repulsive.

Knowledge. That alone to which the lover aspires, is to know that he is beloved.

Love. The parent of delight, the enemy of meanness and the friend of honour.

Misfortune. The heart is always awake to tenderness, when under the pressure of misfortune; and a lovely woman is never so dangerous as when she is in distress.

News. Never ask it of a man in love—he knows nothing, he hears nothing, he sees nothing but his mistress.

Ogling. The lover of sentiment never ogles his mistress—a leer is the disgusting expression of the grossest passion.

Pleasure. The lover's pleasures are all centered in the divinity he adores.

Questions. There are some you should never ask of your mistress.

Reason. Is said to be incompatible with love, but, constancy is only possible when reason justifies it.

Secrets. Never fear trusting them to two lovers, they are soon forgotten in the remembrance of their own.

Tears. Dangerous in some men—too common in women—they give new charms to beauty—but prove nothing.

Union. To be happy should be founded on love cemented by esteem, directed by reason, and preserved, by decorum.

Variety. Monotony of character soon banishes the transports of the tender passion—an agreeable versatility of talents and disposition is necessary to preserve its ardour from languishing.

Zephyrs. Are very useful to the poet and the lover—though they sometimes excite jealousy in the one, and render the other tiresome.

THEATRICAL.

Mr. Easy,

The period for shewing our gratitude to those who have afforded us so much amusement being arrived, I trust we shall not as hitherto, be found deficient in expressing it. The benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, is I believe announced for Saturday, and in the entertainments chosen, we may expect, instead of ridiculous raree show, a mental and intellectual feast. When we reflect upon the merits of this gentleman, so highly respectable as a man, so excellent as an actor, and who has so invariably exerted his utmost powers to amuse us, shall we not exult in the opportunity of proving to him, how duly we appreciate his worth—and when we consider, that to a man like Mr. Wood, a man of delicacy, of feeling, of sentiment, we can offer the tribute of our esteem, at the expence of a dollar, who is it that would not embrace the occasion with avidity—For my part I shall certainly be at the theatre, and shall endeavour to draw with me as numerous a company, as my influence can command, and I shall banish from the list of true and faithful Knights, all those cavaliers who, by absenting themselves from the play on Saturday, refuse to gratify the sincere wishes of every admirer of merit as well as those of ELEANORA.

FROM LORD BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.

Alonso Cartilio being informed, by his Steward, that his income would not hold way with his expence; the Bishop asked him, whence it chiefly arose? The Stew-

ard told him, from the multitude of his servants. The Bishop bade him make a list of such as were necessary, and such as might be spared: which he did; and the Bishop taking occasion to read it before most of his servants, said to his steward; Well, let these remain, because I have need of them; and these also, because they have need of me.

One came to a cardinal in *Rome*, and told him, he had brought his eminence a curious white Palfry; but that he fell lame by the way. Says the Cardinal to him, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do; go to such a Cardinal and such a Cardinal, naming him half a dozen of Cardinals, and tell them as much; and thus, though by thy horse, if he had been sound, thou could'st have obliged but one; with thy lame horse thou may'st please half a dozen.

A parcel of scholars going a Rabbit-hunting, carried a Scholar with them, who had not much more wit than he was born with; and gave him in charge, that if he saw any, he should be silent, for fear of scaring them; but he no sooner espied Rabbits before the rest, but he cried aloud, *Ecce multi cuniculi!** which he had no sooner said, but the rabbits fled to their burrows: and he being rebuked by them for it, cried, who the devil would have thought, that Rabbits understood *Latin*.

A minister being deprived for nonconformity, said to some people, *it should cost a hundred men their lives*: some who understood this, as to his being a turbulent fellow, that would have moved sedition, complained of him; whereupon being examined, he said, his meaning was, *that he would practise physic*.

A gentleman brought music to his lady's window.—She hated him, and had warned him often away; and when he would not desist, she threw stones at him: whereupon, one in company, said to him, what greater honour can your music have, than that stones come about you, as they did about *Orpheus*.

At a Banquet, where those call'd the seven wise men of *Greece* were invited by the ambassador of a foreign king: the ambassador related, that there was a neighbour mightier than his master, picked quarrels with him, by making impossible demands, otherwise threatening war; and now at present demanded of him, to drink up the sea. To which one of the wise men said, I would have him undertake it. Why, saith the ambassador, how shall he come off? Thus said the sage, let the king first stop the rivers which run into the sea, and are no part of the bargain; and then your master will perform it.

A gentleman fell sick, and a friend of his said to him; Surely, you are in danger; pray send for a physician. The sick man answered; *'tis no matter, for if I die, I will die at leisure*.

* Behold many Rabbits.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We very much regret that the By-stander intends to relinquish the pen—from his productions, we had promised ourselves, many valuable communications—we trust h will resume it ere long, we shall undoubtedly always welcome with pleasure, the essays of so promising a writer.

PHILO BY-STANDER is received and will certainly be inserted, though with some ameliorations next week; so warm an advocate for classical learning ought not to forget that

> Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
> Emollit mores nec *sinit* esse feros.

We must remark to ZENO, that we highly approve c the sentiments contained in his communication, respecting the importance of religion, in regulating the affairs of human life; but he must remember that truths should be at least perspicuous, and if not embelished with some degree of elegance of style, they will not be read with pleasure and consequently not attended to. It is from his failure in these points that we cannot profit by his goo intentions. We would strongly recommend to him more attention to the manner of expressing his sentiments—by diligence and practice he may promise himself success—we shall be happy to afford him every encouragement consistent with our own reputation.

We are infinitely indebted to JULIUS for his charming poetic effusion, the Muses must certainly have their favourites amongst us—we flatter ourselves that those who taste of the waters of Helicon, will sometimes diffuse their sweets through the Companion

We are much pleased with the gallantry with which A. B. C. D ARIAN, has stepped forth as the champion of the fair sex—and hope he will continue to enliven our pages with his lucubrations.

ZOPHYRUS is received, and is under consideration.

We are much obliged to the Translator of the Alphabet of Love—it is a pretty jeu d'esprit, which might agreeably amuse a leisure moment, and would admit of many different translations.

We appeal to the good sense of BENEVOLUS for excusing our not inserting his communication. There is certainly nothing treasonable in it; but it might as certainly lead to discussions incompatible with the views of the Companion. The Editor would be very happy to converse with the author on the subject.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES ENCLOSING A LOCK OF A BELOVED CHILD'S HAIR.

For, from the children of the first born Cain
To him that did but yesterday su pire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.

Dear tresses! whose soft golden glow
Renews my tears, but soothes my woe,
Ye have escap'd the mould'ring grave;
It swallows not your shadowy wave.
I see them, to my lips they're prest;
I hold them to my anxious breast.
Ah! but they ne'er again will flow,
Upon her neck of native snow;
Ne'er will they shade again her cheek,
Where roses liv'd in blushes meek.
How have I seen this ringlet play,
And this upon her forehead stray;
This hanging o'er her hazel eye,
Like fleeting clouds upon the sky;
And these upon her shoulders fell,
And these would on her bosom dwell.
Ah! tho' ye ne'er again will deck
Her modest brow, or veil her neck;
Tho' ne'er again the entranced glance
On ev'ry silky curl shall dance;
Yet shall your beauties still have pow'r
And charm beyond life's hasty hour.
A mother snatch'd them from the shroud,
A mother's pen shall speak aloud
Her praises, whom they once adorn'd;
Seen but few years, but ever mourn'd.
Yes, time, my Frances, still shall tell
How like a flow'ret cropt you fell,
Which innocently spreads its bloom,
Wove by the spring's creative loom;
And to the morn reveals its sweets,
But noontide radiance never greets

MADONA.

ON SEEING A BAT FLYING ABOUT AFTER DAY-BREAK.

Whither, foolish flitting thing,
Dost thou bend thy leathern wing?
The gloom thou lov'st is chac'd away
By the silver face of day,
And all the stillness of thy reign
Is lost in morning's noisy train.
O'er yonder eastern sky behold,
The purple clouds are fring'd with gold,
And soon from yonder wave shall rise
The light and glory of the skies.
Then hie thee to thy darksome bow'r,
Thy hollow oak, or ruin'd tow'r;
Hence, to thy safe retreat away,
And screen thee from the ills of day;
For soon shall man begin to go
His daily round of toil and woe,
Virtue shall wake to new alarms,
And passions set the world in arms.

But when below the western main
The orb of day has sunk again,
And wrapt in silence and in sleep,
None but thy race their vigils keep;
Then may'st thou wing thy wavering flight,
And taste the raptures of the night;
The freshness of the gentle breeze,
The murmurs of the waving trees,
The rippling of the winding stream,
All glittering with the moon's pale beam,
(Which, as the fleecy clouds divide
Descends to dance upon its tide)
The dark wave breaking on the shore,
The water-fall's more solemn roar,
With all, that rais'd by fancy's pow'r,
Can sweetly crown the midnight hour.
But not unheeded shalt thou fly;
Unseen by any mortal eye;
Thy doubtful flittings I will mark
And watch thy wanderings through the dark.
For kept awake by anxious love,
Near Ellen's cot I nightly rove,
To meet her in the chequer'd shade,
And to my bosom clasp the maid.

JULIUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

The following lines were written by a lady on observing some white hairs on her lover's head.

Thou to whose power reluctantly we bend,
Foe to life's fairy dreams, relentless time,
Alike the dread of lover, and of friend,
Why stamp thy seal on manhood's rosy prime?
Already twining 'midst my Thyrsis' hair,
The snowy wreaths of age, the monuments of care.

Thro' all her forms, tho' nature own thy sway,
That boasted sway thou'lt here exert in vain;
To the last beam of life's declining day,
Thyrsis shall view, unmov'd, thy potent reign.
Secure to please, whilst goodness knows to charm,
Fancy and taste delight, or sense and truth inform.

Tyrant, when from that lip of Crimson glow,
Swept by thy chilling wing, the rose shall fly;
When thy rude scythe indents his polish'd brow,
And quench'd is all the lustre of his eye;
When ruthless age disperses ev'ry grace,
Each smile that beams from that ingenuous face—

Then thro' her stores, shall active mem'ry rove,
Teaching each various charm to bloom anew,
And still the raptur'd eye of faithful love
Shall bend on Thyrsis its delighted view;
Still shall he triumph with resistless pow'r
Still rule the conquerd heart to life's remotest hour.

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THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

— *'A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend."*—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting pæans sing!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty name shall sound,
And words applaud that must not yet be found!

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Mr. Easy,

A WRITER, who attacks or defends a theory, should never ascribe to his opponents, expressions, which they never used or perhaps never designed to apply. If, he so egregiously errs, in misrepresenting those sentiments which the world have perused and examined, it is a reasonable conjecture, that he has drawn his arguments from the same fallacious source. And although by such devices he may momentarily dim the eyes of mankind, yet the renascent powers of his antagonists will remove the film and display the false representations of the offender. In the 28th number of your highly useful and entertaining miscellany, I discover an essay of Mr. A. B. C's in opposition to the effort of the By-Stander to reinstate classic literature in an honourable and dignified point of view. In his exordium, the words *malicious, impotently raging, calumnious,* are there represented as the products of the By-Stander in his second number, and surprized that such indelicate expressions should be found in his essays, I reperused that number, but my research was fruitless, and that circumstance alone made me regard that essay with a scrutinizing eye, when I discovered contradictions and absurdities, which I might carelessly have overlooked but for his misrepresentations of some few words.

In one sentence, he declares he means not to decry the entire study of the languages; but in what cases does he allow the usefulness of the study? for in the succeeding one, he avers that no youth "warm from his alma mater," will turn over the dry and musty pages of Coke upon Lyttleton, "inhale the odour of disgusting drugs and examine a narrative of diseases or bow humbly behind a counter." From what nation has he adduced examples? In England both barrister and physician are compelled to study the ancient languages before admission to their respective professions, and in America it is considered as an essential requisite though too often violated by pretenders. Blackstone, whose eminence in legal and literary knowledge, needs no commendation, in his introductory lecture on the study of the law, deplores the prostitution of the practice, should it be engrossed by men who enjoy not the advantages of a liberal education, and declares that should infatuation prevail, a gentleman of distinction at the bar would be rarely seen; thus he proceeds— "And what the consequence may be to have the interpretation and inforcement of the laws (which include "the intire disposal of our properties, liberties and lives) "fall wholly into the hands of obscure or illiterate men, "is matter of very public concern." And it may be justly asserted, that no men have attained eminence in this noble profession, without these desiderata. A *rara avis* may appear in a century, but it stands alone. In the science of medicine, it is a self-evident truth, "which "spurns at logical deduction," that it is impossible to attain a sufficient knowledge thereof, without the assistance of an accurate knowledge of the Latin language, in which

some medical books which have acquired great celebrity are written. And although the merchant has no necessity for the study, yet if ever he desires to travel beyond his ledger or day-book, to join in colloquial intercourse with others of different pursuits, he must peruse the productions of celebrated authors; and, as Mr. A. B. C. admits the English language has borrowed its elegance and perspicuity from the Latin and Greek, he should certainly inspect those, whose ideas and expressions are copies of nature, not stolen from others. But in whatever situation of life, if one pretends to the epithet of a gentleman and scholar, he should have a liberal and scientific education. But the time, says Mr. A. B. C. employed in the study, might suffice to render the student acquainted with some art and science more useful and of more importance to their success in the world. But he has not disclosed to us what studies these are, I cannot suppose that he alludes to the abstruse and complicated sciences of logic, mathematics, &c. for childrens' reasoning powers are not sufficiently mature for these studies, and none other remains but the English language and arithmetic, which may be easily acquired during their leisure time; and the English being almost entirely derived from the Latin and Greek, by studying them, a radical knowledge of the vernacular tongue is obtained. This admitted, which requires not demonstration, the opinion that the greatest attention should be paid to the English, is answered; for a competent knowledge of it, is rarely attained without a previous one of the Latin and Greek. Boys at a certain period of life, are generally idle and inattentive, if they have the English solely to attend to, and the Greek and Latin exercise their memories and give them the principia of the English; and in what manner can they be occupied than in acquiring an increase of knowledge, an improvement of memory, and at the same time of taste? And the length of time taken by those unacquainted with them, in referrence to the dictionary, for the solution of words in the politest modern authors, which are known to the classical student, is alone an incontestible evidence of their utility.

An acquaintance with the classic, expedites the student towards a proficiency in the modern languages of Italy, France and Spain, which are almost entirely derived or at least the Italian and Spanish, from the Latin; and the French in a great measure is watered from the same fountain. And I positively assert from information and *experience* that a man, acquainted with Latin, will in half the time, than one unacquainted with it, become perfect master of the Italian, French or Spanish. The By-Stander in his 2d number described the retrogade of literature in the middle centuries as the effect of the neglect of the superb edifice of classical learning, and plainly evinced the just panegyric, due by every friend of science, to the classics. "When they were neglected, says Knox in his "Winter Evenings, every one knows how dark a night "of ignorance overshadowed the world; when they were "recalled from their concealment, a cheerful and glori-"ous sun arose in the horizon and at once chased away "the gloom of ignorance and the phantoms of superstition. Liberty and science reared their heads, and religion herself was not ashamed to own great obligations "to the writings of Greece and Rome. If they should "be neglected again, though I will not say a similar "darkness would ensue; yet I may venture to express "an apprehension that the love of liberty, sound learning and rational piety would be in danger of a decline." May these predictions never be fulfilled! may the ardour of youth add fresh fuel to the expiring flame and illumine mankind!

But the respect and veneration, which man has paid in every age to these studies, would alone have stampt them as the sterling productions of genius, and as such, we should study them for instruction and pleasure. In a country where liberty is adored and where patriotism is cherished, those works which steel the heart against despotism and cause man, to "snuff the approach of tyran-"ny in every tainted breeze," should be diligently perused and annotated; and what performances breathe a purer spirit of liberty than the classics. In the decline of the Roman empire, many remarkable instances occur, which will more fully elucidate this point. Caligula, whose name alone, should stamp with detestation every act of his, commanded the works of Virgil and Livy to be destroyed throughout his empire; that their pristine independence might be forgotten, and that they might become more acquiescent to his tyrannic yoke. Happily for mankind, the noble reliques of these illustrious ornaments of literature were preserved by the care and diligence of their votaries. Unassisted by innumerable proofs this circumstance of man's fondness for chaste specimens of genius and application, shews the respect in which they should be held. Many years had elapsed before Julian the apostate ascended the throne of the Cæsars. By his decree, Homer and other Grecian authors were forbidden to be read in christian schools. By this measure, he fondly hoped that in process of time, the christians becoming ignorant and illiterate might be seduced from the paths of christianity and their souls and

bodies at the shrines of pagan deities. Vain hope! Death at once felled the tyrant and restored Grecian literature to christians. But why should instances be multiplied where classic learning has gained triumphal victories?—Behold that age, when the republic of letters was overrun with barbarous and hostile foes, its proudest edifices were razed to their foundations and scarce a vestige remained to prove they once existed. Superstition damped the vital genius of literature and offuscated the piercing eye of science. But the sun had not set forever. It again dawned on the habitations of its favourite abodes and glimmered on the habitations of ignorant man. Performances, which the authors desired to outlive the short existence of a nation, were uniformly written in Latin, and by that means beamed on all quarters of the civilized world. And when Mr. A. B. C. declared that he preferred to be a Bacon or a Newton, he forgot, that most part of Bacon and Newton's works were written in the polished language of ancient Rome. But these faults must be excused in one, *who condemns not unheard, nor blames unknown*, and who supposes the English language, to have attained its *ne plus ultra* of perfection, and consequently, there is no necessity of studying the learned authors of antiquity. But I should not have wasted thus my precious hours in answering the vain assaults against the classics, the impregnable bulwark of literature, had not the By-Stander been attacked, and as a friend I advanced to assist him. If this is replied to, I shall not again endeavour to undeceive him, whom I, should have supposed, would have been an able advocate for the contrary opinion.

PHILO BYSTANDER.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DUC DE BIRON.

Perhaps in the pages of biography there never has yet appeared a more romantic or amiable character than that which was exhibited by this unfortunate nobleman.—Born to the possession of illustrious rank, and educated in the most polished court of Europe; the idol of its women, the example for its men; it is not singular that his mind should have been strongly tinctured with a taste for chivalry.

Early in life, the Duc de Biron conceived a marked predilection in favour of the English nation; every subordinate sensation, originating in self-love, or springing from the contracted source of national prejudice, was beneath the dignity and ingenuousness of his mind. He was an observer of nature; he traced the progress of her influence on the human heart, and he discovered, that its expansion is always proportionate to the liberty it possesses of exercising its noblest energies. France was then in a state of degrading subjection; England was the favoured seat of freedom. The duke, being, at that period, less affluent than noble, less economical than generous, about five-and-twenty years ago established his residence in this country.

He chose his abode in St. Albau's street, Pall-mall; where he very speedily adopted both private manners and public opinions completely English. He consequently enlarged the scale of his acquaintance, and became so popular, that his society was courted, not only in the most illustrious, but in the most enlightened circles.

This nobleman then bore the title of Duke de Lauzun. His person was manly and prepossessing; his countenance pleasing and benignant; his conversation lively, interesting, and well informed; and his temper so irresistably fascinating, that he seldom was known to lose the affections of those with whom he had once lived on terms of sociability.

Lauzun was an admirer of literature and the fine arts; he wrote with elegance and feeling on subjects wherein the heart was his monitor; and with classical propriety, when matters of worldly import formed the tenour of his letters. If he evinced a fault or rather a defect of nature it was that of a portion of vanity which sometimes contributed to diffuse a shade over the brighter features of his character. But his excessive sensibility, united to a fervid imagination, probably led him beyond the boundaries of judgment, and awakened in his mind a spirit little less vivid than that of the most romantic heroes of antiquity.

During his residence in England he became enamoured of a lady, at that time one of the most beautiful in the courtly circle. Unfortunately she was married. Lauzun, with a spirit of gallantry refined by an enthusiastic sense of honour, worshipped the object of his idolatry in silent regret. But love is linx-eyed; and the accomplished victor sanctioned a pure and sacred intercourse of soul, which by turns ameliorated and embittered the destiny of her adorer.

Few men are capable of entertaining, and still fewer women of inspiring, a passion which reason and refinement have power to divest of its grosser propensities. But Lauzun was not commonly organized; he was an enthusiast of every thing estimable in the softer sex, and an example of all that was dignified in his own. Every thing that we read of in a romance falls short of the ardour

which actuated his mind, when it once became influenced by a beloved object.

After many months had passed away in this platonic attachment, some untoward circumstances produced a sudden separation; circumstances no less agonizing to Lauzun's heart, than unexpected in the fashionable circles. The consequence was, the lady's immediately quitting the metropolis, and fixing her retirement in the wilds of a sister kingdom.

Lauzun's despair was undiscribable! He experienced all the miseries of that gloomy vacuum which succeeds the interest of a warm and generous passion. He resigned himself for a time to the excess of melancholy, and, after vainly endeavouring to shake off the spell which seemed to fasten on his faculties, devoted to regrets the most poignant, to sensations the most afflicting, he again repaired to his native country. There he continued to reside under the immediate protection of his venerable uncle, then Duc de Biron, whose fortune and title he afterwards inherited.

Lauzun was the darling of society, the ornament of the French Court; and the distinguished favourite of the unfortunate MARIE ANTOINETTE. But let it not be supposed that the kindness shewn towards this amiable nobleman originated in any motive but a liberal desire to patronize and to promote superior qualifications; Lauzun was a soldier as well as an accomplished gentleman; he was no less enterprising than polished; no less enlightened than liberal. ANTOINETTE, amidst all the errors that, perhaps, malice has ascribed her, knew how to discriminate with judgment, while she rewarded with munificence.

During the early periods of the American war, Lauzun was prevailed upon by family influence to form a matrimonial alliance. Interest was the unsteady basis on which a soul replete with all the sensibilities of refinement was compelled to build its fabric of domestic happiness. His relatives urged the union as both honourable and lucrative; and Lauzun being, at that time, less opulent than high born; more pliant than provident of his own felicity; repeatedly solicited by his uncle, whose influence was boundless, and whom he loved with the affection of a son, he at last consented. Even at this interesting and important epocha of human existence, Lauzun was too brilliantly enlightened to admit the very shadow of deception. The day previous to his marriage, he candidly avowed the real state of his heart; and confessed without reserve, that the bonds of honor, the chain of family connection, and the policy of convenience, not the softer fetters of affection, would unite them.

Superior minds will condemn the plea of such an union; and refined natures will shudder at such a sordid sacrifice: but marriages of this kind were perpetually solemnized in France; and very frequently such contracts were ratified by parents, even before the contracted parties were personally known to each other. This was not one of the least violations of liberty which operated powerfully in promoting, and at length in accomplishing the French revolution.

The duchesse was remarkably deficient in personal graces; though nature had bestowed on her the powers of receiving a considerable degree of mental cultivation. The avowed indifference which subsisted between them naturally produced a langour of mind, which was wholly inimical to domestic happiness; mutual neglect soon gave birth to mutual disgust; and, after a few months had tediously elapsed in a series of constrained civilities, they parted.

Shortly after their separation, Lauzun was ordered with his regiment to America. It was now that the ardour of his soul blazed forth unstifled: he panted for glory, he sighed for military distinction; he was eager to entwine the laurel of victory with the insignia of nobility. But Lauzun was destined through life to be the vassal of his sensibility; and the more delicate, the more refined passions of his heart perpetually interrupted his progress towards fame.

While he was preparing to embark for America, intelligence reached him, that the lady for whom he had once cherished the most ardent affection was at that moment exposed to some pecuniary difficulties, and labouring under the anxiety of neglect even from those in whom she had reposed unbounded confidence. The susceptibility of Lauzun's heart could not calmly endure the inquietude occasioned by such events; therefore, after obtaining leave of absence for a short interval, he collected the remnants of his pecuniary resources, inclosed the sum in a small *port-folio*, and, on a post horse, unattended, set out from Paris. Thus did he travel many hundred miles, with little corporeal and still less mental rest, till he arrived at the abode of the fair recluse. It was in the dreary season of the year; the situation wild and barren; and nothing less eccentric than the feelings of such a character could have prompted or performed so romantic an expedition.

He was immediately admitted; he found the lady alone; he had not power to utter a syllable; but, after placing the port-folio on a table which stood before her, he

quitted the room, remounted his horse, and remeasured back his route towards Paris; shortly afterwards he embarked for America, where by his gallant conduct he soon became highly distinguished. He was the friend of the Marquis de la Fayette; and he also enjoyed the esteem even of his military adversaries, among whom may be named the Earl of Moira, then Lord Rawdon; a man no less distinguished for valour than for virtue, for political knowledge than for general philanthropy!

When York-Town was surrendered by the English, Lauzun was dispatched to the court of Versailles, with the important tidings. On his arrival at Paris, he was received with acclamations of transport; the messenger of conquest, the harbinger of that peace which was in a great degree accelerated by this important capitulation.—The metropolis of France now became a scene of the most brilliant festivity—(the writer of these pages was then at Paris;)—Versailles was the temple of delight; and Lauzun was the idol of the day. His name was re-echoed by all ranks of people; and the surrender of York-Town was considered as the most promising event which had been recorded on the annals of the American war. But the French people, particularly those who were blinded by courtly splendour, did not foresee, that those, who by their valour had contributed towards the establishment of liberty in America, would scarcely permit the ardent effects which it produced to lie dormant in their bosoms.

The Duc de Lauzun, at this period, possessed a small villa at *Mont-rouge*, in the vicinity of Paris. It was completely fitted up after the English fashion; all the domestics, excepting one or two, were of this country, and even his table was arranged after the manner of the English. This retreat was the scene of rational festivity, very unlike the temples of some illustrious personages, who dedicated their villas to the most profligate debasement.

The late Duke of Orleans, then Duc de Chartres, followed the example of Lauzun; and the fairy palace of *Mouceau* was inhabited by English domestics. There English liberty was enthusiastically extolled, and French despotism daily discussed without reserve; till a spirit of reform, and a glow of newly awakened independence, fastened on every mind, among the inferior classes of society.

Shortly after the commencement of the revolution, the subject of these pages, then Duc de Biron, having succeeded his uncle in fortune and title, set out for England. His personal attachment to the Queen in a great degree kept down the spirit of republican ardour,—and suppressed that active zeal which would otherwise have influenced his conduct in the cause of freedom. Biron was the very soul of chivalry. The Queen of France was beautiful, and persecuted. The event of his departure terminated unfortunately. Biron's resources were locked up by the strong hand of anarchy: he had many debts in England: his creditors either under the supposition that he was become opulent by the death of his uncle or that he would shortly be exposed to indigence by the convulsions of political changes, arrested him; and he was for several weeks, confined in the house of a sheriff's officer.

It was there that the enterprising soul of Biron indulged in the varying emotions which his chequered destiny gave birth to; and, while his bosom glowed with the enthusiasm of liberty, it also ached under the severe humiliations of a constrained captivity.

In this distressing embarrassment, the Earl of Moira, whose mind and whose conduct do honour to human nature, received intimation of the Duke's confinement; and, by his interference and friendship, Biron was liberated.—But the power of legal prosecution had only augmented the enthusiasm of freedom; and he returned to Paris, to unite with the most popular leaders of the revolution.

There he renewed his friendship with the Duke of Orleans (who had assumed the title of Egalité;) and by his influence was prevailed on to take the command of the army of La Vendée. Whether Biron felt the dreadful effects of anarchy, while he hourly received accounts of massacres and horrors; or whether the sufferings of the ill-fated and persecuted Marie Antoinette impressed his sensible and philanthropic mind, is not clearly ascertained; but he certainly evinced an inactivity of soul, which terminated in his destruction. He was recalled to Paris, deprived of the rank which he held in the army; imprisoned; and executed!

Here let the sensible reader bestow a tear, while reflection shews the progress of Biron's fall from power to degradation; from the most splendid altitudes of fame and fortune, to the gloomy platform of the guillotine! and, while memory transcribes his many virtues, his gallant actions, his amiable sensibility, and his romantic enthusiasm on the page of Time, let Pity efface with her spontaneous tears, the frailties of human nature, and the last sad close of his unfortunate destiny.

Mr. Easy,

I perused with pleasure the remarks of your correspondent Crito, on Haley's life of Cowper, until I came to the paragraph which casts a stigma on the character of the

Rev. John Newton, a "benevolent and animated pastor" who he asserts "was not a man in point of education or abilities, to whom the destiny of one rich in the stores of learning and animated with poetic fire, ought to have been committed."

Who that has read Mr. Newton's APOLOGIA can with candour pronounce him a man deficient in point of education? Who that has read his "Plan of academical preparation for the ministry," but must pronounce him "a scribe well instructed, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, an able minister of the New Testament."

With Mr. Newton's religious opinions we have nothing to do, seeing the diversity that obtains in points of doctrine; it is well known that he embraced the Calvinistic principles before he received holy orders in the church of England and it will also readily be conceded that those who, having imbibed, preach those doctrines, are the most exemplary and zealous ministers of that church, happy for her that her articles may be so understood as to hold in the bonds of brotherly love, men of different sentiments.

But it appears that Cowper "was suffered for some years to discontinue all proper means of intellectual improvement, and to waste its effects upon *methodistical hymns* and versions of the reveries of *quietism*." What an enviable situation; to enjoy for some years tranquility of mind!! for what else is quietism?

I would ask your correspondent whether he has ever perused the "Olney Hymns" written by Mr. Newton and his friend Cowper, if he has not, I can assure him they are worthy the attention of any one who considers himself a "sojourner on earth;" they contain many poetic beauties, and in my humble opinion the "inimitable Cowper" was much better employed when composing the following hymn, than when, with his mind less embarrassed with religious thoughts, he wrote the humorous story of John Gilpin.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

And this among many of equal merit, is called a "methodistical hymn!" surely Mr. Addison himself must also have been a methodist when he wrote his unparallelled hymn,

"When all thy mercies O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise." &c. &c,

He also had his religious seasons, or he would not, mixing with the gay world as he did, have undertaken to write the "Evidences of Christianity" a work, which, it is to be regreted he did not live to finish.

It appears to me to be now, as well as in the days of the Vicar and Moses,

"The vice of the times,
"To relish those rhymes,
"Where the ridicule runs on a parson."

And hence it is that such men as Newton, Romaine, Hawes, Percy, and I could mention many others, who are regular members of the Protestant Episcopal church, are styled Methodists as an epithet of reproach; and all because they preach what they conceive to be the truth according to the gospel.

To conclude I am of opinion that Mr. Hayley has said all that could be said respecting the religious gloom which clouded the brow of his friend Cowper, without laying himself open to the attacks of *religionists*; who might (like the lecturers on surgery) have dissected the poet, to determine whether Calvinism or Armenianism was best calculated to make a man happy, who was by nature of a gloomy turn of mind. Yours, IMPARTIAL.

The following extract is a very lively description of the Thuilleries at Paris.

Among the public gardens of Paris, the Thuilleries are entitled to very distinct and peculiar notice. No artificial walk in Europe is equally delightful—Bounded at one extremity by the majestic palace of the French sovereigns,

on the other by the beautiful palace of Concord, whose modern colonaded structures embellish the offskip; with one terrace, commanding a view of the clear green waters of the Siene; its bridges and quays, and the other shaded by tall trees, every object within ken is a study for the artist. Innumerable statues of bronze and marble, border or terminate the wide vistas. They are chiefly works of Louis XIV. and are good copies of celebrated antiques, representing the Muses, Appollo, Diana, Meleager, and the wood gods. A few such as those of Cæsar and Alexander ought rather to have stood in the palace than in the garden. The avenues are agreeably intercepted by marble basins or pools peopled with glittering gold fish, and crowded with jets d'eaux, whose water, tossed to the sky in useful columns, scatter at the caprice of the zephyrs, coolness and verdure through the twilight alleys of the lofty groves, or amuse the eye with rainbow girded showers. The reader or declaimer can take refuge in lonely shades—the lounger can jostle through crowds of well drest beauty. Coffee, chocolate, ices and serbets are offered beneath the pavilions of the terras, and at a later hour music beckons to the complex feast of the restaurateur.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We received the note of PHILO BY-STANDER, and should certainly have complied with his request, but that the communication was already set up. In the slight amelioration we have suffered ourselves to make in it, we trust we have in no degree diminished its beauties. The sober pen of age has tempered a little, the youthful warmth that glowed through it—But while we thought this necessary, that we might not be found to swerve from one of the original principles upon which the Companion was established, we would by no means be supposed, not duly appreciating the merits and talents of its author—his communications will always be received and welcomed with pleasure; we never saw any thing from his pen, that was not marked with genius, and while in the mean time, he sometimes contributes his effusions to the ornament of our pages, we doubt not that he will be at a more advanced period an honour and ornament to his profession and to his country.

SERENA is received.

We are indebted to LORRAIN for his communication—But although we ardently wish for the improvement of manners and morals, we think it better for a time, to avoid saying any thing of the subject on which it treats.

The poetry of JACQUES and A, B, C, D ARIAN came too late for insersion.—We hope some of our friends will favour us with a translation of the French verses we have inserted to-day.

We are much obliged to EPOH for her selections.

FOR THE COMPANION.

The French, who in the higher walks of poetry, are by their own confession, inferior to many other nations, are excelled by none in the talent of saying light things with a grace and sprightliness which gives value to the most trifling production. They abound in ingenious turns of thought, in sentiment, in a happy choice of expression, and they know how, when they please, to suggest ideas of pleasure and gaiety without the coarseness, which less polished nations are apt to fall into. Voltaire in his smaller pieces Chaulieu, Favert, Le Chevalier, de Bouflers, Bernis, and others, have given examples of this kind of poetry; and the following piece which was written by Mr. Seger does not seem unworthy to be joined in the same class. Mr. Seger was embassador from France to Petersburgh, and has long been known for his political as well as literary talents. At Petersburgh he had the honour of being associated with the late empress in the composition of the *Theatre de L'Hermitage de Chatherine*, a kind of partnership, in which the lion's share is generally found to belong not to the sovereign, but to the associates. This volume consists of fables, tales, songs for a vaudeville society, les deux genies, a drama and a number of small poems on different occasions. Among the fables is a very ingenious one of Cupid's changing wings with the trade-winds, and another entitled l'Amour & le Tems. Several are addressed to the author's wife, and do equal honour to his delicacy and tenderness and to his conjugal affection. The drama is flat, and one of the tales, le pistolet, might have been left out to advantage, as it resembles those of la Fontaine more in its licence than in its wit. The songs are light and gay, and have much variety, and if some of the pieces are trifling, others have that vein of philosophical sentiment which the French know so well how to mix in the Horatian manner, with the praises of love and wine. On the whole, this volume is a very agreeable addition to what may be called the fugitive pieces of the French Parnassus.—The following is an example of exquisite tenderness and delicacy.

Tendre melancholie
Volupté du malheur
Loin de ma douce amie
Que j'aime ta langueur
Malheureux qui des larmes
Ignore la douceur
Et meconnait les charmes
De ta tendre douleur.

O soeur de la tendresse
O fille de l'amour
De ta douce tristesse
Nourris moi chaque jour
D'une amante cherie
Rappele moi les traits
Je n'ai plus dans la vie
De bien, que mes regrets.

Au lever de l'aurore
Temoins des mes douleurs
Le soir viens toi encore
Le temoin de mes pleurs
Pour calmer mes souffrances
Viens recois mes soupirs
Ils tient dans l'absence
Lieu de tous les plaisirs.

Quand la belle Sylvie
Fut sensible a mon feu
Ce fut la reverie
Qui lui servit a l'aveu
J'ignorais sa foiblesse
Et je l'appris un jour
En voyant sa tristesse
Doux prelude d'lamour.

D'un ruisseau le murmure
Le silence de bois
Des gazons la verdure
Du rosignol la voix
Sur toi tout renouvelle
Mille doux souvenirs
Plaisirs q'on se rappelle
Sont tonjours des plaisirs.

Sentiment doux et tendre
Viens souvent me presser
Pleurs que tu fais repandre
Sont bien doux a verser
Connait on sans souffrance
Les plaisirs de l'amour
Aurait on sans l'absence
Le bonheur du retour.

Que ta langueur charmente
Ajoute a mon bonheur
Que ta voix consolante
Convient a ma douleur
De l'amant dans l'ivresse
De l'amant malheureux
Soi tonjours la deesse
Qu'ils t'adorent tous deux
Oh sœur de la tendresse
O ! fille de l'amour
De ta douce tristesse
Nourris moi chaquejour
Je te soumets ma vie
Je te livre mon coeur
Tendre melancholie
Volupté du malheur

TO A LADY

WHO ACCUSED THE AUTHOR OF FLATTERY.

Ah why will Corinna attribute to art,
The expressions which flow from a genuine heart!
And the language of truth a vain compliment call,
As false and unmeaning, and utter'd to all!

For she surely would never desire me to *swear*
That I think she is all that is charming and fair,
When my eyes, in despite of myself, say as much,
And she learns it as oft by my tremulous touch.

Then banish Corinna, so cruel a thought,
And believe me at least with more honesty fraught:
For the heart that its gen'rous emotions conceals,
Can never be trusted to tell what it feels. PHILIP.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE CHARMING MISS E——

Damsel! fairer than the rose
That buds when rural zephyr blows,
And swells in crimson to the view
When moist'ned by the morning dew;
Come, mark me with thy emblem flower
When glows the sultry noon-tide hour.
Come, see how feeble faint, and dead
It gently bows its drooping head,
And falls, and withers on the plain.
Damsel! thus brief is beauty's reign:—
Pass some few days, and age shall trace
His wrinkles in thy fading face:
His touch shall dim thy glossy hair
Thy ivory teeth, thy forehead fair,
No cestus, bright with gems and gold,
Thy swelling bosom shall unfold,
No crouds of suitors then shall wait
With garlands trim to deck thy gate;
But dull and dreary o'er thy bow'r
Shall pass the lonely midnight hour.
Come, then enjoy the vernal day,
And crop with me the flowers of May,
With silent wing Time speeds his flight,
And wafts us swift with endless night!
Come, then my fair, and whilst we prove
The dear delights of mutual love,
Let glowing Venus beam from far
Our morning and our evening star, PHILANOIR.

Mr. Cambridge, the author of the WORLD, to his wife, who taxed him with being absent at church.

Quoth Sylvania to her spouse at church one day,
"You know, my dear, folks come to church to pray;
But you ne'er say your prayers, nor sing a stave,
Absent, as tho' you had no soul to save:
"Pray hold your tongue, (quoth Atticus, half surl'd,)
I'm thinking, dearest, of *another world.*"

On hearing that the French had melted down their Saints to purchase Artillery.

Quoth a reverend priest to a less rev'rend friend,
"Where at length will the crimes of these French villians end,
Who their saints and their martyrs thus impiously sell,
And convert into damnable engines of hell?"
"Prithee, why (quoth his friend,) are you so much surpriz'd,
That saints had their deserts, and were all *canoniz'd?*"

THE COMPANION;

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

STRICTURES ON

POPE'S CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

From an European Publication.

NO work can safely be despised which every one reads and no one forgets: on this account I hope you will indulge me by giving a place to a few strictures on Pope's "Epistle on the Characters of Women"—a production which I should otherwise be very willing to abandon to the contempt that in almost every point of view it so justly merits.

I trust I am not transported by an undue zeal for the honour of my sex, when I undertake to prove this celebrated, but outrageous, satire upon it, inconsistent with itself, with truth, and with justice, replete with false maxims, false wit, and unprovoked malignity, and equally unworthy the philosopher, the philantharopist, the man of taste, and the man of sense.

First, what can be more inconsistent than to preface an Epistle on the *Characters* of *Women* with an assertion that "most women have no character at all?" If indeed they are

"Best distinguished by black, brown, or fair,"

what remained for Pope but to throw down the pen, and borrow the pencil of his friend Jervas to introduce us to a gallery of female portraits? But this would not have gratified his spleen against a sex which nature had denied him the power to please: nor indeed did he believe it; but it had been said—it was a severe thing—a contradiction cost him nothing; and he was resolved to insert it. Before he proceeded however, it was necessary to get rid of this maxim which must otherwise have put him to silence; and skulking, as Sophistry is wont to do, behind the glittering buckler of simile, which is so serviceable in dazzling the eyes of an opponent, he glides off the field, in order to renew the attack from a directly opposite quarter. He now advances with a charge of universal inconsistency and endless caprice against our luckless sex, which he proceeds to illustrate by "instances of contrarieties in such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent, as first in the Affected." But surely between Rufa attracting "each light gay meteor of a spark," and "Rufa studying Locke," there is no real inconsistency: the essence of affectation is, an attempt to attract admiration by pretending to be what we really are not; the very definition includes versatility, and what human being can keep clear of "contrarieties" if they are incurred simply by pursuing the same end by different means? Further, may it not be called unphilosophical to mention affectation at all among sexual characteristics? For it is neither a passion, or disposition, nor a quality or endowment of the mind, but simply a habit produced by circumstances, an adventitious garb assumed for particular purposes, and capable of adhering to any one whose marking feature is vanity.—In Silia, whose failing is insinuated with so much self-complacent flippancy, what "contrariety" is displayed but that between the same person when sober and when drunk; and surely there is nothing in *this* peculiar to the softer sex!—Papillia I would allow to be a fair instance of *femmine* caprice, could I be certain that "her amorous spark," did not partake her ennui, and long, like herself, when the honey-moon was ended, to return to the pleasures and gaieties of a town.—Of the four odiously gross portraitures which follow, I shall only observe that the "artful" character is as little to be taxed with inconsistency as the "affected," and for similar reasons; and that the three, *mutatis mu-*

tandis, are mere servile draughts after the Whartons, the Villierses, &c. the "riddle" of whose lives he had already expatiated on in his Satires against the other sex. In fact, it was impossible for him to say stronger things of the inconsistencies of women, than he had already said of those of men, and if in one case he supposed he had discovered a key by which the deepest secrets of nature were decyphered, and all made plain, no good reason can possibly be given why he should not have applied the same key here also, instead of winding up his wondering remarks with the gracious conclusion,

> "Woman and Fool are too hard things to hit,
> For true no meaning puzzles more than wit."

Meekness and obstinacy, are in reality very congenial qualities, and may be found in many individuals of both sexes besides "Simo's Mate." The "vicissitude" of "mirth and opium, ratifia and tears," is a mere *physical* phenomenon, and has nothing to do with *character*, moral or intellectual.—Atossa I will allow to be a striking and spirited picture; it was drawn from an individual, and has probably a caricature likeness of her: but the *woman-hating* artist was probably not aware that, by enlarging the strong features of his original, he made them more masculine than feminine. Atossa may resemble one passionate and imperious woman, with strong parts and quick feelings: but as a satire on her sex it loses its force; for to how many of the other would the greater part apply with equal aptness? Haughty and selfish characters are certainly most common among those who rule, how should it be otherwise?—I am not extravagant enough to maintain, that nothing can with truth be alleged against woman; all that I have to say to *Chloe*, therefore is, that a more *consistent* character was never drawn, and that apathy is not necessarily of the feminine gender. But our poet now forsakes his leading maxim, that "most women have no character at all," because they are distinguished by versatility and inconsistency; which is indeed sufficiently confuted by the very example of Chloe, who, though she approaches nearer to a mere *negative* than any one he describes, is yet the most unvarying character of the whole. A new and totally different doctrine is to be brought forwards:

> "In men we various ruling passions find;
> In women, two almost divide the kind;
> Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,
> The love of pleasure, and the love of sway."

I believe the idea that every individual is governed by some one ruling passion, is now so completely exploded, that nothing need be said in its confutation. But why our sex should be supposed influenced by two only, is hard to conceive; that this is not the fact, it would be easy to prove; still easier would it be to show that Pope himself did not think so when he brought "The frugal Crone," and "poor Narcissa," as apt examples of two other ruling passions, avarice and vanity, neither of which can be resolved, without the utmost violence to language, into either of the former two. In this very piece indeed, the majority of the portraitures are composed without any regard to this pretended axiom, and are incapable of being solved by it.

That "every woman is at heart a rake," is a calumny that I shall not stoop to disprove: it could only have entered the mind of a depraved man conversant with abandoned women. Indeed to confute a writer who is continually contradicting himself, is but an idle task. To what confusion of head, or perversity of heart, can it be ascribed, that, after celebrating a woman, "without one jarring atom made," (as he has elsewhere said of another female) one whose sex he in vain endeavours to render contemptible by a stroke of the most pitiful and *tasteless* flippancy, he reverts again to his old maxim, "Woman's at best a contradiction still?" By what sophistry and absurdity too is this palpable untruth supported! Our "scorn of fools" accords singularly well with the love of fops of which he frequently accuses us! "Reserve and frankness, truth and art," are qualities so opposite that they can never really be predicated of the same person, whilst "courage and softness, modesty and pride," are dispositions congenial enough to co-exist without the slightest incongruity.—To literary criticism this Epistle lies peculiarly open; but that I spare. If I have succeeded in showing, what I believe to be true, that the two sexes have so much in common, and so little peculiar to each that scarce a shaft can be aimed at one exclusively, which does not recoil upon some vulnerable part of human nature in general; if I have proved Pope, notwithstanding his lofty pretensions to morality, to philosophy, and to good sense, to have attacked our sex with malignity, flippancy, and indecency, with injustice, absurdity and inconsistency, I shall be more than satisfied. I believe that he who renders woman contemptible, encourages licentiousness, and injures human happiness; and this pursuasion, exclusive of other motives, would have sufficed to prompt me to become my sex's champion.

I am, &c.

CAMILLA.

Mr. Easy,

Notwithstanding the proverbial dryness of legal study, our musty volumes might occasionally furnish us with something which would not be unacceptable to your readers. If you will permit me to occupy a part of your useful paper, I will endeavour to make such extracts as may amuse, if not instruct those who will be adventurous enough to read them. The first which I present to you, is the portrait of a very *singular* character, who must have died, (if he ever lived) more than an hundred years ago. As I am but slightly acquainted with the *dramatists*, the *quidnuncs*, and the *witlings*, I have not been able to ascertain whether he left any posterity. An advertisement in your paper might possibly be the mean of obtaining the necessary information on this subject. On recollecting a celebrated Epitaph, "Here lies an honest Lawyer, and that is *strange*," I was induced to believe that Sir John was the person intended by our author; but on examination I find I was mistaken. The character either was imaginary or some other person sat for the likeness.

A.

CHARACTER OF AN HONEST LAWYER.

Justitiæ cultor, rigidi servator Honesti, in commune bonus.

Licensed August 22, 1676, Roger L'Estrange.

An honest Lawyer is the life-guard of our fortunes, the best collateral security for an estate: a trusty pilot, to steer one through the dangerous (and oftentimes inevitable) ocean of contention: a true priest of justice, that neither sacrifices to fraud nor covetousness; and in this outdoes those of a higher function; that he can make people honest that are sermon-proof.—He is an infallible anatomist of *Meum* and *Tuum*, that will presently search a cause to the quick, and find out the peccant humour, the little lurking cheat, though masked in never so fair pretences: one that practices law, so as not to forget the gospel, but always wears a conscience as well as a gown; he weighs the cause more than gold; and if that will not bear the touch, in a generous scorn puts back the fee.

Though he knows all the criticisms of his faculty, and the nice snapperadoes of practice, yet he never uses them, unless in a defensive way, to countermine the plots of knavery; for he affects not the devilish skill of out-baffling right, nor aims at the shameful glory of making a bad cause good; but with equal contempt hates the wolf's study, and the dog's eloquence; and disdains to grow great by crimes, or build himself a fortune on the spoil of the oppressed, or the ruin of the widow and orphan. He has more reverence for his profession, than to debauch it to unrighteous purposes; and had rather be dumb, than suffer his tongue to pimp for injustice, or club his parts, to bolster up a cheat with the legerdemain of law-craft.

He is not faced like *Janus*, to take a retaining fee from the plaintiff, and afterwards a back-handed bribe from the defendant; nor so double tongued, that one may purchase his pleading, and the other at the same, or a larger price, his silence; but when he undertakes a business, he espouses it in earnest—and does not follow a cause, but manages it. A mollifying letter from the adversary's potent friend, a noble treat, or the remora of a lusty present from the great, have no influence to make him slacken his proceedings: for he is so zealous for his client's interest, that you may sooner divorce the sun from the ecliptic, than warp him from his integrity; yet still is his patron only *usque ad aras* (as far as just); for if once he finds the business smells rank, *St. Mark's* treasure, or the mines of *Potosi*, are too small a fee to engage him one step further.

As his profession is honourable, so his education has been liberal and ingenious; far different from that of some jilting pettifoggers, and purse-milking law-drivers, whose breeding, like a cuckoo's, is in the nest of another trade, where they learn wrangling and knavery in their own causes, to spoil those of other men, and, with sweetened ingredients of mechanic fraud, compound themselves (though simple enough) fit instruments for villany. But his greener years were seasoned with literature, and can give better proofs of his university learning, than his reckoning up the Colleges, and boasting his name in the buttery book: he understands logic (the method of right reasoning) and rhetoric (the art of persuasion), is well seen in history (the free school of prudence), and no stranger to the ethics and politics of the ancients. He is skilled in other languages besides *Declaration Latin* and *Norman* gibberish: he read *Plato* and *Tully* before he saw either *Littleton* or the *Statute Book*, and grounded in the principles of nature and customs of nations, came (*lotis manibus*) to the study of our common municipal law, which he found to be *multorum annorum opus*, a task that requires all the nerves of industry; and therefore employed his time at the Inns of Court, better than in hunting after new fashions, starting fresh mistresses, haunting the play-houses, or acquiring the other little town accomplishments, which render their admirers fine men in the opinion of fools, but egregious fops in the judgment of the wise.

In his study, he traffics not only with the infantry of epitomes, abridgments, and diminutive collectors in *decimo-sexto*, but draws his knowledge from the original springs, digesting the whole body of the law in a laborious and regular method, but especially aims to be well versed in the practice of every Court, and rightly to understand the art of good pleading, as knowing them to be the most useful to unravel the knotty intrigues of the cause, and reduce it to an issue; yet hates to pester the Court with *circuities*, *negative pregnants*, *departures*, and multiplied *inconveniencies*.

He never goes about with feigned allegations to cast a mist before the eyes of justice, that she may mistake her road, and assign the child to the wrong mother: endeavours not to pack a Jury by his interest to the Under Sheriff; nor to balk an evidence with a multitude of sudden ensnaring interrogatories; nor maintains any correspondence with the knights of Alsatia, or ram-alley vouchers. He can prosecute a suit in equity, without seeking to create a *whirlpool*, where one order shall beget another, and the poor client be swung round (like a cat before execution) from decree to rehearsing, from report to exception, and *vice-versa*, till his fortunes are shipwrecked, and himself drowned, for want of white and yellow earth to wade through on. He never studies delays to the ruin of a family, for the lucre of ten groats; nor, by drilling quirks, spins out a suit more lasting than buff, depending a whole revolution of saturn, and entailed on the third and fourth generation. He does not play the empiric with his client, and put him on the rack to make him bleed more freely, casting him into a swoon, with frights of a judgment, and then reviving him again with a cordial writ of error, or the dear elixir of an injunction, to keep the brangle alive as long as there are any vital spirits in the pouch. He can suffer his neighbours to live quiet about him, without perpetual alarms of actions and indictments, or conjuring up dormant titles to every commodious seat, and making land fall five years purchase, merely for lying within ten miles of him.

He delights to be an arbitrator, not an incendiary, and has *beatus pacificus* oftener in his mouth than *currat lex*. He never wheedles any into endless suits for trifles, nor animates them to undo themselves and others for damage feasant, or insignificant trespasses *pedibus ambulando*; but (as *Telephus*' sword was the best cure for the wounds it made) advises people to compose their assaults and slanders over the same ale that begot them; nor does he, in weightier cases, extort unreasonable fees; for whatever the foul-chapp'd rabble may suggest, a Lawyer's profession is not mercenary; the money given him is only an honorary gratuity for his advice and trouble, or a grateful acknowledgement of our obligations for his well-intended endeavours; and the old emblem of the brambles tearing off the sheep's fleece that ran to it for shelter in a storm, can have no reflection upon him, whose brain is as active, and his tongue as volatile, for a pennyless pauper, as when oiled with the *aurum potabile* of a dozen guineas.

In a word, whilst he lives, he is the delight of the Court, the ornament of the Bar, the glory of his profession, the patron of innocency, the upholder of right, the scourge of oppression, the terror of deceit, and the oracle of his country; and when death calls him to the bar of heaven, by a *habeas corpus cum causis*, he finds his judge his advocate, nonsuits the devil, obtains a liberate from all his infirmities, and continues still one of the long robe in glory.

Angustam, amici, pauperiem pati
Robustus acri militiâ puer
Condiscat, & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hastâ
Vitamque sub dio & trepidis agat
In rebus.

Our hardy youth should learn to bear
Sharp want, to rein the warlike steed,
To hurl the well directed spear
With pointed force, and bid the Parthian bleed.

Mr. Easy,

No writer affords a greater diversity of useful precepts for the relative situations of life, than Horace. It is impossible to read any part of this inimitable author, without deriving a fund of moral and political knowledge applicable to every condition. His exertions uniformly tend to reform the manners of his countrymen, and to excite them by examples to virtue and emulation, that he may obviate the growing degeneracy of the age.

As a good citizen he deplores the effeminacy of the Roman youth, and endeavours to re-establish that ancient discipline and simplicity of manners, that had raised them to the empire of the world. Being a consummate politician, he knew that the duration of any government depended not so much on extent of territory or augmentation of revenues, as on the strict and unremitting attention of its citizens, to those duties, by the observance of which, they had acquired their actual pre-eminence. Hence the least relaxation in their former discipline, is inevitably attended with the most fatal consequences to the State. The dissolution and total ruin of a country is finally effected by insensible and gradual deviations from the purity of its original institutions; the remarks of a profound states-

man and polite historian may be appositely applied in this place, being founded on reason and experience, omne imperium facile retinetur iis artibus quibus initio partumest.* As human nature is invariably the same, being only more or less modified by the fluctuating state of society; these principles will universally maintain their influence in producing national security, and notwithstanding the dissimilarity of our laws, civil institutions, and local situation, may point out a line of conduct, very different on many occasions to that of the ancient Romans; yet we can never too often inculcate on our countrymen, those principles Horace so strenuously recommends to those of his country.

Though our situation as related to other countries may seem to preclude the necessity of cultivating the military art as a profession, occupying as we do the best portion of this western continent, and being superior in the arts of government, trade, and agriculture, to all those that inhabit the other parts of this extensive region; and though we should also take into consideration, that we cannot be forced into the vortex that has absorbed so many nations on the other side of the Atlantic; yet we should not, on these accounts, neglect the necessary means of defence.

Notwithstanding all these local advantages, and our actual apparent security from foreign aggression: our seaport towns are still exposed to be insulted with impunity by any lawless invader; before a sufficient force could be collected, our lives and property would be sacrificed to the fury brutal insolence and rapacity of a handful of mercenary cut-throats. The very idea of the practicability of any such indignity, should be a sufficient incentive to generous souls, to qualify themselves, to support the honour and consequence of their country: what mind endued with the least spark of national pride of that *amor patriæ*, that in all ages has enabled brave men to perform prodigies, or to speak more to the purpose, who is it that has the feelings of a man, can suffer with indifference, that his person, his property; nay, more, the honour of the most defenceless, yet dearest part of his family, should lie at the mercy of the most profligate and abandoned of the human race: in fact, what can be more inglorious than to neglect an art that offers such security to its professors. A nation and an individual of course is free and independent, in proportion as the noble science of defence is cultivated, and as personal security together with the unmolested enjoyment of the fruits of labour and industry, are objects so intimately connected with the happiness of all men.—The means to secure these invaluable blessings should be the aim of every man that feels for the honour of his country.

(To be continued.)

* Every empire is easily retained, by the same means, through which it was originally founded.

REMARKS ON BEAUTY OF COUNTENANCE,

By Cit. Neveu, *from the Journal of the Polytechnic School.*

Man being sovereignly endowed with intelligence, and being destined to unite in himself all the virtues, ought to present the impression of them on his exterior form; to manifest them by features which should distinguish him from all other animals. Accordingly, the form of his face is the more beautiful, the more it is peculiarly his own, and less resembles any other; it is the more disgusting, the more sensibly it recalls that of any beast.—Among the vast variety presented by the countenance of animals, the human is distinguished by its regularity. In front, it forms an exact oval, the parts of which are regularly divided, and preserve a symmetrical relation to each other. It is in this front part that animals principally differ from each other, and from man; for the hinder part of the skull or occiput is nearly the same in all. If a line were passed through the roots of the teeth of the upper jaw, and the most projecting part of the frontal bones, which should cross another line, passing horizontally over the whole cheek, to reach from the root of the nose to the lower extremity of the ear, or sometimes even to its orifice, these two lines would form by their union, an angle of from 80 to 90 degrees, and even more.

The forehead ought to be straight in its line of union with the nose; but it is slightly rounded in its upper and lateral parts. A narrow forehead deforms the oval, and gives a hardness to the face. When it is open and smooth, it announces the peace of the mind; but when it is furrowed by wrinkles, it is a sign of old age, or it denotes the turbulence of the passions; it is the stamp of sorrow and misfortune. The eyes should rather be large than small; they should neither be sunk too deep, which diminishes their lustre, nor placed too forward, which injures the acuteness and softness of the look. Large eyes, in certain positions, deform the oval of the head, and appear the effect of an illness or a blow. Round eyes are less beautiful than long ones, and than those which resemble the form of an almond. Round eyes, by discovering too much white around the pupil, give to the

expression an air of astonishment, and trouble the peace of the countenance. It is said, that the Turks are fond of large and prominent eyes; but the Greeks prefer the other form; and in the Venus de Medicis, although the eyes, including the eye-brows, occupy a great space in the oval, the globe, however, is not very large; it is, moreover, lessened by a slight motion of the lower eye-lash, which, by approaching the upper one, gives a look more tender and attractive. The eye-brow ought to be slender, large, well arched; and whatever be the colour of the eyes, it is handsomest of a brown hue, since it then forms an agreeable contrast with the colour of the skin, and is, besides, perceived at a greater distance. The eyes more particularly express intelligence; but it is the mouth above all, which expresses the sentiments of the heart, in such a manner, however, that their effects unite and fortify each other. It is in women that this organ shews itself with all its graces; it should indicate the sensibility of their soul, and the soft affections by which it is characterized. Man, endued with stronger intelligence, manifests it by the fire of his glances; but his mouth is deprived of the graces which adorn that of woman. Being destined by nature to be veiled with a beard, its motions have not so many charms, nor its colours such beautiful contrasts.—The mouth ought to be small, only a little larger than the breadth of the nostrils; smaller, its motions are less free, it is less eloquent, less adapted to the tribune and the theatre. The lower lip is larger and fuller than the upper; both are divided in the middle, by marks which distinguish the left side from the right; a distinction which is remarked not only in the forehead, the nose, and the chin, but upon the neck, between the clavicles, and in the whole frame of the body, by the *sternum*, the *linea alba*, and all the muscles which divide the body into two equal parts. Since it is round the mouth that the sweetest affections of the mind are manifested, the most beautiful mouths will be those on which this appearance is most readily to be traced; but thick and pouting lips, like those of Negroes, giving to the face a gross and discontented air, cannot be a beautiful feature, since this feature corresponds with a state of mind evidently bad. Besides, when these mouths express laughter, retaining always a little of their former disposition, the laugh is neither produced so quickly nor so clearly; it has neither sweetness nor precision, and becomes a grimace, a disagreeable convulsion. Thus a large mouth cannot be a beautiful feature; it is only an advantage for receiving aliments in larger portions, for seizing prey, and holding it with the teeth; for executing functions, in short, which, being strangers to intelligence, establish, with regard to man, a degrading similarity between him and the beasts, and give him an appearance of ferocity or gluttony.

In the pictures which they have drawn of beauty, the poets have succeeded better in describing the perfections of the eyes and mouth, than those of the nose and chin, doubtless because they did not know sufficiently how to account to themselves for the effect that they produce in the beauty or ugliness of the countenance. But, if these two parts serve little to expression, they are every thing to the perfection of the form, and the regularity of the features. The chin terminates and preserves the oval; to it the profile owes part of its beauty; it is, besides, a feature characteristic of the human species, since it is found in no other animal. As to the nose, although it be not formed to declare, like the eyes, the traits of intelligence, or, like the mouth, the affections of the heart, it is, perhaps, more important than them to the beauty of the countenance; it is the most striking feature of the face; on account of its prominent figure it forms its most distinct character; it is the fixed point around which the other parts of the face assemble and form themslves; it is in some degree, their regulator, and many celebrated artists determine according to it all the proportions of their figures. To serve for this purpose its form should be straight and simple; it ought to make a prominent and well defined angle with its base: if it is separated from the forehead by a deep cavity; if it is broad, short, and distant from the mouth; seek not elsewhere what makes the face appear vulgar and ignoble. In passionate desire, in anger and fury the nostrils swell and raise themselves; this is the only motion of which the nose is capable, but its upper part does not partake in it. By its fixedness in the effects of the passions, it shews how much the other features change, it causes the opening of the mouth to be perceived in cries of grief and terror, and in the different functions of this organ so full of motion; it also marks the elevation and depression of the eyebrows; in short it concurs in defining all the movements produced by joy, grief, fear, admiration, rage, &c. It is well known how much the loss of the nose disfigures a face, and this is another proof how much it serves to beauty. During sleep the eyes close, and become unexpressive; they, as well as the mouth, may be deformed by grief; but these different changes which modify the face, do not destroy its beauty; it loses all its effect by the destruction of the nose; we cannot take pleasure in contemplating a statue which is deprived of this part, whilst we admire it though

its eyes be without pupil, and its lips colourless. By binding a hair so that, without the means being apparent, it may sensibly elevate or depress the point of the nose, we may prove how much the alteration of its form causes that of the face.

The teeth to be handsome, should be small, even, round, and, above all, white. The face receives a great charm from them; they embellish the laugh, the speech, the sweetest sentiments of the heart. The teeth are the only bones of the body which are exposed: they are, as it were, specimens of the other bones, they ought, therefore, to indicate them healthy and well formed.

The ear ought to be as long as the nose, or sometimes a little longer, but its lower extremity should rest upon the basal line; that is to say, to terminate at the third part of the head; its upper extremity at the second, or a little higher. The whole ear is divided into three equal parts, of which the lobe occupies the lowest and the cavity the middle. It should be constructed on a line somewhat inclining towards the mouth, and not parallel with the general form of the head. The Greeks esteemed small ears; they are pretty; but it is said, that large ones hear better.

In faces all equally beautiful, it is only by almost imperceptible shades that their beauty varies, and causes itself to be remarked: the eye-brow more or less arched, the nose more or less rounded or prominent, the eyes more or less open, the oval more or less elongated; in short, the slightest modification suffices to express all the shades of beauty, and to distinguish faces which, to be beautiful, must be regular, and formed on the whole, and in the details, according to the principles which we have laid down.

From the slight sketches that we have traced in the large plate it may be seen, that ugliness augments in proportion as the face departs from the regular form. In another lecture we shall consider the manner in which the passions announce themselves; and we shall try to express the lively and delicate shades by which they manifest their differences with so much promptitude and precision. This important part of painting is that which demands most practice and ability in the artist; that which supposes the nicest observations, and gives the most advantageous opinion of the sensibility of his heart, and the delicacy of his mind.

It remains for us to examine, why faces irregular, and even whimsical in their form, please, however, more than others which are beautiful and well formed. Can ugliness, then, usurp the rights of beauty? Can this last sometimes be powerless? What, in this case, becomes of the principles which we have laid down, attributing to it rights so extended, ascribing to it effects so mighty? Our answer to this objection is naturally deduced from what we have before said of man, and even serves as a confirmation of it. If reason places its glory in triumphing over the charms of beauty, if the sage resists its empire it is when he does not discover among them intelligence and virtue, that alliance which ought to unite them. Inferior to its companions, but more speedy in its effect, beauty alone may well enchant the eyes, and surprize the senses: but this enchantment is little lasting; habit destroys it, every day diminishes its power, and the mind, undeceived, soon breaks bonds too weak to restrain it. On the contrary, the qualities of the understanding and of the heart often supply the place of beauty, and shew their power so much the more, as they stand in its stead, and do without its assistance. What is obtained without beauty is obtained by a charm more powerful, the effect of which time encreases instead of destroying. It has even been observed by the experience of all ages, that the greatest passions have been inspired by women only moderately handsome, because they then please by qualities more estimable and less frail than beauty.

FROM LORD BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.

At a banquet in Greece, the embassador desired the seven and some other wise men, to deliver each some sentence, or parable, that he might report to his king the wisdom of *Greece*. This they did; only one was silent: which the embassador perceiving, said to him, Sir, why do not you say somewhat, that I may report? he answered, report to your lord, that *there are some of the Grecians who can hold their tongues.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot express our regret, at not having heard from ALGAROTTI. We had flattered ourselves, that as he so liberally supplied us one week, we should have found in him a constant correspondent. The correct judgment, delicate taste, and chaste elegance of style, that characterize every thing we have seen from his pen, render his communications invaluable. The assistance of a few such friends, would soon raise the Companion to a distinguished rank in American literature.

We are much indebted to JACQUES for his translation.

The communication from the gentleman at Owego village, state of New-York has been received, for which we return our thanks. His directions shall be punctually attended to.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Easy,

The following is a very free translation indeed of the verses which appeared in your last number. You will, if worthy of insertion, give them a place in your pleasing Miscellany.

Oh melancholy, misfortune's balm,
Thy langour does a bliss impart;
How I enjoy thy pensive calm
When far from her who fills my heart.
Unhappy he who never knows
The charms of tender, softest grief;
What joy love's silent tear bestows,
What luxury in such relief.

To tenderness art thou allied,
Daughter of love be ever near;
In sweetest sadness by my side
And I will greet thee with a tear.
Oh! come and with sweet fancy's aid
Bestow the joys which now remain
The features of my cherish'd maid,
Regrets are mine and love's dear pain.

When morning blushes in the east
My sorrows constant wilt thou see?
Come when the orb of day's at rest
And still my tears shall witness thee.
To ease my pangs and give relief
Oh! come receive my bursting sighs
Absent from her they charm my grief
All other pleasure from me flies.

When first my passion Silvia blest
Thy pensive form the nymph betray'd
Rob'd in thy garb, love stood confess'd
And told me more than smiles had said.
Tortur'd with doubts, distrust and fears
I ne'er believ'd she lov'd again,
Till tender sadness fed with tears
Told that we felt a mutual pain.

The murmuring of the pebly tide,
The silence of the forest shade,
The verdant turf in flow'ring pride,
The feather'd music of the glade;
A thousand pleasures give with thee,
Of faded joys remembrance knows;
For bliss recall'd must pleasure be,
And from the mem'ry pleasure flows.

Then come thou soft and tender pow'r,
O often come and be my guest;
The tears you cause to flow each hour
Give sweet sensations to the breast.
Say, can the lover without fears
Enjoy the bliss which love bestows?
And what the wish'd return endears
When the fond swain no absence knows?

Thy charming langour sooths my heart
And adds a bliss before unknown,
Thy tears consoling joys impart,
Congenial to my grief alone.
May lovers bow before thy shrine,
And thou propitious ever be;
Whether a favour'd one is thine
Or wretch'd, offers vows to thee.

To tenderness thou art allied;
Daughter of love be ever near;
In sweetest sadness by my side
And I will greet thee with a tear.
In meek submission to thy pow'r
I yield my life, I give my heart,
Be mine, each melancholy hour,
And ever love's soft balm impart.

JAQUES.

To Miss — with a quill which she had sent me to make a pen of.

Fly, light fantastic airy quill,
Fly to obey thy mistress' will,
And as between her fingers prest
You mark the heavings of her breast
And catch each wish, ere from the heart
She sighs the lines you must impart.—
Seize the moment when complying
Soft her soul on thee relying,
Breathes the wish with burning sigh
That calls a tear from either eye.—
Oh seize the moment, dearest pen!
In softest murmurs tell her then
How long I've loved—how true I'll prove.
Whisper all the sweets of love;
Paint the joys, the rapture, bliss,
Th' exchange of souls, th' extatic kiss,
With all the sweets, the thrilling sweets
That frolic love in Hymen meets.
And if a line, my dearest pen,
In fond return you bring again,
On Cupids shafts, enshrin'd with gold,
Thy envied place you ere shall hold.

A. B. C. DARIAN.

Verses by the late Sir John Henry Moore, Bart. written to a lady a few months before his death.

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure;
The cause I must not—cannot tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But *feel* it will not last me long.

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THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

(Continued from page 253.)

Those who call themselves gentlemen ought to consider that nothing enobles man so much as independence, and that whilst they reject the most important duty of the citizen, self-defence, as beneath the dignity of the gentleman, they shamefully abandon the most effectual means of acquiring security and respectability, to more ignoble hands.

Let the habits of a people, dispose them ever so much to peace, the time may not be distant, when a different order of things may arise; however serene the horizon may appear, yet a dreadful storm may be brooding over our heads, which may crush in an instant, the ill-supported pillars of our political fabric.

To obviate any such unforseen calamity, the energies of the state, should be constantly exerted: But whilst that portion of the communnity, naturally most susceptible of glory and love of country, does not come forward with the ardour worthy such a cause, an inglorious degeneracy, may justly be apprehended, to have prematurely taken place amongst us.

Those who expect to derive security from wealth, when the laws lie prostrate, and every thing becomes a prey to the strongest, will find themselves very much mistaken.

There is no class of people should pay more attention to military duty, than the affluent, so far from declining to serve unless with a commission, they should be foremost in the ranks, content, with any station. By these means, other persons following their example would be more attentive, and a spirit of emulation, would pervade all ranks of society: But if on the contrary, the burthen, or rather the honour of defending the country, devolves on the most abject part of the community, they will amply indemnify themselves for their extraordinary exertions if ever any innovation should take place.

In times of anarchy, when the empire of laws is suspended, all power and authority is usurped, by those who have acquired or displayed, military attainments: of this we have innumerable instances in the historic page. Even in our own days we have seen men emerge from the lowest grade of society, to the highest pinnacle of preeminence, by the sword. If we examine the rise of empires and families, we shall find that they owe their exaltation to military prowess.

In all ancient establishments, the great men of the land who possess power and distinction in any eminent degree, pride themselves in being able to recur to the military atchievements of their ancestors to assert their claim to distinction. Heraldry has originated from this source, which owes all its splendour to warlike deeds as is evident from the armorial bearings, which decorate the mansions and monuments of the great: hence sprung the different orders of chivalry, that communicate such lustre to the distinguished few, who are honoured with its insignia.

Although we had nothing to apprehend from the insidious machinations of foreign or domestic foes, yet the military art, should claim particular attention: what exercise or amusement can be better adapted, to form our youth to feats of activity and masculine prowess, than the habits that are contracted by the performance of the evolutions and manœuvres displayed in the field. By such exercises as these, a graceful and manly deportment is acquired; address and activity is the natural consequence of such diversions. Young men trained to subordination, and vigourous discipline, acquire a predilection for order

and decorum, which attends them during life, in all their actions. An air of dignity and noble pride, arising from a consciousness of their ability to defend, without the aid of any mercenary arm, the fruits of their labour and industry, is visible in their demeanour ; every thing about them breathes independence and security, whilst those who neglect this exercise often display an effeminate and pusillanimous appearance.

Besides the advantages already enumerated, other signal benefits, may be derived from these associations. Nothing can contribute to unite and attach more the individual members of a community, than frequently meeting in the field and parade, and joining in the same exercises : they become more intimately connected in proportion to their proficiency.

I understand that some young men, resting too much on the preeminence of wealth and other adventitious circumstances, think it rather degrading to enter the ranks, when they should be most forward to give the example : they are at least equally interested in the preservation of their country, with their other fellow citizens. Nothing can be more preposterous, than to abandon the means of defence to others, when we have it in our power to be our own defenders. The sword is an ornament in peace, a pledge of security in war, whenever we resign to another, what it immediately concern ourselves to porform, we are undone, for they will amply reward themselves for protecting us. X.

Mr. Easy,

If you think the following Letter worthy of insertion in the Companion, it is at your service. C

My Dear Nepos,

Waving all complimentary salutations, and instead of dilating on wind, weather, fashion, dress &c. I will proceed to a compliance with your request.

The morning of your life now opens to your view the fairest prospects. The gilded rays of science shine propitiously on your favoured head. The fragrance and bloom of youth animate you with vigour. Nature opens her store of blessings, and nothing remains, but what is in the reach of your industry to effect—To qualify you to fill the station allotted to you in life, with dignity and respect and render you agreeable to yourself, and pleasing and useful to others. Let close and undiverted application to books, be the bitters of youth, and it will prove the sweets of age. The mind should always be confined to some object worthy of its pursuit, and never be suffered to indulge, in the wild luxuriance of ungoverned thought ; for the judgment instead of increasing in strength and correctness, is thereby impaired ; and the imagination receives only a momentary gratification. The mind ought not for an instant to be idle, for idleness is the bane of society, and the characteristic of fools. It is susceptible of the greatest culture and improvement, and it is that only which distinguishes one class of society from another, and even from the brutal creation. And it is that which enables us to perform the duties of social and active life, and reach the summit of human greatness. Very little benefit can be derived by a waste of time in conversation with the idle and frivolous, the fashionable loungers of the town, who are busied about nothing. Their company should be shunned as the touch of a scorpion ; they are a disgrace to themselves, by prostituting the dignity of human nature, and suffering her brightest ornaments to be covered with ignorance and inactivity. Their society can neither delight, improve or entertain, though their example may influence and corrupt.

By much contemplation and close study our ideas are expanded, and the mind improved. Knowledge of human nature, and of ourselves, enables us to judge with accuracy upon matters of inferior moment—correct notions of the world, of mankind, and of happiness will be the result of its research. But they are never known by intuition. Vice in its glaring deformity and proteus shapes is properly seen, because wisdom guides the understanding and governs the taste.

A general knowledge of books and things, is the great basis of human happiness ; it is a *companion* at all times—when external objects cease to please, this will delight ; it soothes care, and lightens the load of misery. It is the sweetener of enjoyment ; it cheers at home, and enlivens when abroad. It is the offspring of application, generated where this is continual. But learning, however desirable, without the aid of common sense, is but of little use—like oil to a clock, it assists its movements—discon-cert a single wheel, and all is useless. The possessor is no better than a parrot or a schoolboy ; they both repeat what they have seen and heard ; they neither can derive much benefit or advantage therefrom, because they cannot judge of its utility. Suppose a man is skilled in all classical lore, he can read Virgil and Cicero, and all those musty authors with the utmost facility ; and in fact his pate has a great deal of learning hammered into it—put him at the bar, or in any polemical society, without common sense, which ought to be exercised on all occasions,

what will he be, but an ass? But unite learning with common sense—their force is irresistable, their effects the perfection of humanity.

Reading without much reflection and study, will never be attended with a happy effect, its impression is transient and momentary, and in truth it is a waste of time. The great preparation which was to astonish the world with conquests and acquisition, turns out to be but smoke and vapor. CLIO.

Mr. Easy,

It not unfrequently happens that when mankind contract prejudices in favour of any science, notwithstanding the most cogent and conclusive arguments can be adduced to demonstrate their absurdity; they, without having regard to evidences resulting from the undoubted source, generally adhere to those prejudices with the most inviolable attachment. This observation is peculiarly exemplified with regard to the study of the dead languages.—Whatever advantages the learned world has derived from the cultivation of those languages, it appears evident to me that they have been extolled far beyond any intrinsic merit which they possess, and that men of the most extensive erudition in Europe and America have countenanced the study of them, not actuated by any desire of the utility which is calculated to result from them, but through the solicitude of making a pedantic display of their own learning.

To account for the origin of those extravagant prepossessions which have at all times been evinced in their favour; I feel myself somewhat at a loss, unless it has been that they have originated from a presumption of their utility during the 14th and 15th centuries, when all the works of science in Europe were in the Greek and Latin languages; but I must be permitted to observe according to the remark of an elegant author, that *The times are changed, and we are changed with them.* That the sun of science has again burst from the clouds of ignorance, in which it has long been enveloped, shone upon the horizon of literature and illumined the genius of every true friend to intellectual and mental improvement. But to proceed to a more minute investigation of this important subject.

It has been alledged that a knowledge of classical literature eminently contributes to the embellishment of style. In answer to this, I beg leave to observe that some of the most correct and elegant writers in the English language were unacquainted with either Greek or Latin.

The celebrated Dean Swift, whose talents are too well known to render an encomium upon them necessary, knowing that the English language was an extremely copious one, and consequently susceptible of the highest degree of improvement; in his writings rejected the aid of all foreign assistance, and those productions of his which he has transmitted to the world are a perfect model of an elegant style, and a most satisfactory proof of the perfection to which the English tongue can be brought without any assistance from the dead languages. Mr. Paine, whose political writings have been so extensively circulated throughout the continents of Europe and America, and so universally admired for the neatness and sublimity of their style, was, as is well known, neither acquainted with the Latin nor Greek. Shakespear owes all the fame which he has acquired, as a sublime and original poet, to his not having read, as is generally supposed, any of the Greek or Latin authors.

The names of these celebrated authors is an ample refutation of this pitiful argument which is too frequently advanced in favour of the classics.

On the other hand, I am wiliing to admit that Milton, Addison, Hume, Middleton and Bolingbroke were all classical scholars, but at the same time it will not be denied that they were men of the most refined taste and men of genius; and it is to be presumed had none of them read any of the ancient authors, they would have transcended them in their respective literary productions. And let me ask in the name of common sense what advantage a man as an author, can derive from an intimate acquaintance with the dead languages, when he is actually deficient in that which is of infinite utility: i. e. genius? All the languages in the world are not sufficient to compensate this deficiency: under these circumstances it would be absolutely preposterous to initiate boys into the reputed beauties of classical learning.

But the advocates of this species of literature have been at very great pains to inform us, that without a knowledge of Greek and Latin we shall have but a very poor acquaintance indeed with our mother tongue. With equal propriety it may be asserted that a knowledge of the Celtic, the Saxon, the French, the Italian, the Spanish and the Dutch is requisite to make us acquainted with the definition of many English words; for it is well known that there are many of those that are derived from these languages. Hence it is that if we are obliged to adhere to this absurd custom, we may acquire words to the almost total exclusion of ideas. We may be linguists, but after all wretchedly deficient in general information. And a mere linguist holds but a very contemptible situation among men, who are acquainted with science.

Those persons who have espoused, so warmly espoused the affirmative side of this subject, and evinced such a solicitude for the continuance of the study of the dead languages, will do well to consider how extremely limited is the term of our natural life. And in my humble conception of the thing, a considerable degree of culpability is attachable to those who unnecessarily devote several years of their lives to the acquirement of such superfluous attainments.

There is another argument which ought to have its due weight and influence on every dispassionate reasoner on this subject, viz. There are some of the classic authors the study of whose works is of an extremely pernicious tendency to morals. Experience teaches us that youth at the age of ten to fifteen or sixteen years, the time at which they generally learn Greek and Latin, are very much prone to deviate from the paths of virtue and adhere to those of vice & immorality, notwithstanding the most undeviating strictness, and the impure Odes of Horace, the Epistles and Metamorphosis of Ovid and Satires of Juvenal, at the age when boys are capable of receiving those impressions which are so very difficult to be eradicated, are seriously injurious to the cause of virtue: and books which come under this description are particularly improper. In fact, the reading of them ought to be prohibited. I cannot suppose that any one acquainted with the Latin language is so depraved as to believe that were it possible for Juvenal to be on earth, he would vindicate any master who teaches his 6th Satire, when he expressly charges

"Nil dicta fordum, vusuque hæc limina tangant,
"Intra quæ puer est." SAT. 14 JUV.

"*Suffer no lewdeness, nor indecent speech,*
"*Th' apartment of the tender youth to reach.*" DRYDEN.

VIATOR.

*Castigat ridendo mores.**

In one of those hurricanes, which for some years past have been so frequent in Europe, I was accidentally borne away from the Athens of modern days to the western hemisphere, where all exhausted by the rapidity of my flight, and oppressed by the greatness of my misfortunes, I arrived, nor had I one sympathizing friend, to whom I could bewail my sorrows. This last circumstance, however, I might have omitted, because I know that misfortunes in which we ourselves are not concerned, make but a weak and short-lived impression on the heart. Long had I been convinced of this mournful truth; nor did my acquaintance with the new world, fail to confirm me in my opinion; a world which I found to my astonishment was notwithstanding its youth, almost in every respect as degenerate, as that which I had left.

However this may be, I determined yesterday to try my wings, and hardly had I left the gloomy asylum I had chosen, when I perceived a crowd of charming women, who all appeared to be proceeding towards the same place—Less than this would have sufficed to tempt a sylph to follow. The nymphs of the vale of Tempe, were not more elegantly formed; nor were the Naiads of the stream more lightly clothed; their draperies veiled them little more than does the transparent flood the fish which sport and glitter through its waters; the alabaster complexions of the English ladies is not more beautifully white and polished, and the French women, who for 1500 years have inherited luxury and *civilization*, are not more scientifically coquettes.

Though a Sylph, I am not on this account, less subject to the general laws of creation—and as the mind when recovering from the pressure of misfortune, is ever most susceptible of tender impressions, judge of my admiration, emotion, and delight, when I beheld this charming train of females.

I followed with anxious step, this brilliant assemblage of graces, imagining they were going to sport in bowers more beautiful than Armida's, in grottoes still more enchanting than Calypso's, certainly, said I to myself, the chariots that bear these divinities, will stop before some mangificent edifice, whose pillars of the Ionic order, will like those of Delos and Cytherea, be entwined with garlands of roses; chrystal lamps will reflect the rays of light, in a thousand varying colours; and the harmonious sounds of the lyre, will complete the enchantment of the scene:—The chariots did stop 'tis true, but it was before a gloomy pile, from the peculiarity of whose structure it was utterly impossible to learn for what purpose it had been erected.

Although a Sylph, I do not understand by inspiration, all languages of the world, and as one misfortune seldom comes unattended by another, I was so unhappy as to meet with no Sylph with whom I could converse, and who might serve me as an interpreter, which induced me to suppose either that the species must be rare in this country, or that the rain which began to fall, had kept them within their habitations.

Notwithstanding the disgust with which this dismal mass of planks had inspired me, I took courage and followed the crowd I saw hastening to it. As soon as I entered, by the uncertain light of a few miserable candles, which just made

* Manners are best corrected by laughing at them.

"darkness visible," and gave the place the appearance of being consecrated to the midnight orgies of sorcerers and dark spirits. I thought I discovered a theatre; but I heard such an uproar, I saw all the men with their hats on without any respect whatever for the women, I concluded again that I was mistaken, and that it must be some place appropriated to the purposes of trafic.

To relieve me from my uncertainty, I endeavoured to approach those amongst the spectators, who made the genteelest appearance, in the hopes of gathering some words, which might inform me of the intention of this gloomy and singular rendezvous. But the intolerable stench of the tobacco, mingled with the vapours of rum, which exhaled from their mouths almost suffocated me, and left me just power enough to go to the window, in order to recover my sight and respiration. Oh! said I to myself, I am no longer astonished that Sylphs do not frequent this place, but how happens it that it is filled with beautiful women.

However, this little moment of vexation over, reflection partly explained all this. In Europe and in Asia, said I, beauty seeks to heighten her charms, by perfumes which she steals from herbs and flowers: In Greenland and Kamschatka she is content to borrow the oil and odours of the whale, and here, perhaps, these fumes of tobacco may be as much esteemed by the belles, and probably may very agreeably stimulate the nerves of these young and delicate beauties.

I now returned to the scene of action, where I was long enough without comprehending any thing, but at last I concluded I must be at the play. On one side I saw a person who seemed to be an actor; speaking with all his force to a figure who replied nothing, seemed totally regardless of what the other was saying, moved neither eye, hand, tongue nor foot, and in fact, played the statue to a miracle. As he was in this condition for some time, I wished to assure myself of the nature of so equivocal a being, and taking a flight, I approached him, and rested upon his breast, but his heart moved no more than his eyes; I began to think the unfortunate fellow had fallen into a lethargy, when on touching him, I happily found, he had as much animal heat as could be desired.

A short, fat figure succeeded him, and I joined my applauses to those of the public, at her arrival, supposing she was no other than Punch's wife, the mirth inspiring heroine, of all European puppet-shows. But I was sadly disappointed, when I found that this actress intended to exhibit something more serious than burlesque, and that she had in common with madame Punchinello, nothing but her figure and her costume.

In the meantime a dreadful bustle took place in the boxes—contests ran very high, about tha right of place—whilst these disputes were going on, the box-keeper, animated with an ardent zeal for the rights of his prerogative, pronounced an harangue, rendered impressive by clenched fists and menacing gestures, which recalled to my imagination those red-capped-orators, who not very long ago made so much noise in Europe; however, every thing went on amidst the uproar, just like those displays of mechanism, where the figures go through their parts, as long as they are moved; the play proceeded with the double accompaniament, of the clamour of the spectators, and the noise of those who were passing to and fro, and who appeared to be thinking as little of what was going on, as the actors themselves, who bore a part in the representation.

But this is less the fault of the public, than that of the architect, or rather the mason, who constructed this theatre; for it is so ingeniously contrived, that the noise of the carriages without, and the blackguards who quarrel in the street, is just as distinctly heard, as if it were a necessary part of the entertainment.

We become tired at length of every thing, even of making a noise, and for some time, an almost total silence reigned; this permitted me to discover, as I flew about, some American ladies, who spoke a language I understood; I approached them, and found with pleasure, that I did not run the risk of being suffocated by the breath of their gallant beaux.

So long a time had elapsed since I had contemplated such charming objects, that at first I confess, I paid less attention to what I heard, than what I saw.

I began then to breathe and felt my imagination reviving in this ethereal atmosphere, when a dismal black curtain fell before our eyes: I supposed for a moment, that according to the genius of the English drama, a funeral or some phantasmagoric representation, was to be given for the amusement of the audience. Not at all, it was simply let down for the embellisment of the stage, and to furnish the spectators, with agreeable employment for the fancy, whilst the after-piece was preparing behind the scenes: Happily I was diverted from the gloomy images it was about to awaken in mine, by a singular noise I heard, arising on all sides, resembling that of a manufactory, or an immense conspiracy of rats, against the timber work of the building——but a single

look a moment after, informed me, that it was nothing but the teeth of the ladies and gentlemen, who were cracking with all might and expedition, nuts, almonds, walnuts, &c. &c. In Europe, this is the pastime of Sans Culottes, at puppet shows and mountebank exhibitions, but at 3000 miles distant, customs may be the same, while their consequences are very different.

I was about then to reproach myself, for having smiled at this little incident, when I heard the American ladies about whom I flew, laugh at the practice themselves.—Good, said I—if women ridicule this, it will soon cease, for are they not legislators, even despots, in regard to manners when they resolve to be so? And as long as in any nation whatever, men continue vulgar and absurd, gross, ignorant and tasteless, it is that women have not yet obtained sufficient influence, or that they have already lost it. Was not the beautiful Aspasia, the glory of Greece, as well as that of Pericles? Did not women create chivalry, and have they not made of honour a code as sacred, as that of the law of nature itself?

I was in the midst of these reflections, when a stranger who accompanied the ladies to whom I was near, turned suddenly round, with an expression of countenance, that indicated as much anger as surprize—I soon discovered the cause; while he was conversing with the ladies, a man suddenly seized him by the shoulder, to ask him if he would buy some oranges.

Hardly had he got over this attack, when he had another still more disagreeable to encounter, for a Colossus, six feet high, and thick in proportion, weighing at least two hundred weight, without ceremony, rested his monstrous body on the shoulders of the stranger, that he might look at the stage more at his ease. I saw the gentleman turn pale with anger, but the ladies made the best excuse they could, for the low-bred familiarity of their countryman, and the stranger, when he found this, joked and laughed at it himself.

I have already said that the American ladies (the Quakers excepted) wear of cloathing, only what cannot possibly be dispensed with; still I know, that it is not permitted to name before them, any thing that God has placed between the bosom and the feet; yet I saw, (who would have believed it) some of these scrupulous personages, seat themselves, between the acts, upon the balustrades of the boxes, and exhibit to the inquisitive eyes of the public and the young men, the most beautiful and undisguised forms.

In Europe were a lady to turn her back upon the audience, she would be inhumanly hissed, for more than one reason; here however it appears to be a thing of course, and for my part I am very much disposed to tolerate a practice that might inspire the goddess Callipigha herself with jealousy.

The orchestra, now played the overture to a piece, of I don't precisely know what nature; I recognised however immediately, the fine execution which characterises the German artists, and a charming violin played by the leader of the band completed my illusion, and made me think for a moment, I was still in the country of the arts.

But hardly had my fancy begun to recreate whilst they performed this symphony, when a hateful discordance of voices harsh, more false, and more inharmonious, the one than the other, tortured my ears—I wanted to stay, to hear one or two amateurs, whom I had heard much celebrated; but I was obliged to move off, so much did these wretched, sounds, jar and discompose my nerves.

The American ladies, (in a whisper I repeat it) are more than a century advanced in civilization than the men; and this is a circumstance, that strikes all travellers. I saw too with pleasure that those near whom I had passed a part of the evening, rose precipitately to escape hearing any more. I did so too, quitting them with regret; and leaving the theatre, re-echoing with music, most barbarously burlesqued, and ringing with applauses, that were still more barbarous. M. A.

Mr. Easy,

I was never more astonished than when a few days since, I went at the request of an acquaintance, to view a collection of fossils, minerals, birds and insects which a French gentleman was preparing for public exhibition.—From the information of my friend, I was led to expect a small collection, calculated rather to shew the progress which a proper employment of leisure time might accomplish, than as forming in itself an object of interest or gratification—but to my utter astonishment, I found the department of ornithology had been enriched from almost every clime of the world, and could boast of a greater variety of rare, uncommon and beautiful species of birds, than I had ever seen. Mr. Peal's museum, which has deservedly obtained for him great credit, and I hope also wealth, is according to my recollection, inferior to this in the number of beautiful and uncommon species of birds, whilst no person seems to have heard a word about it.—This ingenious young gentleman has been indefatigably engaged in preparing a cabinet of nature, which will astonish every one by the beauty and extent of the collec-

tion. It is not simply a small point from which a valuable museum may be formed, but is already in the department of ornithology a very extensive and beautiful collection. The number of species which are already collected amount to about 480 or 500, and the number of birds to about 1400—and of this number, three-fourths, perhaps four-fifths, are birds of the rarest and most beautiful kind from foreign countries, and which are totally unknown here. That the liberality and good taste of the inhabitants of Baltimore will afford a generous patronage to so useful an undertaking, I cannot for a moment doubt. If properly encouraged, the museum will be permanently established here, and from the skill, spirit and enterprize of the proprietor, there is no question but that it will soon rival any thing of the kind in this country.—To patronize such an undertaking will reflect credit on our city—to suffer it to fail by chilling neglect or insensible stupidity and avarice, will be disgraceful.

This beautiful collection will be ready for public exhibition on Monday next the 16th instant—and I sincerely trust that this ingenious and enterprising young foreigner will have ample reason to rejoice in the compliment he offers our city in giving it so fair an opportunity of creating so splendid and useful a monument of its taste and liberality.

I regret, Mr. Easy, that I have not time to enter into some detail respecting the variety and beauty of those birds which he has collected—The richness, variety, and beauty of their plumage is indeed beyond description and I hope no person whose cirsumstances will permit it, will deny themselves the pleasure of seeing it and judging for themselves.

W.

FROM LORD BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.

Philip, *Alexander's* father, gave sentence against a prisoner, at a time when he was drowsy, and seemed to give little attention. The prisoner, after sentence was pronounced said *I appeal*. The King somewhat moved, said, to whom do you appeal, the prisoner answered ; from *Philip* when he gave no ear, to *Philip*, when he shall give ear.

Aristippus was an earnest suitor for some grant to *Dionysius*, who giving no ear to his suit, *Aristippus* fell at his feet, and then *Dionysius* granted it. One who stood by, said afterwards to *Aristippus*, You a philosopher, and so base as to throw yourself at a tyrant's feet to obtain a favour ! *Aristippus* answered ; the fault is not mine but *Dyonisius's*, that carries his ears in his feet.

Sir *Nicholas Bacon* being appointed a judge for the northern circuit, and coming to pass sentence on the malefactors, one of them mightily importuned him to save his life ; but when nothing he said could avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. Prithee, said my lord how came that in ? why, if it please you my lord, your name is *Bacon*, and mine is *Hog* ; and in all ages *Hog* and *Bacon* have been a-kin. Nay, but replied the judge ; you and I cannot be kindred, unless you be hanged ; for a *Hog* is not *Bacon* until it be hanged.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to present to our readers this week, a Companion composed entirely of original matter ; two little pieces of poetry and the apophthegms excepted.

We offer our warmest acknowledgments to A. for his invaluable communications. We regret infinitely that at the time we received them, the miscellany was already made up—but in his piece on music we have for next week a charming paper, which every one who has taste, fancy, or judgment, must read with delight.

The poetic department is very scantily supplied—we have received it is true, some effusions from a votary of the nine, who appears to have journeyed to Parnassus, on a very hard trotting pegassus—on Saturday we propose to give a few specimens of the flowers he has brought us from the hill of the muses.

We have been guilty of an unpardonable neglect, in not offering before, our apologies to the friend who furnished us with the little critique on French poetry, for the manner in which the verses were printed : we propose giving them a more correct publication very soon. We would at the same time request of those who favour us with any manuscript, more especially when in a foreign language, to make their writing legible.

SERENA will appear in the next.

The strictures given us by a friend on the Honey-Moon shall meet with due attention.

We are much obliged to our correspondent at Wethersfield for the high honour he has done us, by communicating his very sapient observations on our paper. At the same time we would beg leave to remark, that were we to attempt governing ourselves by the opinions of all who offer to guide us we should completely realize the fable of the old man and his ass—That the Companion should ever "distribute the weeds of ignorance and weakness" should indeed be regretted, whilst its pages might be so much better employed, in offering correction to vulgarity and impertinence.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The genial ray of spring returns,
And April's tender blooms appear;
The joyful heart with rapture burns,
And welcomes in the smiling year.

The sullen gloom of winter past,
And all his train of horrors fled;
Come! let us to the forest haste,
Or on the turf's soft verdure tread.

Haste, let us join yon woodland throng!
And taste of pleasure while we may;
Wander the rural scenes among
And by the pebly streamlet stray.

For there behold the violet blows;
The yellow wall-flower rears its head;
To greet the sense, the blushing rose
Is seen to grace the rural bed.

What bursts of joy along the grove!
All nature joins in choral song;
All nature grateful warms with love,
And pours the various strain along.

Alas! soft tones of grief I hear!
The train so late with pleasure gay,
In solemn sadness drop the tear,
And pensive take their gloomy way.

For one they mourn, who lately known
In health's full pride, her friends delight:
Beheld the spring's young flowrets blown
And ere they faded sunk in night.

The blast of death is on the plain,
The aged oak defies its power,
The blast of death blows not in vain,
And prostrate lies the tender flower.

Behold in yon sequestr'd vale,
There rests a nymph by all ador'd;
Her name is wafted on the gale;
Her various worth by all deplor'd. JAQUES.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO A LADY,

With some manuscript poems, on leaving the country.

When, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here,
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear:

Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I've traç'd for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
And steal a moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those,
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling tear my song behold.

For trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And they will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if perhaps some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him,...or oh! if gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest;
Ah! where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast?

Tell her, that he, whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;

That glory oft would claim the lay,
And friendship oft his numbers move;
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,
"His sweetest song was given to love!"

TO A LADY—ON HER SINGING.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal,
When listening to the spheres above!

When tired of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh! Emma, I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death!

And, if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which ah! forgive a heart that's weak,
So oft has stol'n my mind away;

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss;
I'll gaze and die,...who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this?

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THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. II. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1806. N°. 33.

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

THE SPY.

No. I.—SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1806.

See in what crowds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
Our careful search and offer to your gaze,
Unask'd, his motly features. Wait awhile
My curious friends! and let us first arrange
In proper orders your promiscuous throng. AKENSIDE.

THE word Spy, has generally an invidious acceptation: It is branded with the loathsome characters of ill-nature and envy. Before I commence therefore any essays under a title so suspicious, I will endeavour to prepossess my readers with more favourable opinions, by some preliminary remarks upon the nature of the task I have alloted to myself. I look with no jaundiced eye upon the busy scene around me. I would rather be merry than sad; take things easy than in a splenetick manner, for I happen to think with that laughing and wise heathen Democritus, that there are more things performing daily on the busy theatre of this world to excite our risibility, than our spleen.

A poet, whose works are not generally read, but whose sagacity and merit are great; has in a few lines given us some considerable insight, into the means of spying with considerable effect as to happiness.

Happy the man who innocent
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Nor puffing pull'd against the tide.
He padling by the scuffling crowd
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

This ingenious and truly philosophick author understood the art of killing the *day-mare* spleen pefectly well: he was master of that alchymy of mind, which turns every thing into pleasure: and as men on land see storms at sea, could behold with the same conscious security and placid content the human storms of passion and the uproar of iniquity every where conspicuous around him.—"To mend the world's a vast design," and as we have not the power given us to prevent and cannot be accountable, there is no occasion to suffer the torments of needless alarm or useless regret.

As folly and vice have many variegated dresses and appear to us heterogeneously, so in my mode of spying will no method be followed in an arrangement. Just as they appear to our daily observation will they be noticed and occasionally commented upon. Ludicrous as well as melancholy objects can never fail us unless the general doom of man is to be reversed. We have only to cast our eyes around, and perceive examples from an emperor down to the humble performer at a card-table. We smile when we behold a Cæsar trampling upon the necks and destinies of millions trembling at his frown, exhilarated by his smiles; sheepish and humiliated: and contrast their pitiful appearance, with that of ferocious and determined advocates of equality, to gain the sweets of which, every horror and outrage that ever disgraced humanity were committed.

We cannot help smiling to see the terrors and destroyers of monarchs seized with a mania of adding more to the number of crowned sovereigns.

We laugh at the whole system of warfare by which such numbers appear in a kind of livery to obey the order of their masters in murdering each other: who all the while are unconscious of offence or enmity, and as ignorant of the cause of their bloody actions, as the man in the moon.

What are more entertaining than political or elec-

tioneering squabbles by which poor sober, quiet, inoffensive citizens, who would otherwise be very good friends, are put into an absolute ferment to gratify the private views of some interested demagogue, who keeps them in hot water that he may rise to the top, like the disengaged air in bubbles? Nothing is more curious to the sagacious Spy than scenes like these. We contrast the demagogue's professions of reverence for his sovereigns (whom in a few days he does not know) with the silliness of the poor short-sighted dupes, who though the dust has just been thrown into their eyes, think they see farther than ever.

Equally amusing is it, to see such friends of humanity as Paine and Godwin, setting quietly in their closets and weaving their fine spun webs which being given to their suffering friends to unravel entangle them in such a manner, as to render their appearance perfectly ridiculous.—But to depart from these more extensive objects, let us look abroad through the streets and along the highways, into churches and assemblies, and pity it is, we are not blessed with the scrutinizing powers of an Asmodeus: then indeed we might spy into things that would afford infinite matter for speculation and mirth. As it is, however, we are amused with the appearance of that adorable part of the creation who perambulate the streets and shew us the most beatiful forms in the world—who discover to the lawless eye of the passenger every thing but the whiteness of the skin. We laugh at the egregious mistake of these unabashed damsels—we cannot help smiling to see that whilst they gain many gazers they do not secure one real admirer, and that while they are bewildered by the vagaries of youthful fashion and conceits, they never dream they are alienating the true lover and husband.

Let us follow their mothers and married associates into the evening party. Good God! what a spectacle! In the gay assemblage of fashion, we behold more gravity than we perceive in our churches. The mysteries of loo are performing: mark the composed sedateness of that one's face; see the flush of joy upon that of another; behold the one opposite biting her lips; her neighbour is in a downright rage and slams the cards upon the table.—Heavens! what is all this about? Is not this a party of pleasure? Yes! and so it is for you and me; knowing the dignity of human nature, and conscious that it is exposed to severe trials, we cannot withhold a smile at finding that all this agitation is occasioned by the magic touch of three pieces of pasteboard. What is there in an evening party to make these same ladies grave, or in the solemnities of a church to make them gay? and yet it need be no very acute spy to perceive the reality of the fact.

When we behold the supercilious and consequential deportment of those who having suddenly acquired riches have not so speedily stored the head and the heart, with those essential requisites for retirement from the labour of business or for realizing that esteem and genuine respect which money can never give, we are highly entertained at their disappointment in discovering that wealth alone does not bestow every thing desirable; and at their continued exertions to amass more, for such thoughtless heirs as Boileau describes—In short, let me stop here for the present.

Cetera de genere hoc (adēò sunt multa) loquacem
Delassere valent Fabium.

My readers may by this time form some idea of a part of my vocation—but far be it from them to suppose that I can confine my remarks and observations to mere flesh and blood. Whilst I am thus engaged in looking at the busy crowd which surrounds me, I trust I may occasionally have it in my power to indulge my thoughts upon those literary topics, which are of the more elegant though superficial kind, and frankly communicate my opinion, upon works of taste, and endeavour to disclose those beauties or deformities to others, which have particularly attracted my attention. I may also occasionally try to shew virtue or vice in the abstract, and trust to my imagination alone for the models.

In doing these things, I may perhaps often serve my friend Easy, by procuring for his paper, remarks and opinions contrary to my own; at all events that elision may take place, which can never do harm and may do service in controversies of a literary nature and as applicable to taste.

That I may prove to my readers how harmless my plan will be, I will conclude in the language of one

"Who most invectively pierced thro'
"The body of the country, city, court."
"Why who cries out on pride
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea
'Till that the very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost;
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly, to the metal of my speech?
There then: how then? let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him: If it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself: If he be free,
Why, then, my taxing, like a wild goose flies
Unclaim'd of any man."

FOR THE COMPANION.

Music, poetry and painting, have been justly stiled the sister arts. They are the offspring of imagination, and are distinguished by the same heavenly proportion of features. But though intimately connected, it is a mistake to suppose them equally valuable, or that the same talents, are necessary, to excel in each.

The powers of music, have in every age, been the favourite topic of celebration; yet it cannot be denied, that in several instances, they have been more than duly appreciated. Imagination has diffused her richest colouring, over a theme, already beautified by poetry and fiction, and yielding to the raptures of genius, we have placed her far above that station among the fine arts, which reason and impartiality assign her. We have been told by an elegant writer, that her influence, reaches from earth to heaven, that the same sounds, which vibrate an inanimate body, and charm the senses of a brute, can delight the rapt Seraph "who adores and burns." Those who are conversant in French literature know, with what unlimited freedom the Abbé Bateaux and others have discoursed concerning its imitative powers, and indeed, throughout all works of eminence on this subject, is to be found that high strain of panegyric, which is unfavourable to just, and accurate disquisition. The fervor of genius, not less than the supineness of ignorance, are inimical to truth; she must be approached with the steady dispassionate step of the philosopher, and examined in this spirit, the claims of music, appear in their just, and natural proportions.

Whether our music does indeed reach as high as angels' ears, it is impossible for us to say, and its effects, however wonderful, on inanimate bodies, are easily accounted for, upon the principles of mechanical philosophy.

If musical sounds possess a more extensive influence, than the words of the poet, or the colours of the painter, they are of all things, the least permanent; their effects are no sooner felt than gone; like the visions of a dream, or the transient corruscations of the midnight meteor. It may be affirmed too, that to excel in music, requires not those high intellectual powers, which are characteristic of genius. No combination of thought, no bright creation of the fancy are here necessary—nay, music has reckoned amongst the number of its proficients, some of the weakest of our species in those respects; because the ear of a child, of an ideot, or an illiterate person, may be as exquistely formed, as that of the most enlarged, and cultivated genius.

But the poet and the painter, stand more intimately allied; the same ideas of beauty, the same vigour of conception, the same compass of knowledge, are necessary to both. To catch those graceful, but varying attitudes of nature, which charm the eye of fancy, is the province of the poet and the painter. It is this, which bestows a species of enchantment upon his piece, and makes it surpass in life and beauty the original of nature. Costume, in its most dignified and enlarged acceptation, embraces an acquaintance, with the arts, habits, manners and customs of nations, remote from each other. Hence are derived those characterestic traits, those picturesque, and visual ideas, which give interest to description, and locality to representation. Between the arts of poetry and painting, and some of the most dignified branches of human science, there exists so close a connexion, that some of the most eminent artists in each, have stood conspicuous in the deepest researches of genius. Leonardi Da Vinci, was accomplished in every art and science; Salvator Rosa excelled as a poet, and Raphael and Michael Angelo as architects. Milton was the most profound and extensive scholar of his time; Spencer was a poet, and Chaucer is exalted, as the most learned, of all his cotemporary countrymen.

But poetry, opens a more arduous and unbounded walk for the mind than painting—a more rigorous and incessant application of thought is required by the one than the other. The reward of the poet therefore, is in proportion, to the arduousness of his task—his works soon become universally diffused, and he enjoys even on earth, the prospect of immortality. When his body mingles with the dust, the bright transcript of his mind remains, and shall be honoured and preserved, till the remotest period of time—the language of the painter is read by every eye, and understood by every heart, but it is expressed in frail, and perishable materials. The master pieces of Zeuxis, Parrhasius, and Apelles, have long since faded, and were it not for the engraver, Michael Angelo and Raphel, would be little more to us, than illustrious names. A.

FOR THE COMPANION.

The cultivation of style, keeps pace with the progress of knowledge and refinement. In proportion as men, feel with delicacy and think with accuracy, there will be a corresponding force and beauty in their expressions. A history therefore of style, is in some measure, an account of the human mind, in its various stages of improvement, and hence the investigations of the philologist, become

useful aids to the researches of the historian, and the speculations of the moralist.

Of all the dialects of Europe, none have travelled through so many changes, or so long fluctuated from any certain standard as the English. The Italian remains nearly stationary, where Petrarch and Boccacio left it; and since a remote period, the languages of Spain and France, have added little either to the copiousness of their expressions, or the beauty and variety of their modulations. But in England, the writers of a few years back, are almost as unintelligible as those in a foreign idiom; and the wit of their poets, and the wisdom of their philosophers, is obscured by a cloud of harsh and antique phraseology.

This is in part owing to the rapid progress of letters in England. Its first scholars, more solicitous about the matter, than the expression of their thought, bestowed little in the refining of their language, and mixing it, rude as it was, with the idiom of the Latin, they gave it an unwieldiness of structure, and rendered it incapable of precision and grace. Some partial attempts were made towards a reform, but yet the general style was disqualified, either for profound or elegant disquisition.

But the first race of geniuses passed away, a more beautiful form of writing, arose with Mr. Addison and his contemporaries. To this gentleman are due, the honours of having first erected a standard of classical purity in our language. His pieces are the summit of fine writing, and to this day, are the most perfect models of chaste, and elegant composition. He disentangled the English language, from its embrace with the Latin, gave it a simplicity of structure and diffused over it the charms of a light, and captivating fancy.

With the exertions of Mr. Addison, co-operated those of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke. Lord Shaftesbury is eminently elaborate. His periods have much delicacy and beauty, but are deficient in simplicity and ease. The style of lord Bolingbroke, has many and superlative beauties. It is rich, splendid and sonorous, and though copious to a fault, he has the ease of Addison, with more precision and strength. It would be endless, and without the design of this essay, to enumerate the various imitations & copies of the Addisonian manner. They are all casts of the same mould and distinguished from each other by such minute shades, as render the enumeration unnecessary. We have in view, those bold and conspicuous alterations, which are sufficient to constitute in themselves an æra in the history of language: We shall therefore pass to the time of Dr. Johnson, the elegance of whose writings, has of late years, been the unceasing theme of panegyric.

In compass of expression and correctness of diction, Johnson first displayed the powers of our language. The vigour of his understanding, and the nobleness and richness of his imagination, enabled him to give it that lustre and compression, which it had wanted under his predecessors. He has added much to the cadence and harmony of our sentences; has given them compactness and strength; and has enabled us in some degree, to imitate that transpositive quality in the languages of Greece and Rome, so favourable to the beauty and vigour of expression. Amongst the imitators of this great man, sir Joshua Reynolds and Edmund Burke, undoubtedly occupy the foremost station. Mr. Burke has united in his works, the most valuable qualities of style; if I may be allowed an illustration from statuary, he has at once the ease and gracefulness of the Apollo, with the strength and majesty of the Hercules.

But yet, with all its excellencies, it may be justly questioned, whether the style of Dr. Johnson, should be held up as a model of imitation. Of all the writings in the English language, none have perhaps led to greater faults in style or been more dangerous to the herd of imitators than his. The majestic stateliness of his periods, and the splendour of his phraseology, have been employed on subjects of a trifling, and unimportant nature, and his comprest diction, lost in the wide spread diffusion, of empty declamation.

Johnson's style is concise, accurate and beautiful, because his views were profound, his learning extensive, and his imagination towering, and prolific. He, then, who would follow the steps of this colossal genius, must first possess his far darting might of mind, which like the radiance of Hyperian, penetrated and emblazoned every object within its reach.

A.

NO. 2.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

Some days after my first visit to the theatre, meeting with an article in a literary journal, which spoke in a very favourable manner of one of the company of actors at present in this city, I resolved to visit it again. I had been so little gratified with my first trial, that nothing less than the observations in the 30th number of the Companion could have induced me to risk a second; however, being persuaded, that it is ignorance and self-sufficiency alone, which ever accompany each other, that can at once

decide upon every thing, without at all doubting their own judgments; I resolved to go again, on Saturday to the play with the intention of correcting, if I saw occasion, the sentiments with which it had at first inspired me.

On entering, I beheld it with a more favourable eye: in the first place, because habit reconciles every thing, and still further, because I knew that Coriolanus, was to be performed for the benefit of an esteemed actor, and on this account I was pleased to see the house well filled.

I shall say no more of the theatre, nor of the spectators, although I saw a gentleman who was beside me with a great deal of sangfroid almost throw down a lady, in seizing her arm, as he was endeavouring to regain his place. She recovered herself as well as she could, whilst the polite amateur took not the smallest notice, of the inconceivable rudeness of which he had been guilty.

Coriolanus was performed, but I declare on the faith of a Sylph, the piece was half over, before I discovered, that it was not intended as a burlesque.

I had often heard that Shakespeare united with the most exquisite beauties of imagination and the loftiest flights of genius, the most unwarrantable inconsistencies, and the grossest absurdities. I can speak only of the pantomime of the piece, since, as has been already observed, I could not judge of the language; but this was enough for me.

What! is tragedy the noblest production of human genius; does the superb Melpomene descend upon the wings of Pegasus, announced by the sounding trumpet, and bearing in her hands, sceptres and crowns, and the dreadful poignard, the awful emblems of tragedy; and can we behold without disgust, the train of this divinity, composed of all that the lowest farce, has of most contemptible and loathsome. What! Does it in order to write tragedy, require the most vigorous and elevated genius; must an actor to do justice to his characters, unite superiority of soul with a noble figure, close study and a perfect knowledge of antiquity; and can all this be exacted to introduce upon the stage a Coriolanus surrounded by buffoons. Can we see, and not be disgusted, the august Volumnia, mother of the warrior, at whose name the Romans trembled, and who was always accompanied by those ladies, who might, according to the idea of Cyneas, be viewed "as an assemblage of queens," attended by despicable *Sans Culottes*, recalling with horror to the recollection, the Septembrizers of France. What! before an audience who well know the dignity that was attached to a Roman citizen—can we behold, without pity, these masters of the world, deliberating in the forum upon affairs of state, dressed like coblers and shoe blacks; against all the laws of costume, and wearing like the famous Jeannot of the Boulevards of Paris, a queue knotted with red ribbon. Can we see, without disapprobation, a Roman senator, bearing a part in the most important deliberations, playing the antic tricks of a harlequin, even in the presence of the mother of Coriolanus, in presence of the wives of the senators, and the most illustrious Romans? Could we see this buffoon, throw his hat up in the air and make the most respectable of Roman matrons, burst into a laugh, at the very moment in which she comes to save her country or stab herself at the feet of her own son!

If such monstrous faults can escape criticism, so much the worse for those, whom they do not inspire with disgust: but if they should be approved—ah! what opinion are we to form of those who approve them. However, these observations apply less to the actors, than to the piece, to the public, and to the depraved taste, that can suffer them to tolerate such incongruities.

The actor who performed the part of Coriolanus, has genius, and an expression of countenance well suited to tragedy. I will venture however to affirm, that he cannot be sufficiently upon his guard, against too much quickness of motion. It is insufferable to see the chief of a party, a general, a man of importance, a patrician, stamp the floor with his foot in speaking, as a soldier would do in an ale house, or make a noise upon the stage like that which a fencing master makes in his school. As this performer really has merit, and is without doubt fond of his profession, one may be permitted, to offer him some observations, to which he will know how to do justice; because a diffidence in one's self and a readiness to profit by instruction, are ever the true characteristics of merit.

The white Toga, that he wore during one act, is not Roman but Gallic. The costume and what we call picturesque arrangement, diffuses over the stage a charm too great to be neglected. And indeed can we see without smiling, Moses and Cæsar, wearing immense powdered wigs, or Washington dressed like an Indian? The art of a great tragedian, should extend to knowing how to attire himself with dignity, and to dispose even the folds of his cloak in an agreeable and picturesque manner.

We might expect too of Coriolanus, who lived five hundred years before the christian æra, that he would not wear at his side, an American militia sabre, but that he should have a Roman sword without a hilt, and worn

perpendicularly, as all the monuments of antiquity, shew that it should be.

I observe once more that the severe laws of tragedy will not tolerate the levity of air and gay trifling which is perfectly proper in comedy—for comedy is but a portrait of common life—whilst tragedy is an exaggerrated picture of the loftiest heroism. To unite in one piece compositions of such opposite qualities, is an absurdity, as well as an incontestible proof, of the absence of all taste.

The actress who performed the part of Volumnia, was by no means dressed in the ancient manner; her apparel was heavy and disposed without taste. Antiquity is only sublime in literature, in sculpture and in architecture, because of the simplicity which distinguishes it. To heap on ornaments is a proof of barbarism.

The actress too, of whom I have just spoken, has also the defect of stamping the ground with her foot, like a master of arms, which is still more unbecoming in an illustrious Roman, than any other personage.

The son of Coriolanus, who was led to the camp of the Volscians, dressed in a black coat, jacket, stockings, &c. was too ridiculous.

The lictors bearing halberds of ten or twelve feet high, instead of a bundle of rods and a hatchet, was another inconsistency.

The Roman eagle, which served as an ensign to their legions, was of gold or silver, resting upon a little pedestal, of the same metal, and placed on the top of a pike.—This eagle was of the size of a pigeon, but that which I saw borne in the procession of Coriolanus, was as large as a mammoth, and would have tired an elephant; which was curious enough in an ensign that should be perfectly portable.

I observed with pleasure an actor who played the general of the Volscians: he filled the part with judgment, and like a man who understands the drama.

Between the acts, the orchestra played several very fine pieces, which would have been applauded in Europe;—but no attention whatever was paid to them; which induced me to suppose there were not many musicians amongst the spectators, although in winging my flights about the country, I have seen pianos in almost every house; it is true indeed I have often heard them played on in such a manner, that they might very easily be taken for Jews' harps.

After the tragedy, an overture was played, and was very well executed in the spirit of the subject. It was followed by a comic opera. Presently I heard a croaking sound, that appeared to issue from the throat of an old woman, who looked as if she thought she was singing.—Happily I perceived a *Sylph*; I precipitately flew towards him, and that we might converse at our ease on all we had seen, we left the theatre together. The last reflection that occurred to me as I quitted the house, whilst the clapping of hands announced the approbation with which the wretched voice of which I have just spoken had been heard, was, that far from suffering ourselves to be puffed up and spoiled by acclamation of applauses, every man of sense, ought to consider them well; and ask himself, as did the sage Greek of old, "have I then been talking nonsense."

M. A.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Observations on the Memoirs of the late Duke de Biron, published in the 31st number of the Companion.

The biographical account of the last Duke of Biron, requires some observations, both with regard to the character of this nobleman, and that of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, of whom he has given occasion to speak. Every thing that is said in this extract of the personal beauty of M. de Lauzun, afterwards Duke of Biron; of the elegance of his manners: his taste for the arts; his wit, and his military talents, all this is perfectly correct.

But in speaking of the Friendship that existed between him and the Queen, of the partiality with which she regarded him—the heart of M. de Lauzun is undoubtedly arraigned; since as commander of the soldiers of Marat and Robespierre, against the royalists of La Vendée he carried arms against those, who fought to save this Queen, who had honoured him with her favours, from the horrors of the scaffold, and he thus assured as far as depended on him, the triumph of the murderers of his illustrious friend.

The memoir observes that he was vain, and that he was the friend of the duke of Orleans; it was this vanity and this fatal connection, that led him to the precipice, where he lost, his honour and his life. Happily for this hemisphere, it is little acquainted with the springs of the French revolution, and therefore it is most likely unknown, that the intimacy of M. de Lauzun, with the duke of Orleans, had rendered him justly suspected at the court of France.

At the very moment that the old and respectable Marshal Biron, his uncle, terminated his honourable career; the marshal being colonel general of the French guards, M. de Lauzun, heir of his title, and aspiring to succeed him in this important post, became a still more violent *Orleanist*, because the court appointed the duke of

Chatelet to the command of this important corps, his fidelity being considered, rather than his talents.

It is thus that M. de Lauzun was first a Royalist; then an Orleanist, and at last, general of the Sans Culottes of 1793, against the deplorable Vendée!

He was a soldier it is true, but bravery alone could not suffice, against the enthusiasm of the Vendeans—the convention had given orders that every one that breathed should be put to the sword, and that even to the forests, should be reduced to ashes. It was impossible that a Biron, should strictly fulfil such orders: horror and remorse made him hesitate. He was denounced as a traitor, because he was not yet sufficiently debased; aud he mounted the scaffold with a crowd of victims that he had just been pursuing sword in hand.

With regard to the Queen, a thousand reports have arisen, to sully her fame most unjustly. And yet no one supportable charge, no proof, no testimony appeared to justify these atrocious calumnies, when this princess was left alone, with no support but her innocence and her dignity, before the infernal tribunal of Robespierre, *and where proofs cost nothing.*

A thousand fools have been found to echo the calumniators of this august princess; to echo the scandalous tales worthy of the taverns where they were invented and the *Laquais* that alone could have conceived them—and when her own evidence was solemnly taken in presence of the tribunal of Chatelet, upon the affair so well known of 5th, 6th, and 8th, 1789 (when she only had time to jump from her bed almost naked to escape being murdered) she replied to the attorney general in these memorable words, "I have all known, all seen, but all forgotten."

From these few observations it may be judged, to what a degree *malice* has vilified the character and blackened the reputation of this unhappy princess, as well as how far M. de Lauzun was a loyal Knight. M. A.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are happy to learn that Joel Barlow, the celebrated author of several patriotic poems, has another work in the press at Philadelphia. Whatever may be said of the political opinions of this writer, it is a pleasing reflection that his genius is still blooming and that in old age he yet retains the vigour of youth.

Several of our young Americans have recently evinced that precocity of intellect is not confined to the European world and that ours is not the country

——Where genius sickens, and where fancy dies.

The publication of "Foscare" at Charleston S. C. has justified the applause which it received on the stage, and we hope it will stimulate its youthful author, Mr. White, to future exertion.

We hope the ingenious young author of "The Fox Chace" will not confine so rare an amusement to the gentry of the green room.

Messrs. M. and I. Conrad have just published the first part of the first volume of Dr. Rees' New Cyclopedia. This is the most valuable and extensive literary work which has been undertaken in America; and as great labour and expense must be incident to its completion we ardently wish them every aid which science can contribute and every reward which wealth can bestow. It is the intention of the publishers to enlarge the English volumes by the addition of much important information respecting our own country, which has been neglected in the original edition. For this purpose they have spared no expense in procuring the assistance of our most eminent literary characters.

Messrs. I. Riley and Co. of New-York have recently published the first volume of a new translation from the Italian of the celebrated treatise of Azuni, which has been executed with great elegance and fidelity by a gentleman of that city. SY.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We welcome most cordially, the communication of our new friend, the Spy. We flatter ourselves with the hope of hearing from him frequently.

To Sy we are infinitely indebted for the useful and agreeable information he has enabled us to present to our readers.

Our charming Sylph, we hope will not desert us.

Our Miscellany of to-day is entirely composed of original matter: A few steady correspondents such as have made our pages rich this week, would indeed make the Companion a morceau to be relished by the choicest spirits. And yet, in much that we had flattered ourselves with the hope of presenting to our readers we have been disappointed. One friend promised to supply us with a regular series of natural history—another with anecdotes of the American revolution and the biography of some of its heroes. From neither of them have we heard—a little time, however, we trust will supply all our deficiencies.

We have received the Orations of a juvenile orator, and shall with much pleasure give them insertion.

Clio is received, and is under consideration.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SUMMER NOON.

Come Ellen let us to the bow'r,
And waste away the sultry hour ;
To cooler coverts let us fly ;
I faint beneath this burning sky :
And see, all nature round betrays
The fierceness of the noon-tide blaze ;
And in the wood, and shady stream
Seek refuge from the fervid beam ;
Ev'n all enduring man complains,
And panting, leaves the arid plains.
Oh for the breeze of early morn !
When, Ellen, waken'd by my horn,
You rose to meet me in the grove,
To talk of happiness and love.
Then, Ellen, 'twas delight indeed,
To quit the forest for the mead ;
To breathe the freshness of the dawn,
And scent the flowers along the lawn ;
While ev'ry warbler strain'd his throat,
And joyous pour'd his little note ;
And flocks their heated folds forsook,
To bathe them in the gelid brook.
Now shelter'd here, let sleep awhile,
The day's oppressive hours beguile :
This verdant turf shall be thy bed ;
This arm a pillow for thy head :
And while you thus in slumber lie,
I'll watch you with a lover's eye,
To guard you safe from ev'ry harm,
And banish from you all alarm ;
And should your anxious eyes unclose,
Again I'll fan you to repose.

JULIUS.

WRITTEN AFTER A RETURN FROM TRIPOLI.

Where yonder streamlet softly flows,
And daffodill's their sweets disclose,
A little modest cot once rose,
And there dwelt lovely Fanny :

So bright a nymph scarce e'er was seen—
The village hail'd her as its queen ;
And every night upon the green,
The dance was made for Fanny.

Long while I lov'd the gentle maid,
And often to her cottage stray'd,
Yet somehow, always felt afraid,
And blush'd at sight of Fanny :—

At length, 'twas on the first of May,
O ! I shall ne'er forget the day,
My faultering tongue first dar'd to say,
I love thee, charming Fanny !

A mutual flame she soon confess'd,
The day was fix'd to make us bless'd,
But envious fate the bliss suppress'd,
And tore me from my Fanny.

My country call'd—how hard my doom !—
I left a quiet, peaceful home,
For many a cheerless day to roam,
Far, far from love and Fanny !

For twelve long months of toil and pain,
We roam'd the vast and trackless main ;
And though 'twas folly to complain,
Still, still I sigh'd for Fanny.

Sweet peace, at length, recall'd once more,
Each wand'rer to his native shore,
Where soon my dream of joy was o'er,
For death had stol'n my Fanny !

Oh hide ye flow'rets, hide your glow,
And thou, sweet streamlet ! cease to flow,
While on thy banks I tell my woe,
And mourn with me for Fanny.

FREDERICK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

Of the Abbè Chaulieu, for the Companion.

An am'rous but unhappy swain,
To blooming Iris told his love,
His flocks were wand'ring o'er the plain
And nothing could her passion move.
While thus to deep despair a prey,
Forego those sighs, exclaim'd the fair,
The wolf has borne a lamb away,
Thy scatter'd flock demands thy care.
Alas ! since I have sigh'd for thee,
A far more cruel loss is mine ;
My ravish'd heart is gone from me,
Complain I dare not, or repine.

JACQUES.

Rapid founts, that murmuring flow,
From where yon reeds in clusters grow,
Haste your winding course to run
And far outstrip the rapid sun,
Ere the evening bathes in dew,
The varying clouds of rosy hue.
Speed ye to my anxious love
And bring her to the lonely grove ;
Tell her here the lily blows,
Here the soft narcissus grows ;
Here the fluttering zephyrs play
And chase away the heats of day.
Haste ! away—my souls on fire—
And bring me all my heart's desire.

FLORUS.

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THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

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THE SPY.

No. II.—SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1806.

O happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite and in one fate,
Their hearts, their fortunes and their beings blend.

THOMSON.

AS I was sauntering along the streets the other morning carelessly looking around me, both for the purposes of pastime and observation, I approached the coffee-house door, and as my time felt rather heavy on my hands, I concluded to go in and amuse myself with some of the foreign papers, kept there for the amusement of its numerous visitors. I turned into one of the boxes and had scarcely seated myself, when I overheard two persons near me, talking with great earnestness.

The one appeared to be a youth of interesting countenance which expressed much chagrin and disappointment. His companion was rather advanced in years, and seemed anxious to communicate some instruction with all the serenity and firmness, of an experienced veteran in the scenes of life. I kept the paper before my eyes, and listened with anxious, though perhaps impertinent curiosity. Happiness, said the eldest, is a vision, ever present to the imagination, but evanescent and fleeting when regarded through the more perfect mediums of reason and experience. We have now considered what are the rewards and pleasures of the ambitious politician : Let us prosecute our search, which though hitherto productive of disappointment, will I trust not be in vain. Miserable indeed is our lot, when happiness is dependant upon unreasonable hopes and delusive speculations. But replied the youth, we have as yet only contemplated the boisterous and stormy prospects of life. The sea of politics is always turbulent and uncertain. Happiness is of a mild and placid nature, and delights to dwell in the humbler walks of life : She is to be seen in the noiseless tenor of individual exertion for private ends, and in the bosom of domestic society. I am afraid, answered the other, your experience will not always confirm the truth of your proposition.

That institution which would seem to have been ordained by heaven for the bliss of mankind, is too often the source of the greatest misery. Then indeed, exclaimed the youth, our search must be fruitless. If the sweet union of two virtuous and kindred minds, is not the source of the greatest happiness, we are permitted to enjoy, we must despair of finding it any where on this side the grave. Permit me, my reverend friend, to indulge myself in a sketch of this blissful and delightful state.—Conformity of age and temper appear to be absolutely requisite, and doubtless are not uncommon. These alone, with common sense sufficient for the purposes of life, can bestow a great portion of satisfaction; but when we refine our contemplations of this union; we behold two mortals contentedly and cheerfully passing their hours in pursuits tending directly to promote the happiness of each other. With an ardent attachment, the result of genuine and uncontroulable love, and the most exalted respect and esteem for mutual good qualities and qualifications; with tempers of a mild and beneficent nature and conformable to each other; with minds equally cultivated according to the different grades apportioned the sexes, and bent on pursuits that promote all the finer feelings of liberality, benevolence, honest love of fame and piety, adorned with a taste for those accomplishments and pleasures that refine and elevate the mind; it cannot but happen, that under all the external influences incident to hu-

manity, without the verge of extreme poverty and distress, they must be supremely happy. What is the tenor of their lives? The one is prosecuting some scheme or profession from which the independence and comfort of her for whom he labours are derived. The other offers the satisfaction of yielding the cheering welcome at the times of recreation; of a smiling and endearing countenance, a well regulated family, and every thing under her care prepared to administer to the relief and satisfaction of both. At home mutual studies; the conversation of bosom friends (such as they must be to each other) whose confidence and true interest in each other's welfare, dictate nothing less than the empty and unmeaning compliments or deceitful opinions of mixed society. The contemplation of those pledges whose tender years and dependence call forth the keenest and tenderest emotions of parental love; the rational enjoyment of friends and an occasional indulgence in those amusements which afford matter for reciprocal cheerfulness and good humour;—what else can result from such a state of things but that species of happiness which will enable us to smile at the external influence of the world when of an evil nature, and participate with additional delight in those which yield satisfaction and enjoyment?

I am truly sorry, my young friend, said the other, to dispel the fascinating vision upon which you appear to dwell with such delight. What the conjugal state is capable of affording, you have faithfully delineated: but let me assure you at the same time, that you have so far laboured under a deception as to have substituted an abstract view of the subject for an actual one. According to this method any view of society would be a delusive one; and we should in vain look for those realities, the images of which, the imagination has collected from a number of varieties. Fortunately for mankind, it is not every one whose sensibilities or acuteness of moral perception equal yours. You must bound your contemplations far short of perfection, and learn to be satisfied with human nature in all its varieties, blended with and composed of, numerous contradictory parts, good and evil, perfect and imperfect, pleasurable and painful.

It is seldom the lot of the married to know much of each other prior to their union. The whole system of previous acquaintance is that of deception and disguise;—the fair parts of character studiously displayed; the shades constantly kept in the back ground. Soon, too soon, does a more familiar acquaintance draw aside that veil which has become no longer necessary; and if clouds and storms do not succeed the enchanting sunshine of fancy and expectation, it is more than probable that distaste and indifference do. The husband discovers that his adorable angel is a very mortal, and subject to all the violent and bad passions so inimical to conjugal and domestick quiet. Where he looked for a companion, he has found none. If perpetual silence is not the consequence of the superiority of one over the other, the worse effects are substituted of equal talents and knowledge employed in enforcing different opinions and encouraging contradictions and discord.—They have the painful mortification to discover that their minds are by no means congenial in their pursuits in life. The one places the greatest happiness in retirement and domestick society and resources; the other is devoted to dissipation and company; or if they should agree in this particular they are not the more happy in being always at home, from which it is impossible to be always absent.

Perhaps her heart feels many a pang at the indulgence of some vicious or idle pursuit or tendency of the husband, whom she not only wishes to respect and esteem herself, but anxiously desires that the world should also; or his may feel anguish not less acute, at levity of conduct, downright folly in the occupations of life, or a confirmed stupidity and ignorance. Believe me, my friend, the matrimonial institution is extremely dependant upon a thousand circumstances too minute to be easily perceived by common or disinterested observation. Good God! how much we are the dupes of our own imaginations and precipitancy. With what rapture does the enthusiastick lover dwell upon the strong and heavenly picture of the poet—which interests the heart of every one that hopes for the essentials of true connubial felicity. "Thought meeting thought" and the "rapture beaming eye" comprehend a great part of these essentials. Yet who would trust to the delusions of an enchanting fiction? But in this limited examination of the subject, if misery and disappointment are too often the consequences of what are called love-matches, of those connections, where neither wealth, situation nor interested inducements of a similar nature influenced; and which almost entirely proceeded from an imagination heated by youth and desire, without a due attention to the mental qualities of improvement and temper; what must we expect, when we behold youth allied to age, beauty to deformity, or sense to folly?—Can our astonishment be much, at perceiving that great wealth and splendid equipages, or rich and powerful connections, cannot under such circumstances produce one particle of real happiness, and that discontent and regret are the certain consequences; of course those broils and domestick feuds which render home a place of dread

and torment? Can we commiserate? Can we sympathize with the selfish but mistaken wretch who is voluntarily placed in this contemptible situation? It is inconceivable how many matches of this description take place. They are so general that no surprise is excited. A woman is said to have been fortunate, if she marries independence, not to say the means of luxury and splendor. It is not a matter of enquiry whether the husband is amiable, sensible, good-natured, of conformity of age, or beloved by the object of his attachment. Is he rich? Then she must be a fool and simpleton to forego such a chance of worldly establishment. When such a connection is voluntary on the part of the youthful female (that is, when it takes place without the constraint of parents and friends) we may generally infer that no repentance ensues—for minds so degraded it is an easy matter to command a perfect assimilation in every respect; and the spectator finally is induced to feel more indignation at such hardened prostitution of correct taste and feminine purity, than at any thing else.

Here the conversation, which had hitherto been very animated, seemed to languish: the youth appeared lost in a profound reverie occasionally interrupted with a sigh, and flush of indignation upon his cheek—and as I thought I had heard some truths, which when committed to writing would at least make up a number for the Spy; I silently withdrew and now send them for my readers; not even attempting, to offer a comment or remark on the practical inferences, which might be deduced from an attentive examination of the two pictures drawn by these interesting personages.

ORATION.

On the life of Mahomet, and the empire of the Caliphs.

The rise and fall of states and empires, nations subdued or emancipated, supineness and sloth sinking into oblivion the most powerful republics, or a tribe of wandering shepherds, by fortitude and temperance encreasing to an extensive commonwealth, are the highly interesting subjects, which claim our attention, when the records of time are unfolded to us.

Among all the events recorded in history, none shines more resplendent, none more illumines the page of the annalist, than that now presented to our view. Behold an Arabian chief exalted to the founder of a new religion and an extensive empire, and the Arabs of the desert coalescing to assert the truths of this religion, and resolving to spread it with fire and sword, over every kingdom and nation of the earth.

In the sixth century, the Roman empire had sunk to the lowest point of degradation. The empire, which in the age of the first Cæsars, had reared its lofty head to the skies, was now contracted to the possession of Greece, Asia Minor, Thrace and Syria; and even those possessions were often disturbed by sedition and revolt, the incursions of the Arabs, or the more extensive and dreadful ravages of the Persians. The successors of Constantine, sunk into sloth and debauchery, were incapable of any exertion to save their tottering and unstable empire. An eunuch or a woman, held with unsteady hands, the reigns of government, while their slothful and luxurious sovereigns were entirely given up to the pleasures of the table, or engaged in directing the amusements of the circus, where sedition raged with unconquered violence, and a difference of dyes often caused the death of hundreds.

In the zenith of the Roman power, when her armies overspread the earth, and her fleets covered the seas, Arabia, though never wholly subdued, was considered as but a trifling foe. Nature had given them a country, consisting in some parts, wholly of sand and stones; which no beast but the camel, dared to traverse, and where for one hundred miles together, not a tree appeared to enliven the prospect, or to give relief, by its hospitable shade, to the wearied traveller. But in that part of this vast country, which borders upon the Indian ocean, the land rises into swelling hills and lofty mountains, the air becomes salubrious, the choicest gifts of nature are lavished in profusion, and in this lovely spot, the garden of Eden appears again to bloom.

The wandering tribes, when wearied and harrassed by the tediousness of their marches over the burning sands of the desert, would gladly repair hither, to recruit their exhausted strength and to enjoy a relaxation from their toils.

On the coast of the Red Sea, the Arabs, tempted by the advantages of navigation, emerged from the desert, and formed commodious ports, for the reception of the ships of foreign nations, and for the exportation of domestic produce. Mecca and Medina soon rose to splendid cities.—The spices of India were here exchanged for the corn and manufactures of Damascus. Plenty and riches were diffused through their streets, and the noblest of her sons united the love of arms with the profession of merchandize.

Mahomet was descended from the tribe of Koreish; a family which had been distinguished for its opulence and

generosity, which had guarded the temple of Mecca for years innumerable, and which had more than once been the defence of its country. He was left an orphan at an early age, and destitute of the means of subsistence, he was reduced to the necessity of becoming the slave of a noble matron. In this quality, he visited many different countries in pursuit of gain. In his many peregrinations he had leisure to study the book of nature; he surveyed with scrutinizing eyes, the manners of nations and people, and dived deep into the human character.

His fidelity and long services at last secured him the hand and fortune of his mistress; and 'twas now that he began to put in practice, the design, which had long been buried in his breast; which has borne him aloft among the sons of fame, and which, in its consequences, loudly demands the admiration of mankind.

He betakes himself to a life of abstemiousness and rigidity, and, like the famous Numa, pretends to hold conferences with some celestial being. A solitary cave or a retired wood was his daily retreat. Here, unmolested, he could enjoy the visions of his fancy, and muse upon the great design, which he ardently cherished. His family and neighbours, wrought upon by the regularity of his life, his seeming devotion, and the plausibility of the doctrines which he advanced, readily espoused his cause, and promised him their support.

His doctrine made rapid advances in the minds of the populace. They hung upon his words with rapture, and venerated him as a father. But his enemies, observing with jealousy, the rapid progress he made, by their machinations forced him to quit Mecca, and to seek a refuge in Medina, where he is gladly received as the apostle of God, and the leader of the faithful.

Here the rude simplicity of his house and mosque, where he delivered to his followers the religion of the Koran, appeared to them more venerable than the pomp which surrounded the emperors of Constantinople and Persia.

The battles of Beder, of Chud, and of the Ditch, bear ample testimony to the intrepidity of the apostle. His courage and calmness always inspired his troops with fresh vigour; they boldly pressed forward, and victory trod in their footsteps. The citizens of Mecca no longer opposed their formidable adversaries, but yielded to the irresistable force of fanaticism.

Anxiously were the eyes of Mahomet each day turned towards Mecca and the temple; and he was urged by the most powerful motives, to revisit, as a conqueror, the city from which he had been driven as an exile.

He marches with his faithful bands to the city, and promises them undoubted success: but well nigh had shame and ignominy hung upon the flight of the Mussulmen, when Caled and Amvow, who afterwards conducted the Saracens from one conquest to another, deserting the cause of idolatry, once more revived the hopes of Mahomet, and threw a gleam of light upon the darkening prospects of his followers.

Rapid after this was his progress. Mecca is subdued, all Arabia submits to his arms, all crowd to enlist themselves under his standard.

A war arises, and Mahomet prepares to break the power of Constantinople. But just when providence appeared propitious to his designs, and Heraclius began to tremble for his throne, the death of the apostle crushes all his schemes, and involves his country in anarchy and confusion.

Pause, my audience; to admire the talents of the apostle of the Arabs. Contemplate his virtues, and his surprizing success; but let not the latter engross too large a share of your admiration. He was alike instructed to preach or fight, and the utmost success has crowned his endeavours. Yes, Mahomet, thou didst invite the Arabs to freedom and victory, to rapine and slaughter, and to the indulgence of their passions; all co-operated, and every barrier yielded to the torrent.

His religion is as permanent, as its propagation was rapid. At this day, every nation from the Atlantic to the Ganges, bows implicitly to the precepts of the Koran: it is the basis of their civil, as well as religious jurisprudence.

Though his body was mingled with the dust, his genius inspired the breasts of the Mussulmen. They marched with enthusiastic valour under the banners of the Cresent; they went on from conquering to conquer; and their empire was spread over the fruitful plains of Asia, the arid deserts of Africa, and the fair regions of Sicily and Spain. In a more advanced age, when the Turks took the sceptre from the hands of the Caliphs, they trod the classic ground of Greece, & the huts of the Ottomans were scattered among the ruins of Athens, where science had once spread her fair wings, and Socrates, and Plato, by their wisdom and knowledge, had astonished their enlightened countrymen.

After the reign of three Caliphs, the seat of empire was translated from the holy city of Mecca, to the fruitful vale of Damascus. The empire was split into many divisions; and, at this day, travellers can still discern vestiges, in the ruin of Grenada, of the ancient grandeur and opulence of the Spanish monarchy. The sovereignty of

Arabia was lost by the extent and rapidity of her conquests. She was ruled by the rod of a stranger; and the Bedowens of the desert, awakening from their dream of dominion, resumed their old and solitary independence. *Alexandria, May 7, 1806.*

FROM AIKIN'S REVIEW.

Interesting anecdotes of the heroic conduct of women, during the French revolution. Translated from the French of M. du Broca.

By those who delight to contemplate the dazzling sublimity of a generous virtue, in glowing contrast with the blackest horrors of atrocious vice; to view the softer sex, inspired by the calamity of the times, working on the strongest affections of nature, with a courage and energy not their own, this chronicle of memorable deeds will be studied with enthusiasm. Again will it call forth, for the consolation of weeping humanity, the often verified assertion, that periods of distress and commotion are alike the parents of towering heroism, and gigantic crime. To the ardent mind of youth, anecdotes of this class are equally salutary and interesting, and callous indeed must be that heart which they are incapable of rousing from indifference. In every collection of anecdotes some will be found unworthy of insertion; in the present we could find out many; those, especially, of women, who, inspired by false courage, have accompanied their murdered husbands, by a voluntary death, regardless of their helpless orphans, thus left without a guide or protector; and a few of a romantic cast, which have more the air of fiction than of truth. Several gallicisms, and inaccuracies of stile, we likewise observe, but on the whole, we felt little inclined to criticise severely, and cheerfully pardoned partial faults in consideration of the general interest of the work. To stimulate, not to satisfy curiosity, we select the following specimens.

"In one of the western departments, a man, of the name of Le Forte, accused of conspiring against the republic, was seized and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his fate, used every means that courage and affection could inspire to restore him to liberty, but without success. She then bought, with a sum of money, permission to pay him a single visit in his prison.

"At the appointed hour she appeared before her husband, clothed in two suits of her own apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herself, at so critical a juncture, to give or receive useless demonstrations of tenderness, she hastily took off her upper suit of attire, prevailed on her husband to put them on, and to quit the prison, leaving her in his place.

"The disguise succeeded to her wish. Le Forte escaped, and the stratagem was not discovered till the following day.

'Unhappy wretch,' cried one of the enraged committee, 'what have you done?' 'My duty,' she replied; 'do thine.'

"A prisoner, whose name was Delleglace, was ordered to be conveyed from Lyons to the Conciergerie at Paris. His daughter, who had never quitted him a moment from the time of his first arrest, desired permission to travel with him in the same carriage prepared for his journey. This boon she could not obtain; but what obstacles can subdue the strength of filial love? Mademoiselle Delleglace, notwithstanding the weakness of her constitution, and laying aside the timidity natural to her sex, set off on foot with the carriage, which she accompanied in that manner for more than an hundred leagues; she sometimes quitted the side of the carriage, but it was only when she preceded her father, to procure proper nourishment for him in the towns through which they passed, and in the evening of every day, when she ran forward to beg of some charitable person a covering, to administer to her father's wants in the dungeon where he must pass the night.

"The gates of the Conciergerie, which she reached at the same time with her father, now excluded her from his sight. Still the fortitude of this extraordinary woman did not give way. She had been accustomed to subdue the ferocity of jailors, and she could not be persuaded that she should plead for justice in vain before magistrates. Every morning, for three months, she implored the justice and humanity of some who had influence, and her virtuous perseverance was rewarded with her father's liberation.

"What pen can express the excessive joy of this happy girl, when she carried the tidings to her father?—Exulting in her success, she next thought of conducting him back to his home and family. She fell ill at an inn on the road, worn out, no doubt, with the excess of fatigue, during this unparalleled exertion. She had not the good fortune to witness the utmost benefit of her enterprize; she never quitted her bed, but died in her father's arms, still deeming herself happy to have saved his life at the expence of her own."

This excellent definition of high birth is from the sacred biography of Dr. Hunter.

Again, this subject seems much calculated to correct the prejudices which prevail among men in the matter of pedigree. There is in reality no such thing as mean and high birth: or if there be a distinction, to be born perfect in every limb and feature, with a sound and vigorous constitution, with a mind complete in all its faculties, this is to be nobly born; as, on the contrary, to come into the world diseased and debilitated, with a constitution undermined and destroyed by the vice of parents, is to have the disadvantage of being meanly born; a distinction which, if founded in reason, truth and justice, leaves the great, in general, little to glory in, and the poor little at which to repine. Have we not all one father? What genealogy is pure from every stain of infirmity, folly or vice? Is it any diminution of the Saviour's dignity, any impeachment of his perfect purity, or any imputation on his great public character, that in the roll of his ancestry after the flesh, we find the name of Rahab the harlot, and of her who had been the wife of Uriah and that he was brought up under the roof, perhaps to the occupation of an obscure craftsman? Virtue and vice are personal not hereditary, and nothing but vice is a just ground of shame. Shall I call myself a disciple of Jesus then, and think it a reproach to be called a carpenter's son, despised because I am a Galilean, lightly esteemed because my parents were poor and ignoble, because a paltry monosyllable introduces not my name? Real worth ennobles itself independent of the breath of kings, it draws obsure progenitors into light, and leaves a fair and honourable inheritance to posterity—in a bright example, and a respectable name.

FOR THE COMPANION.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are glad to find that the labours of an ingenious man have been so well rewarded, as to enable Mr. N. G. Dufief to publish a second edition of his "NATURE DISPLAYED, *in her mode of teaching language to man.*"—With regard to this work we have had but one opinion since it was announced. The invention of the system by Mr. Dufief may be doubted, because we think we recollect to have seen it evidently described in the introduction to an old French translation of Cæsar's Commentaries; but however scepticism may startle at the innovation, we think the practicability of the plan is sufficiently attested by the success of the present work. It has been adopted in our most respectable seminaries, and it is used by private gentlemen who have the talent to discern its importance. Having perused his MSS. we are enabled to state, that the author has scrutinized his work with a fastidious eye, and that in his second edition, much of the useful will be added, and what is unnecessary will be omitted. In the dramatic selections, especially, it will be found that very great additions have been made by the industry of the author. We cordially wish him every meed which applause can bestow and every reward that his perseverance merits.

The merit and the popularity of the merry Fessenden is evinced by repeated republications of his works. From the Lorenzo press at Philadelphia, we have just received a new edition of his "original poems," which is considerably larger than the former. To this genuine descendant of the historian of Hudibras we may well apply, with a slight alteration, the words that were addressed to Dryden.

> Alike with wonder and delight we view
> *Old Butler's wit* renewed in you.

Mr. S. Bradford of Philadelphia has just republished Burke's "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." The merit of this volume is so well known that we can add nothing to its celebrity by the feeble sanction of our praise. We can only hope that the liberality of the public will reward the exertions of the printer.

Walter Scott, the editor of the Scottish Ballads and the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, is preparing an edition of the long neglected works of Dryden.

Mr. Prince, a whimsical printer of London, has announced an account of his life, pedestrian excursions and singular opinions.

Mr. Carr, so advantageously known to the literary world by his Stranger in France and his Travels round the Baltic, has recently made a tour through Ireland. He is now preparing an account of this country, "for which" as it has been emphatically said "God has done so much and man so little." It will be embellished by a variety of engravings, designed by the author himself. S—Y.

The fifteenth pamphlet in the Harleian Catalogue, contains a poem, written in the day and under the very eye of SHAKESPEARE, which is satisfactory evidence of the incorrectness of the opinion that no contemporary writer of merit acknowledged the excellence of this great poet.—

The small tract, which I mention, is entitled "England's Mourning Garment"—and is an account of the death and burial of Queen Elizabeth. This part I have transcribed, for the benefit of Mr. Easy and his readers.

Z.

"Death now hath seized her in his icy arms,
That sometime was the sun of our delight:
And, pitiless of any after harms,
Hath veil'd her glory in the cloud of night.
Nor doth one poet seek her name to raise
That living, hourly, strived to sing her praise.
He that so well could sing the fatal strife
Between the royal roses, white and red,
That prais'd so oft Elisa in her life,
His muse seems now to die, as she is dead:
Thou sweetest song-man of all English swains,
Awake for shame, honour ensues thy pains.
But thou alone deserv'dst not to be blam'd;
He that sung forty years her life and birth,
And is by English Albions so much fam'd,
For sweet mixt lays of majesty and mirth,
Doth of her loss take now but little keep;
Or else I guess he cannot sing, but weep."

FROM LORD BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.

Antigonus, being told that the enemy had such vollies of arrows, that they hid the sun; said it falls out well, for it tis warm weather, and so we shall fight in the shade.

Michael Angelo, painting in the pope's chapel, a piece of hell and the damn'd souls, made one of the damn'd souls so like a cardinal who was his enemy, that every body at first sight knew him; whereupon the cardinal complained to pope *Clement*, humbly praying it might be defaced. The pope said to him, why, 'tis true, I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.

Crassus the orator had a fish, by the *Romans* called *Muræna*, which he made very tame and fond of him: The fish died, and *Crassus* wept for it. One day falling in a contention with *Domitius* in the senate, *Domitius* said, foolish *Crassus*, you wept for your *Muræna*: *Crassus* replied, that's more than you did for both your wives.

Demosthenes fled from battle; being afterwards reproached with it, said, *he that flies, might fight again.*

An orator at *Athens* said to *Demosthenes*, the *Athenians* will kill you if they grow mad: *Demosthenes* replied, and they will kill you if they are in their senses.

Queen *Elizabeth* seeing Sir *Edward* ——— in her garden, looked out at her window, and asked him; what does a man think of, when he thinks of nothing? Sir *Edward*, who had not felt the effects of some of the Queen's grants so soon as he hoped, answered; madam, he thinks of a woman's promise. The Queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, well Sir *Edward*, I must not confute you: Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.

Dr. *Johnson*, said, that in sickness their were three things material, the physician, the disease, and the patient: and if any two of these joined, then they get the Victory. If the physician and the patient join, down goes the disease; if the physician and the disease join, down goes the patient, but if the patient and the disease join, then down goes the physician.

Sir *Thomas More* had only daughters at the first: and his wife ever prayed for a boy; who being come to man's estate, proved but simple. Sir *Thomas* said to his wife, thou prayed'st so long for a boy, that he will be a boy as long as he lives.

ERRATUM.

In the last Companion, page 270, in the article relative to the Count de Biron, for "*Royalist*," read *Monarchist*.

The royalists were from the commencement of the French revolution, partizans of the legitimate king and his dynasty. The Constitutionalists, who wanted the constitution of 1791, the abolition of the nobility, the overthrow of the military hierarchy, the diminution of the royal authority, &c. &c. were distinguished from the Republicans, and the Jacobins, by the ridiculous title of *Monarchists*; since which time the word has been adopted into the French dictionaries, to designate the faction which engendered that of the *Orleanists*. Hence the duke de Lauzun certainly could not have been a Royalist.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to SEDLEY for his notices of American publications; but we request he may remember that the pages of the Companion must never be disgraced by angry controversies, whilst under the management of the present Editor.

To the Oration in our paper of to-day, which was spoken by a young gentleman only fourteen years of age, we give insertion with much pleasure—"when mellowed by the stealing hours of time," we have no doubt that his talents will be highly distinguished.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

In climes remote, on India's shore,
A banish'd lover droops and sighs,
When to his gloomy mind once more,
His fancy gives what fate denies.

For sad, and hopeless, and forlorn,
The blighted wretch who loves in vain;
To keenest misery is born,
Curst with a life of ceaseless pain.

No sordid interest made him roam,
Ambition vainly boasts his joys;
'Twas love that drove him far from home;
'Tis hopeless love his peace destroys.

A nymph enchanting as the morn,
Lovely as May in blooming charms,
Whose mind kind nature's gifts adorn,
And whose pure heart each virtue warms,

Stole with a Syren's spell his heart;
A heart alas! too warm, too true!
No wish'd return could she impart,
For hope, delusive mock'd his view.

Now frenzied and in deep despair,
Heedless of life, and gone his ease,
He flies the dear obdurate fair
And seeks the boist'rous stormy seas.

Where the loud gale's impetuous rage
Lifts to the skies the mountain wave,
Such kindred horrors grief assuage,
And pleas'd he hears the tempest rave—

Unconscious he of danger; fear,
With careless eye the glare is seen,
Of livid flashes darting near
While darken'd horrors intervene.

Alas! no gleam of cheering light
Breaks on the tempest of his mind,
There all is gloomy as the night;
No ray of comfort can he find.

Condemn'd a wand'rer far to roam
He seeks a savage distant shore.
Dead to the world, a prey to love;
And thinks of happiness no more.

ORLANDO.

FOR THE COMPANION.

THE INVOCATION.

Hygeia! rosy dimpled maid,
Come—I claim thy healing aid.
Bring thy mild enchanting smile,
Quickly come! our grief beguile.
Lo! on the bed of fell disease,
A maiden, form'd all souls to please,
Is rack'd by vile and vexing pains.
Oh come! I woo thee in my strains.

Restore her eyes their brilliant blue,
Give to her cheek its wonted hue.
Reanimate her form divine,
And let her smiles with lustre shine.
Revive again her cheerful voice,
And those that mourn shall soon rejoice.
Oh hasten nymph! and with thee bring,
All those joys that from thee spring.

So here I linger by this stream,
Musing o'er hope's delusive dream.
Here I waste the mournful days,
While around the soft breeze plays.
I strive to soothe my troubled mind,
But, alas! no peace I find.
Here the maiden oft did stray,
By the moonlight's pallid ray:

And we did mark the setting beam,
Playing on the placid stream.
Here did I my love disclose
And here we sung our mutual woes.
Now no more I love the scene
For now no more the maid is seen.
In vain I seek the well-known shade
And hopeless wander through the glade.

Then give us, nymph, thy healing power,
To cheer disease's gloomy hour,
My boon thou'lt surely not refuse,
When courted by a youthful muse.

A votive wreath of flow'rs I bring:
I strike to thee the plausive string:
Through ev'ry clime, o'er ev'ry main
Thy name shall echo in my strain.
Then come Hygeia! dimpled maid,
Come and bring thy healing aid.
Haste, oh nymph! and with thee bring,
All those joys that from thee spring.

June, 1806.

SEDLEY.

The following exquisite description of morning, is from "Ethwald," a tragedy, by Miss Bailey.

When slowly from the plains and nether woods,
With all their winding streams and hamlets brown,
Updrawn the morning vapour lifts its veil,
And thro' its fleecy folds with soften'd rays,
Like a still'd infant smiling in its tears,
Looks thro' the early sun; whilst from afar
The gleaming lake betrays its wide expanse,
And, when light-curling on the dewy air,
The cottage smoke doth wind its path to heav'n:
When larks sing shrill, and village cocks do crow,
And lows the heifer loosen'd from her stall:
When heaven's soft breath plays on the woodman's brow,
And ev'ry hare-bell and wide tangled flower,
Smells sweetly from its cage of checker'd dew:
Aye and when huntsmen wind the merry horn,
And from its covert starts the fearful prey;
Who, warm'd with youth's blood in his swelling veins,
Would, like a lifeless clod outstretched lie,
Shut up from all the fair creation offers?

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

THE SPY.

No. III.—SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1806.

Its music is not like that of rhyme, confined to a single couplet, but takes in a great compass so as in some measure to rival music properly so called. The interval between its cadences may be long or short at pleasure, and by that means its melody, with respect both to richness and variety is superior far to that of rhyme.

HUME. ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

IF we are to judge from the original compositions which the English language affords in every species of poetical excellence, those in blank verse, would claim most merit, whether the subjects were sublime or pathetic; moral or descriptive. Good blank verse seems to be confined to a chosen few indeed; from which its superior difficulty and excellence may be safely argued. By good blank verse is meant the compositions of Milton, Young, Thomson, Shakespear, Akenside, Armstrong and Cowper, particularly. From the variety of which its style is susceptible, as exemplified in the works of these authors, who certainly differ materially in the construction of their versification; its superiority is still more discernible, and it fortunately combines the facility of exhibiting to us, every other poetical beauty, with the power of approaching nearer to the language of nature, divested of the restraints and formality of corresponding couplets whether regular or irregular. I believe in the works of the above writers, whatever ranks in the highest scale of poetic beauty may be found; and this in a language eminently rich, vigorous, copious and musical, equally adapted to give sublimity to the most elevated subjects, richness and fullness to the most luxuriant description, and beauty to the most lovely and fascinating subjects.

It has the peculiar felicity of adapting its movements, if I may so express myself, to whatever the occsion may be—assuming the slow and stately deportment of morals or the epic; and the graceful air of fancy and imagery.

It would be easy to shew by suitable extracts from these productions that my remarks are not mere declamation—but as the field of quotation is boundless, and would transgress the limits assigned to the present essay, I will postpone the attempt for a future number of the Spy.—Never was there a question however more completely a matter of taste than this. The lines of Hammond and Collins and the melody of Pope's numbers may possibly have the most advocates; the ear is gratified differently, and where the specimens are both excellent, it is difficult to erect the standard of undoubted preference.

The French critics may think it barbarous, and we may retort the compliment upon their productions.

If the pathos and dignity of tragedy are benefitted by rhymical speeches, they are in the right, but if it is more natural for heroes to imitate, as nearly as possible, the natural and daily language of men and of passion; why should we make them vent their rage in a gingle, or pay a compliment to a mistress in a complete couplet.

Johnson in his critique on the books of Milton, gives a decided opinion against blank verse, in the comparison with rhyme—and yet strangely contradicts himself in speaking of the Paradise Lost, Thomson's Seasons and the Night Thoughts. Of the former, he says, "But whatever be the advantage of rhyme, I cannot prevail on myself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer; for I cannot wish his work to be other than it is: He that thinks himself capable of astonishing may write blank verse; but those that hope only to please, must condescend to rhyme." Of the Seasons thus—"His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly

"used; Thomson's wide expansion of general views, "and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would "have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent "intersections of the sense which are the necessary effects "of rhyme." And finally of Young—"In his Night "Thoughts he has exhibited a very wide display of ori- "ginal poetry, a wilderness of thought, in which the fer- "tility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every "odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank "verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disad- "vantage. The wild diffusion of the sentiments and "the digressive sallies of imagination, would have been "compressed and restrained by regard to rhyme."

I think enough is here surely conceded to the lovers of blank verse. These three works collectively possess as much beauty as all the other English poetic productions taken together; for whatever an accurate knowledge of human kind, a just imitation of nature and a close acquaintance with every rhetorical embellishment can bestow, may be found therein—and in a style of versification which this great critic himself would not wish to see changed.

The blank verse of all the authors mentioned at the commencement of this essay, differs widely—and I will merely intrude upon the patience of my readers by taking a cursory review of their various styles.

The continued strain of sublimity which runs through the first and second books of Paradise Lost, is supported by great dignity and elevation of manner in the style. Very different indeed from the copious and soft language in which the Garden of Paradise and the dialogue of its inhabitants apppear. The smoothest lines of Pope cannot exceed the exquisite softness and melody of the verse in Comus. It is musick to the ear of the poet, who may exclaim in borrowed language,

> Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
> Give such divine enchanting ravishment?

No blank verse abounds with instances of greater sublimity than Young's Night Thoughts, though of a moral kind. Any person at all acquainted with these two writers will perceive a sensible difference in the structure of their verse; Milton's having considerably more richness and harmony. Akenside is not so often elevated in his subject, but he has occasionally given noble instances of sublimity, and unquestionably numbers of great beauty. He appears to have an ear of great delicacy—and the difference between him and the others, appears to proceed from his sentences being more extended and filled with words generally more harmoniously arranged.

Shakespeare need not be brought into a comparison here, as the dramatick form of his compositions must necessarily create a difference; indeed when properly read or spoken it approaches near to the common language of men. Hamlet's soliloquy for instance or Othello's, or Macbeth's though master pieces of composition, when spoken by Fennel or Cowper, would scarcely discover a metrical form at all.

We have been told already by a great critic that Thomson's verse is entirely original, and resembles no other whatever. That it has every kind of merit, will be readily allowed.

Cowper's poem of the Task has less claim to reputation than the superior productions of most of those mentioned, (in which opinion I believe I differ from many) in any respect, but particularly in the construction of his verse, in which I never could discover either dignity or softness, sublimity or harmony. It is the most prosaic style in the language, and I merely quote it here, as another example of a variety in the composition of blank verse.

Armstrong remains to be noticed, and though the subject of his poem is rather sterile to produce either the stately oak or blooming flower; it is justly distinguished as an elegant and correct composition. It is blank verse in a most sprightly pleasing form, and from the specimens of the author's powers of fancy afforded in two of the divisions of his poem, it is to be regretted that he had not attempted a subject less familiar, barren, and destitute of ornament.

In quoting authors in the preceding manner merely with a view to enumerate varieties of style in the first class of composition, it will be found a most difficult matter to distinguish the shades of difference. It would be like attempting to prove that one concerto or piece of musick was superior to another without any rule or guide but a nice ear, and would no doubt appear to the man of business, metaphysician, or mathematician as useless and contemptible an occupation, as collecting butterflies or shells. I need only remark that to my ear the above authors independent of their great merit and beauty, differ in the construction of their versification, which affords to blank verse an advantage over the other kinds of poetry, in which all good authors resemble each other in every thing but their matter. We can scarcely take up a paper (for instance, Mr. Easy's) that we do not meet with lines as smooth and harmonious as Pope's, however insignificant may be the claim to poetic merit. This cannot be said of blank verse—it must be good to be tolerated—we therefore scarcely ever meet with any specimens.

I am conscious I have shewn considerable courage in announcing my taste and opinions so dogmatically before so enlightened a community as this; and if they should prove erroneous, I have no doubt but some of the learned contributors to this Miscellany will take me in hand and teach me how to spy into literary matters with more precaution and efficacy.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

No. V.

FOR THE COMPANION.

In one of his books, Lavater has described a preternatural countenance—that is, I suppose, a countenance the most excellent to be formed. From the celebrity of this extraordinary description, I doubt not that most of my readers are well acquainted with the prominent traits of character contained in it. Now, though I sincerely loath from my heart all show of vanity and conceit, I will venture to take upon myself the description of a countenance and head more pleasing than his.

The head rather large and somewhat long; circular, when viewed from behind and when viewed in profile exhibiting almost, but not quite a perfect springing arch, rather lower before than behind, covered with bright copious hair, something deeper than chesnut and having less of the red, in large curling masses.

Forehead rather high and broad, almost straight for about an inch, and then gently retreating, rather square than round, almost imperceptibly indented in the middle.

Eye-brows of a middling length, full and compressed, somewhat darker than the hair of the head, not perfectly arched, having a very slight waving from the middle towards the nose; rather below than above the bone. Eyes of a middle size, neither prominent nor sunken, of a dark hazle grey, and of liquid lustre; the iris rather larger in proportion.

The descent to the nose rather long, very little turned in, the nose gently aqueline, the back of it more flat than rounding, two-fifths of an inch broad all the way down, the point agreeable to the eye—nostrils rather large and just visible when seen in front.

The upper lip, improper as it is called, or the space betwen the nose and mouth, rather short. The lips full but not pouting, or blubber; the under one a little larger than the other. The line formed by their easy junction agreeably waving.

The chin a little prominent and rounding, but interrupted—difficult to determine whether long or short, but rather the former.

But Lavater says nothing of the general form of the face. It must by no means be oval, unless we can properly use the expression of square oval—

Lavater says nothing of complexion. Is it possible to conceive that physiognomy has nothing to do with colour. Over the face I have drawn, I include colour. The complexion the lightest of brown, animated with a mixture of red with deeper brown. Blue and yellow all in their proper places—not that I mean that insipid large blotch in the cheeks which most men admire—No! the cheeks should be more red than the other parts, but none of them should be destitute of red except the temples. The nose and chin should be a little, but very little red. The forehead a little more.

Such I conceive to be a head and face entitling the mortal who should possess it, to the admiration of all mankind, to the love and friendship of all within his reach.

HEAD No. 6 AT ST. MEMINS.

The heads before described, with an exception to the correct profile of a *philosopher*, were extremely good, and it pleases me much to be able to say, after a long and attentive study of each contained in the room they are upon the whole such as a physiognomist would be pleased in contemplating, and upon all but one or two would pass a favourable judgment.

There is one head I have been studying for some time; which shall be the subject of a future number, when I shall have it in my power, by a more attentive examination to speak at large. But for the present I cannot forbear to make some few comments.

A false pretender; unworthy, unfaithful, malevolent; a prey to envy, hatred and malice. More, much more than the dry hardness of the pinched in, wrinkled mouth, betoken these. Who could suppose this head capable of any high or profound exercise of the understanding? Rooted and unbounded avarice are apparent throughout the whole countenance. Can any benevolent, wise or virtuous man look, or walk thus? Where is the man, however inobservant, daring enough to maintain the affirmative? None can be found, *unless* as destitute of courage and of as little observation as the original of this shade. But let us turn from nature so debased, and rejoice that thousands of people afford not a countenance more abominable; and relieve ourselves by the grateful contemplation of

No. 7.

The form of the head and forehead, denote sound understanding and stability becoming a man, not less than

a female: But they certainly do denote a pertinacious adherence to opinions however erroneously adopted, and a thorough conviction that *her* judgment, her *will* ought always to prevail, no matter if opposed by the dictates of superior judgment. Such is the trait, and like a queen she will declare her will, but like a good queen she will be mostly governed by the suggestions of wisdom and benevolence.

Deliberate observation, penetration, and discretion, are displayed in the full well-formed eye—Firmness is also seen in the nose, which speaks likewise fine taste and delicacy. How charmimg are the inviting, gently closed lips, discovering animated benevolence and pure angelic love. What in most other faces is expressed by the chin is absent from this innocent, lovely face. He that could suspect grossness from this chin, might suspect the goddess Diana herself of sensuality.

I cannot forbear to speak even of the neck, like a firm beauteous pillar of alabaster, supporting the mildly dignified head. Seldom does the *physiognomist*, descend below the chin. But true physiognomonical sensation perceives pregnant marks even in a light springing foot and well turned delicate ancle. It perceives them too in the finely rounded arm, the taper finger, and transparent exquisite nails.

O! young man, whoever thou art, that fate has decreed to possess this excellent woman,—let it be thy constant study to deserve her. Contemplate her perfections. Respect the little foible I have pointed out, and use every gentle effort to amend it. Cherish—love—adore her! So shall thy happines in this life be secured.

No. 8.

What an amiable head is here exhibited! I would as soon suspect the sun of cheating the moom of its light, as suppose this head to be that of a thief or a robber. He cannot be mean, it is impossible. If he has ever committed a crime, it has not been a premiditated one. Youthful folly he may possibly have committed of the least hurtful kind.

This is the kind of man, that, from his countenance, I should choose to associate with. On very great occasions I might not depend on him further than that I should expect him to be zealous. Still I conceive his talents to be by no means contemptible. ZOPHYRUS.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Mr. Easy,

I am very much pleased with the Observers that have been lately communicated in your useful paper. The motto of the first is peculiarly applicable to such a subject, I therefore willingly adopt it, and I propose occasionally to pursue the idea so very judiciously suggested.

There is no association of men that do not often require hints for their government. In newly settled countries this must be peculiarly necessary, especially as in these, opportunities often occur of amassing large fortunes by those who have had a very limited education, and who can not be possessed of the information necessary to their securing that respectabilty which is believed to attach to wealth. Riches are not to be attained by those to whom they do not devolve by inheritance, without much care and attention, without a certain degree of sagacity which is best suitable to such pursuits. If the exercise of these qualities is attended with success, great merit is assumed by the adventurer, and the full coffers that are often the result, almost inevitably fill the mind with ideas of great superiority.

These ideas are not always gratified, especially in a free country, where the law makes no distinctions, where there are no priviledged orders and where all are presumed to be on a footing of equality. Unreasonable claims of superiority are often resisted in a very mortifying manner, and the remembrance of a mean origin is brought into view, not seldom to the extreme disquietude of those who ardently wish it should be forgotten.

A planter in one of the lately cultivated parts of this great continent had originally been a drummer. By his uncommon industry, and proportionate œconomy he became immensely rich, more so than many of the princes of Europe. Fearful of being puffed up with his extraordinary good fortune, he had a drum placed in his best room, in that into which he received the friends he most delighted to honor. He frequently exercised himself upon it, and often remarked that it was necessary he should be reminded of his being once subject to command, in order to correct his manner of exacting obedience from those who were now placed under his authority. This was an example well worthy of imitation.

Several years ago, I remember to have been in the house of a man who from a slender beginning had accumulated a very large fortune. He was perhaps the wealthiest of the community to which he belonged. Whilst I was sitting with him, one of his most intimate acquaintances came in, accompanied by a stranger. This stranger's appearance expressed poverty, although he looked as if he had once seen better days. After the usual salutations, the friend addressing himself to the self-deemed great man, said "I have brought with me, sir, a gentleman with whom you were formerly in some degree of intimacy, but perhaps, in the length of time that has

elapsed, since you have seen him you may have forgotten him." The rich man answered, without deigning to lift up his eye, or regard him who was thus announced, "No, indeed I do not remember him." I could not resist the thought that occurred, my friend, you do not wish to recollect the DRUM.

Man is a tractable animal—without being taught, he is ignorant of every thing. It is absolutely necessary that those who have acquired wealth should be informed of the manner in which they may best acquit themselves in circumstances so very new. Such men are generally anxious to keep out of view the humble station, from whence they originated, and in order to effect this, are very apt to assume a haughty demeanour, and to treat with contempt those who have been less successful. There cannot be a more effectual way to defeat their design. Every man who is so improperly made to feel the failure of his endeavours will certainly say or think, "my friend, you have forgotten the drum"—as often as this conduct is repeated, so often will the painful remembrance be revived.

A rich man when he meets another who has a claim to respect, should always be the first to salute, because there is a consequence attached to wealth which will operate as a restraint upon him who is of more circumscribed condition. So treated, the latter will feel no temptation to say to himself, *you were once my equal, perhaps my inferior.*

Wealth without good breeding, that is, without a civility of demeanour, extorts execrations. Where, on the contrary, this is uniformly observed, it is received, if not as a condescension, certainly as a proof that an adventitious increase of fortune has not caused the possessor to forget what propriety demands, and what is certainly due from one fellow creature to another. The most flattering appendage of a superior station is to be well thought of by those amongst whom we live—civility costs very little, and is sure to command a very bountiful return from those who have been less highly favoured, and all who practice it may be assured they will never awaken the painful reflection connected by too many with the DRUM.

We have been promised by a friend a series of papers on Natural History; but we find to our regret, the difference between *promise* and *performance*. Thinking however that to this subject, a part of our miscellany might be devoted both with advantage and amusement to some of our readers, and having waited until all hope has vanished of receiving any thing original on this interesting topic, we think it better to adopt the plan of making selections, and now present to our readers, the history of the Silkworm, from Bingley's Animal Biography, a work of much merit, and we believe not generally known here.

THE SILKWORM.*

The silk worm is found in a native state on mulberry-trees in China and some others of the eastern countries, from whence it was originally introduced into Europe in the reign of the emperor Justinian. It is, however, at this time become, in a commercial view, one of the most valuable of all the insects; affording the delicate and beautiful threads that are afterwards woven into silk, and used in garments in almost all parts of the world.

In the warmer climates of the east, the silk worms are left at liberty upon the trees, where they are hatched, and on which they form their coccoons; but in cooler countries where these animals have been introduced, they are kept in a room with a south aspect, built for the purpose, and fed every day with fresh leaves.

The eggs are of a straw colour, and each about the size of a pin's head. At its birth the worm is entirely black, and about as long as a small ant; and it retains this colour eight or nine days. The worms are put on wicker shelves, covered first with paper, and on this with a bed of the most tender of the mulberry-leaves. Several ranges are placed, one above another in the same chamber, about a foot and a half apart. The scaffolding for these ranges should however be in the middle of the room, and the shelves not too deep. The worm continues feeding during eight days after its birth, when it becomes about a fourth of an inch in length: it then experiences a kind of lethargic sleep for three days, during which it casts its skin. It now feeds for about five days, and is considerably increased in size, when a second sickness comes on. In the next ten days it experiences two other attacks, by which time it has attained its full growth, and is somewhat more than an inch in length and two lines in thickness. It then feeds during five days with a most voracious appetite, after which it refuses food, becomes transparent, with a tinge of yellow, and leaves its silky traces on the leaves that it passes over. These signs denote that it is ready to begin its coccoon, in which it is to undergo its change into a chrysalis.—The animals are then furnished with little bushes of heath or broom stuck upright between the shelves: they climb up the twigs, where, after a little while, they begin the foundation of their lodge, and are five days in spinning the coccoon. They generally remain in this state about forty-seven days.

The retreat that they thus form is a cone or ball of silk,

*Phalæna Mori.—*Linn.*

spun from two longish bags that lie above the intestines, and are filled with a gummy fluid of a marigold colour. The apparatus with which the animal is furnished for spinning the silky threads that principally compose this bag, resembles in some measure a wire-drawer's machine, in which gold or silver threads are drawn to any degree of fineness; and through this the animal draws its thread with great assiduity. As every thread proceeds from two gum-bags, it is probable that each supplies its own; which however are united as they proceed from the animal's body. If we examine the thread with a microscope, it will be found flattened on one side, and grooved along its whole length. Hence we may infer that it is doubled just upon its leaving the body, and that the two threads stick to each other, by the gummy quality they possess.

In a state of nature the Silkworm, previous to the spinning of its web, seeks out some convenient place to erect its cell without any obstruction. When it has found a leaf, or a chink fitted to its purpose, it begins to writhe its head in every direction, and fastens its threads on every side to the walls of its retreat. These, being continued, form at length the little oval ball in which it is to undergo its change.

The exterior of the coccoon is composed of a kind of rough cotton-like substance, which is called floss; within, the thread is more distinct and even; and next the body of the aurelia the apartment seems lined with a substance of the hardness of paper but of a much stronger consistence. The thread which composes the coccoon is not rolled regularly round, but lies upon it in a very irregular manner, and winds off first from one side, and then from the other.

In the course of six or seven days all the coccoons are generally formed: they are then taken off the branches of heath, and divided into classes. The best are strong, and of a pure unspotted colour. Some are white, and others yellow. The good ones are firm and sound, of a fine grain, and have both ends round and strong. Those of a bright yellow yield more silk than the others. But the pale ones are preferred, because they take certain colours better, and because, since they contain less gum than the others, they lose less than those in boiling.

Five or six days after the coccoon has been detached from the branches, the birth of the moth is prevented, as this would otherwise pierce the shell, and thereby render the coccoon useless. To prevent this, the coccoons are put into long shallow baskets, covered up, and baked for about an hour in an heat equal that of an oven from which the bread has just drawn after being baked.

After the baking, they are disposed in a proper manner on ozier shelves, distributed into stories two or three feet distant from each other.

The whole thread if measured will be found about three hundred yards long; and it is so very fine that eight or ten threads are generally rolled off into one by the manufacturers. For this purpose the coccoons are put into small coppers or basons of water, each over a small fire. The ends of the threads are found by brushing them over gently with a whisk made for the purpose, and in winding, they are each passed through a hole in an horizontal bar of iron placed at the edge of the bason, which prevents them from becoming entangled.

It is generally a fortnight or three weeks before the insect within the coccoon is changed into a moth; but no sooner is it completely formed, than having divested it selfof its aurelia skin, it prepares to burst through its prison. For this purpose it extends its head towards the point of the coccoon, and gnaws a passage through its cell, small at first, but enlarging as the animal increases its efforts for emancipation. The tattered remnants of its aurelia skin are left in confusion with the coccoon, like a little bundle of dirty linen.

The animal, thus set free, appears exhausted with fatigue, and seems produced for no other purpose than to transmit a future brood. The male dies immediately after its conjunction with the female; and she only survives him till she has laid her eggs, which are to be hatched into worms in the ensuing spring.

In many parts of Italy, the inhabitants contrive to have two silk harvests in the year. They keep the eggs in very cool places, and when the mulberry trees (after having been stripped entirely of their leaves for former worms) begin to bud a second time, they expose the eggs to be hatched.

During the whole time in which the animals continue in a warm state, the utmost care and attention is necessary, as they are extremely susceptible of cold, dampness, and unpleasant smells.*

* Hare and Skinner on the progress of the Silkworm from the Egg. Amer. Phil. Tran. ii, 347.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To several charming poets who have favoured us with their effusions, which have appeared in the two last numbers, we offer our sincerest thanks, and we would intreat them whenever they invoke the Muses, to permit us to embellish the pages of the Companion with their productions.

But what shall we say to some correspondents, in prose as well as poetry, who have heaped on us the plentiful offspring of their all-prolific brains—we have folios of morality, quartos of sentiment—and as for rhymes, the table at which we are now seated groans beneath their *weight*. To some of these writers we would recommend a course of orthography, beginning even with the primmer—others we would ask for a key by which we might obtain an insight to their meaning.

A TRITON announces himself, as one of our future correspondents, with a loud sounding conch indeed—we give a specimen of the poetic melody this Sea-God awakens from his shell.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

" Alas why do I take delight
To persecute this race
And wound whole flocks with dire affright
As o'er the fields I pace

" Here see the harmless victim lies
Low prostrate to my gun
I do not hear their helpless cries
Can this be called fun" &c. &c.

Ye muses hide your diminished heads!!! Our own Apollo reigns.

And now for the prose that ushers in these *immortal rhymes*.

" I give you my honour that whatever *Triffles* may appear under the following *fictious* motto, shall be the genuine productions of my pen not in the least blended with the egregious offspring of *rapine, rape*, or *piracy*, let it meet your approbation or not." TRITON.

Heaven grant that the " itching bewitching" propensity of this redoubtable son of Neptune may forsake him, unless he can bring with him something besides weeds of such rank growth from his watery abode.

The following sublime " retrospect of human existence" we cannot resist giving in toto.

" A FUGITIVE OR DESULTORY POEM,
occasioned from a retrospect of human existence.

When the moon had commenc'd her nocturnal career,
To illumine the sublunar scene;
Thro' the sky's lofty concave no clouds did appear:
Nature's aspect beam'd smiles most serene.
The tortois'd garb'd gentry had abandon'd those marts,
In which belles and beaux did display
The simper—the languish—those crocodile arts,
Which their finical finesse cou'd play.
Absorb'd in reflection—I then glanc'd o'er the stage
On which mankind are destin'd to tread:
Those rainbow'd high prospects our strain'd hopes of presage,
Are with destructive abortions repaid.
When juvenile ardor self control disdains,
Basks in pleasure's illusory gleam;
Thro these vice beck'ning portals grim misery reigns:
Sensual bliss is thus mask'd in a dream.
Eagle winged ambition, unresisted, may soar,
Mankind's rights, spurn indignant, behind;
[*Softly sweet in heavenly measures.*]
Stern justice, like Cato, freedom's loss may deplore,
Self victim'd at tyranny's shrine!
The despotic Sphynx, who has gormandiz'd Gaul,
[*This Sphynx must have had a good stomach.*]
Has attain'd his climacteric goal;
Yet this speck evanescent—this sublunar ball,
Seems a mole hill compar'd to his soul!
The disciples of Mammon distort ev'ry nerve
Their shark stomachs avarice to fill;
In self thus incrusted, from social they swerve—
Counteract what our nature's instill.
Tho reason retraces truth's august abode,
And invig'rates the mind that is free;
Yet privilleg'd error obscures nature's road
And reverses her sacred decree!
Thus man, victim'd man, to woe's trinity chain'd
Av'rice, priest craft and tyranny's sway;
Is a foil in that scale th' eternal ordain'd—
Since all *less graded* natures obey
Ah! why then I cry'd with a throb heaving heart,
Heav'ns boon be thus lessn'd with woe:
Heav'n can't be accus'd for what our vices impart,
In this reason proof drama below"
Alas! alas!
Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For born a goddess, *Dullness* never dies.

And now we have to offer an apology to our friend M. A. for an inconceivable blunder of which we were guilty in his note on the Duke de Lauzun—but in truth we claim his sympathy; for the epidemical cacoethes scribendi, which has prevailed for some weeks, has oppressed us with a weight of literary lead, that would have dulled the keenest wit. This united with the influence of the warm weather, has really sunk our faculties into a lethargic state—to it then we attribute the stupid mistake we made. We flatter ourselves however that M. A. will find, that Mr. Easy is not dead, but doseth.

For " Monarchist" in erratum, page 270, read *monarchien*; a word for which, like sans culottes, there is no English translation.

We would ask ZOPHYRUS if fancy did not outstrip reason, when he decided so conclusively upon the face he has imagined? " Such I conceive to be a head and face, entitling the mortal who should possess it, to the love and admiration of all mankind." Can a head and face deserve all this? and will Zophyrus kindly tell us, what it is that " true physiognomonical sensation perceives, in the finely rounded arm, the taper finger, and transparent exquisite nails?" The inimitable Boileau has said,

Aimez donc la raison; que toujours vos ecrits
Empruntent d'elle, et leur lustre et leur prix:

" Love then good sense, that your writings may always borrow from her both their lustre and their value."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

TO —— ON HER BIRTH DAY.

Lead the dance begin the song,
Bring delight and love along ;
Let each bosom now be gay,
'Tis Amanda's natal day !—

Haste ye maidens, to the green,
Where the riv'let ever sheen ;
Murmuring winds its mazy round,
O'er the flower-enamel'd ground—
Where coy wood nymphs nightly haunt,
And their dulcet numbers chant.—

See, advance the lovely fair !
Now your choicest gifts prepare ;
And with garland wreaths of green,
Deck the little rosy queen !

Now—behold that neck of snow,
Mark those cheeks that ever glow ;
Like the early rose of May,
Blushing from the eye of day !

Hark ! sweet music fills the sky,
Sure 'tis Oberon that's nigh ;
With his little elfin train,
While the dryads join the strain—
Drawn by magic beauty's power,
They have left their secret bower ;
Eager hast'ning to be bless'd,
Near Amanda's spotless breast !—

Matchless maid—divinely fair !
How shall mortals ever dare
To approach such envy'd charms,
Or persuade thee to their arms ?

But, if destin'd to the joy,
O ! what bliss shall hail the boy,
Whom Amanda deigns to prove,
Worthy of her virgin love !—

Ever beauteous, gay and young !
Sweet inspirer of my song !
O, may each returning year,
Find thee still, as happy, here ;
Still, as now, by all caress'd,
Still, in every virtue bless'd !

FREDERICK.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Beauteous little flutt'rer come,
Lull me with thy gentle hum ;
While on rapid wing you roam
From thy curious pendant home.

I love to view thy rainbow dies,
(Whose changes mock th' enraptur'd eyes)
The richness of thy ruby crest,
Thy topaz neck and em'rald breast.

For thee has bloom'd each fragrant flow'r,
That scents this honeysuckle bow'r ;
For thee the nectar'd drops distil,
To gratify thy dainty bill.

Then dip in every crimson cup,
And drink th' ambrosial bev'rage up ;
I envy not thy honied bliss,
For mine is greater still than this.

Sweeter than all the sweets you sip,
Are those which hang on Ellen's lip ;
The blush upon her cheek excels
The lustre of the coral bells.

Nor from the varying hues which deck
Thy changeful breast and golden neck,
Such bright and dazzling splendours fly,
As sparkle from my Ellen's eye.

But why, (ungrateful bird !) despise
The blossom rifled of its prize,
And with inconstant flight repair
To virgin flowers, to revel there.

Thus, by the villain man betray'd,
Full many an unsuspecting maid,
Sees the base spoiler of her charms
Desert her for another's arms.

JULIUS.

FOR THE COMPANION.

THE AFFECTIONATE HEART.

Let the great man, his pleasures possessing
Pomp and splendour for ever attend ;
I prize not the shadowy blessing ;
I ask the affectionate friend.

Tho' foibles may sometimes o'ertake him,
His footsteps from wisdom depart ;
Yet my spirit shall never forsake him,
If he own the affectionate heart !

Affection, thou soother of care,
Without thee unfriended we rove,
Thou canst make e'en the desert look fair,
And thy voice, is the voice of the dove.

'Mid the anguish that preys on the breast
And the storms of mortality's state,
What shall lull the afflicted to rest
But the joys that on sympathy wait.

What is fame, bidding envy defiance ?
The idol and bane of mankind !
What is wit, what is learning or science ?
To the heart that is stedfast and kind.

Even genius may weary the sight,
By too fierce and too constant a blaze ;
But affection (mild planet of night)
Grows lovelier, the longer we gaze !

It shall thrive when the flattering forms,
That encircle creation, decay ;
It shall live 'mid the wide wasting storms,
That bear all, undistinguish'd away !

When time, at the end of his race,
Shall expire, with expiring mankind ;
It shall stand on its permanent base,
It shall last till the wreck of the mind.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE SPY.

No. IV.—SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1806.

Rare as true love is, it is less so than true friendship. The generality of friends put us out of conceit with friendship; as the generality of religious people put us out of conceit with religion.
ROCHEFOUCAULT.

PRIOR in his beautiful poem of Henry and Emma, has a charming allegory of the fidelity of true love:—When Henry depicts in lively colours the dangers and disadvantages she must inevitably encounter in being the companion of his flight, she replies,

> Did I but purpose to embark with thee
> On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
> While gentle zephyrs play with fav'ring gales
> And fortune's favors fill the swelling sails;
> But would forsake the ship and make the shore
> When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?

If the noble sentiment contained in these lines, was more frequently realized, as regarded friendship, in active life, much would the sphere of solid and substantial enjoyment be enlarged. That it is little more than a name, general experience, may be appealed to with confidence and with regret.

The Chesterfieldian maxims too plainly discover how little the conduct and professions of those around us are to be relied on as sincere and disinterested. No man knew the world better than his lordship. He saw how beautiful and dignified the image of true friendship was, but recommends only an imitation of it as more conducive to self-interest and security than the reality. Rochefoucault could trace no such thing as disinterested friendship, and La Bruyere has so little suspicion of its reality that he says, "We seek for happiness beyond ourselves in those "whom we know to be flatterers, insincere, full of en- "vy, caprices and prejudices."

Eminently formed as we are, for the realization of true friendship, and seeing that the chief requisites for it are to be found in those social virtues which moral writers have pronounced the basis of happiness and virtue; it would seem extraordinary that so choice a fruit should be so rare. We are generally sincere and firm in our love to the object of our affections; we have no deception in the exercise of filial or paternal duties, but in those which belong to friendship, the heart must not be too closely probed to be assured of its sincerity. If friendship is a reality, where is she to be found? Look steadily, and you will finally close your researches in the bosom of your family: amongst those who have one common undivided interest with you. If we look around, we see many associations indeed; apparently many close links, which a length of time seems to have rendered more firm—but a nice examination too often discovers, how easily they are rent asunder and that too frequently the slightest spell dissolves the charm of friendship. A descent from affluence to poverty opens the eyes to a thousand faults and misconducts never before discoverable—we are then no longer benefitted by association. Interest or reputation is no longer concerned: and the altered countenance and ready advice, couched in terms of supercilious consequence, betray the estrangement of friendship. In the extreme pangs of sickness, convenience must be first consulted before the kindly visit is proffered; the dispatch of a vessel or the making a pot of pickles are sufficient reasons for the delay. When death with unrelenting obstinacy forces the devoted victim to visit that bourne, from whence there is no return; feeble is the sigh that is heard, and short is the date of recollection. Remembrance indeed is but a mere term. Even whilst attending the last sad rites; whilst the body which has been known in the social circle for years, lays before us divested of its energy; the com-

mon place topics of the day are agitated, and the scene once abandoned, the *memory* of the *friend* goes along with it. In one little week the deceased is as if he had never been; and the tongue prone to detract is often more prompt to dwell upon his failings, than recal his virtues. This is no mock description; this is no phantom conjured up by a gloomy and desponding imagination: too many instances occur daily to vouch for the reality—and the records of the poet and the historian, the labours of the dramatic writer and the closet analysis of the moral philosopher, all unite to afford one general experience of the melancholy reality.

It may now be asked, what is the tendency of such an exordium? Is the intention to add to the miseries already thickly scattered by creating a general distrust and suspicion. By no means. The picture is no doubt a gloomy one, and I believe few that examine it closely, will be inclined to dispute its accuracy; but beneficial lessons may be afforded, though some of the warmest impulses of the youthful heart may be checked by them.

The lesson is meant, to prevent the thoughtless indulgence of professions by which nothing is intended; and to guard the unwary against cherishing too sanguinely the fond hope of unshaken friendship.

It is to prevent their becoming the dupes of themselves and others—to guard against chagrin, disappointment and misanthropy, and to have some just idea of what we may expect from others before plunging into the vortex of the world; to calculate upon no one as a friend until severe trials have warranted his pretensions; in the hour of need and at the bed of sickness he may be found; when others fly, he will be near.

When such a one is found—"grapple him to your heart with hooks of steel," and prize the treasure as your "heart's core."

Similarity of taste, conformity of interest, coincidence of opinion, unite men often together for a long period.—One little diversity frequently changes the title, and more bitter animosity is the consequence. Any one may observe of what little meaning the word is, with females particularly. None appear so closely interwoven—none so inseparable—none so full of disinterested professions as the youthful and single fair ones. But of her who is left single of the faithful pair, we may exclaim with Viola, "Poor lady, she were better love a dream." For the word matrimony has reduced this boasted blessing to a blank. They then discover how perfectly independant they are of each other. New scenes and pursuits open upon their view, and it is perceived that similarity of situation, and mutual views, with interested confidence, were what cemented the tie, and not a well founded attachment resulting from mutual esteem and affection.

I believe most women will allow that their husbands absorb all their stores of friendship. If they did not they had certainly better have avoided the marriage state.

After writing thus far I laid down my pen and reclining in my easy chair, began to ruminate upon this melancholy subject with rather more seriousness than I thought such an Epicurean Spy as myself was capable of. It was not long before I insensibly fell into a profound sleep. My senses were not steeped in absolute forgetfulness, and methought a being as mild and beneficent as ever appeared to the disturbed vision of man stood before me. Turn thine eyes, said he, to that bustling crowd, which seems too busy to look much to the right or left, as they perform their peregrinations through this worldly pilgrimage. I looked and beheld a numerous throng indeed, which appeared totally absorbed in prosecuting some scheme or other whose ultimate tendency was happiness. An engaging nymph named Friendship, whose smile was sweetness and whose eyes shone with a lustre full of benignity and kindness, seemed to be very intent in her attentions to many of these heedless beings. None avoided her embrace, though few returned it with that heartfelt sincerity and satisfaction which impelled her towards them.

Amidst the train who appeared to pay her any attention, I perceived two, that seemed actuated by a mutual attachment and upon whom the nymph smiled with more than common satisfaction. Upon a closer view I found they were of that class of society who are eternally aiming at riches through the assistance of commerce. Many a profitable scheme they had planned together and none could betray more anxiousness of mutual benefit and satisfaction.

Their hearts however (through the magic influence of the being who stood beside me) lay open to my inspection and I soon discovered that one of them had the reality, the other the semblance of true friendship. He in whose power it was, the most to confer superior benefits, by credit, means and talents, was sincere and did what was possible to promote the interest of his companion; but it was evident that the friendship and attention of the other proceeded entirely from the consciousness of a benefit and interest which depended totally upon such advice and assistance, and would be as lasting as they were useful and desirable to him and no longer.

In another part of the group were two who considered

themselves as holding some rank in literature and regarded with indifference the less elevated occupations of their companions around them. I soon perceived that they were both readers and writers, and that their intimacy arose from the mutual praises and admiration each lavishly bestowed on the other's talents and productions. Upon a nearer scrutiny it was obvious that their adulations were liberally granted to extort a reciprocal quantity of flattery and compliment.

Here I saw a collection of *good* fellows, sworn friends and associates, who were ready to fight or die for each other, but who were very fond of the jovial table and all its delights. I soon perceived they did not care one farthing for each other, and that when the claret and champaigne were fairly exhausted as well as their pockets, they would forget they had ever been companions.

There I beheld a couple of females who seemed animated with a pure and ardent attachment for each other. They were absolutely inseparable and seemed to care for no body else, so they could wander by purling streams, in shady groves, intent upon each other's conversation. It required no great penetration (gifted as I was) to find out they were both in love, and that the grand cement of their union was a mutual recital of the accomplishments and merits of their beloved swains and a perpetual confession to each other of the pangs and hopes produced by that tyrant love.

In another place were numbers that looked upon the engaging nymph with delight and self-congratulation.—Some great politician or other, who had an eye to public life, had been squeezing their hands, and telling them of his devotion for them and their interests, and had so far gained upon their affection as to secure their adoration for the fair one who had till then courted their attention in vain.

My mind finally became so agitated with its constant disappointment in not meeting with any instances of disinterested and pure friendship, that I started from my chair wide awake. Good heavens! exclaimed I, if the mere semblance of friendship is so estimable as to seduce all, into the practice of it, how invaluable must the precious reality be in this vale of tears!—we may well say with the poet,

> "Celestial happiness! whene'er she stoops
> To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds;
> And one alone, to make her sweet amends,
> For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend."

FOR THE COMPANION.

Of all the characters who have adorned the present æra of literature, none has shone so eminently conspicuous as the late sir William Jones. To a fund of various and recondite literature he added the more elegant accomplishments of imagination and taste, accompanied by those habits of industry which are too often not the concomitants of genius. Nor were the virtues of his heart surpassed by the lustre of his talents. The warm piety, the extended benevolence which breathe throughout his writings, will be honourable to his name, when the vain and gilded rhapsodies of his contemporaries shall be lost and forgotten. In an age characterised by every extravagance of manners and philosophy, it is pleasing to reflect that a character like sir William Jones, gave his sanction to the cause of religion and virtue, and stands a memorable proof, that the pure doctrines of christianity meet the assent of superior and exalted minds. It has long been a reproach to polite literature that some of its most elegant and accomplished votaries have been the disciples of a pernicious and infidel philosophy. Profound talents, however, will always be found opposed to the doctrines of impiety, since they contradict the clearest principles of reason. There is a species of genius more distinguished by a character of wit and sprightliness, than profound and philosophic research, which has not unfrequently been connected with vicious and degenerate morals. Such was that host of infidel philosophers in France, whose pernicious dogmas have thrown Europe into anarchy, and loosened upon mankind the dogs of rage and war. But what is Voltaire, a Diderot, a Rousseau, compared with a sir Francis Bacon, a Locke, a Newton; those herculean geniuses for whose comprehensive grasp of thought no proposition was too complex, no science too unbounded. To this list of worthies let us add the name of sir William Jones; and may his example ever animate those who combat the doctrines of a false and infamous philosophy. Lord Teignmouth's memoirs of his life is a work we cannot too highly recommend to every class of readers. To the young it will afford a noble incitement to seize the first honours of genius; in it the philosopher may mark the gradual developement of a mind rapid and extensive, and the christian see an example of that religion which teaches us to unite the wisdom of the serpent with the innocence of the dove.

A.

ORATION,

ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS.

Pronounced in Alexandria, by a young gentleman of 14 *years of age,* 11*th of February* 1806.

No age has refused to celebrate the deeds of the virtuous, the great, and the good. The eloquence of Greece and Rome was employed in the praise of their warriors and heroes. In the ages of Gothic barbarity, that dark night of ignorance and superstition, when majestic Rome fell from the summit of glory, the songs of the bard celebrated, though in rude strains, the feats of valorous knights, and daring heroes.

If then, in the throng, which has crowded to offer the incense of praise, to the memory of Columbus, a youth, struck with admiration at the relation of his great achievements, should, with the consciousness of his inability, and with timid steps, attempt his eulogy, let your indulgence be extended to his youth and inexperience.

In perusing the records of departed periods, and contemplating the rise and fall of states and empires, no event in the annals of any nation, arrests our attention with greater force, than the discovery of America; an event which has enlarged the limits of commerce and trade, given new life to genius and industry, extended the region of science and literature, and opened a new and ample field, for the speculations of the philosopher and the politician. We reflect with admiration on the genius, which rising greatly superior to every prejudice of the age, and surmounting every obstacle, persisted boldly in a design, which to an inhabitant of the Roman world, would have appeared " but the baseless fabric of a vision."—Towards the close of the 15th century, Venice and Genoa were the only powers of Europe, whose entire support was derived from commerce. A mutual rivalship subsisted between them; but some years before the present period Genoa had been allowed to possess the superiority. But a destructive war happening in the east, the Genoese possessions were involved in the general calamity, and in consequence of this revolution, Venice obtained a decided superiority over her competitor. To share with Venice, the rich and opulent trade to India, was now the object of every European power, and for this purpose, they were making the most vigorous exertions.

In this state were affairs at the close of the 15th century; a period crowded with great events, and which must ever be interesting, to the inquisitive reader.

1447 gave birth to Columbus; the genius destined to display a new world, to the wondering eyes of Europe.—The vastness of his genius, shone forth in the morning of life. Ready in comprehending every science, however abstruse and difficult, he gave early presages of his future greatness.

The design which has rendered his name immortal, and which in every age since its accomplishment, has raised the voice of the eulogist in his praise, he conceived in early youth, and from that period strove with every power he was master of, for its accomplishment.

With dutiful respect and patriotic affection, he in 1474, first communicates his design to the senate of his own country; but with stupid indifference they reject it as chimerical, and the principles on which it was founded as absurd.

With indignation he retires, to seek in a more favourable court, the encouragement due to the greatness of his designs.

After encountering with perseverance, many discouraging obstacles, he at last obtains the patronage of one of the principal monarchs of Europe, and through the instrumentality of a woman, obtains a force sufficient for the execution of his designs.

Oh Isabella! thy remembrance shall ever be dear to our hearts! the ornament of thy sex, thou participatest the glory of discovering a new world!!

On the 3d of August 1492, Columbus sails from the coast of Spain.

After a tedious voyage, discovers America, the object of all his labours.

When the companions of his voyage had given themselves up to despair, when his sailors had mutinied and had threatened to consign their commander to the mercy of the waves, when even the breast of Columbus himself, was disturbed by many an anxious doubt, the sight of land revives their hearts, the breast of the sailor beats high with expectation, and tears of joy bedew his rough cheek.

Thus in the space of 36 days, did Columbus accomplish a voyage, which he had spent nearly his whole life in projecting; which gave a new spring of enterprize to the inhabitants of Europe, and which has consecrated his name upon the altar of immortality.

He surveys with attention many of the islands of that vast Archipelago, which by the mistake of the age was styled the West Indies, and returns with exultation to Europe.

In crossing the Atlantic, he again displays that greatness of soul, which shone conspicuous in all his actions.

In the the hour of a tempest, when the contending elements roared aloud over his head, and when he every mo-

ment expected his ship to be buried in the waves of the ocean, he retires with intrepid calmness to his cabin, to preserve by some means, the account of the discovery he had made.

But "Omnipotence pleases to hush the storm," and Columbus arrives in Spain, to receive the plaudits of an admiring nation.

Again he visits the new world. He finds that fell dæmon, discord, spreading its baleful wing over his infant settlement, and the subjects of Spain involved in disputes, with the natives of the island. By his prudence, foresight, and sagacity, he diverts the impending storm, and again restores peace and security to the infant colony.

Arriving in Spain, he again commits himself to the fury of the ocean; and in this, his third voyage, discovers the continent.

Wearied with incessant care, and exhausted by the fatigue, attendant on his enterprises, he returns to Hispaniola.

But instead of the rest and repose which he had expected, he finds the colony again distracted by sedition, reduced by disease and debauchery, and finally, on suspicion of treachery, is himself seized, and sent home in chains.

But that greatness of mind and vastness of genius, which had enabled him to conceive and execute a design, which displayed a new creation, to wondering nations, shone forth in his countenance and inspired reverence and awe. Impressed with these sensations, the master of the ship in which he was confined, offers to ease him of the irons which disgraced him: but Columbus nobly declares, that this favour shall be rendered him by none but his sovereign.

Upon his arrival in Spain, his sovereign ashamed of the irons, with which he had ordered him to be loaded, commanded him to be released.

But Columbus could not forget the indignity, which had been offered him. He preserved the fetters, hung them up in his apartment, and ordered them to be buried in his grave.

In the prosecution of his favourite design, a western passage to the East-Indies, Columbus again, though in an inferior station, sails to America.

Excluded from the ports of Hispaniola, and driven by tempests upon the coasts of Jamaica, he suffers the most cruel hardships, unpitied and unsuccoured, by the merciless governor of Hispaniola.

When at last he obtained relief, he returned to Spain, where soliciting in vain for his violated rights, he lingered away a year in poverty and neglect, and died almost unnoticed by a nation, to whose astonished sight he had displayed a new world.

If we view this great and illustrious man, in every stage and in every scene of his life, whether struggling in the storms of adversity, or wafted swiftly along by the prosperous gales of fortune, we shall find him deficient in no quality, which constitutes the truly noble, great and generous character. His penetrating genius soared aloft above the common flights of the age, and enabled him to comprehend the most abstruse and difficult subjects.—Constancy and patience, fortitude and a ready invention, prudence and gratitude, are the characteristics of this great man, whose name will ever be dear to posterity.

Three centuries have elapsed since the bright morn of the discovery of America. Could the venerable shade of Columbus once more visit this terrestrial globe, and view this favoured land; could he listen to the tale of its glorious struggle for liberty; could he attend to the narrative of the feats of its warriors and heroes, the counsels of its statesmen and patriots; could he behold the smiling face of peace, plenty and liberty in these United States, without feeling the warm sensation of pleasure thrilling through his heart, and the furrowed brow once more be relaxed in a smile of exultation!!

Look down with complacency venerable spirit, on the sons of America! Thy memory shall flourish in the breasts of freemen, till the last shock of time shall bury the kingdoms of the earth in undistinguished ruin.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium, præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. TULL.

These studies improve youth, delight old age, are the ornament of prosperity, and refuge of adversity; please at home, are no incumbrance abroad; lodge with us, travel with us, and retire into the country with us.

I mean in the present paper to designate the advantages arising from polished manners and a cultivated mind, acting under the influence of religion. The absence of these accomplishments engender much of the mischief I fear too incident to human nature. To avert this mischief, if possible, will be the pride of my life—if I fail, it will be the weakness of my own intellects, not any want of impressive power in this subject. Let me fairly own the arguments will arise principally from a very ingenious sermon, little known, in which both have been most ably discussed. Of the effect of polished manners, little talent

require to be called forth in proof of their influence on society. All admire them—and all feel the admiration they excite; their acquisition is a general wish; to follow nature is the best mean of attainment. Correctly speaking this cannot be supported without *sterling principle*—without this aid the exhibition is pantomimic, and the insincerity easily detected. The effect comes home to every bosom—it is *dazzling* and *electric*.

Of the advantages arising from a cultivated mind it is impossible to speak without rapture. Those only who enjoy them can conceive the exquisite satisfaction they afford; how they calm the passions, soften and harmonize the temper, elevate the sentiments, and sublime the soul. Knowledge opens and amplifies all the natural faculties. As the plant is first formed in the seed, but incapable of growth without cultivation, thus education cherishes, enlarges, and expands every fibre of genius into its full growth; spreads the splendid flowers, and ripens the growing fruit. Without knowledge, says an ancient writer, life itself is death; it is indeed worse than temporal death.

Shakespear says—"Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."—Knowledge not only fortifies the reason; but by innocent employment so pre-occupies the mind, as to leave no opportunity for the solicitation of dangerous desires. Vice therefore seldom profanes the hallowed closets of the studious; and the quiet search after wisdom is not only itself a virtue, but the security of many others. Religious impressions form the great arcana of happiness.—On these depend the whole of future existence; all the rectitude of temporal life, and all the dearest interests of eternity, all that can secure us through a passage avowedly dangerous—most commonly fatal; all that can secure to us that which is transcendent—the chief object of our existence. It is religion which connects the present scene with the future, which forms an inseparable interest between earth and heaven; which lifts us from sense and perishable objects to spiritual refinement. Religion sublimes all our terrestrial affections; inspires not only the most elevated desires, but shews us the best use of the world in which we live and act. Well has it been observed, "The man united by religious instruction to higher interests enjoys the most exquisite communion; angels are his guardians and protectors; a redeemer is his consolation, and God himself is his friend."

CATO.

Mr. Easy,

The following lines were found on the desk of a gentleman whom it seems has been cruelly disappointed in love. I hope you will publish them as being the only effectual way to shame him for so ungenerous an attack upon our sex. ELIZA ******.

Depend not on the vows of artful woman!
Oh! she can blast more joys in a smile
Disturb more peaceful bosoms with a look
Than time can count on———
Oh! fatal hour that brought this fatal curse
And so connected it with human works
That each must be partaker in these wiles
Which surely bring destruction in the end!
Oh man! what art thou:———
If by the the single varying of a muscle
Tho' only so much as will feed desire,
Without the faintest shadow of a hope
Thou fetterest with thy very life thy poison
Gracious and just omnipotent! for what end
For what purpose was I created?
To be the fond the willing tool of ruthless woman?
To study her desires?—to please her follies?
To court each nod and gratify each wish?
And still to be detested, shun'd, and mock'd—
Why this would make an angel fret
And yet I live—experience—pray to live,
Still keeping in the wanton track of folly—
But I will end it tho' non-existence follow. H. R.

[A desponding swain indeed!]

FOR THE COMPANION.

IMPROMPTU.

*On seeing Miss D**** look at the sun when eclipsed.*

In vain the moon and clouds combine,
To turn the day to night;
Whilst thus *thine* eyes, fair maid, are rais'd
There ever will be light. W.

VARIETY.

The following extract from the advertisement of a Boston wig-maker shews that this knight of the curling-irons deals in internal as well as external ornament for the pericranium. "He offers an extensive variety of ladies perukes, frizzets and toupees, of the Grecian and Brutus forms, with all the improvements that have *emanated from the great fountain*, by the late arrivals, and of every complexion. The young gentleman and the aged sire, can be accommodated with wigs suitable to their ages, that are so perfect an imitation of nature, as to baffle the nicest investigation."

Propositions and solutions.—Translated from Quevedo.

1. To oblige all handsome women to follow, if you are a man, and the rich gallants, if you are a woman.

Be sure always to keep before them when they are going.

2. To be sure of a good reception wherever you go! *and it is infallible.*

Give something in every place, and you will find so good a reception, that you will have cause to repent.

3. To make the woman you love run after you whereever you go, though you have never seen her but once in your life.

Steal what she has, and she will pursue you to the end of the world.

4. That men and women may grant all you ask of them.

Desire the women to take all you have, and the men to give you nothing, and they will all grant it.

5. To be rich.

If you have money keep it; and if you have not, do not covet it, and you will be rich enough.

6. To come at any woman without ever failing.

If she walks, put on; if she puts on, run; if she runs, fly; and you'll soon come at her.

7. That the cloaths you have may never wear out.

Tear them to rags yourself, and they will not wear out.

8. To be in great esteem.

Get much money, live luxuriously, and treat all that come near you.

9. To prevent growing old.

Keep always in the sun in summer, and in the wet in winter; never give yourself rest; fret at every thing that happens; eat your meat cold and drink water.

THE CATERPILLAR,

IMPROPERLY CALLED THE POPLAR-WORM.

We have taken some pains to examine the caterpillar which has of late occasioned so much apprehension.—There is nothing singular attached to this animal; there can be no venemous properties belonging to it: it has been well known since the time of Aristotle, most probably indeed since the earliest capacity in man to observe. Volumes have been written on the transformations to which it is destined, it has been handled and minutely examined by thousands, and until the discussions by which the public mind has been for some weeks agitated, evil effects from its bite, or in any other way have in no instance been noticed.

The following is the description of it by the indefatigable Reaumur.

Caterpillars have two kinds of feet, one named horney, because they are covered with a kind of shining cartilage. The other feet are membranous, because they are enveloped by a soft flexible skin. It is common to all caterpillars to have six horney feet, three on each side, which grow out of the three first rings, and are therefore designated the anterior or first feet. The number of membranous feet vary, and according to this variety are the caterpillars classed. There are two posterior feet by which the animal fastens upon what is within its reach, and by means of which, as from a fixed point, it proceeds in its several motions. It is especially by the number and arrangement of the intermediate feet that the caterpillars are classed. The first class is characterised by having four on each side, that is to say sixteen in all, six horney, eight membranous, and two posterior feet. The most superficial inspection will ascertain that this is the insect in question which is invariably transformed into a butterfly, and which if injurious to the human race, as to our orchards and indeed almost every species of tree, for it is not confined to the poplar, must have long since depopulated the earth. The bag that has been observed, and supposed to contain the venom is only the excrements which are evacuated from the vent near the tail, and therefore far removed from the mouth, the only possible seat of danger. We hope this will quiet the public mind, and contribute to preserve the first ornament of our cities from the precipitate destruction to which the imaginary fears of those who have not taken sufficient care to examine might expose them.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are extremely sorry that we cannot present our readers with a third number of the "SYLPH" this week. Although we received one, it came too late to be prepared in time for publication. The absence of the Sylph, we think every one, who relishes the true attic, must regret.

At this eventful crisis, when the ridiculous vanity of many amongst us leads them to court the luxury and the vices of Europe, without liberality and taste, to rival their refinement and their virtues, we are proud of the aid honourably afforded by the polite assiduity of an enlightened SPY.

On looking over our file of the Companion we read over some poetry of LEANDER's, which had before escaped our observation. We were just about to take up the pen to entreat that he would renew his remembrance of us, when a piece was brought in, which we found with the greatest pleasure bore his signature—we hope he will not again forget us.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TITANIA TO HER GOLDFINCH.

Charming little warbler, say,
In thy yellow plumage dress'd;
Why is hush'd thy tuneful lay,
What disturbs thy harmless breast.

Late, with music soft and clear,
Thou didst fill thy little throat;
While full oft I've linger'd near,
Pleas'd to hear thy mellow note.

But no more that note is heard,
At the early hour no more—
Pensive droops my sweetest bird,
And the love of song is o'er.—

Say, does restless memory lead,
Back to joys, no longer known,
Picturing many a rill and mead,
When fair freedom was thy own?

And does fancy paint the grove,
Where, full oft on early wing,
Thou hast sped to meet thy love,
And the morning mattin sing?

And are all thy pleasures o'er?
Wilt thou droop—ah! wilt thou die?
There—now open is the door;
Quit thy cage and instant fly.

Go, for hark! thy lover's lay,
Calls thee to her widow'd breast;
"Come," it says "O! come away,
"Haste, for here dwell peace and rest.

Free from care, and free from pain,
Now thy little wings unfold—
Now, far off I hear thy strain;
Fare thee well, sweet bird of gold.

LEANDER.

Mr. Easy,

The following was sent by a gentleman of genius and erudition to his landlord, who sent the answer which is annexed—Should you deem them worthy of publication, you are requested to insert them in the Companion.

If it be, my dear landlord, undoubtedly true
That all men of liberal minds
Take delight in relieving distresses—then *you*
Must grant us Venetian blinds.

To *roast* your poor tenants is a practice, I'm sure,
Altogether unkind and inhuman,
And such as was never adopted before
By "man that is born of a woman."

How others may bear it, I really know not—
I myself am peculiarly fretted;
Since such is my cruelly—singular lot
That I'm not only *roasted* but *sweated.*

Not a cupboard, nor closet, nor beaufet have we
Nor shelf neither fix'd nor yet pensile,
No fast'ning of any kind, door lock or key
To lock up a single utensil.

Our bread and our butter, our sugar and tea
Are expos'd to the ravenous paws
Of the cats, (and alas! how unhappy are we!)
The children's more ravenous jaws.

To talk of the mercy of those who have none
Were to make an impertinent noise;
Trust children with sugar? 'tis very fine fun
To expect *sweet* forbearance from boys!

My back yard is unpaved not a brick to be seen—
I mean the part call'd the piazza;
'Tis as true, I declare, as that red is not green,
Or Jefferson's letter to Mazzei.

Then pray my *dear* landlord, consider my prayer,
And grant your poor tenant's petition—
If you do not we really can't stay where we are,
So comfortless is our condition.

But do not, good landlord, don't turn a deaf ear
To the first lines I've coupled this season;
If you do, I will tell all the world, I declare
That you'll listen to rhyme nor to reason.

Nay more—I will tell them the name you have got,
Of being excentric so very
Is not well bestow'd—or at least yours is not
Excentricity *pecuniary.*

I've spirits and brandies and gin and all that,
Which things I can truly add more to;
Good Madeira and sherry, and the wine that makes fat,
The genuine old wine of Oporto.

Deal then with your tenant whenever you want—
Keep your money to bring wood and hay—
For tho' I give credit to uncle nor aunt,
You know that Discount is good pay.

ANSWER.

Dear Sir,

Some sickness, some business have caus'd a delay
In acknowleding yours receiv'd t'other day.
And in truth your distress was so neatly pourtray'd
It was hard to resolve what reply should be made.
Your griefs you express in so pleasing a strain
'Twere a pity to banish each cause to complain.
Repairs in the first place would cost a large sum
And next I should lose by the bard being *mum.*
When the fair make requests,* I'm easily won
And as a good christian I'd ne'er leave undone,
Those things which my duty commands me to do,
But though my will's great, ah! my means are too few.
Yet as all you can ask of poor mortal man,
Is to please on occasions as well as he can,
I'll call at your house, and we won't disagree,
For I'm fond of good humour betwixt you and me.

* *Several ladies joined in the request of the tenant. The verse which contained their request was omitted.*

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 3.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

Castigat ridendo mores.—In laughing he corrects the times.

I know that if well informed Americans have with regard to taste, an opinion as enlightened and as liberal as we Sylphs, the infancy of their country, as they themselves acknowledge, does not permit, that notwithstanding their disposition towards it, these ideas should yet be so general as they must become, to establish the glory of a nation. However the rapidity with which their desarts have become almost magically transformed into civilized regions, leaves not a doubt, that as soon as the eyes of the Americans are opened, they will make as striking a progress in the arts, as they have done in commerce. Already they can boast distinguished orators, and the example amongst others of the celebrated Benjamin West, (a native of Philadelphia, and who is at present first painter to the king of England) affords ample proof, that when the inhabitants of this country, shall have seen what is really beautiful, when they shall have learnt to know and to appreciate it, they will erect altars to the fine arts that will rival those of Greece, and every other nation which the perfection of taste has immortalized.

I told you that I had at length met with a Sylph, but it is impossible to express to you the delight with which I found in him, a being whose feelings were congenial to my own, who could converse on those subjects which I understand and delight in, for the arts and sciences are the balm of the understanding, as friendship is that of the heart.

It is almost needless to tell you that my little comrade had already lived as many lustres, as I had passed years; the austerity of some of his remarks will shew you, that the bitter fruits of experience have soured his disposition; besides too, the weakest beings are always the most choleric, witness, the humming bird, the female sex, and all the other pretty miniatures of creation—we must then excuse in him a little petulance and rather as it has been long ago said, "to vindicate taste, is to serve our country."

It is to be supposed, that Sylphs occupy themselves very little, with the price of stocks, the quality and rate of tallow, hides and pitch—these matters have no attractions for them, they are even dangerous to their azure wings, their frail existence, and the odours that generally exhale from stores and ware-houses, suffice to make them fly on rapid wings—the progress and the state of the human understanding on this continent, these then formed the subjects of our conversation.

I venture however to make you this confession only as the most profound secret; because in commercial countries, where merit is estimated by the *embonpoint* of the strong box, no other topic of conversation can excite interest, and every one who dares to jest with the sublime divinity CASH must hazard being considered as profane; therefore in this confidential communication, I rely entirely on your discretion, because otherwise, the name of Sylph might become as fatal, in America, as that of *Muscadin* was, under the reign of the Vandal Robespierre.*

I enquired of my old friend the Sylph, what was the state of the fine arts in this country? Why do you talk to me about the fine arts, said he, they are unknown.—How replied I, have you no learned, no artists? Pardon

* During the reign of terror under Robespierre, all those who did not wear the hair cropped and without powder, whoever wore a white cravat, clean boots, and could speak their language correctly, was distinguished by the title of *Muscadin* that is to say a *man of perfumes*, or of haut ton, and of consequence became immediately suspected as an enemy to the state.

me, replied he, there are of both here, who would do honour to Europe and would be distinguished there; but as yet, they are here only like those royal beasts who sadly vegetate in a menagerie where they cannot shew their might. How should the arts be naturalized in a country where there are no *amateurs* and to become amateur, must we not commence by esteeming artists and men of learning; must we not already know how to seek them; is it not in short in their society alone that taste and genius can be developed? You will judge then of the steps that remain to be taken on these points in this country, when I tell you that the men of whom I have spoken to you, are placed in the rank of artizans and *mechanics!!!* Should you make some stay here, you shall be convinced of this by your own experience; I will introduce you into circles that will not permit you to preserve a single doubt of this shameful truth: However, added he, smiling with a sardonic air, I have heard that in a certain assembly of the inhabitants of this country, on a certain day, it was decreed amongst themselves, that their nation was the most polished and enlightened of the universe—if this is not a very modest illusion, replied I, its patriotism at least renders it as excuseable as that of those mothers, who think their own children, the most accomplished of creatures. But I am the more confounded at what you tell me of the fate of genius in this country, since it is believed as a sacred dogma in all the philosophic coteries of Europe, that it is in republics alone, the man of merit and talents, can enter a career worthy of himself whilst in monarchies, say they, he who is without fortune is always loaded with contempt, mortified by humiliations and lost in misery and obscurity. Oh! Oh! cried the old Sylph, I have heard all that nonsense too from haughty misanthropes, and ambitious hypocrites; but you know well, it never existed but in splenetick brains, boiling with envy and rage against all those who were above them.

In the old world, in all civilized countries, the man distinguished by brilliant talents, were he even the son of the meanest citizen, was ennobled, admitted into the order of knights, and the nobility treated him as an equal; princes and great men courted him, loaded him with favours, lodged him in their palaces, and honoured him with important employments, or, at least, with the most flattering attentions; and the proudest and most unbending aristocrat piqued himself upon attending to him, that he might appear more great in shewing himself enlightened. But here, my friend, Raphael would be but a dauber, Phydias a stone-cutter, that would be paid by the job and the foot, and the genius of a Vauban would be no more esteemed than that of a *Master Mason*.* What I advance is so true, that I can shew you in the public register, articles of expence thus entered—

So much for "HIRE of the ENGINEER *and Masons*."

How! cried I: it is well I do not understand English, or I could not forbear launching out the most energetic imprecations against such vandalism. That you may not suffocate, resumed my old companion, do as the ladies do—repeat them mentally. O, replied I, I have already done so. Far then, continued my companion, far from the fine arts distinguishing their possessor here, the descendant of the Cæsars himself, a man covered with the most respectable scars, but reduced, through the consequences of his delicacy and his principles, to walk on foot, with honour or genius alone for his patrimony, would be less esteemed, less sought after than he who comes from the other side of the ocean, proclaiming by his luxury the proofs of his crimes and his dishonour, or than the dullest blockhead who happens to have learned the *sublime* art of metamorphosing his wheelbarrow into a gaudy equipage. This is so true, that the veriest upstart, who possesses the immense merit and importance (risible it is true) which horses, a carriage, and fine houses, even though accompanied by the meanest capacity, bestows, thinks himself obliged to observe no forms even of simple politeness,† towards a man of the most distinguished qualifications and most finished breeding, provided his only possessions are talents, which elsewhere would procure him the highest consideration. It is thus folly indemnifies itself for its own insignificance, by despising merit of which it is destitute; it is thus that ignorance mechanically avoids and repulses, whatever can excite comparions that would be but little flattering to vanity and self love.

Is it possible cried I, in my turn, and does not the whole universe know, that *Alexander the Great* often visited *Apelles* and that forgetting beside him, the immensity of his glory and his pride, he appeared to him only as a plain individual and a real friend!

Did not the Republics of Greece, decree in the council of the Amphictions solemn thanks to Polignotes, and did they not ordain that he should be magnificently supported

* The celebrity of Raphael is sufficiently known, as well as that of Phydias, author of the famous statue of Jupiter Olympus, which was placed amongst the seven wonders of the world. And it is to Marshal Vauban we are indebted for the degree of perfection that the art of fortification, and the science of besieging, has attained. He lived under Louis the Great.

† How should he observe what he don't know.

during his life in every city of Greece in which he should take up his abode.

And men of letters and artists were they not crowned as heroes at the Olympic games and treated with the utmost munificence : the haughty Charles the fifth, did he then debase himself when he picked up the pencil which Titian had dropped, and presented it to him, saying *Titian merits to be served by Cæsar ?*

Pardon me replied my caustic companion, but I cannot help recollecting apropos the noble trait of the strokes of the cane, with which a certain great emperor favoured not very long ago, the shoulders of one of the most celebrated portrait painters of Europe.

Let me alone replied I pettishly, you are always talking to me of upstarts ; while I wish to speak to you of Francis the first that gallant king, who deserved the title of *Father of Letters*, and who melting into tenderness, received the last sighs of *Leonardi da Vinci* in his own arms. I would speak to you too of the honours accorded, a few years since to sir Joshua Reynolds, by a people who know how to appreciate merit, and who placed his ashes in Westminster Abbey amongst those of their kings, and heroes.

No I cannot believe that in a country which has had Franklin for a legislator, we can much longer meet with humiliations when in the possession of talents ; as if it were not by talents alone, that man is distinguished from the vulgar herd : that in a new country the majority of individuals, should occupy themselves only with commerce, is what the law of necessity prescribes, but that it should be common to meet here with men worth millions, men of letters, who have travelled, who have seen all those works of genius that for 20 ages have been the honour and boast of human powers, and that it should be easier to count the *amateurs* amongst them, than to number one's fingers, this is what must astonish and wound every lover of the sciences, and which ought to humble every friend of his country.

It is true, rejoined my comrade, that the Financiers and the Publicans of Europe had at least the judicious vanity of concealing the grossness of their own ignorance and thirst of gold, by surrounding themselves with persons of merit, thus they contrived in some measure to reflect upon themselves, a part of the eclat, which talents, information, and polished manners, give to those who possess them. It was thus they played the *great*, and by this latent pride, this borrowed merit, they made themselves supportable, and sunk into oblivion the origin perhaps too often vicious, of their rapid fortunes and at length became by these means agreeable and civilized, instead of continuing ridiculous. Rapacity very often disappoints itself by its own avidity : if gold had not been every thing here, it would have been more abundant. For the last 15 years America might have attracted to herself, a vast number of men of the most brilliant talents who in their turn would have tempted thousands of wealthy Europeans to follow. But for this it would have been necessary to know how to profit by the disasters of Europe, as Italy knew how to avail herself of the fall of the eastern empire, in welcoming the last depositors of the genius of the Greeks. These advantages might have been *attained at so much cheaper a rate* as it is well known, that men who cultivate letters and the arts, are ever more eager for honours and distinction than for money—the slightest encouragement, some gratuities in lands ; some public establishment which in serving them as an asylum would have hastened by many generations the progress of the human understanding ;—such would have been the easy and honourable means, which North America might have taken, to place itself with no less eclat than rapidity amongst the most learned of nations. Then the artist would not have found himself here as in a place of exile, where no one comprehends him, where he is only sought after to be filched of some useful informaation, to deprive him very quickly both of the profit and the honour to be derived from it after having sacrificed or massacred his ideas, as ignorance cannot fail to do, when it would attempt executing and correcting that of which it knows nothing. Then persons of talents would soon feel themselves naturalised, and, very far from aspiring only to repass the ocean, without delay, to behold once more the abode of genius : they would have exalted this refuge of the arts in the reports they would have made of it. Far from being alarmed by the accounts so full of gall and bitterness, which those men who have been wounded by the reception they have received here have given of it in Europe, the man of refinement, the man of taste, would not dread coming to the United States, as if he were about to sequester himself from all enlightened society, or to bury himself alive in another Siberia.

What you say is perfectly true, said my winged Aristarchus : it should seem indeed that no European *gentleman* can resolve to come and die here, unless he is proscribed, or resolved to become a Broker, a Quaker or a Savage. If the republic of Florence had given no better encouragement to the Greek *Apollonius*, the restorer of the schools of painting, than has been given to the European artists, who have been tempted to come here and

seek peace and employment; if Leo the 10th, the Medicis, and Frances 1st had not judged of the influence of the arts, as well as politicians as men of taste; the last spark of science would have been extinguished for want of nutriment and Europe ere now would have sunk again into the gloom of barbarism.

A cry at once, loud and sepulchral, that issued from the foot of the locust tree, on whose flowers we were reposing, alarmed us and cut short our discourse. I thought for a moment it was some unfortunate wretch about to give up the ghost by some sudden accident—however I was mistaken—It was only a watchman, who disturbed the sick, annoyed lovers, gave the alert to the jealous, the night mare to women, terrified children, and announced to robbers the moment to escape, and all this to inform the sleeping that it was fine weather.

I cursed this officious bawler with all my heart, wishing him an extinction of voice and took leave of my companion till the morrow. M. A.

"One of the greatest miseries of human life, is that state of apathy, to which every mind is in a certain degree subject, for which our language has not a word sufficiently expressive, but which the French call ennui. To this state of mental indifference, corporeal pain is sometimes comparative pleasure. For what can we know more miserable than that man, who loathing all the pleasures of life, and sinking under the weight of intolerable indifference, becomes a burthen to himself. This then is frequently experienced in all those vacant minds, who have no taste for literature; and who fly for amusement to ephemeron pleasure; for of this kind are all the pleasures and inventions of mere amusement. It has been very properly remarked, that books constitute a cheap pleasure, for cheap they are in comparison of the expensive and fatal amusements of the gamester or debauchee. Books concentrate the wisdom of ages. By them we are enabled to recover the past, to improve the present, and to predict the future. To consult them is to "converse with the mighty dead." In them the better part of an author survives.—They are mental alembics that extract, collect and condense the volatile effusions of the mind. They are companions that cannot weary, because we can quit them at pleasure; and we can relish all their excellencies without disgust at the offensive or pitiable frailties of their authors. An attentive reader in his library, enjoys the wisest and best companions of antiquity; he lives with them; is delighted by their wit, or admonished by their instruction. He sits surrounded by human ability of the highest kind. He is the friend and the intimate of heroes and statesmen; of wits and philosophers; of moralists and saints; of all that have ornamented human nature, or exalted religion. "Studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblestant, secundus res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant noliscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

[We give the following extract from Carr's "Northern Summer," an interesting and pleasing work. We would ardently recommend it to our fair readers to permit these travels and other numerous volumes of the same description, which are eminently calculated to improve the taste and cultivate the mind, at the same time that they charm the imagination and beguile the hours of ennui, to usurp in their estimation the place of the sickening love tales of the day. To acquire a taste for elegant literature, it is only necessary to cultivate it—and the advantages resulting from this taste every one will acknowledge. Dr. Moore's Travels, Cogan's Tour along the Rhine, lady Montague's Letter's, and a thousand other well known productions of the same nature lay undisturbed on the shelves of the library, while "Ella, or the Delusion of the Heart," and all the other trumpery of the brain, whose authors had better have been ploughing the ground or manufacturing tarts, than burthening the press with their wretched nonsense, are never out of their hands. It is not necessary that a lady should understand Greek or Latin, or be profoundly versed in history, politics or theology;—but that she should furnish herself with some materials for conversation, when the interesting topics of the weather, the fashions and the news of the day are exhausted even though she aspire to nothing higher in literature would at least seem essential.]

It is with deep regret that I approach the delicate and awful subject of this chapter. Humanity would gladly cover it with the pall of oblivion: but justice to the memory of an unhappy monarch, and to the chief of the august family of Russia, demand a candid though careful development of the events which preceded the fall of the last emperor. The original source of my information is from one who beheld the catastrophe which I am about to relate, whom I can neither name nor doubt; a catastrophe which is too near the period in which I write, not to render an unrestrained disclosure of all the particulars with which I have been furnished unfair, if not imprudent. The causes that first created those well-known prejudices which Catherine II. cherished against her son, have perished with

her: but all the world knows, that, during the many years which rolled away between the grand duke's arrival at the age of maturity and his elevation to the throne, his august mother never admitted him to any participation of power, but kept him in a state of the most abject and mortifying separation from the court, and in almost total ignorance of the affairs of the empire. Although Paul, by his birth was generalissimo of the armies, he never was permitted to head a regiment; and although, by the same right, grand admiral of the Baltic, he was interdicted from even visiting the fleet at Cronstadt. To these painful privations may be added, that when he was recommended, that is, *ordered*, to travel, during his absence Catherine seized and sent to Siberia one of his most cherished friends, because she discovered that he had informed her son of some inconsiderable state affair. Thus Paul beheld himself not only severed from the being who gave him birth, but from all the ordinary felicities of life. The pressure of his hand excited suspicion; peril was in his attachment, and in his confidence guilt and treason. He could not have a friend without furnishing a victim.

A gentleman nearly connected with me, now no more, a man of talent & acute observation & veracity, had several years since the honour of spending a short period at the little secluded court of Gatchina, upon which, as the dazzling beams of imperial favour never shone, the observer was left in the tranquility of the shade, to make a more calm, steady, and undiverted survey. At this time, Paul displayed a mind very elegantly inclined, and without being brilliant, highly cultivated, accomplished and informed, frank and generous, brave and magnanimous, a heart tender and affectionate, and a disposition very sweet, though most acutely and poignantly susceptible: his person was not handsome, but his eye was penetrating, and his manners such as denoted the finished gentleman. In his youth he was seen by the bed-side of the dying Panin, the hoary and able minister of Catherine, and his tutor, kissing and bathing his hand with tears. As an evidence of his intellectual vigour, let the elaborate and able ukase, by which he settled the precedence and provision of the imperial family, unquestionably his own unassisted composition, be referred to. He loved his amiable princess, and his children, with the most ardent the most indulgent fondness, and it was the labour of their love, as well as of his servants, who were devotedly attached to him, to requite his affections and graciousness, and to endeavour to fill up with every endearing, every studied attention, the gloomy chasm which had been formed by an unnatural and inexplicable neglect; but this chasm was a bottomless abyss, upon the brink of which his wounded spirit was ever wandering! Paul possessed a high martial inclination, and, reflecting that he might one day mount the throne of a military empire, he made the art of war the principal object of his studies; but neither this pursuit, so copious, so interesting, nor the endearments of those who surrounded him, could expel from his mind the sense of his injuries. He beheld himself, the second personage and the destined ruler of the empire, postponed to the periodical favourite of his mother, the minister of her unbounded voluptuousness, not unfrequently elevated to the presidency of the hermitage from the ranks, with no other pretensions than vigorous health and a mighty frame; whilst, on the other hand, the bleeding shade of his father was forever, in his morbid imagination, pointing to his wound, and whispering revenge. Thus exiled from the heart of his mother, is it a matter of surprise that he should exclude her from his own?

Catherine more than once observed, that her son would not long occupy the throne after her decease; and it has been the fashion to say, that her alienation from him was justified by the events which succeeded her death. With this prophetic spirit, she devoted all her care to the education of her grandsons, Alexander and Constantine, and exercised all the powers she possessed towards the consummation of her prediction. She foretold that the flower which she had planted would wither early: she shook it till every blossom fell, and shaded it so, that the dew of heaven would never visit it more: she pressed and pierced the delicate and ardent mind of her son until she subverted it. Was it then a proof of inspiration, to prognosticate the brevity of his reign over an empire, the history of which has too often and fatally proved, that however despotic its government, and there is not one under heaven more absolute, a cautious & dexterous cultivation of the interest, feelings, prejudices, and affections, of the people, is inseparable from the safety of the ruler.

A short time before her demise, Catherine committed to P——— Z———, her last favourite whom she highly esteemed, a declaration of her will, addressed to the senate, purporting that Paul should be passed over in succession, and that the grand duke Alexander should mount the vacant throne. As soon as the favourite was acquainted with the sudden death of the empress, he flew to Pavlovsk, about thirty-five versts from the capital, where Paul occasionally resided, whom he met on the road, and, after a short explanation, delivered up to him this important document. Paul, charmed with his zeal and loyalty, pre-

served him in all his honours and fortunes, whilst a general and rapid dispersion, to all points of the compass, instantaneously succeeded amongst the members of the *male seraglio* of the Hermitage. The emperor ascended the throne without difficulty, but a total stranger to his subjects. One of the first measures of his reign displayed, in a very singular manner, the native goodness of his heart, under the clouds that rapidly began to overshadow it, in an act of piety towards his murdered father, whose remains he removed from the church of St. Alexander Nevski, called the Monastery; and having exhibited them in great funeral state, he consigned them to the sepulchre of Catharine II. in the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. The latter part of this extraordinary transaction has often induced me to think that Paul did not believe that his mother issued the order for the assassination of his father.—At this eccentric solemnity, he compelled count Alexey Orloff, and prince Baratynski, under whose hands the unhappy monarch is said to have perished, to stand on each side of the body as it lay in state, and afterwards to follow it to the tomb, as the principal mourners.

Not long after this event, his mind began occasionally to display the most fearful symptoms of distraction; but when his reason was restored, the hapless emperor never failed to endeavour, with the most affecting sensibility, to repair the ruin and havoc which his delirium had occasioned. The deposed Stanislaus, the broken-hearted king of Poland, partook alternately of his beneficence and severity; but with what demonstration of respect and genuine grief did the emperor attend the obsequies of this last of the Sarmates? On that gloomy occasion, he commanded in person the guards who assisted at the funeral; and uncovering himself, with the most affecting emotions, saluted the coffin as it passed. To the memory of the hoary and heroic Suvaroff, who fell a broken-hearted victim to the distraction of his imperial master, in periods of agonized and compunctious reflection, he raised a colossal statue of bronze, in the vast area behind Benskoi's palace, opposite to Romantzoff's monument; and on the days when he reviewed his troops there, he used to order them to march by in open order, and face the statue, which he said represented one of the greatest and bravest generals of his own or any other age.

Notwithstanding the important service which P——— Z——— had rendered him, the emperor could never separate him, in his mind's eye, from the caresses of his mother, and speedily became disgusted with him; spoke of him with great asperity to his friends, and at length converting the bounty of Catherine into a robbery, he denounced him as a defaulter to the imperial treasury of half a million of rubles; and, convinced of the justice of the allegation, proceeded, without loss of time, to sequestre the vast estates which belonged to him and to his two brothers. Driven to desperation by such conduct, one of the sufferers, the second brother, one day boldly walked up to the emperor upon the parade, and, with manly eloquence, represented the injustice of his measures. Paul received him without anger, heard him without interruption, reflected, and restored the property: but the original disgust rapidly returning, he ordered P——— Z——— to reside upon his estate, to which he submitted for a considerable time. But the mind of the exile was too ardent to endure seclusion; ambitious, bold, active, and enterprising, he determined upon releasing himself from the unjust constraint imposed upon him by his sovereign, the delirium of whose mind now frequently burst forth with all the fury and desolation of a convulsed volcano. Messrs. Otto, Sieyes, and Talleyrand, who, at that time, formed a diplomatic trio, or rather were spies, at the court of Petersburg, with the dexterity of talent, and the subtilty of Frenchmen, resolved to turn the gathering storm to the advantage of their own country, by means, which, extending beyond their calculation and their wishes, finally and rapidly led to the overthrow of the emperor. Under their tuition, a French actress was introduced on the boards of the French theatre at Petersburg, and placed in such situations of allurement, that the eye of the emperor could not but notice her. The ruin of domestic happiness furnished these politicians with the means of their success. A French actress was destined to estrange the emperor from his family, and to create a temporary and terrible change in the affairs of Europe. Madame Chevalier possessed that style of face, which, without being regularly handsome, was more sweet, expressive, and captivating, than the exact symmetry of a finished beauty. Her person was small, but delicate, and rather *embonpoint*: her manners were of the highest order, and enchanted every one who approached her. The emperor was fond of music: madame Chevalier excelled upon the harp, and sang to it some sweet and crafty verses, composed by one of her three employers, and which she herself had set to music; the subject of which was, the martial skill, valour, and generosity, of the emperor. She had not spread her witcheries long, before an evening was appointed for a private gratification of the musical taste and passion of the emperor. This Syren very soon became the sole idol of his shattered mind, which she moved according to the direction of her secret principals, until the emperor with-

drew himself from his alliance with Austria, recalled Suvaroff, and his army covered with glory, crowded the roads to Siberia with British subjects, and filled with terror and consternation the exchange of the British empire.

(To be concluded next week.)

FOR THE COMPANION.

Mr. Easy,

As a review of books enters into your present plan, I cannot resist the temptation of offering you some remarks on a most extraordinary publication that has just fallen into my hands. It is a work written by the Rev. THOMAS LEDLIE BIRCH, as appears by the title page; in which he gives a detailed account of a series of litigations he has had with the presbitery of Ohio and the general assembly of the Presbyterian church. He charges the presbitery with a conduct that he calls *inquisitorial, with prejudging his cause, deciding contrary to evidence, and in defiance to every pretension to justice.* He appealed twice to the general assembly, and thus he speaks in one place of the decision of that august body: "There was a point at issue between the reverend presbitery of Ohio and Birch referred to the supreme church judicature: if the presbitery of Ohio was right, why was not their zeal in keeping error, ignorance, imbecility of mind, and a profligate reprobate out of the church, applauded by an honourable acquital, and the rejection of their defamer?" "If Birch was injured, why was he not redressed, by censuring his persecutors, and declaring the point in dispute determined in his favour, instead of turning him back to another year's probation and renewed examinations perhaps without end?" This assuredly cannot be true. Such temporizing and partial conduct can never have existed in a body of men who are distinguished for their piety, their learning, and their strict adherence to the pure principles of the gospel. One of his complaints, in a subsequent appeal to the general assembly, against the Presbitery of Ohio is, "for want of stability in their resolves; they having in the Tuesday evening's session, determined to proceed with my examination, and ordered me to attend for that purpose next morning; yet next day, after being obliged to wait out of doors upwards of four hours, I was rejected without any hearing." His fourth complaint is, "for the sentence of the new presbitsry being unjust, defamatory, and contrary to the spirit and letter of the gospel." The fifth, "for insult, threatened violence and intimidation." The sixth, "For the decision of the Rev. Presbitery being void of mercy." These are charges which cannot be well founded. The gentlemen who compose that Pesbitery, could never have given any colour for such disgraceful imputations. They must have been the suggestions of a disordered mind, incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong. In other parts of his work he charges the Presbitery of Ohio with *inquisitorial proceedings, corrupt judgment,* and he afterwards charges the general assembly with having, in proceeding with him, begun in *injustice and breach of faith, and ended in hypocrisy and deception.*" He adds, the Presbitery of Ohio were not only screened from censure, but their conduct towards Birch declared just and benevolent! If such is the mercy a majority of the very reverend general assembly approved of, it might be edifying to the buplic to let them know what they esteem cruelty, and then he quotes from Genesis the enunciation of Jacob, in accusing Simeon and Levi as instruments of cruelty, "*O my soul, come not thou into their secret, unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united.*" He grounds this offensive declaration upon the ultimate decision of the general assembly in this case, which he terms an *evasive, permitting, forbidding, allowing, dissuading resolution.* In a pamphlet of 144 pages, very small print, he is libellous in *almost* every line, and as I understand he has had 4000 copies printed, and is most zealously distributing them over every part of the union, they cannot fail to have a very injurious effect. Were the work written with the pen of a Burk or a Junius, it would raise a flame that would not be readily appeased. As it is, perhaps it may better suit those of humbler capacities, on whom it is probably intended more particularly to operate. As he has obtained a verdict in his favour in two suits that he instituted against members of the Presbitery of Ohio for defamation, this gives to his assertions a stamp of authenticity, to wihch they could have otherwise no pretensions. I am anxious to see this strange business minutely examined, stripped of all its false colouring, and the credit of the two reverend bodies established beyond all possibility of contradiction. As church authority is not recognised here by the constitution, it depends wholly upon the correctness with which it is exercised for giving it efficacy. If in any instance the purposes for which it was delegated, are perverted, it will be, in proportion disregarded, and the interests of a church which embraces a very large body of our citizens will fall into neglect to the great injury of morals, to the manifest detriment of what should be most dear not only to the pastors but to the people. C.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Ah ! what is this that on my brow,
Presses with such o'erwhelming power ?
My love to heaven is gone I know ;
But 'tis to fix our bridal hour :
Then on his tomb why should I sorrow ?
He's gone—but he'll return to-morrow

Ah then yon lofty hill I'll mount,
And seize on morning's brightest cloud :
On that I'll wait my love and count
The moments till he leaves his shroud :
And he the rainbow's vest shall borrow,
To grace our bridal day to-morrow.

But all's not right in this poor heart ;
Yet why should I his loss deplore ;
It was indeed, a pang to part,
But when he comes he'll rove no more,
And all to-day can laugh at sorrow,
When sure of being blest to-morrow.

Then why am I in black array'd,
And why is Henry's father pale ?
And why do I poor frantic maid,
Tell to the winds a mournful tale ?
Alas ! the weight I feel is sorrow ;
No, no—he cannot come to-morrow !

JUDY O'DONNELLY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

INVITATION.

Lovely, blue-ey'd, blooming Nancy !
Wilt thou listen to my song ?
Long on thee I've plac'd my fancy,
On thy beauties doated long.

See, young spring the meads adorning,
Hark—the song of yonder grove
Bids thy blushing face " good morning,"
And invites thy heart to love.

There, the moss-rose sweetly blushes,
And the lowly wild flower hides ;—
Faintly murmuring thro' the rushes,
There a haunted streamlet glides :

On whose borders, nightly playing,
Troops of little forms are seen ;
As the milk-maid, homeward straying,
Sings her ditty on the green—

But, sweet girl ! the whitest blossom,
That in this Elysium blows ;
Vies not with thy fairer bosom,
Nor can half its charms disclose !—

Come, O ! come, and while my fancy,
Paints thy sweet ambrosial kiss ;
Softly whisper, " 'tis thy Nancy,
" Come to give her Frederick bliss."

FREDERICK.

THE SEASONS.

BY MISS M——, 1797.

I love the soft'ning grace, the varied charms,
Which on the earth's enamel'd bosom play ;
When nature burst from April's humid arms,
And springs impatient to the Ides of May.

I love the rip'ning beam, the fervid glow
Which crowns with full maturity the year ;
When busy summer shews his swarthy brow,
And severs from its root the bending ear.

I love the rich profusion Autumn yields,
When in his party-colour'd robes array'd
He treads triumphant o'er the brighten'd fields,
And binds their rifled honours round his head.

I love the bright effulgence winter wears,
When o'er the plain his fleecy showers descend,
And the soft germ which shivering nature bears
From the rude blast and piercing frost defend.

I love—but ah ! such matchless beauties rise,
So thick the forms of varied goodness throng,
That sweet confusion dims my wondering eyes,
And swelling transports over pow'r my song.

For still the impress of a hand divine
Marks each mutation of this earthly ball ;
Through all its scenes a parents bounty shines
Father of light and life !—I love them all.

TO THE RIVER LEIHIGH*——BY MISS M——.

Fair Leihigh to thy placid stream,
A pensive nymph attunes her lay,
Who guided by thy lunar beam,
Delights along the banks to stray.

Far from the noisy boisterous crew,
Who harrow oceans anxious breast,
Thy gentle waves soft zephyrs woo,
And on thy lucid margin rest.

Not even the tender voice of love,
Disturbs dull echo's calm repose ;
Far hence his jealous cares remov'd,
His joys unknown, unknown his woes.

But science to the infant mind
Displays her fascinating charms,
And on thy verdant banks reclin'd
Cradles young genius in her arms.
Oh ! could I from the world retire ;
To quiet give each future hour ;
And, by the crystal waves inspir'd,
With rapture court the muse's power.

Then, Leihigh, to thy placid stream,
Enamour'd would I bend my way,
And by Dian's friendly beam
Inscribe to thee the grateful lay.

* The river Leihigh runs thro' Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, where is established a religious society, who maintain schools, separate and apart, for the education of male and female children, the latter conducted by females. It was on a visit to Bethlehem, this invocation to the Leiheigh was written by Miss M.

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE SPY.

No. V.—SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1806.

Hail! awful scenes that sooth the weary breast,
And lull the senses to divine repose,
Can passion's wildest uproar charm to rest
And whisper comfort to the man of woes. MINSTREL.

Some few years ago, I was on a visit to an old and intimate friend, who had retired to a small but elegant mansion in a remote situation on the romantic banks of the Susquehannah.

Bred in the gay circles of the fashionable world, and an accurate observer of the refinements of civilized society, he had combined elegance with simplicity; and though his little retreat borrowed a corresponding rusticity and boldness, from the wild and romantic neighbourhood of that noble river; yet it was easy to discover, that art was not wanting, to give some relief to the rugged aspect of nature, in those mountainous regions.

To a mind formed upon the model of D's (by which name I shall call him) such a retreat appeared necessary. He was a native of England, and of pretensions sufficient to mature by an association with the learned and the fashionable, the liberal education he had received.

He had passed the middle age and was single. He had seen much of the world, and experienced strange reverses of fortune. His mind was no otherways depressed by a descent from affluence to a bare competency, than as it infringed upon his means of doing good. The wide world had been his theatre of action, in the benevolent sphere, for a long while; but in his various peregrinations, he had witnessed such complicated scenes of villainy; in short so much to disgust and chill his philanthropick propensities, that he finally took his determination and abandoned forever those tumultuous scenes which are gall to the "Man of feeling." He had felt some repugnance at, in a manner, thus deserting his post. If those whose conduct gives a relief to the dark side of human nature, withdraw from an intercourse with mankind, what a horrible prospect does the result present to such an imagination as his? Who would there be left to guard defenceless virtue? What is to become of the wretched and unfortunate? Who to frown upon the vices, and oppose the iniquitous designs of the worldly minded wretch? Such reflections had created serious struggles in his breast: but, possessed of strong reason and a well cultivated mind, he found arguments which allayed considerably, the meritorious scruples which had tormented him. He felt conscious he had done all the good in his power, and would still, though in a more limited sphere, give full scope to his benevolence and attachment to virtue and propriety. His want of power to afford general relief was not to be a cause of rendering him unhappy—that would be to transgress the bounds and feelings assigned him. The good wishes and endeavours of an individual can neither influence nor reform the world. The vices which prevail and the crimes perpetrated, certainly exist under the eyes, and with permission of that Being from whom all proceeded. If he suffers them, why should poor frail man presume to take the rod from his hands and disturb the serenity of his mind unavailingly, for what he is not accountable, and cannot prevent? Such were the arguments which had contributed to his removal from the world, and such was the man whom I had the felicity of calling my friend.

His was of that order of minds which feels elevated or soothed, by the sublime or romantic beauties of nature.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace.
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Nor bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve.

The spot to which he had retired eminently possessed all the requisites to interest and enchain his attention. Situated within half a mile of the river, whose noise, resembling the sound of distant thunder, was distinctly heard; he had not far to go, before that immense stream, foaming and tumbling over enormous rocks and precipices, presented itself in terrific majesty through the opening of a forest, which had been growing for ages. The overgrown oaks and poplars, stretching their monstrous limbs over the rocks which formed the sides of the river, seemed to threaten with destruction the "wandering passenger," who winded along the base. This was the place for meditation. This was the "severi loci," where the devout mind, throbbing with the most enthusiastick sensations, wished to retire, and alone hold converse with nature and nature's God. In such moments of contemplation, when my friend felt himself elevated for a moment above the world, and the things of this world: some gloomy thoughts appeared to pass across his mind and extort an involuntary sigh. Some part of his previous history and some of his conduct at times were to me unknown and incomprehensible—a concealed grief lay near his heart; and though I have urged him to impart the cause frequently, I could never gain any satisfaction.

But the beauties of this retreat were not altogether of the grand or awful kind. In a contrary direction from the river, the ground gradually subsided into a plain, whose extent to the eye was only bounded by one of those ridges of mountains which pervade that country in a north & south direction. Here the eye, after contemplating the ruggedness of precipices, loved to repose itself upon the faint blue tint which the western sky assumed, from the loftiness of one of those immense ridges.

Such was the place chosen for his retirement and such were the scenes he loved to enjoy. If any regret arose in his mind, at abandoning the society of cities, (for no one enjoyed the pleasures of that social intercourse which proceeds from the heart more than himself) it was at the almost total deprivation of it which he now experienced. The surrounding country was far from being thickly settled; and what few inhabitants it had, were such as a view to livelihood and farming had induced to go there. These also were mostly of German origin and not of that grade to afford pleasure from an association.

During the stay I made him, it was our constant practice to visit some of these interesting scenes in the morning and evening. One morning, just as we had penetrated into the gloom of an extensive forest, we were startled by the sudden explosion of a pistol. We immediately ran to the spot from whence the report had proceeded, and discovered a young man extended on the ground and weltering in his blood. It was soon perceived that he had fallen a victim to the arbitrary regulations of a relentless and barbarous custom, and was thus left to his fate under the impresssion that he was no more.

I had scarcely time to think upon the measures proper to be adopted upon the melancholy occasion, when in giving a transient look towards my companion, I discovered him to be agitated in an uncommon degree. The colour had fled from his face, his limbs tottered and his eyes were suffused with tears. Great heaven! exclaimed he, how inexplicable are thy ways! Behold my friend, where lies the body of my son—my only child, whom I had long abandoned to his fate and to the world: and who has been the cause of more pangs to me, than ever the pleasures of this life can repay. You have often wondered at a secret gloom and discontent which have obscured my best hours. You see before you the most unfortunate cause. Perceiving him to be much affected, I assumed the most composed countenance in my power, and the noise of the pistol having brought others to the spot, the apparently lifeless body was removed to the house of my unhappy friend. The remains of life were soon discovered to be in the youth and by the timely assistance of the most skillful Surgeon in the neighbourhood he was after a struggle of more than a month, restored to a tolerable degree of health and strength. During the period of his convalescence D. had endeavoured to let me into the secret of what had thus accidentally been discovered.

This wretched young man, said he, after receiving all the benefits which a good education and the parental roof could yield him, was led insensibly by the fascinating wiles and temptations of London into the society of young men who prided themselves in being disciples of the new, or modern philosophy. Being youths of pleasing external manners, and possessing a degree of boldness in certain matters of opinion to which he was not accustomed; he was first induced to listen, then admire and finally embrace their mischievous doctrines. The modern theory had inspired them all, and Godwin was paramount in his mind to every authority—and as one of his despicable doctrines was a total contempt for parental or other restraint it was not long before I had the misfortune, to notice a total dereliction of duty & attention towards me, and negligence to my admonitions. In a short time he was guilty of conduct that broke a fond mother's heart and rendered

him infamous in my eyes. I had no alternative, finding him irreclaimable, but to abandon him to his fate—since which time I have never heard of, or seen him until the unhapppy moment we found him in the wood. But why need I say unhappy? perhaps, he has fell in the full career of vices prompted by his mistaken notions and is only now arrested by the interposing hand of providence from extending the catalogue of his crimes and misconduct. Not so, my dear father, said the young man, whom we had thought in a profound sleep. The avenging hand has struck the blow at the proper moment. Infamous has been my life; but great is my contrition and sense of right and true virtue at this moment. I am in a manner new-born; awakened to views and thoughts that were strange to me; and ten thousand times accursed be that wretch who has in the calm seclusion of his closet, invented and propagated doctrines calculated to overturn and destroy whatever remains in the world of honesty, piety, honour and virtue—which tend to loosen the bonds of social and civil society; to give distorted veiws of life and engender misery through a false philanthrophy. If you will have the the patience to listen to my recital, I will relate the occurrences of my past life from the moment you withdrew your paternal care of me, until you discovereed me the victim of my follies and crimes.—We commanded all the attention possible, and he began his story in these words.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SLOTH, OR SLUGGARD.

The Sloth is a very uncommon animal, and is of a particular kind, there being no other like it. That of South America is of the size of a fox, being fourteen inches long from the neck to the tail; and the circumference of the body is nearly equal to the length. The neck is about three inches long and four thick, including the hair. The fore legs are seven inches long, and the hinder only six. The feet are flat like those of bears, or monkeys, but very narrow; and from the joint to the nails are three inches in length. They have three nails on each paw, which on those before are two inches and a half long, and on those behind two, of a whitish yellow colour, and bending downwards.

The head is small and roundish, beset with short reddish hair, and the mouth is not large. The snout or muzzle is like that of a monkey, it being blunt and smooth, with flat nostrils, and the mouth is always full of slaver. The teeth are not large, they being like those of a lamb. The nose is smooth, high, and black; and the eyes are small, black, and sleepy; but it is without ears. The tail is about an inch and a half long, and it is beset with thick hair all over the body about two inches long, and of an ash colour, like that of a badger, but softer, and mixed with white. The back is of the lightest colour, and down the middle of it there is a black or brown list. The hair is so long on the neck that it looks like a mane hanging down on each side.

It is the most sluggish animal in the world, and is usually seen on a tree, upon the fruit, bark, and leaves of which it feeds. Upon even ground it cannot proceed forward above fifty paces in a day. It never drinks, and has a shrill sort of a voice, almost like a kitten. The characteristics of this animal are its slow pace, its having the fore feet longer than those behind, and three claws on each foot.

There is another animal of this kind in Africa, which upon the coast of Guinea is called a Potto. Bosman affirms, that this cannot move above ten paces in a day; and that it has the most horrid aspect of any animal in the world. The fore feet are very like hands, and the head is strangely disproportioned. The hair of the young ones is of a pale mouse colour; but that of the old is red, and looks more like wool than hair.

The Sloth of Ceylon is improperly so called, for he is not so slow in his motions as the former, though he is not so nimble as a monkey. It has only two toes on the fore feet and three on those behind, which are terminated with strong crooked claws. The ears are hid under the hair, and it has no tail. The whole body is covered with flesh coloured hair, which is deeper on the back, and inclining to a bright ash colour under the belly. The muzzle or snout is longer than that of the American Sloth. The female brings forth its young without hair; it has a mouth resembling that of a little dog, and the body resembles that of a dog-headed monkey. The ears are short and round like those of apes. The mother of this young one is described by Seba in the following manner. The thighs and legs are as hairy as those of a bear, it being very thick, and curled like wool. The fore feet have but two claws, which are long and crooked at the end; but those behind have three. It has the same cry as the Sloth of America, and the colour of the female is of a deep grey all over the body, only the belly is of a light grey. The ears are flat, and close to the head, like those of men, and are covered with hair. Between the fore legs there are two breasts, but neither the male nor female have any tail.

Linnæus mentions an animal in Surinam, which is never found out of the torrid zone; the claws of its fore feet are like sickles, and it makes use of them to climb up trees. Its cry is like that of a kitten. As he does not give any further description of it, it is hard to say whether this is the same as that already described, or not.

FROM CARR'S NORTHERN SUMMER.

(Concluded from page 303.)

I mean not to enumerate all the calamities which followed: they were too signal not to be widely known, too recent not to be well remembered; and, from their very nature, incontestably proved the aberration of those faculties which could alone, by their presence, render the emperor responsible for all the misery, dismay, and ruin, which threatened the very existence of the empire. P—Z— resolved upon availing himself of the influence of the fair favourite, to whom he addressed himself with all the insinuation of person, manners, wit, and money: having engaged her in his favour, he made her acquainted with count K———, a man, who, from having been about the person of Paul in the menial capacity of valet, at last obtained a high place in his affection, distinguished honour, and great wealth. The more firmly to bind K——— to his interest, P——— Z——— feigned an honourable passion for the daughter of the former, who was, like all the sudden favourites of fortune, much pleased at the prospect of an alliance with a very distinguished family. Count K———, and madame Chevalier, conceived many plans for prevailing upon his majesty to restore Z——— to his favour. At length, one evening, when she had tranquillised the mind of the emperor, and excitin him an appearance of gaity by the vivacity of her wit, and some of her most successful songs, she artfully insinuated that P———Z——— was the most unhappy man alive in being deprived of the emperor's favour, and of the power of promoting the interests of one of the greatest geniuses that ever mounted the Czarian throne, to whom he was most inviolably attached. The emperor paused, and expressed some doubt of the truth of the statement; but upon her re-assuring him of its sincerity, accompanied by some of those little blandishments which no woman ever knew how to display with more finished address than madame Chevalier, Paul granted her petition, and recalled Z——— to the residence, where he flew with the celerity of a courier, and threw himself at the feet of the emperor, by whom he was graciously received, and from whose presence he withdrew, to present his fair advocate with the stipulated reward, a magnificent aigrette of diamonds, valued at sixty thousand rubles. What private pique Z——— might have cherished against his imperial master, I believe that it was wholly lost in his review of the deteriorated and dreadful condition of the empire, and in those awful measures of restoration which were afterwards resorted to. Z——— gradually and warily unfolded his mind to K———, who as cautiously entered into his views, until thetr confidence was completely established. The result of their deliberations was, that to save the empire, it was necessary that the emperor should be removed. They next prevailed upon count P———, the governor of the city, and count P———, a very young nobleman, but of considerable family interest, the son of the celebrated general, count P——— P———, who so eminently distinguished himself in the Turkish war, and also the prince Y———, and some other persons of great rank and consequence. All of these noblemen were actuated by no other motive than to prevent the final ruin of their country, and for this purpose they determined to place in peril their lives and their fortunes.

In their conferences, which were managed with admirable discretion, it was resolved that Paul should die; and like Cæsar, it was destined that he should perish in the ides of March, on the day of the festival called Maslaintza.

I think I hear the voice of humanity exclaim, "Why "not provisionally remove the unhappy monarch from "the throne?" Alas! the constitution of Russia possesses none of those mild and beneficient provisions, which endear our own constitution to us a thousand and a thousand times. When the ruler is once mounted on the throne, an abyss opens below, and the descent from the last step is into eternity. I am endeavoring to illustrate motives, not justify them; the record is before another tribunal! it is scarcely necessary for me to observe, that the august family of Paul were wholly unacquainted with the meditated blow.

The emperor, from an aversion he had taken to those palaces, which formed the favourite residence of Catharine, resolved upon building a palace for himself. The gorgeous magnificence of Zarsko Zelo, and of the Winter palace, and all the oriental voluptuousness of the Hermitage, were hateful to him; indeed, to such an elevation had his abhorrence of these places attained, that he had determined to reduce them to the dust, that only

"——The blackness of ashes should mark where they stood."

His fate, which was fast approaching, prevented the accomplishment of this irretrievable act of delirium. The emperor

and his family resided, at the time when the confederacy had resolved upon his removal, in the new palace of Saint Michael. It is an enormous quadrangular pile, of red Dutch brick, rising from a massy basement of hewn granite; it stands at the bottom of the Summer Gardens, and the lofty spire of its Greek chapel, richly covered with ducat gold, rising above the trees, has a beautiful appearance.

As Paul was anxious to inhabit this palace as soon after he was crowned as possible, the masons, the carpenters, and various artificers, toiled with incredible labour by day and by torch light, under the sultry sun of the summer, and in all the severity of a polar winter, and in three years this enormous and magnificent fabric was completed. The whole is moated round; and when the stranger surveys its bastions of granite, and numerous drawbridges, he is naturally led to conclude, that it was intended for the last asylum of a prince at war with his subjects. Those who have seen its massy walls, and the capaciousness and variety of its chambers, will easily admit that an act of violence might be committed in one room, and not be heard by those who occupy the adjoining one; and that a massacre might be perpetrated at one end, and not known at the other. Paul took possession of this palace as a place of strength, and beheld it with rapture, because his imperial mother had never even seen it. Whilst his family were here, by every act of tenderness endeavouring to soothe the terrible perturbation of his mind, there were not wanting those who exerted every stratagem to inflame and encrease it. These people were constantly insinuating that every hand was armed against him. With this impression, which added fuel to his burning brain, he ordered a secret staircase to be constructed, which, leading from his own chamber, passed under a false stove in the anti-room, and led by a small door to the terrace.

It was the custom of the emperor to sleep in an outer apartment next to the empress's upon a sopha, in his regimentals and boots, whilst the grand duke and duchess, and the rest of the imperial family, were lodged at various distances, in apartments below the story which he occupied. On the tenth day of March, O. S. 1801, the day preceding the fatal night, whether Paul's apprehension, or anonymous information, suggested the idea, is not known, but conceiving that a storm was ready to burst upon him, he sent to count P——, the governor of the city, one of the noblemen who had resolved on his destruction: "I am informed, P——," said the emperor, "that there is a conspiracy on foot against me; do you think it necessary "to take any precaution?" The count, without betraying the least emotion, replied, "Sire, do not suffer such "apprehensions to haunt your mind; if there were any "combinations forming against your majesty's person, I "am sure I should be acquainted with it." "Then I "am satisfied," said the emperor; and the governor withdrew. Before Paul retired to rest, he unexpectedly expressed the most tender solicitude for the empress and his children, kissed them with all the warmth of farewell fondness, and remained with them longer than usual; and after he had visited the centinels at their different posts, he retired to his chamber, where he had not long remained, before, under some colourable pretext, that satisfied the men, the guard was changed by the officers who had the command for the night, and were engaged in the confederacy. An hussar, whom the emperor had particularly honoured by his notice and attention, always at night slept at his bedroom door, in the anti-room. It was impossible to remove this faithful soldier by any fair means. At this momentous period, silence reigned throughout the palace, except where it was disturbed by the pacing of the centinels, or at a distance by the murmurs of the Neva, and only a few lights were to be seen distantly and irregularly gleaming through the windows of this dark colossal abode. In the dead of the night, Z—— and his friends, amounting to eight or nine persons, passed the drawbridge, easily ascended the staircase which led to Paul's chamber, and met with no resistance till they reached the anti-room, when the faithful hussar, awakened by the noise, challenged them, and presented his fusee. Much as they must have all admired the brave fidelity of the guard, neither time nor circumstances would admit of an act of generosity, which might have endangered the whole plan. Z—— drew his sabre, and cut the poor fellow down. Paul, awakened by the noise, sprang from his sopha: at this moment the whole party rushed into his room: the unhappy sovereign, anticipating their design, at first endeavoured to entrench himself in the chairs and tables, then recovering himself, he assumed a high tone, told them they were his prisoners, and called upon them to surrender. Finding that they fixed their eyes steadily and fiercely upon him, and continued advancing towards him, he implored them to spare his life, declared his consent instantly to relinquish the sceptre, and to accept of any terms which they would dictate. In his raving, he offered to make them princes, and to give them estates, and titles, and orders, without end. They now began to press upon him, when he made a convulsive effort to reach the window: in the attempt he failed, and indeed so high was it from the ground, that had he succeeded, the expedient would only have put a more instantaneous period to his misery. In the effort he very

severely cut his hand with the glass; and as they drew him back he grasped a chair, with which he felled one of the assailants, and a desperate resistance took place. So great was the noise, that notwithstanding the massy walls, and thick double-folding-doors, which divided the apartments, the empress was disturbed, and began to cry for help, when a voice whispered in her ear, and imperatively told her to remain quiet, otherwise, if she uttered another word, she should be put to instant death. Whilst the emperor was thus making a last struggle, the prince Y—— struck him on one of his temples with his fist, and laid him upon the floor. Paul, recovering from the blow, again implored his life; at this moment the heart of P—— Z—— relented, and, upon being observed to tremble and hesitate, a young Hanoverian resolutely exclaimed, "We "have passed the Rubicon; if we spare his life, before the "setting of to-morrow's sun we shall be his victims!" upon which he took off his sash, turned it twice round the naked neck of the emperor, and giving one end to Z——, and holding the other himself, they pulled for a considerable time with all their force, until their miserable sovereign was no more; they then retired from the palace without the least molestation, and returned to their respective homes. What occurred after their departure can be better conceived than depicted: medical aid was resorted to, but in vain, and upon the breathless body of the emperor fell the tears of his widowed empress and children, and domestics; nor was genuine grief ever more forcibly or feelingly displayed than by him on whose brow this melancholy event had planted the crown. So passed away this night of horror, and thus perished a prince, to whom nature was *severely* bountiful. The accuteness and pungency of his feeling was incompatable with happiness: unnatural prejudice pressed upon the fibre, too finely spun, and snapped it.

'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony, dispos'd aright;
The screws revers'd (a task which, if he please,
God in a moment executes with ease,)
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.

COWPER.

The sun shone upon a new order of things. At seven o'clock the intelligence of the demise of Paul spread through the capital. The interval of time from its first communication to its diffusion over every part of Petersburg was scarcely perceptible. At the parade Alexander presented himself on horseback, when the troops, with tears rolling down their rugged and sun-browned faces, hailed him with loud and cordial acclamation. The young emperor was overwhelmed, and, at the moment of mounting the throne of the most extensive empire under heaven, he was seen to turn from the grand and affecting spectacle, and weep.

What followed is of very subordinate consideration; but perhaps it will be eargerly asked, to what extremity did the avenging arm of justice pursue the perpetrators of the deed? Mercy, the brightest jewel of every crown, and a forlorn and melancholy conviction, that the reigning motive was the salvation of the empire, prevented her from being vindictive. Never upon the theatre of life was there presented a scene of more affecting magnanimity; decency, not revenge, governed the sacrifice. P—— Z—— was ordered not to approach the imperial residence, and the governor of the city was transferred to Riga. As soon as madame Chevalier was informed of the demise of her imperial patron, she prepared, under the protection of her brother, a dancer, for flight, with a booty of nearly a million of rubles. A police officer was sent to inspect and report upon her property: amongst a pile of valuable articles, he discovered a diamond cross, of no great intrinsic value, which had been given by Peter I. to a branch of the imperial family, and, on that account, much esteemed; it was to recover this that the officer was sent, who obtained it, after the most indecent and unprincipled resistance on her part. Passports were than granted to madame Chevalier and her brother. Thus terminated this extraordinary and impressive tragedy.

Mr. Easy,

In casting my eye over a late number of the "Companion," I observed a very just and handsome eulogy on the character and talents of the late Sir WILLIAM JONES. The spirit and tendency of the essay are laudable. If the effusion of some youthful genius, which I think not improbable, it is peculiarly so on account of that zeal it manifests for the cause of christianity. I trust this spirit will continue to pervade every essay that comes from his pen. In this our licentious age they do just credit to his heart as well as to his understanding.

There is, however, one opinion, introduced by the essayist, which may be controverted—and therefore, might injure the cause which he advocates.

For a few years past, it has become fashionable with some of our American literati, who are fond of catching the ideas most applauded in Britain, to assign, *exclusively*, all the anarchy and bloodshed that have lately pervaded Europe, to the *French Philosophers*. But is this correct? Is it fair or impartial? It is presumed not. Our essayist,

whether of less or more matured talents, will find itan arduous task to prove that, even the most infidel of the *French* philosophers, "*Have thrown Europe into anarchy, and loosened upon mankind the dogs of rage and war.*" Those dreadful scenes may be traced to a much *more direct* cause and origin.

In exhibiting the highly admired merit and leterature of Sir WILLIAM JONES, the impartial writer should be as ready to contrast them and their happy effects with the infidel philosophers, and their works, of BRITAIN (his own country, as with those of FRANCE. It cannot be impertinent to ask our essayist, why this was not prefered? It is well known that the infidel writings of "a Voltaire, a Diderot, and a Rosseau," have not been more banefully influential than those of a Hume, a Shaftsbury, a Bolingbroke or a Gibbon. And, yet, I do not believe that all these infidels, French and British combined, produced the late bloody scenes in Europe. It is granted, that all vice and infidelity, of every grade, have a tendency to national ruin and the most guilty consequences. But in assigning any effect to its true cause, it is a falacy in logic, to make that the proximate, which is only a remote cause.

In the opinion or estimate of the literary world, the BRITISH sceptic or infidel philosophers have stood much higher than the FRENCH. Their sphere for doing mischief must then have been proportionably higher—their principles must have been more impressive and extended further. Why then exclude them altogether, in a charge of the deepest guilt? They had certainly less apology for their apostate infidelity than the French. I am far from saying that our essayist is prejudiced or partial. His ideas, in this respect, are probably taken, without suitable enquiry, from those who are not so free from any bias of that nature, as he may be himself.

A re-examination of this part of his essay may not be unprofitable; and should he be able to shew that his opinion is better founded than this candid animadversion, it will indeed be gratifying to B.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

O. A. whilst he execrates licentiousness, is by much too licentious for our paper. According to his manner of thinking, the torch of Hymen would be quickly extinguished. He is devoid of a just comprehension of what was proposed in the union of the sexes. The flames of Cupid very seldom illumine that important contract. Perh ps there is less cause for lamenting the absence than of approving the presence of what is much more frequently a sensual appetite, than a cordial union of two hearts that design only the mutual good of each other. Amongst the lower order of the people, the dictate of nature is simply pursued, and wherever there is sobriety, there is generally with them, a portion of happiness adequate to all the enjoyments of life. In the higher ranks there are artificial considerations, there are imaginary wants to which attention must be given. The difficulty is in being governed by the happy medium. In great cities this too rarely occurs. Young men abound who have not had the happiness of a correct education, and it is in the irregularity of their lives that we are to discover the prevalence of celibacy. If the same obstructions to illicit indulgence were equally to obtain in both sexes, mutual complaints would be very seldom heard. Whilst the morals of him who was given as a guide for her who was intended to be the chief solace of his life is *impure*, the perfect *purity* of the weaker vessel is not to be expected. We must begin then with correcting ourselves, before we can be entitled to complain; and if we succeed in this, we shall certainly have every just cause of disapprobation quickly removed. Until this happens, however we may grumble, we must continue to suffer.

The communication from B. which we have inserted, contains sentiments with which we perfectly coincide, in so far as he condemns sceptical writers generally. We do not believe that the critique on the life of Sir William Jones, had in view a condemnation of the French sceptics *politically*, but that the remark was adduced as a mere matter of fact. That the English declaimers against revelation are equally reprehensible with every other character of like description, cannot be questioned; and one of the reasons that their writings had not the same effect in one country as in the other, is their differene of measure in religious information.

The SPY is employing himself in a way that gives him a high claim to merit. A continuation of his exertions must be as pleasing to our readers as they are acceptable to us, and well merit our best acknowldgments.

Another SYLPH has been received and will appear. The pointed wit, the propriety of rebuke, the severity of reprehension which are so justly distributed, will we doubt not delight as well as improve the minds of our readers. We sincerely hope he will continue his labours, and that they will have all the good effect his benevolence can suggest.

A LAYMAN has been received, and is under consideration. His object is of the most interesting nature, and if we can give him encouragement consistently with the plan of our paper, we shall do it with the greatest satisfaction.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Think you this defiance of Time worthy the Companion?

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF DELLA CRUSCA.

Dear, happy scenes that now are fled,
That teach me Old Time's hasty tread,
While with regardless hand he throws
His barbed shafts—his piercing woes.
But let the Tyrant grace his throne,
His trophies, *I* can make my own,
I need but call in memory's aid
And quick I trace each beauteous glade,
Re-visit every well known spot,
Which Time in vain shall wish to blot;
Pause at the winding stream, and seat,
Where oft in tender converse sweet,
When youth, and joy, around me flew,
And ev'ry passing scene was new,
I've wasted twilight's pensive hour,
And own'd soft love's resistless pow'r;
All this can I retrace with joy
For this is bliss that ne'er can cloy.
Now, Tyrant, now exert thy skill,
Take all, but life, I scorn thee still.
Yes, whet thy scythe, and plume thy wing,
And scatter gall, with every sting;
Still, I'm superior, for know
I can taste that—thou can'st not show. LAURA.

Mr. Easy,

The following lines were addressed to a young lady in the district of Columbia, on her being choked by a piece of orange peel.

What! the peel not remov'd from the station,
At an ill-fated moment it seiz'd?
Is Eliza to feel with vexation
Th' annoyance by which she is teaz'd?

Ah! luckless, thrice luckless the fruit,
From whence the vile atom was torn;
May blight quickly wither the shoot
Upon which this sad orange was borne.

Yet more; let with Egypt's gay bow'rs
This tropical emblem decline,
Extirpate at once the fair flow'rs
That beauty and fragrance combine.

Henceforth let the orange be known
As the fruit ta'en from Eden of old,
In record or story alone
When its singular mischief is told. R. R.

How much it is to be regretted by all readers who have taste enough to admire, without possessing learning enough to indulge that taste, that many of the classic writers have not been translated;—or else their productions so wretchedly mangled, that scarcely a trace of the author remains. Amongst the rest, Horace, a writer whose works ought to be in the hands of every one, who enchants as much by the captivating graces of his poetic genius, as he improves by the sound sense, and good morals he inculcates, has never yet found a translator worthy of the great original. Mr. Wakefield, has left a few of his Odes executed in a masterly style—and we cannot sufficiently lament, that he had not completed, the invaluable work he had begun. We present our readers with the following, which has not yet become generally known here,

ODE I.

Patron and pride! whose lineage springs
Erom ancient stem of Tuscan kings,
Mæcenas! some on Pisa's strand
Whirl, in thick clouds of circling sand,
The glowing car, elate of soul;
With nice evasion clear the goal,
The wreaths, that victor-brows entwine,
Lift mortals to a height divine.
Some love in civic breasts to raise
The monument of patriot praise:
Some, the full stores of golden grain,
Swept from prolific Lybia's plain.
Who joys to reap in native fields,
What earth's all fostering bosom yields,
On him not mines of gold prevail
To stem the wave, and face the gale.
When howling tempests rend the skies,
And seas in billowy mountains rise,
The trembling merchant sighs in vain
His tranquil joys and rural reign,
But lust of gold, the danger pass'd,
Rigs the torn bark, and dares the blast.
One, nothing loath regales his soul
With festive ease and social bowl;
Repos'd, where blooming shrubs o'ershade,
And limpid rills refresh the glade.
Him, thrill with transport war's alarms,
The clarion loud and clashing arms:
War! from whose crimson sources rise
Orphan tears and matron sighs.
Deaf to the sweets of whispering love,
The huntsman braves inclement Jove,
To rouse the boar, or chace the fawn,
With trusty dogs at early dawn.
Thee raises to the bliss of heaven
That ivy-crown by learning given.
Me, the cool grove, and nimble bound
Of nymphs and satyrs frisking round,
Mark from the vulgar; if the muse
Her pipe vouchsafe, nor lyre refuse,
If of the lyric choir am I,
This towering head will strike the sky.

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

THE SPY.

No. VI.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1806.

(Concluded from page 307.)

——O, but man, proud man,
(Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n
As make the angels weep——

SHAKESPEARE.

However I may have disgraced myself in the eyes of a worthy father or to the world, I have the consolation to know the innate purity of my heart and to attribute all the consequences of my corruption more to the seducing influence of other mens' writings and examples than to any natural propensity to vice rather than virtue. Whilst under the immediate direction of my father, restraints were prudently laid upon my course of study particularly. As soon as the fascinating, but sophistical rhetorick of my associates, had made some impression on my unguarded and indeed unfortified mind, books were put into my hands, which astonished me by the boldness of their doctrines and pleased me by the novelty as well as popularity of their contents. I was old enough to perceive that these profound arguments which in theory appeared to me flattering to human pride, and unanswerable, were actually reduced to practice in extensive parts of Europe; and was gradually induced to become an entire convert to these more modern ideas of things as related to political justice and universal happiness.

My father's practice had been to select from his library such books as he considered most requisite at the time for my progress in literature as well as virtue. I was now taught to consider this, as an unauthorised and unjustifiable tyranny, and to spurn at it accordingly.

To check youthful curiosity was checking one of the strongest impulses of the human heart. Being satisfied as to the truth of this proposition, I procured by stealth and otherwise a great variety of books, which from their immoral tendency were generally prohibited. I did not fear contamination, for virtue and universal good were the objects of my pursuit; but I had heard much of them and would be gratified, curiosity was a divine impulse, which must be obeyed. I was also instructed that the tendency of a book and not its moral was my object, and of the tendency every man (when there was such diversity of opinion) had a right to judge for himself.

To give a strong instance of this necessity, I had in the British dramatic collections read the interesting play of Otway's "Fair Penitent" and though I had been charmed as well as others with the music of the poetry, yet the play appeared to my juvenile understanding intended to discover nothing more than the fatal consequences attending unlawful love. On the contrary some of my logical and learned instructors, had a very different conception of it. They considered it rather as a severe satire upon the institution existing at present in society relative to the female sex, and exhibited the wretched consequences of that mode of thinking by means of which by one false step a woman entirely damns her fame. They considered Calista as a sublime example of a woman of the most glorious qualities struggling against the injustice of mankind.

I now plunged into the vortex of promiscuous reading, without apprehension or regret. Many things I met with however occasionally startled me. My purity of mind had been, as yet considerable; but my head having became at length filled with a thousand notions, stimulating to the passions I became restles and disturbed and was never at ease unless when ruminating on such subjects or carrying them into effect wich I was involuntarily hurried

on to do. Conscious of the debauched state of my mind —the common pleasures of domestick and familiar society at my father's became tiresome and disgusting. At times I could not help feeling a little degradation of character; but I consoled myself with the assurance already made, that a young man of true genius will have his period of intoxication—tameness in youth was abominable. If there does result any misfortune it is when age does not lop off such exuberances, and when that mixed character is produced, over which humanity weeps; as from a depravity of heart his talents may be employed in deeds of infamy. I looked forward for the best, rnd determined to leave it to maturity to lop off those redundancies which it might be desirable to get rid of.

The Rubicon being once passed, little or no restraint was laid upon my passions—My heart was corrupted and my nights were passed in taverns and in brothels. It is true the society of my companions was by no means of the vulgar or indifferent kind. Many amongst them were men of real genius, who could delight with their narrative or dazzle by their wit—but led away like myself by a fashionable notion of things, their talents were mostly employed to gild the most immoral and destructive conduct. The fascinating charms of Moore's Poetry were not wanting to give efficacy to our wild and delusive schemes—My father could not, nor was not ignorant of this change in his only child—he shuddered at perceiving the precipice upon which I stood, and his affection prompted him to do all in his power to avert my danger. Both admonition and threats were thrown away upon me. I could not, enlightened as I conceived myself to be, bear restriction—and I plainly told him, that I must judge for myself. I gave him to understand that I could not be influenced by any principle of gratitude towards him, particularly, so as to cause any sacrifice of my own opinions. Gratitude formed no part of either justice or virtue. Unless my father or any man's benevolent conduct to me has public utility for the motive he does not merit my gratitude at all—not even so much as him who tries to take my life because the public weal was to be benefitted. The mere instinct of nature had only actuated my father—he was probably never influenced by any particular motives of benevolence, and I felt but little respect for one who neither understood nor practised the doctrines of the new sect. O my father and revered mother! how often have I seen the tear of sorrow steal down your cheeks! How often have I heard the sigh breathed from your tortured bosoms, occasioned by my conduct.

My behaviour became at length insufferable to all virtuous people, and was crowned by an act which completed my disgrace with my father and hurried my mother to the grave. The lovely Julia, the amiable daughter of my mother's most endeared friend, shed the tear of compassion for my wanderings also—We had been associated from infancy, and a mutual passion which our parents contemplated with pleasure, grew with our growth, until the moment of my corruption produced a species of indifference on my part—Not that my passion for her person was in the least degree diminished, but I had conceived such contemptuous and unconquerable notions of that state which reason and justice revolt at, that I considered I must either abandon the object of my affection, or adopt some other measure for my gratification.

Beautiful as the morn, beneficent and kind as a ministering angel, accomplished as the most polished of her sex, it was impossible not to love. Marriage I knew would be the bane of that love and to obtain her by any other means I despaired of. The deepest dissimulation and lying might probably promote my views, about which I felt not the smallest repugnance or remorse, and only considered her as so much more unenlightened than myself in not imitating the noble behaviour of Godwin's Mary. When I weighed the matter in my own mind, I flattered myself that the end would justify the means and that if I did use deception it would be merely to second the intention of nature and promote the benefit of the community as well as to take the chances of her conversion when in my power. Without compunction then I commenced a most artful attack upon the honour of this unsuspecting innocent whose only fault was loving me too well—I need not describe the horrors of her feelings, her indignation, & finally pity, when she first perceived in the smallest degree the tendency of my constant attention and vows to her. Her conduct was such as to put me immediately on my guard and it was a long time after using every art to deceive her as to my real ideas, after affecting a most sincere contrition and reformation in my principles and manners, and after swearing before the throne of Almighty God to marry her shortly, than in evil hour, when she was overcome with the insanity of her love and the fond hope of saving me from destruction that my attempt succeeded and I enjoyed the extent of my happiness. For some little while I had all the bliss which the possession of such an object could impart. Trembling and overwhelmed at her situation it was not long before she earnestly demanded the completion of my engagements, and it was only then

she had the smallest conception of my hypocrisy and intention.

When informed that matrimony was my abhorrence and found that she was lost forever, it is impossible to express the feelings which harrassed her distracted mind. She spurned me with horrror from her presence and my conduct became soon exposed to the knowledge of our mutual parents and connections. It was then I found I had need of all my philosophy and resolution. I must either abandon my present rules of conduct or abide by them; but being still blinded and sunk lower than ever in depravity, I set the world at defiance, I did not disturb my tranquility by unreasonable apprehensions or corroding reflections. My father finding me what he considered to be irreclaimable, abandoned me forever, and being worn down with grief and despair, he shunned the country, in which he had seen so little happiness and departed for America, since which time I have never heard of or from him. The peaceful sod covered my mother—and my Julia retired into a remote part of the country, I never could learn whither. She had a brother who was then serving his country in arms in India. I thought of him at times with anxiety and dreaded his return. He had been my school-fellow and was always much attached to me.

Being abandoned by my father and his friends I soon discovered that I was poor and destitute—My enlightened friends were mostly as miserably situated as myself. What was to be done? I had barely attained the time of life when a profession is embraced, and of course was ignorant of any honest mode of independency, or subsistence. Indeed I felt such a contempt for every kind of profession that no great regret accrued on that score. I felt indignant at my situation. I was in the power of my tradesmen, and was threatened hard by my landlord, if I neglected to pay his bill. True, thought I, poverty is an enormous evil. He that is born to poverty, may be said under another name to be born a slave. I cannot bear to labour—my pride and sense of justice revolted at it. I considered that if all the members of the community were made equally to labour, my quantum would be comparatively small—Our situations would be more equalized and none need repine. In the present absurd state of society, I must either starve or lead that life which has the privation of every pleasure and labour for a few miserable years in a barely vegetative state. My mind was almost frenzied—Distracted at my present situation—agonized at the loss of my Julia—shocked at the alienation of my father, I was any thing but happy. I determined to destroy myself—and rid my mind of a load which pressed me to the earth. Suicide was no harm in itself—it was a mere matter of calculation whether in any instance, the recourse to a voluntary death could over-balance the usefulness to be exerted in twenty years of additional life. In making the estimate however, I leaned to the side of safety and utility—and consoled myself with the idea that though Mary had atttempted suicide she had not succeeded in the act.

In evil hours, after suffering for a few years all the complicated distresses of poverty and contumely, subsisting in gaming houses and upon the donations of those who were tired of calling themsslves my friends. I attempted to justify to my conscience the propriety of taking from him who had too much, and thereby restore some of that equilibrium with which we all started. Upon weighing the matter deliberately, I actually reasoned myself into the belief that it would be a meritorious and useful act, to ease the luxurious and profuse spendthrift of some of his superfluous wealth. He has insulted my feelings and the poor man's by an ostentatious display of what we have not, and I will rather take from him than the miserly and avaricious, because though rich they observe some equality of living and manners in society.

I had been much in the habit of associating with a young man of high rank and overgrown fortune, who most probably found that the laxity of my principles was useful to him. At his house I was frequently admitted, though by no means at those times when his most respectable society was there. Our plans were frequently laid in his library, where I often went without ceremony or restraint as to his private levèe room. One morning after I had entered, I found he was not there and had, apparently in his haste to leave the room, left his purse on the table. Heavens how my heart panted at the sight! The horrors of a prison were staring me in the face; the owner could easily spare the money, and opportunity winked on my design. Unfortunately I pocketed the purse and was departing in haste; but had scarcely reached the door, when it opened and my friend appeared as if in a great hurry. Excuse me said he, before I speak to you; I want to recover something and just inadvertently left on the table—

His countenane soon indicated his suspicions, and the novelty of my sisuation threw me so entirely off my guard, that my abashed appearance confirmed the opinion he had formed. Your life is in my power said he—you have violated both the laws of hospitality and the laws of your country—a severe punishment would await you, but I will have compasion upon your errors and provided you quit

the kingdom immediately I will keep this matter a profound secret.

I was thankful for the indulgence, though I felt as if life was indifferent to me. I departed and shortly after embarked for America. During the voyage I had leisure to reflect upon the consequences of my past life. I found I had disgraced myself for ever in the eyes of the world and was in a manner an outcast form society. I could trace my whole conduct to the early depravity of a youthful mind relaxed by partial and confused applications of a general theory, and perceived that though originally my intentions were good, yet by a gradual familiarity with opinions that my mind had not sufficient maturity and vigour to digest, it had insensibly become accustomed to things against which it would have revolted at the origin of my corruption. I found that right or wrong, happiness had not crowned my deviations from the old beaten path of common notions, of common sense and ideas of right.

As soon therefore as I had landed, I determined to seek my father, and throw myself upon his goodness and natural affection. Where to find him I knew not. I concluded he had avoided society and retired into the interior. I lost no time in making inquiry but was always defeated with ill success. A wrteched and unhappy wanderer about the streets of one of the populous cities of this country, I chanced one day to meet a person whose recollection rushed upon me like an electric shock. I recognised in the features of the stranger, the brother of the unfortunate Julia, who was not long in discovering through my haggard countenance and shabby appearance, the violator of his sister's honour. Rage instantly took possession of his eyes, which darted all their fierceness upon me, and he addressed me with the most disgraceful epithets. Suffice it to say, a meeting was concluded upon ; which, that it might be conclusive to one or other of us, was fixed to take place upon the boundaries of an adjoining state in a retired situation : what the result was you already know. I can only say that my intentions were not to add to my others crimes, that of murder, and that I went to the combat with a sincere wish that I might not survive it! Since it has produced the long wished for society of my father, who I hope will forgive all my aberrations, what has happened is not to be regretted.

Delighted at the return of a prodigal son, and pleased at the mutual happiness likely to be the result, I took my departure, and when I returned, committed the whole of these interesting occurrences to paper with a view of making my visit subservient to the satisfaction as well as benefit of my readers.

Mr. Easy,

I beg you will do me the favour to insert the following in your literary journal ; it is the declaration of *H. M. C. M. the king of France and Navarre*. I am not ignorant, that your paper is entirely devoted to literature ; but all political sentiments out of the question, this declaration of Louis the XVIII is, and ever must be considered, as a master piece of style ; and it is in this point of view, alone, that I request its insertion in the Companion. I guarantee its authenticity : all those persons, who have been acquainted with this prince, know that he writes his language with more purity than any man in France, and that he is the most lettered prince of Europe.

A. E. V.

DECLARATION OF LOUIS XVIII,

KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

LOUIS, by the grace of God, king of France and Navarre, to all our subjects salutation.

When called to the succession of the bloody heritage of our fathers, we yielded at once to the warm emotions of our heart, in expressing to you our affection, and the claim of our duty, in exposing to you the views and the intentions of your king.

At Dillingen a cowardly emissary of your tyrants dared to raise his paracidal arm against us (1). From the spot newly stained with our blood, we addressed you ; and foreseeing but too surely, that our life would be unceasingly pursued, by the plots, the machinations, the blind rage of the wicked, we entered into a solemn engagement, invoking the all-powerful God, and imploring the return of his mercy upon France, that we would in despite of snares and assassins, invariably move steadily on, towards the great end of our labours.

Our agents in the interior, too soon became victims, to their devotion, their zeal for our cause ; the instructions they had received from us were made public, and you saw in them, as well as in our address to the French nation, that we breathed only clemency and moderation.

And now, unsupported by those powers, who had taken up arms against the revolutionary hydra, and governing ourself by the councils of that one (2), which had been our ægis, whose glorious standards were unfurled for the salvation of France, foreseeing no termination to the proscriptions, the robberies, the corruptions, but in the very excess of these horrors, it remained only for us, overwhelmed with the woes of our country, to groan over her and silently watch the the retrogade steps, to which a dreadful experience would guide her, and to regulate our conduct by the progressive changes of opinion.

The fall of the directory, appeared to prepare that of the devastating code, which this contemptible government had inherited from that which had preceded it. Already new instructions emanated from us, which assured to the French nation, the fruit of our solicitude, and our reflections upon the unheard of calamities, into which the frenzy of rebellion had plunged them. They were no longer entirely in the principles and views of our declaration of 1795. At this memorable period, every thing seemed to point out to us as our duty, to hold more closely to ancient maxims, in taking as our beacon, the immortal testament of the king, our sovereign & brother. Doubtless the same intentions directed our efforts ; their object was, and ever will be, the liberty of the people, and the independence of the monacrh which is the first element of liberty ; but so many years of anarchy and confusion has imposed upon us the necessity of modifying our ideas, upon the means of restorng order, and of seeking materials from amidst the ruins, proper for the reconstruction of the edifice.

We declared relative to the judiciary and administrative orders :—

"The division of France, the administration of departments, districts and municipalities, the instructions concerning the police, and the authenticity of acts, the tribunals charged with rendering justice, shall be provisionally continued, the judges &c. &c. filling their functions in my name, and taking oaths of fidelity to me."

"The persons at present employed, in the administrative or judiciary orders, shall retain their employments ; those only excepted, whom the public voice shall declare unworthy ; the vacant places shall be given to those most capable of filling them, and principally to such as shall

(1) In allusion to the attempt made by an unknown assassin to murder the king ; he fired at him, and the ball struck and left a mark in the forehead of the prince.

(2) Russia.

have already distinguished themselves, by their probity and knowledge."

With regard to the estates usurped under the title of national property:

"Tranquilize the present possessors; tell them that my intentions being to provide with regard to the property said to be national, the means most likely to conciliate and guarantee the rights and interests of us all, I have enjoined you to collect and transmit to me, the ideas and views of the most enlightened and virtuous men on this important point, to the end that I may adopt a conduct most conformable to the real and general wishes of the nation"

Respecting crimes and offences:

"I have promised and you will guarantee to my subjects that the publication of a general amnesty, shall announce my return."

"Repeat to all, that if my own heart inclines me to indulgence towards offences, the good of the state, this supreme law, solicits my clemency, in favour even of crimes."

"And in the apprehension that an inconsiderate zeal, should prevent the effect of these dispositions, my will is, that the tribunals abstain from prosecution of offences and crimes relative to the revolution, with the exception alone of those measures and securities, it may be wise to adopt, against such as countinue rebellious."

We then said with regard to the military:

"In deploring the errors into which the army has of necessity fallen, I have not seen without exultation its valour in the field. I shall continue to those generals, officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers, who will contribute to the good of the state in aiding the re-establishment of the monarchy, their rank, pay and appointments. Those who signalize their zeal in favour of my cause, inseparable from the interests of my people, shall obtain rewards proportionate to their services. King of a free and warlike nation, and feeling in my soul, that just consideration, which the French mind attaches to the profession of arms, the true origin of nobility, I shall abolish those laws which drag under our standards, those whom honour and love of country ought alone to guide, as well as those regulations which were made in an improvident time, when it seemed to have been forgotten, that amidst the Conde's the Turenne's the Luxumbourg's, the monarchy had produced Faberts, Cativat's, Cheverts, and that France touched at a period, when she would give birth to heroes not less fit to illustrate her arms."

Frenchmen! this is the counter revolution, which your king has conceived, and which sooner or later must be consummated, for if the decrees of divine providence, have not destined us to repair your misfortunes, yet we shall descend into the tomb with this consoling reflection, that animated by the same love we bear our people, he amongst us, who shall reign over you will call forth your blessings on our memory, by executing those plans, which in the bosom of the most adverse fortune, we have formed for your prosperity.

But whilst anxiously watching over your interests, our eyes naturally turned towards the man, so eminently distinguished by victory and fortune, who had just taken possession of the authority; this man, in knowing how to disdain the fruit of the odious crimes of his predecessors, might have reaped the benedictions of France and the admiration of future ages. We spoke to him, we invited him to partake with us the imperishable glory of fixing your destinies: we told him with a candour which would have touched a great and generous soul. *We may assure the fate of France. I say we, because for this end Buonaparte' is necessary to me, and without me, he cannot do it.*

To have understood this language, he must have been a Frenchman. The reply of the stranger was negative, it was crafty; he dared to say to your Father. *Renounce your rights, posterity will requite you for it. To re-ascend the throne, you would have to tread over a hundred thousand dead bodies.*

Thus seeking to seduce you, by an affected solicitude, spreading at the same time, the most infamous calumnies of us and our adherents, he prepared the iron yoke which he was very soon to lay upon your necks.

Three years however had elapsed, proud of having forced a peace from the weariness of the powers who opposed him; no longer able to support a veil which had already ceased to conceal his projects; believing that he acquitted himself towards you, in making an insolent offer of kindness to his king; blinded in short by pride, we saw him suddenly do homage to our rights, in daring to propose to us to sell them. Our reply was very soon made public; and you are not ignorant, that our brother, our nephews, and all the princes of our blood, adhere to our unshaken constancy.

Deceived in his expectation, ashamed of having paid for the ashes of St. Domingo with a hundred thousand victims, and of having prepared with his own perfidious hands the massacre of our unfortunate planters; exasperated by the useless efforts which he made in a ruinous struggle, to bring you into subjection to his invariable system of usurpation, he determined to display a dreadful signal of terror, by steeping in the most precious blood of the people and the king, the diadem, with which he was determined at any price to encircle his brows.

It is thus, that trampling on the most sacred law of nations, and those principles even of pretended liberty, of which he and his faction had been the most fiery champions, he founded a despotism, and this ephemeral throne, around which you see opposing interests agitated, without a hope of attaining that repose to which you aspire, nor those inestimable advantages which you have lost, in losing the tutelary and durable authority, the only one which can henceforth assure your prosperity, serve as an example and a centre, to a generous concurrence of sentiments and wishes, in short, command those sacrifices, which the country requires to fix the happiness and cement the re-union of all. And do you not see the very persons eager to support the stranger to-day at the summit of power, who overthrew the tutelar authority and trod it in the dust? who will dare to succeed him? In whatever way his turbulent career shall terminate, must this ponderous crown, weighing on some weak and ignoble head, devoted to contempt or death, drag down with it and destroy, the already regenerating branches of the ancient monarchy, and leave it again the prey of the first adventurer who shall dare to seize it? you hear incessantly, that shocks and rendings, and sudden and grievous changes would infallibly follow our return. They dare to tell you that we cannot recover the throne, without spreading desolation over your habitations and shedding torrents of blood

Frenchmen! we appeal to yourselves; are these terrors your own? can you doubt the heart of your king, the engagements taken both by himself and his relations, in the face of Europe? the brother of Louis the 16th carry desolation with him! tread over your dead bodies!!! Is it then you or his usurpation that Buonaparte would defend, in endeavouring to load us with horror and detestation? see what are the gifts he bestows upon you: state prisons, transportation, public and clandestine murder, conscription, heavy and overwhelming taxes, your commerce destroyed. All free, open, and friendly communication with you, rendered impossible; you are a perpetual source of terror to your neighbours, constantly exciting against yourselves, hatred and vengeance, a system of perfidy, violence, unlimitted ambition, unbridled arrogance, involves you in perpetual wars, whose scourge the weariness of contending powers can alone suspend. Wretched people, in the trophies of the tyrant, who oppresses you, do you not behold the effects of divine wrath? ah! why cannot your father himself exhaust its strokes! ah! interogate your necessities, the security of your families, the dignity of the French name: consider well, could a house that emancipated the commons, conceive the project of enslaving you? Is it preferable for the re-establishment of morals, that crimes should remain unpunished or that they should be forgiven; in short judge if the French nation can long blush under the yoke of these ostentatious Corsicans, gorged with her substance, and whose chief, in contempt of religion, commands adulation, even from the ministers of the altars; or if resuming the course of her happy destiny, France is again to flourish under the ancient and religious tree, who in covering her with its shade, has furnished two hundred kings to Europe.

Frenchmen! From the bosom of the Baltic, in the face and under the protection of heaven, strong in the presense of our brother, of the duke D'Augouleme our nephew and in the assent of all the princes of our blood, who all participate in our principles, and are penetrated with the same sentiments which animate us, attesting the royal victims, and those which fidelity, honour, piety, innocense, patriotism, have offered to revolutionary fury, or the thirst and bloody jealousy of tyrants; invoking the manes of the young hero (1), which the hands of the impious have just torn from his country, and from glory; offering to our people as a pledge of reconciliation the virtues of the consoling angel (2), whom providence has tho't fit to expose to new adversities in rescuing her from chains and the scaffold, that she might be to us a great example; we swear it, never will we break the sacred tye, which unites us inseparably to your destinies, your families, your hearts, your consciences. Never will we stipulate for the inheritance of our fathers; never will we abandon our

(1) The duke of Enghien.

(2) The duchess of Augouleme, daughter to Louis the XVI,

rights. Frenchmen! we take as a witness to this oath, the God of St. Louis, *he who judges justice.*

Given the second day of December, the year of grace 1804, and the tenth of our reign.

(Signed) LOUIS.

AL. AUG. TALLEYRAND PERIGORD,
Archbishop, Duke of Rheims. (3)
THE COUNT OF AVARY.

A. E V.

(3) This respectable prelate must not be mistaken for the ci-devant Bishop of Autun.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Amidst a variety of excellent publications received lately at the Baltimore Library, we remark Miss Hamilton's "Memoirs of Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus"—a work which cannot but be perused by every reader of taste with pleasure and advantage. It unites at once the utile and the dulce. It instructs while it amuses; and we would warmly recommend it to general attention. In confirmation of our opinion we give that of an able English Reviewer.

Who has not felt an interest in the destiny of Agrippina, the grand-daughter of Augustus, the wife of Germanicus, long the idol of Rome, and finally the victim of a flagitious tyrant, still pre-eminent by his atrocities in the list of criminals, and in the annals of infamy? The claims of Agrippina on the mind and heart are such as will be recognized by the most remote posterity:—she has received a charter of immortality from the most eloquent of historians: and what pen shall dare remind us that Tacitus once *lived*, and wrote as none may ever write again? Such were the strictures we were ready to apply to the present work, and such the impressions we had received from its title-page. All our classical prejudices were alarmed; and, with more zeal than charity, we opened the book with almost a determination to stigmatize with obloquy the unhallowed union of biography and romance, and to subject to the rigorous canons of criticism every aberration from the good old doctrines of correct taste. We began to read: and so fallacious is the evidence of a title-page, we soon forgot our resolutions and our censures; and in contemplating the interesting age of Augustus and Tiberius, lost all consciousness of our critical existence. For this fascination we have discovered an adequate cause in the exquisite judgment with which the historical outline of Agrippina is filled up by the delicate touches of the biographic pencil.

In the selection and arrangement of her materials, the author has, without the aid of fiction, contrived to invest her page with the charm of novelty. She has animated every scene and rendered us intimate with the characters before us. We continued to read; and finally closed the book with the conviction, that genius is always original, whether its subject be old or new.

The object of this work is thus developed in the author's preface:

"To point out the advantages which are to be derived from paying some attention to the nature of the human mind in the education of youth, was the object of a former work: the author's aim in the present is, to give such an illustration of the principles that were then unfolded, as may render them more extensively useful. In the task of instructing others, many are indeed concerned; but the duties of self-instruction and self-government are imposed on all. Such a knowledge of the human mind as is to be obtained from observation and experience, appears to be placed within the reach of every one capable of reflection; and this reflection it is the aim of every moralist to excite, when he reasons upon the consequences of vice and virtue. But to those who wish to obtain a knowledge of their own hearts, and are anxiously solicitous for their improvement, something more than general observations is requisite. In order to the government of the passions, it is necessary to be acquainted with their origin and progress;—a species of knowledge to be derived, not so much from a view of their consequences, as from an accurate observation of their gradual developement. In pursuing this inquiry, we ought not to be discouraged at finding it more complex than we at first view apprehended. The metaphysician may, indeed, separate the passions from each other, as the experimental philosopher separates the rays of light by the prism, and represents each singly to our view in one uniform colour. But in human character it is not thus that the passions are found to appear: every passion, even that which predominates, is there seen blended with those which gave it birth, and with the passions and affections to which it has affinity; and it is by observing these affinities that we are enabled to pronounce on the good or evil tendency of any particular passion."

Faithful to the plan which is here delineated, Miss Hamilton has given, in these interesting memoirs, not a dry synopsis of facts and dates, collated from the annals of a most eventful period, but a philosophical elucidation of the Roman character,—a bold and impressive portraiture of the Augustan age. In the history of particular personages, she has written the history of the passions, the principles, the prejudices, to whose dominion they were subject; a dominion, unhappily for man, perpetuated through all the revolutions of time and fate;—the extinction of rival nations, the subversion of omnipotent empire, the de-

cline of systems, and the dissolution of ages. It is not the exposition of a biographical chart that is thus exhibited, but an illustration of the great map of human nature, under the various moral gradations of which, from custom and opinion, from complexional habits and popular sentiments, it is susceptible. The preliminary chapter, on the character of the Romans, is rich in reflection, and does honour to the discriminative powers of the writer. We cannot refuse ourselves the satisfaction of transcribing the following passage, in which Miss H. forcibly illustrates her favourite political axiom, that the altar of Liberty can only be protected by the arms of virtue :

" In losing public spirit, the Romans lost the sole animating principle on which their virtues depended for existence. While the love of virtue was supported by a rigid simplicity of manners, the talents of Cæsar, seconded by the wealth of Crassus, and the power of Pompey, would have in vain attempted to overthrow the *constitution of their country*; but the change of manners, and the prevalence of vice, rendered it an easy enterprize. The penetration of Cæsar discovered the vulnerable part: he knew that luxury is prodigal, and that prodigality is selfish; and that selfishness scruples not to purchase the low gratifications of depraved appetite at the expence of the public good; he, therefore, by his example of profusion, increased prodigality, encouraged luxury, and promoted that desire of selfish gratification, which he knew how to turn to his own advantage. Judging that the man who has not courage to combat his own vicious inclinations, will not evince much constancy in the cause of freedom, he considered all in whom the spirit of independance was too feeble to restrain the love of pleasure, as deserters from the standard of liberty. His expectation was justified by the event, his camp became the asylum of every distinguished profligate who, in scenes of giddy riot or ostentatious luxury, had squandered the fortunes of his ancestors. The number was formidable :—by the levity of idleness, and the factious spirit of discontent, it was every day increased. —The fortunes of Cæsar prevailed; but, in fact, the triumph of Cæsar was nothing more than the triumph of the selfish and sensual passions over those restraints which a contempt of riches, and love of national glory, had once imposed. " Roman liberty," adds Miss H. eloquently, " did not die a *violent* but a *natural* death. In vain did a few vigorous and independant minds endeavour to *protract* the hour of her dissolution; in vain did they hope from the death of Cæsar a restoration of her existence :—the dagger of Brutus might, like the galvanic shock, produce a short and convulsive motion, but the animating soul of Liberty had fled for ever!" [*Conclusion next week.*

FOR THE COMPANION.

City of Washington, June 27, 1806.

The enclosed very curious and interesting paper was received from the hands of a distinguished revolutionary patriot, now alive, and high in the public honour and confidence. He came to the possession of it, prior to the year 1776, and has seen verified all its predictions, save the last, which is limitted to take effect on or before the year 1824. A sense of delicacy reserves the name of the distinguished patriot alluded to. In the state of New-York irrefragable proofs exist of the age and authenticity of this singular production, and it is now submitted through the Companion to those reflections which it is so strongly calculated to excite. A. B.

PAPER REFERRED TO.

PROPHECY.

New-York, June 12, 1765.

Rest paper, silent in this antic chest,
And with thee, thy contents in slumbers rest;
Till known from truth, oraculous if penn'd,
Events shall speak, and actions crown the end.

Yet in nine years before thy sleeping eyes,
Fierce wars, and war's wild-rumours shall arise,
The younger growth the elder shall withstand,
And plant new banneres in thy native land.

Yet in ten years an empire shall divide,
No vet'ran power shall stem the opening tide;
Nor in the breach shall mediator stand,
But those whose hostile force shall heal the land.

Nor civil, nor religiously free,
Within themselves despotic crown shall be;
Through policy of power and interest join'd,
Protectors of the rights of human kind.

In four ten years the empire of the sea
To other sceptres shall translated be:
The realm be rear'd in silence, drops her claim
And leaves her charge to freedom and to fame.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

On mature consideration we cannot give insertion to the piece with the signature of " A LAYMAN;" however much we may approve of many of the sentiments it contains, it might be by some considered as personal, consequently publishing it, would be a violation of the plan to which we have resolved rigidly to adhere.

We are much indebted to A. E. V. for his translation of the declaration of Louis XVIII. which, as a fine piece of composition we have accepted and given publication. At the same time, having seen the original, we cannot but regret that much of its eloquence and beauty is lost in the translation, although it still preserves enough of both to give much pleasure to readers who admire that style of writing.

SELECTED POETRY.

Having received no original poetry this week, we think we cannot present our readers, with any thing more acceptable than a continuation of the Odes of Horace, translated by Mr. Wakefield.

ODE IV.

See from yon plains the vernal gale
  Loose Tyrant Winter's icy chain!
Bids the bold sailor spread the sail,
  And trust his vessel to the main.

The ploughman quits his wintry fire,
  To flow'ry meads the flocks are led;
Gay spring displays her rich attire,
  Where frost his hoary mantle spread.

Lo! Venus leads the sprightly dance,
  The nymphs and graces circling meet;
And, thwart the moon's pale lustre, glance,
  To cadence brisk their twinkling feet.

Jove's arms, for summer's sultry glow,
  The lab'ring sons of Ætna tire:
The thunder reddens from each blow,
  The lightning quickens with fresh fire.

Our brow let myrtle wreaths enclsoe;
  Cull every variegated flower,
That Zephyr scatters as he goes,
  That Flora suckles in her bower.

For Faunus light the sacred fire,
  Wide-streaming thro, th' umbrageous wood;
For him the spotless lamb expire,
  Or flow the kid's more welcome blood.

Death hastes with equal speed to all:
  His strides, by no distinctions led,
Climb the proud monarch's pompous hall,
  Nor pass the rustic's straw-built shed.

Let no fond hopes, my friend! beguile
  Thine eyes from life's contracted span;
Nor, sooth'd by Fortune's flattering smile,
  Deem long the longest date of man.

Thy trembling soul must wing her flight
  To Pluto's dull and dreary shore,
To shades of ever-during night;
  And feast and dalliance be no more!

No beams of dawning day will chear
  That bourn's impenetrable gloom;
No spring relieve th' unvarying year,
  Th' eternal winter of the tomb!

TO AGRIPPA.

ODE VI.

In strains majestic, Varius, bard sublime!
  The glories of thy conquering arm shall sing,
Thy feats on every wave, in every clime,
  Borne on the plumes of the Mœonion wing.

These high exploits, or fierce Achilles' rage,
  Daunt the faint warbling of my feeble lyre;
Daunt the long labours of the pilgrim-sage:
  Far humbler themes my humbler muse inspire.

She, all unconscious of th' enraptured lays,
  That swell the loudly-sounding strings along,
Nor thine presumes, nor Cæsar's peerless praise,
  With genius cold and unimpassion'd song.

What bard shall paint, unbless'd with Homer's strains,
  In mail of adamant the son of Jove?
Merion, embrown'd with dust on Trojan plains?
  Tydides, rival to the powers above?

Convivial joys my sportive muse requires,
  The ravish'd kiss, the virgin's playful strife;
While, now at ease, now scorch'd with amorous fire,
  Transition sweet! glides on my chequer'd life.

ODE IX.

See, how Soractes' crown of woods
  Bows with the spangled loads of snow!
Enthrall'd by winter's chain, the floods
  Forget to murmur and to flow.

Come, let our hearth, far-blazing, fright
  Chill Boreas and his crew away:
Bring, boy! my daintiest stores to light,
  And chear with wine our social day.

The rest be yours, ye powers above!
  Ye smooth fierce ocean's foaming bed:
Rude winds are hush'd; no poplars move,
  No rustling cypress waves the head.

Forbid the future care to lower,
  Thy balance of affections even;
And grateful deem each added hour
  A kindness undeserved by heav'n.

Unsilver'd still thy locks remain,
  Still thy light limbs with vigour move:
Join in brisk dance the nymph and swain,
  And yeld thy melting soul to love.

With frolic mirth regale thy prime;
  The glade, the bower, thy steps invite:
Drop, faithful to thy charmer's time,
  Love's whispers in the ear of night;

When bursts of studied laughter prove,
  Where the sly wantons lurking stand;
When thy warm grasp the pledge of love
  Tears from the coyly-willing hand.

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 4.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

SYLPHS are now then true Sybarites, and like pretty women, (who are often hardly less ærial) they sometimes indulge in indolence with delight. Having then taken the repose which was necessary, to recover us from the palpitation of heart, into which the unpitying herald of the hours, of whom I have already spoken to you, had thrown us by his lamentable howl, we rejoined each other; and now rivalling the Zephyrs in swiftness, and gaily sporting in their fragrance, whilst we darted our inquiring, eyes around, we perceived a collection of those little *chef d'ouvres* of nature, which seem to enamel the air with brilliant gems, and which animating solitude, render it still more interesting, by their melodious concerts.

We hastened into the museum. This new establishment you see, said my companion, does honour to the taste and assiduity of the proprietors, but I fear they will be but ill rewarded; for at New-York, about a year ago, the proprietor of a similar collection, was obliged to dispose of it, and he proved by an exact account rendered to the public, that when all expences were calculated and the accounts balanced, in three years his profits amounted to *six dollars and some cents.* But listen to what those gentlemen are saying who are walking near us; I will serve you as an intrepreter. Indeed said one of them, this epidemic indifference which still exists amongst us, to every thing that relates to the fine arts is shameful, whilst we make such a terrible progress in every species of Luxury and corruption. O! Apollo, O! Minerva, cried I, here is certainly a Sylph enclosed in a human frame; he is not alone, replied my companion. But the opinion of these enlightened persons, is as yet like *the voice in the desart,* But let us attend.

I know, continued this *real* gentlemen, what philosophers have been accustomed to say, relative to the influence of the arts upon morals, as if commerce, which they approve of so much, maritime commerce, which leads young men from one country to another, removed from the controul of their parents, and the observations of their fellow citizens, absolutely free from all restraint, did not expose them to more temptations and more corruption in a single year, than all the fine arts in themselves could do, in more than a century. Does not the cupidity of wealth, always increase with those who possess it, as incessant thirst still torments the dropsical? Is it not gold which corrupts morals, integrity, patriotism, and incrusts upon the soul the rust of egotism, and self-sufficiency? At this moment, I perceived one of the auditors biting his lips with rage. I made my companion observe him, who told me that it was very natural, for he was a *shaver*, who covered the ocean with his vessels, and who to oblige his neighbours, charitably lends to those who are embarrassed, at the moderate rate of five per cent a month; observe with what an indignant look he eyes the honest and judicious American who has just spoken. In truth he almost frightens me, replied I, he has so much the look of the rattle snake behind him; and if I could admit the doctrine of the metemsychosis, I should believe from the expression of his countenance, that he had inherited the souls of some of these birds of prey which I see preserved here.

We Sylphs have the singular privilege that belongs to Frenchmen, that of all talking together, and yet at the same time hearing what is said by others. This happy faculty enabled us to gather, what a respectable old man added to the conversation I have already related to you.

"For my part," said this champion of liberty, (for

it was one of the brave officers of the Cincinatti who spoke) " you know I apprehended a long time, the introduction of the fine arts into our country; but since now by our connection with the older nations we seize with such alarming rapidity, the venom of those destructive vices, which hurries so many of them to their end, I confess that before I go to rejoin my fathers, I would gladly see my country, at least disguise her premature decrepitude by those graces, with which the ancient nations rendered their age illustrious. Since we could neither be Spartans, nor Romans, let us at least endeavour to be in some degree Athenians. I should feel myself consoled, if I could see the present generation, yield to a less ignoble species of corruption, and if I could descend into the tomb, with the hope that our country would not be reduced to figure in history as a shapeless caricature of *Carthage!*

I was enchanted to hear that these gentlemen spoke thus like Oracles, but I confess I was not less so, in seeing at this moment, a group of young persons enter the room. The dazzling bloom of their complexions, the gay diversity of colours with which their dresses were varied, the penetrating vivacity of their looks, the roses that ornamented their bosoms, every thing about them seemed to vie with the pretty collection of the inhabitants of the air, that surrounded them, and to dispute with them, the palm of elegance and beauty. With the rapidity of lightening, I hastened to mingle in the charming throng, and as I flew from sweet to sweet among them, like a butterfly in a parterre of flowers; I was soon convinced by the intelligent observations I heard them making, that if the *jeremiads* of the Patriarchs whose words I have just repeated, were well founded in some respects, the lively curiosity which this enchanting little circle displayed, with regard to natural history, was also a good omen of the approaching developement of the human faculties.

Let us go from hence, suddenly cried my Sylphick mentor, lest your wings should be scorched in approaching so closely, the eyes and lips of these lovely nymphs; and then without giving me time to recollect myself and seek some pretext for prolonging our stay in this interesting gallery, my merciless friend, was in the air in a moment.

I followed him with very little alacrity, cursing him to myself with all my soul, giving him to Lucifer with all my heart, and imitating the wife of Lott, in turning my head continually towards the museum, when my austere conductor made me remark the œconomy of politeness which is observed here in public even towards the ladies. The Italians, said he, overwhelm their acquaintances with servile bows and grimaces, compliments and benedictions, till they are out of breath, here on the contrary, acquaintances pass close to one another without even touching their hats, and saluting each other with as much cordiality as heirs that are at law. As for the ladies, they give them a little nod of the head in so ungallant a manner, that it is the very way in which peasants and chamber maids are saluted in Europe.

To this I observed, that it was much better not to receive so many humble civilities, so many touches of the hat, as with the Italians, and not to be in danger of the strokes of the poignard, which so often accompany their bows. However, added I, I think there is a medium which might be adopted without falling into either extreme.

In conversing thus, my companion led me into a place where the air was so heavily charged with thick vapours, that I thought it was certainly a foundry. However it was only the smoke of segars: although almost stifled yet I could discern that every one present, was yawning as if Morpheus had shed his poppies on their eyelids, in the fear that the same sleepy influence might possess me, I proposed to my companion to change the air immediately which he willingly did; telling me however, that this rendezvous was a *literary circle*; which surprised me, for I had seen only bottles and glasses on the table.

After having regained respiration, we bent our way to the library, and to a hall of exhibition, which offered to our contemplation a pleasing and interesting picture. There we found an incontestible proof of the progress of education in this country, as well as of the aptitude, and industry with which young persons devote themselves to the study of useful and sometimes even dry information; which may lend a double eclat to the charms of youth, and when time shall have robbed them of some of their graces, will compensate for their loss, by the cultivation of their minds and the enlargement of their understanding. These germs of genius and improvement are so much more interesting in these young persons, as they will one day be called to constitute the happiness of families; they will soon impress a delicate taste for letters and the arts on the minds of their children, they will inspire it in the in husbands; and thus, by the sweetest influence, they will hasten an agreeable change in the manners of their countrymen, which will be no less useful, than honourable to the nation.

In the library we had ample subject for observation; but the soporific atmosphere I inhaled in the smoking club,

of which I have already spoken to you, has so stupified my faculties, that I have not strength to tell you the rest of my day's adventures; therefore to recover my spirits, I shall bend my flight without delay, to the cool refreshing shade of my solitude. M. A.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Mr. Easy,

A few evenings ago, myself and three others were seated at my window, conversing on, and pleased with, the grand display made by the heavenly bodies. The moon being full-orbed shed her mild beams upon the waving branches of the willow, while the sportive stars seemed joyful: indeed, universal nature partook of the pleasure of that evening, and appeared pleased with such magnificence.

We had not been long seated, when, very much to our dissatisfaction, we were interrupted by the entrance of one, who deems herself of the first rank, and with all the airs of *high birth* and *ancient pedigree*, brushed in, seated herself, and *engrossed, entirely* engrossed the conversation that would otherwise have been employed in "*A reciprocal wish to please.*"

This queen of the walk, and lady of the ton, with an airy gaiety not becoming her advanced stage of life, began, with a—"my God, ladies! what! couched up here this pleasant evening! *I'll swear* I think you had better be walking: Come, there went past just now three fine looking beaux fully capable of gallanting in *form.*"

This was to myself, and I believe, likewise, to the rest of the company, a very exceptionable exclamation, for we had all been taught from early youth, to venerate that command which sayeth,—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain"—but this was delicately correct, when compared with what she afterwards frequently repeated.

Miss Affable replied, by saying,—"As for my part Miss Flutter, I feel entirely pleased with my situation, *couched* as it may be; and more particularly so, with this *little*, this *social* circle. Come, sit down, and join with us in the pleasure of conversation.

"*Curse your heart*, would you have me die?" said Miss Flutter, "*I'll swear* if I were seated as you are, looking so very earnestly upon the moon, and things over head, I should sow seeds for the consumption! But however as I'm here I'll sit a-while: come, what are you prating about?"

We have through this window, answered Miss Affable, been viewing yon bespangled vault; each making remarks on the harmony of Nature, and through the same, looking up to *Nature's God.* Some little time before you came in, Miss Forethought recited those elegant lines in Thompson's Spring.

——————"The glitt'ring stars
"By the deep ear of meditation heard,
"Still in their midnight watches sing of Him."

And just as you entered, the conclusion of the following extract from the elegant Harvey escaped my lips;—I will recite it again:——"How bright yon starry dia-
"monds shine! The ambition of eastern monarchs
"could imagine no distinction, more noble and sub-
"lime, than that of being likened to one of those beam-
"ing orbs."

"They form Night's *richest dress*; and sparkle upon
"her sable robe, like jewels of the finest lustre. Like
"jewels! I wrong their character. The lucid stone has no
"brilliancy; quenched is the flame even of the golden
"topaz, compared with these glowing decorations of
"Heaven."

"And have these *little* thoughts occupied your minds?" exclaimed Miss Flutter—"*I'll swear to God* the girl has been under the tuition of some canting priest! How her mind is affected! Wound up; yes, *by my soul*, wound up to the very moon and stars! Come, come, let's banish these *trifling* reflections, and this lean half-starved kind of talk, and converse, if we converse at all, upon the theme of the day."

Previous to the entrance of Miss Flutter we were very agreeably seated; each exercising thought with the utmost liberty; the different ideas that arose in our minds, we spoke freely, cheerfully, and without reserve. The presence of Miss Flutter embarrased us all, and unhinged the whole of what was affording unqualified gratification.

After waiting some time for the *theme of the day* to be introduced, Miss Flutter bounced from her chair, and stepping briskly across the floor exclaimed,—"*My God*, girls! have you heard the news? Amanda Sensible is going to be married to the son of a mechanic!! A tradesman's son as I am living! What a cursed fool she is: *Good Lord* how she is going to demean herself!"—Turning to Miss Forethought, said she,—"you don't believe it, do you?"

It is my wish, answered Miss Forethought that it should take place. It is your wish, (repeated Miss Flutter) that it should take place! Yes returned Miss Forethought, and

for very good reasons : *O burn your reasons, by my soul* 'tis out of character! Well but resumed Miss Forethought, whatever I assert, I delight in offering reasons, why, and wherefore."

"Well go on with your reasons"—said Miss F. with a vacant laugh, "as I've been once interrupted in the attempt already, before I proceed I must beg of you to answer me one question : that is, what objection have you to Mr. Mortimer?"

"*Why zounds!* as to any particular objection, to *him* I've none; however this should keep him down,—you know his parents were not of high birth; you know his father was a tradesman, and poor too."

"O! well if that be all, (resumed Miss Forethought) you have to alledge against Mr. Mortimer, I think your objection, *no* objection. I am of the opinion that *merit, real merit* should not have its eyes put out, while pursuing paths congenial with the dignity of human nature. What! shall Mr. Mortimer be spurned from society, and never noticed because his parents were not of the first rank, but were honest, reputable and much esteemed, constituting what may be termed the middle grade? 'Tis well known Miss Flutter, that the parents of Mortimer were ever respected, and none knew their worth but their intimates. I wish Amanda and Mortimer to be married, because I conceive her to be a girl possessing a fine mind; a mind every way improved, and capable of yielding satisfaction to so deserving a person as Mortimer; and I wish Mortimer to marry Amanda because I conceive him to have a correct mind, a good portion of mental acquirements, and one who has been esteemed for his sobriety and general correctness of deportment, since his first setting out in life. His parents were poor, but *honourable*, as *by the sweat of their brows did they obtain bread.*"

"*By my soul and conscience* the girl plays the orator," cries Miss Flutter. "I'm of opinion Miss Forethought is anxious to entertain us this evening by way of *sermonizing*; for she brings from scripture a passage about the *sweat of their brows, I'll swear* I think she is cut out for a parson's lady. Only think;—borrows a phrase from that old despised book the bible, in order to embellish her sentence; a book that's been kicked from the *fashionable* circle for years; or however, ever since people have known it to be a fable, a mere nothing. Now never borrow from that despised book any more phrases, for 'tis out of vogue now-a-days entirely.

You Miss Forethought may advance all you can in favour of Mortimer, but can Amanda justify herself in the esteem of the *fashionable* world? She's had offers from Ned Fop, Richard Winebibber, Harry Age, and Sam my Youth, all men of fashion; they move through our different streets and shine like stars of the first order, and here she's turned these off, and *put up* with Mortimer!!! *By my soul* 'tis too much, *I'll swear to G—* Oh! I beg your pardon ladies I'd like to have named the name of God irreverently!

I may 'tis true have different views of this marrying business from others, for as to my own part I'd sooner be pummelled with an iron pestle than be married: I'm determined never to marry; Marry! No: *I'll swear to God* I wouldn't marry the best man in the world; no, not if I *knew* him to be such.

Although a good deal hurt at hearing such language from a lady, and one of the fashion too, I could but indulge an inward laugh, while hearing them, for she actually reminded me of the fox and the grapes. Even a much humbler offer would, I have no doubt, be accepted with avidity.

A.

We have chearfully given insertion to the above, because we highly approve of the srictures it contains. The instances deplorably abound of those who are possessed of heaven's richest worldly blessings, who treat, notwithstanding, whatever has relation to the bountiful author of so much good with contempt if not with disgust. They treat him indeed with the effrontery of unrestrained insolence. They scarcely pronounce ten words, a third of which are not an irreverend use of his name. He is continually in their mouths, but it cannot be uncharitable to say what is so glaringly evident, that he is as much estranged from their hearts as is light from a sequestered dungeon. As to the Bible, in which we have the first and best intelligence of our maker or his views respecting us, to be constrained to employ half an hour in the perusal of it even once a week would be thought an intolerable burthen and to attend divine service on the day appointed for assembling to worship the deity, a most offensive task. The richer people are, the more they arrogate to themselves a privilege to disregard things sacred. Those objects that are, by the wise and good, deemed awfully venerable, are viewed by them, in too many instances, as unreasonable restraints. Gentlemen and Ladies of the present day, are not to be confined within such narrow limits. *Lady* in this country, is adopted by the females of fortune. The term *gentlewoman* which truly belongs to them, is despised. *Lady*, in England, from whence the term derives to us, is the wife, daughter, or sister of a nobleman, and appertains to the consort of a baronet and a knight. How

many ladies are there, who have no pretensions to the intrinsic character of a GENTLEWOMAN! *gentleness*, from the same source, is defined by Johnson to be *softness of manner, sweetness of disposition, meekness, tenderness, kindness, benevolence.* He adds, OBSOLETE—Melancholy! But can these virtues obtain in hearts closed against any communication with their great author! In proportion as he is secluded from the female heart, must be all the graces which are connected with every thing most amiable. If gentleness, &c. are discarded from the female breast, they do well in adopting the term *lady*, which has no relation to such qualities. It is to be hoped that this perversion of whatever is most ennobling, will not long prevail; that a more just sense of the dignity of human nature will regain its influence, and that *ladies* will be ensured admiration in proportion to their cultivating all that is excellent. A *gentlewoman* who carefully maintains that character is certainly the most exalted work of terrestrial creation, and as such merits a title as superior to that of *lady* as is whatever can be most substantial to the baseless fabric of a shadow.

"MEMOIRS OF AGRIPPINA."

(Concluded from page 319.)

Adverting to the promulgation of the gospel, and its reception by the Roman world, Miss Hamilton offers some admirable suggestions on the insiduous operation of early associations in the Gentile converts, and of their subsequent effects in the corruption of the christian church:

"Superstition, whose roots had taken hold of the soil by a thousand ramifications, was too deeply fixed to be easily eradicated: before the first preachers of the gospel it had indeed fallen prostrate; but in imperfect proselytes it revived and flourished; nor has it in the ages that have succeeded given way, so as to promise its speedy extirpation from the christian world. Imperfectly as the religion of Jesus may have been understood and practised by many of its votaries, the benevolent mind will rejoice in tracing its benignant influence in humanising the passions, and ameliorating the condition of the human race."

To analyse these volumes would be a task arduous to ourselves and inviduous to the greater part of our readers, who will, we predict with confidence, pursue the destinies of Agrippina in the original work. As a specimen of the manner in which it is executed, we select the de-description of the Batavian expedition, which succeeded the second victory obtained by Germanicus over the brave Armintus in the far-famed plains of Minden:

"The season for enterprize being nearly over, Germanicus ordered some of the legions to return by land to winter-quarters; the rest he saw embarked; and, when all were ready for sailing, went on board with Agrippina and his children, anxious to explore those unknown regions, of which some had reported such extraordinary things. The fleet sailed with a gentle current to the ocean: but soon an equinoctial squall commenced, which to the unskilled seamen appeared a storm of unparalleled fury.—Incapable of managing their ill-constructed vessels, they became the prey of terror and despair, and the ships, thus abandoned to the rage of the tempestuous elements, were permitted to dash against each other, or to drive upon the rocks by which they were surrounded. To lighten the ships was the only expedient that presented itself: and, accordingly, horses, beasts of burthen, arms and baggage, were committed to the waves. Of all the horrors that presented themselves to their imagination, the dread of being cast upon the inhospitable shores of England, or Holland, was the most appalling. How little did they imagine that those then barbarous nations should in future times so far excel them in the art of navigation, as to ride in triumph through the waves, in ships of such dimensions as never entered into the heart of Roman to conceive; nor would Agrippina have been less astonished, had she been told that at the distance of nearly eighteen hundred years her history would be written by a female descendant of the barbarians she despised, and that her failings and her virtues would be at that distant period pourtrayed, with a view of illustrating more important truths than Greece had ever taught, or Rome believed! Germanicus, though a stranger to fear, was deeply impressed with the horrors of his present situation: his ship was separated from the fleet and driven by the tempest to the mouth of the Weser; he there landed with his family, and for a moment indulged the joy that arose on seeing them in safety. But when on the return of day he viewed the coast strewed with the wrecks of the ships that had been dashed to pieces on the shore, and scattered over with the dead bodies of his brave companions, the deepest melancholy took possession of his soul: in this disconsolate state he wandered up and down, refusing to listen to the voice of comfort, and incessantly accusing himself as the author of the great calamity: it is said to have been even with difficulty that he was restrained from burying himself in the same waves that had swallowed up so many of his bravest soldiers: for a time he feared that no ship but his own had escaped the fury of the tempest; but when the storm subsided, many of the scattered vessels were seen slowly advancing, as they were wafted by the wind and tide towards the Weser. Day after day

brought in others; and the Angravarians*, willing to shew their fidelity to their new masters, ransomed from the other barbarians numbers of the Roman soldiers who had been cast upon their costs. The ships first refitted were sent without delay to search for their companions, and to recover, if possible, all those who had survived the misery of the shipwreck. Great numbers were thus restored to their own country, some even from so great a distance as the northren parts of Britain, where they had been rescued by the petty princes (perhaps the ancestors of Fingal) from perishing in the waves.—For them the feast of shells may have been spread in the halls which afterwards resounded with the harp of Ossian: but the mind of the ignorant, when impressed by terror, sees nothing save the gloomy creations of its own distempered fancy:—the men, on their return, instead of expatiating with rapture on the brave youths and white-bosomed damsels of Morven, talked of huge sea-monsters, and ambiguous forms, partly men and partly fish; things which Tacitus believes they posssibly might have seen in these barbarous regions, though, as he ingeniously acknowledges, they might be nothing else save the coinage of imagination crazed with fear. If so wise a man as Tacitus did not disclaim belief in the possibility of such marvelous things, we must not attribute to Agrippina a greater share of philosophical incredulity at Rome, among the crowd of foreigners who came from distant regions to do homage to Augustus; she had particularly remarked the deputies from the British states, and while she remained in Belgium had seen such numbers as might have convinced her, that however they might be disguised by dress or paint, they were in size and shape like other men. But the fables of the heathen mythology, and the fiction of the poets had such a powerful effect upon the imagination that it is no wonder the disposition to believe in the marvellous, which was thus introduced and cherished, should have been too deeply rooted to yield to reason or experience. That the remote parts of the earth were peopled with monsters, was a fact which she never thought of calling in question; and though the British barbarians on the soutern coasts of the island had the human form, it was to her no proof that those upon the northern shores were not such as they had been represented. With very different emotions did Germanicus listen to these tales of wonder. Every account he received of those remote regions only served to augment the deep regret he felt at being forced to relinquish all hopes of now exploring them; nor could he forbear reflecting on the similar disappointment experienced by his father, who, having formed the bold resolution of sailing into the nothern seas, and actually advanced as far as Jutland, was obliged to return from the fruitless expedition, without having made any discovery worthy of his fame. He sighed to think that the fates should be thus unpropitious to his family; but the greater number of those who accompanied him, thanked the gods who had kindly restrained him from an enterprize, that was, in their opinion, audacious even to impiety."

We cannot quit these volumes without congratulating Miss Hamilton on her successful efforts in one of the most honourable and least cultivated fields of literature. Biography, without departing from its appropriate cast, assimilates with every diversity of taste, and extends collateral claims on almost every family of genius; the chart of experience which it unrolls is equally pleasing to adventurous youth, and to retiring age; to those that have all to learn, and to such as have little more to know: with the imagination of the poet when he gives "to airy no-"thing a local habitation and a name," the biographer arrests the fugitive idea, and from the faded form of memory produces a substantial object, capable of engaging our sympathies, our solicitudes, and our affections: with the same penetrating spirit by which the philosopher illuminates recondite truths, the biographer detects the latent sources of action, discovers the secret conductor of the mind, and traces the process of the incidental with the complexional passions in forming the general character. It is impossible not to wish that Miss Hamilton may pursue her biographic career; subjects are not wanting; our own country has her heroes and her philosophers, worthy of the recording pen of Genius.

Mr. Easy,

If you suppose the following will in any measure tend to rouse the attention of our citizens, to the delightful study of astronomy, or induce them to visit the Pantheon for the purpose of instruction, and assisting merit; I will thank you to give it an insertion in your useful and entertaining miscellany. Yours, &c.

It is with great satisfaction I inform you of the delight and instruction I received, on Thursday evening last, at the Pantheon, from the lecture of Dr. Green, on astronomy and geography, and the display of his elegant illustrations by a *transparent orrery*. The evenings amusement fully convinced our enlightened audience how justly he merits the patronage to which he aspires.

Astronomy is, certainly, the noblest science with which

*A German nation, inhabiting what is now the Bishopric of Osnaburgh.

we are acquainted, and has been esteemed as such from a very remote period.

With what reverence must the mind be filled, when it contemplates the grand expanse of heaven!—To behold the beauty and regularity of the planetary system; the sun, ineffably bright, placed in the centre, and imparting his refulgent and vivifying beams to all the planets, from Mercury, even to the remote regions of Herschel; to observe each planet revolving about the sun, in its proper orbit; to reflect that some of those have again secondary ones, performing revolutions around them, the number of the latter to each primary, increasing as they recede from the sun; to consider the situation of our own planet, suspended in æther, by the wonderful laws of gravity, and perpetually whirling with incredible velocity; to view the blazing comet, with its long and fiery tail, performing its elliptical course within a limited time; and to behold the fixed stars, *each* of which may, possibly, be the *central sun*, to other planetary systems; those, and innumerous other circumstances, convince the mind of the existence of a supreme being, and excite the most exalted ideas of his plenitude, goodness, omniscience, and omnipotence.

If astronomy, then be capable of producing those sublime conceptions of the deity, surely, the encouragement of the science must have a good moral tendency. In the person of Dr. Green, a pupil of the celebrated Ferguson, the public have now an opportunity of evincing their generosity. To remunerate him for the trouble and expence he has iucurred, is the least that can be expected; and, for this purpose, I am persuaded that the exhibition needs only to be generally known. Shall we not countenance science in preference to vicious amusements, or has our own taste so much degenerated?

It afforded me pleasure to observe a number of ladies, at the exhibition, who appeared extremely interested in the contemplation of the "Eidouranion;" their attendance, on such an occasion, reflects the highest encomium on their judgment and taste.

Parents should avail themselves of the present opportunity, so favourable to impress upon the minds of their children a knowledge of the beautiful science of astronomy.—And let the youth of this city reflect, that perhaps, they may never have it again in their power to behold a similar exposition of that polite, and instructive branch of literature.

It is to be hoped, Dr. Green will gratify the citizens of Baltimore, with his exhibition a few evenings more.

SPECTATOR.

Baltimore, August 5, 1806.

FROM LORD BACON'S APOPHTHEGMS.

Doigenes, one terrible frosty morning, came into the market-place and stood naked, shivering, to shew his tolerance: many came about him, pitying him; but Plato passing by, and knowing he did it to be seen, said to the people; if you pity him indeed, leave him to himself.

Plato severely reprehended a young man for entering into a dissolute house: the young man said, why do you reprehend so sharply for so small a matter? Plato replied, but custom is no small matter.

Solon compared the people to the sea, and orators and counsellors to the winds; because the sea would be calm and quiet, if the winds did not trouble it.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our poetic friends have entirely deserted us; for two weeks we have not received a single line of original poetry. JULIUS! LEANDER! are we quite forgotten? From the charming muse of JUDITH O'DONNELLY, we once received the sweetest wild notes; we hoped she would have continued to send us her effusions; but we have never heard from her since. At this season almost every one retires to the country, and in the delightful shades of solitude, inspired by the woodland Deities and all those objects dear to the poet's eye, we think that many a wreath must be culled from Parnassus; and yet for our short poetic department we are obliged to depend entirely on selection. In truth we receive so little assistance of any kind, that editorial duty is really burthensome; hope languishes, and the honest ambition with which we were inspired, of seeing the Companion assume some rank in the scale of literature is fast fading; those who *can* write, "doing as worldlings do, in giving their sum of more to that which hath too much," send their productions to other papers. We much doubt, that we shall prove the meridian of Baltimore is genial only to price-currents and marine intelligence. And yet to the general neglect we experience we exultingly make some honourable exceptions. What periodical publication would not receive lustre from the communications of a SYLPH? correct satire, tempered with good nature; sound sense, embellished with all the softer and more playful graces of the imagination; these are the characteristics of our charming Sylph, and while he continues to lend us his fostering aid, we shall not wholly despond.

To our friend the SPY we offer many, many thanks for his kind assistance, and hope he will soon resume his pen.

The following exquisite lines are from the enchanting pen of Anacreon Moore.

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moon-beam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept;
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem!
To dew-ey'd pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

THE DYING DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER.

BY MRS. OPIE.

"Mother, when these unsteady lines
Thy long averted eyes shall see,
This hand that writes, this heart that pines,
Will cold, quite cold, and tranquil be.

That guilty child, so long disowned,
Can then, blest thought! no more offend;
And, shouldst thou deem my crimes attoned,
O deign my orphan to befriend:

That orphan, who with trembling hand
To thee will give my dying prayer;—
Canst thou my *dying* prayer withstsnd,
And from my child withhold thy care?

O raise the veil which hides her cheek,
Nor start her mother's face to see,
But let her look thy love bespeak,...
For once that face was dear to thee.

Gaze on,—and thou'lt perchance forget
The long, the mournful lapse of years,
Thy couch with tears of anguish wet,
And e'en the guilt which caused those tears.

And in my pure and artless child
Thou'lt think her mother meets thy view;
Such as she was when life first smiled,
And guilt by name alone she knew.

Ah! then I see thee o'er her charms
A look of fond affection cast;
I see thee clasp her in thine arms,
And in the present lose the past.

But soon the dear delusion flies;
The sad reality returns;
My crimes again to memory rise;
And, ah! in vain my orphan mourns:

Till suddenly some keen remorse,
Some deep regret, her claims shall aid,
For wrath that held too long its course,
For words of peace too long delayed.

For pardon (most, alas! denied
When pardon might have snatched from shame)
And kindness, hadst thou kindness tried,
Had checked my guilt, and saved my fame.

And then thou wilt wish, as I do now,
Thy hand my humble bed had smoothed,
Wiped the chill moisture of my brow,
And all the wants of sickness soothed.

For, oh! the means to sooth my pain
My poverty has still denied;
And thou wilt wish, ah! wish in vain,
Thy riches had those means supplied.

Thou'lt wish, with keen repentance wrung;
I'd closed my eyes, upon thy breast
Expiring, while thy faultering tongue
Pardon in kindest tones expressed.

O sounds which I must never hear!
Through years of woe my fond desire!
O mother, spite of all most dear!
Must I, unblest by thee, expire?

Thy love alone I call to mind,
And all thy past disdain forget,—
Each keen reproach, each frown unkind,
That crushed my hopes when last we met.

But when I saw that angry brow,
Both health and youth were still my own
O mother! couldst thou see me now,
Thou wouldst not have the heart to frown.

But see! my orphan's cheek displays
Both youth and health's carnation dies,
Such as on mine, in happier days,
As fondly charmed thy partial eyes.

Grief o'er her bloom a veil now draws,
Grief her loved parent's pang to see;
And when thou thinkst upon the cause,
That paleness will have charms for thee.

And thou wilt fondly press that cheek,
Bid happiness its bloom restore,
And thus in tenderest accents speak,
"Sweet orphan, thou shalt mourn no more."

But wilt thou thus indulgent be?
O! am I not by hope beguiled?
The long, long anger shown to me,
Say, will it not pursue my child?

And must she suffer for my crime?
Ah! no;—forbid it, gracious heaven!
And grant, O grant! in thy good time,
That she beloved, and I forgiven!"

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

VOL. II. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1806. N°. 42.

"Thou gavest also thy good spirit to instruct them." "Their children multipliest thou also as the stars of heaven." Nehemiah chap. 9.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FOUNDATION AND PROGRESS OF THE COLLEGE OF ST. MARY'S, BALTIMORE.

THE rapid progress of the Baltimore College and the high advantages derived from it, of which its pupils have given such satisfactory proofs, in the course of the examinations which have just taken place, have determined us no longer to defer giving the public an account of its establishment, the authenticity of which we guarantee. As having had it a long time in view to present our readers with some details relative to an object so important to our country, we have made it a point to procure our information from the most undoubted sources.

We may venture to say, without the fear of being considered as enthusiasts, that the college of St. Mary's, owes its origin, its progress, & its present flourishing condition, to that tutelary genius, which seems to have destined America, to emerge so rapidly & with so much lustre, from the darkness in which she had been involved until the present period.

It is well known that the president of this college, laid its first foundation, without possibly foreseeing, that he prepared for his adoptive country, a place of education, which was soon to concentrate in the bosom of America all those advantages we had hitherto been compelled to seek, so far from home, and at such immense expence, for forming the understandings and developeing the taste and the talents of youth.

To be convinced of this, it will suffice to remember what is well known here, that the founder of St. Mary's College had resolved seven or eight years ago, to leave this continent where the liberal plan of education he had formed, instead of finding the encouragement with which he had flattered himself, met with obstacles he despaired of surmounting. His intention then was to yield to the eager wishes of the inhabitants of the Havanna, who having been informed of his plan by the prospectus which had reached them from the College, which he conducted on the banks of the Potowmak, they ardently desired to establish a seminary of education in their city, where their children might be brought up, under their own eye and in their own principles.

It was precisely this projected departure of Mr. Du Bourg, which tended to destroy the hopes, that many American parents had conceived for the education of their children, which proved ultimately the cause of this distinguished gentleman's consecrating henceforth his talents and his activity to the instruction of our youth.

Returned from the Havanna to Baltimore in August 1799, to await in the bosom of his family and his numerous friends the reply of the king of Spain, to the application which had been made him on the subject of the college, by the inhabitants of the Havanna, Mr. du Bourg was far from thinking, that he had placed the first stones of an university, for the existence of which we are indebted to him. He had brought with him some children from the Havanna, who had been provisionally confided to him, because not a doubt was entertained that his Catholic majesty would immediately permit them to welcome the return of Mr. Du Bourg and their children to their city.

Mr. Du Bourg only thought of profiting by this interval of repose and hope, to commence the education of the young Spaniards, who had followed him, and to seek the fellow labourers, whose assistance he would require, to execute on his return to the Havanna, the magnificent plan of education he had proposed. For this purpose, he retired with his young pupils to the seminary of Baltimore, which thus became the cradle of the future college. But he was very soon assailed with petitions on the part of French families dispersed in such numbers on the shores of this continent. Each solicited permission for their children, to participate with the Spanish pupils, the cares and in-

structions of their enlightened preceptor. He found it impossible to refuse them: consented therefore to permit a dozen of the children of unfortunate French emigrants, to participate in the private lessons, which he had at first designed, only for his Spanish pupils, at the same time informing their parents that it would be only for a temporary period, and until he could return to the Havanna, to fulfil the engagements he had entered into with its inhabitants.

The expected answer at length arrived, but fortunately for this country, it was as contrary to the hopes of the heads of families at the Havanna, as it was favourable to the wants and wishes of the French families, who had taken refuge here.

It is thus that the United States, may always profit by the commotions that agitate France, and which have driven so many men of merit from their country, as well as of the abject state of Spain, which dares not receive them, and thus devote to herself the immense advantages to be derived from their talents their knowledge and their misfortunes.

Hardly was it generally known on this continent, that Mr. Du Bourg, would not leave it, when entreaties arrived from all parts soliciting a reception for a vast number of French children, into the family which was already united under his wing.

Such were the circumstances which determined Mr. Du Bourg to erect a new building, which might serve as an addition to the old seminary, already much too limited, to accommodate the small number of children, he had been under the necessity of receiving. Deprived of his fortune like the other refugees of St. Domingo, surrounded by French families once opulent, but whose fortunes were now not less ruined than his own, he could not foresee what would be the fate of the establishment which he had planned with so much care; it is well known that good masters are extremely rare in this part of the world and that they are to be obtained only at an expense, which was far beyond the means of the founder, and he could still less flatter himself, with obtaining the assistance of opulent families of this country, as he had determined from principles of delicacy, not to open the door of his growing academy to their children, in the fear of being inimical to, or of giving umbrage, to the houses of education that had been established before his.

It was for this reason, that the first body of the building which was then erected, and which is now called the old College, was constructed on so narrow a plan, and seems to be but an out work amidst the other buildings, that have been successively added; but which the taste of the founder, and that of some enlightened artist, may convert into an agreeable and regular plan, which it was impossible to form, at the time the buildings were commenced.

In the mean time however, Mr. Du Bourg's academy, did not fail to experience the same rapidity of increase, which is observable in all the establishments of this part of the new world. The opulent inhabitants of the Havanna, having hastened to send their children to Baltimore, to receive the liberal education, which their sovereign had not permitted them to obtain at home; the increase of wealthy children, in circumstances to discharge all the expences, of a generous and noble education, procured to the founder, the means for which he could not otherwise have hoped, of attracting those masters of fine arts and accomplishments, which it would have been vain to expect, except under circumstances that would enable him to offer them a compensation, proportionate to their merit.

Under these circumstances a fortunate concurrence of events, led to the president, a number of fellow labourers of high merit and above all whose uncommon and disinterested zeal, ably seconded his endeavours.

Every thing assumed a new aspect; the plans of study were opened and enlarged; the different classes were formed, the system of discipline was established, the progress of the pupils answered the cares of the professors and the expectations of the parents, and the public examinations and exhibitions at the end of the year, assumed an imposing form.

The confidence reposed in him, increasing every day, all united to invite the president to extend his views, to enlarge and perfect his plan, and to place an unbounded reliance upon the patronage of the public. Every thing seemed to presage, that the Spanish academy of Baltimore, would become the general rendezvous, of all the young nobility of the Spanish colonies, when suddenly a peremptory order, issued from Madrid, obliged the parents to recal their children, and thus levelled a blow at the new College from which it appeared impossible that it ever should recover.

This absolute and unexpected order, dismayed the parents whom it concerned. Several of them tried to elude it in various ways; some even hoped by deferring the payment of their children's expences, to furnish the president of the College, with a plausible pretext for detaining them. But all was useless, and the representative of his Catholic majesty, having engaged in the name of the king his master, to advance the payments to the College, no further means remained of detaining these pupils any longer in Baltimore. It is doubtless not yet forgotten in

this city that a Spanish corvette came for the purpose of conveying the children to the Havanna, the captain of which after having incurred an immoderate expence, thought himself entitled for the honour of his nation, to receive his creditors, and the constables who came to exact payment, sword in hand, and to menace the town with bombardment, if the magistrates attempted to punish legally, the ill treatment, which their officers had experienced, on board the Spanish vessel.

It would be superfluous to observe, that this unexpected recal of the Spanish pupils, must naturally destroy Mr. du Bourg's growing college. The great but necessary expences, for creating this establishment, were far from being covered. Nothing now remained for its founder, but, the sad resource of disposing of his new house and its furniture, to discharge the debts which he had contracted for the purpose of erecting it. He adopted this idea with the more alacrity, as several of his friends had entreated him to return to France, where he was assured of the most undoubted success in the career of public instruction.

Thus was America on the point of losing a citizen, of the first importance to the education of her youth: Mr. du Bourg prepared to return to Europe with the remnant of his college, when several respectable inhabitants of this city, judiciously desirous of preserving to their country those means of instruction which are yet too rare, pressed him to renounce his project, and to devote himself entirely to the service of the country which had so favourably received him; they entreated that their children might be admitted to those places which the Spaniards had left vacant, assuring him that if he would determine to give the United States this proof of his attachment to her, he might calculate on his part, on the most liberal encouragement.

It appears that these friendly overtures, reanimated the courage of Mr. du Bourg, still however the method proposed to him, presented great difficulties, in the delicate consideration of the diversities of religion. But the wisdom, the prudence, and the moderation of the measures adopted by the President of the College, and his worthy coadjutors, soon overcame all obstacles. It was seen with pleasure that according to the new system of these wise institutors the diversity of religious opinions, did not prevent the children from forming one family, receiving the same instructions in literature and morals, observing one common discipline, and obeying the same professors, as in the government it does not prevent those citizens which it divides with regard to Dogmas, from observing the same laws, respecting the same chiefs, and cherishing the same country.

At the College of Baltimore, where there are such a vast number of children of different persuasions, it is one of its strictest rules, that no discussions on religious points must ever be entered into. On Sundays the pupils are permitted to attend their own churches without restraint, whilst at the same time the Catholic rites are performed in the interior of the College with the utmost decency, for the contiguous Seminary, and the children of that persuasion. Amidst the masters, who are all Catholics, it is impossible to perceive the smallest predilection or partiality whatever, in favour of Catholic pupils.

The Legislature of Maryland, having seen with approbation, how perfectly the rules of the College were in unison with the laws of the state, have made it a point, to protect an establishment, of which the utility and immense importance are so evident.

The affluence of American children, soon abundantly compensated for the loss of the Spanish pupils, and as they increased in numbers every day, the house was very soon again found too small for their accommodation, and it became necessary to make large additions to it.

The state perceiving the real utility of this establishment to the country, determined that its students should not be deprived of the honours to which their merit entitled them, and to which they would have had a claim in the other Colleges of the United States, and therefore by an act of Legislature, they erected the College of St. Mary's into an University in 1804.

In the assembly following, as an encouragement due to the zeal of its able and respectable founder, they granted him the privelege of a lottery, the emoluments of which might enable him to meet the engagements he had contracted for forming so vast an establishment and to complete the yet insufficient and imperfect edifices.

Such is the present state of this important establishment, from whose bosom, we have already seen pupils of the highest promise, and who in the discourses they pronounced, previous to their receiving their degrees on Wednesday last, gave the most brilliant proofs of the solidity of their studies, and the purity of the taste which has directed them.

We flatter ourselves, with the hope of presenting to our readers some extracts from the orations delivered on this occasion, the subjects of which are eminently interesting; such as *honour, and the influence of the fine arts npon the civilization and the glory of nations*; as well

as Mr. du Bourg's very eloquent address, and the interesting discussions of the afternoon.

The friends of the arts, have not seen without interest, the exhibitions of the young people, in their studies of drawing—we recognised in them the correct taste of the European schools; and although the first steps only are taken in a career of such immense extent, and which in itself demands the study of a man's life, we may yet infer from the progress this infant academy has already made, that it will not rest here, but that the next years exhibitions will produce objects still more worthy of attention and encouragement.

An historical Account of the Discovery and Education of a Savage Man; or the first developements, physical and moral, of the young Savage caught in the woods near Aveyron in the year 1798. *By* E. M. Itard, *Physician to the National Institution of Deaf and Dumb, &c. &c.*

To the philosopher these few pages present a most curious and interesting *morçeau*; they exhibit the extraordinary, almost unique model of a human being completely savage; of a human being on whom no solitary ray of civilization had once beamed, and all whose faculties lay completely dormant. From a contemplation of the utter helplessness of this insulated animal, the philosopher is enabled to estimate justly the blessings and advantages of society: and he finds his knowledge enlarged of the natural history of man.

It is a circumstance extremely fortunate, that the young savage of Aveyron should have fallen into the hands of one who could appreciate the importance of his prize: whose judgment was actively employed in the developement of his physical and moral energies, whose scientific eye detected the slow and almost imperceptible progression, and whose hand has recorded the interesting narrative.

We have had accounts of a few individuals, who, in the course of the seventeenth century and the early part of the eighteenth, have been found at different intervals, living in a state of solitude among the woods, where they had been abandoned at the most tender age: but such, it is truly observed, was the tardy progress of science, the students of which were devoted to theory and uncertain hypothesis, and to the exclusive labour of the closet, that actual observation was reckoned of no value; and these interesting facts tended little towards improving the natural history of man.

This young savage was taken by three sportsmen as he was endeavouring to escape from their pursuit, by climbing a tree in the woods of Caune, where he had been seen sometime before looking for acorns and roots, on which he subsisted. He appeared to be about eleven or twelve years of age, was deeply scratched and otherwise wounded in various parts of his body, by the bites of animals, and by the thickets among which he wandered. He was taken to Paris, where the curiosity which was at first excited by his appearance soon subsided. "In the midst of this geral indifference, says Mr. Itard, the administrators of the National Institute for the deaf and dumb, and its celebrated director, did not forget that society, in drawing to herself this unfortunate youth, had contracted towards him indispensible obligations, which she was bound to fulfil. Entering then into the hopes which I had conceived from a course of medical treatment they determined that he should be entrusted to my care."

When first taken,

"His eyes were without steadiness, without expression, wandering from one object to another, without fixing upon any thing; so little instructed in other respects, and so little experienced in the sense of touch, that he was unable to distinguish between an object in relief and a painting: the organ of hearing was alike insensible to the loudest noises and the most charming music: that of the voice was still more imperfect, uttering only a guttural and uniform sound: his sense of smell was so little cultivated, that he seemed to be equally indifferent to the odour of the finest perfumes, and to the most fetid exhalations; finally, the sense of feeling was limitted to those mechanical functions which arose from the dread of objects which might be in his way."

His intellectual faculties were as completely torpid as his organs of sensation. His strange and violent gesticulations, together with his rapid and unaccountable transition from joy to melancholy, induced a strong suspicion of idiotism. M. Itard, however was unwilling to accede to the inference: and anxious to make the most complete investigation of so singular a case, he arranged a plan which he hoped might effectuate his purpose.

I reduced, says he, to five principal heads, the moral treatment or education of the savage of Aveyron. My objects were,

"1st. To attach him to social life, by rendering it more pleasant to him than that which he was then leading, and, above all, more analogous to the mode of existence that he was about to quit.

"2d. To awaken the nervous sensibility by the most energetic stimulants, and sometimes by lively affections of the mind.

"3d. To extend the sphere of his ideas, by giving him new wants, and by increasing the number of his relations to the objects surrounding him.

"4th. To lead him to the use of speech, by subjecting him to the necessity of imitation.

"5th. To exercise frequently the most simple operations of the mind upon the objects of his physical wants; and, at length, by inducing the application of them to objects of instruction."

The means employed for the accomplishment of these several purposes, and the degrees of success with which they were attended, constitute the subjects of the ensuing sections. It is impossible too much to admire the maternal tenderness of Madame Guerin towards this hapless youth, or the skilfulness, the perseverance, and the humanity which Mr. Itard continues to exercise in the instruction of him. Let not the slow and reluctant developement of young Victor's faculties, be assumed as an unpropitious omen: the sculptor can more easily form the human face from an unshapen block, than he could alter the chiselled features of an animal, and model them to the similitude of man. Mr. Itard has not only to instruct this youth in the art of remembering, but in the equally or more difficult art of forgetting; he must make him 'unknow his knowledge and unthink his thoughts:' he has not the mere unshapen block before him, but he has to work upon a hard marble which the hand of nature has already sculptured into the likeness of a brute. The long patience, and the delicate skill required for this operation, are scarcely to be conceived: and if it is contemplated with all its difficulties, we shall be rather astonished at the success of the present artist, than discouraged at the tardiness of his progress.

We flatter ourselves that Mr. Itard will continue to note down with accuracy, the gradual metamorphose of each successive feature, and, at intervals, report his advancement.

Among other slips in the translation, we have observed one which demands notice, viz. *Cretans* for *Cretins!*

[*Aikin's Review.*]

FOR THE COMPANION.

We have just perused a very excellent Novel, from the pen of Miss Edgeworth, a lady well known in the literary world. Novel reading in general we certainly would not recommend; the time given to the best of these writings might be employed to much higher advantage: But since in spite of all that reason can urge, the amusement of the fancy will be still more eagerly pursued, than the improvement of the understanding, it would be happy for those who are entirely devoted to Novels and Romances, if all were as worthy of attention as LEONORA—the sentiments are correct, the language elegant, and the story interesting. An American edition of it has been printed and received at Jefferis & co.'s, Baltimore-street.

For the gratification of some of our readers, into whose hands the work may not have fallen, we transcribe the following very pretty description of the Fall of Lauffen, from "Letters written during a tour through Switzerland and Italy, by a native of Pennsylvania." This is a very agreeable work, and we should suppose would be generally perused with pleasure and interest, as it is from the pen of an American.

"The Fall of Lauffen is particularly interesting by moonlight. We were told that when the emperor Joseph was there he arose at midnight to contemplate the effect. *It is flattering to tread in imperial footsteps!* We also got up an hour or two before day-light, and ran half dressed to a little summer house which overlooks the raging torrent: but here we were impatient to be nearer, and, half running, half tumbling, down the rough descent, we mounted with all the eagerness of curiosity, a wooden station that has been erected in the very spray of the cataract, directly over the boiling foam, that rises perpetually, in swelling surges, from the roaring gulph. Here the sweeping torrent seems continually advancing, without ever drawing nearer, and its monotonous roar grows louder and louder to the listening ear. But fair and softly—The Fall of Lauffen, with all its terrors, is no more than a water-spout to the Cataract of Niagara, by which are precipitated, in one deafening torrent, the overflow of congregated seas; one of which (Lake Superior) could drown Switzerland, or absorb all the lakes in Europe."

VARIETY.

Cumberland in the memoirs he has written of himself, exemplifies the danger of venturing too much for popularity, in the following anecdote.

"I recollect the fate of a young artist in Northamptonshire, who was famous for his adroitness in pointing and repairing the spires of church-steeples; he formed his scaffolds with consummate ingenuity, and mounted his ladders with incredible success. The spire of the church of Raunds was of prodigious height; it over-peered all its neighbours, as Shakespeare does all his rivals; the young adventurer was employed to fix the weather-cock; he mount-

ed to the topmost stone, in which the spindle was bedded; universal plaudits hailed him in the ascent, he found himself at the very acme of his fame, but glorious ambition tempted him to quit his ladder, and occupy the place of the weather-cock, standing upon one leg, while he sung a song to amaze the multitude below: what the song was, and how many stanzas he lived to get through I do not know; he sung it in too large a theatre, and was somewhat out of hearing; but it is in my memory to know that he came to his cadence before his song did, and falling from his height left the world to draw its moral from his melancholy fate."

We present our readers with an exquisite bon bouche, in the following delicious lines, by Sir William Jones, written at an early period of his life.

TO THE NYMPH OF THE SPRING.

Written near a spring, between two hillocks, in the neighbourhood of the river Tivy, in Pembrokeshire.

Why should old Tivy, boys, claim all our duty paid,
And no just homage be to charming youth and beauty said?
See where the Nymph of the Spring sits inviting us,
With charming waters crystalline, refreshing and delighting us.
What, tho' his margin broad, be rocky, oak'd and willowy?
And what, tho' his ozier banks be spacious, deep and bil- [lowy?
She from her sweet paps, lilied and roseal,
Lies feeding all her laughing buds, with dew drops ambrosial.
Then, with sweet melody, carol to the fountain nymph,
Far sweeter than a sea nymph, and milder than a mountain [nymph.
Long may her streams gush, lucid and nectarious,
And long may her banks be deck'd with flow'rets multifarious;
Long o'er her arched grot may purple-winged Zephyrus
Come leading on his wanton bands of breezes odoriferous.
Yearly to the Naiad shall the roundelay repeated be,
And by the chorus jubilant her liquid silver greeted be.
Say, can we better, boys, chace dull idle Care away, [lay?
Than thus by passing hours of mirth in harmony and rounde-
Stretched on that green hillock's banks, around her rosy nipple, boys,
We merrily will sing and laugh, and merrily will tipple boys.
Drinking to damsels lovely and delicious;
Oh! heavens, would they smile on us, like deities propitious.
And, mark! if any rebel here shall miss the cup or mutiny,
Amerc'd, shall be the miscreant without appeal or scrutiny.

These lines are original; but, judging only by Sir William's translations, we are of opinion, that he has produced no specimen of Asiatic poetry superior, if equal, to this. It is in the true spirit of Hafez, and resembles most those pieces of Asiatic poetry, which by some are thought to have an *arcane* signification. *Vide* "*Specimen Poese Asiat.*" *Pars tertia, cap.* 9. And of this number, in the judgment of many writers, is the Song of Solomon.

The following is a translation made by an apothecary. The original, in Latin, was by a physician. The subject a gentleman, many years ago of Cambridge, a physician; and that, as far as we know, was his only fault. For the Epigram was written during his life-time, and sent to him as a piece of fun; at which the physician, the subject of the banter, laughed heartily himself.

EPIGRAM

ON A SKILFUL PHYSICIAN.

Hell, at length, has got hold of that old rogue X. V.
Whom the citizens there are delighted to see;
For they think, that since he is come there to dwell,
As he sent them from earth, he will send them from hell.

Did the imagination of poet ever conceive a sweeter thought than this.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wall,
And I a little drop of dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fall,
Oh! there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty all the night,
Seal'd on her silk soft folds to rest,
Till flay'd away by Phœbus' light!

STERNE.

Sterne, so celebrated as the author of Tristram Shandy and the Sentimental Journey, was of Cambridge University; no strict priest, but, as a clergyman, not likely to hear with indifference his whole fraternity treated contemptuously. Being one day in a coffee house, he observed a spruce powdered young fellow by the fire-side, who was speaking of the clergy, in the mass, as a body of disciplined impostors and systematic hypocrites.—Sterne got up while the young man was harangueing, and approached towards the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favourite little dog. Coming at length towards the gentleman, he took up the dog, still continuing to pat him, and addressed the young fellow: "Sir, this would be the prettiest little animal in the world had he not one disorder!" "What disorder is that?" replied the young fellow. "Why, Sir, (said Sterne) one that always makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black." "That is a singular disorder (rejoined the young fellow) pray, how long has he had it?" "Sir, (replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness) ever since he was a puppy!"

THESE ARE FROM THE DELIGHTFUL PEN OF MOORE.

TO MISS——

On her asking the author why she had sleepless nights?

I'll ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips;

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That us'd to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night.

And I will say—her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest,
Where slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say—her cheeks of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her hearts's impassion'd care?
Perhaps, oh, sylph! perhaps 'tis *love!*

FOR THE COMPANION.

Amongst the causes to which Burton in his learned, original, and very curious work, the Anatomy of Melancholy, ascribes that disease, are envy hatred and malice, on which he gives the following excellent chapter.

"Envy and malice are two links of this chain; and both, as is proved by Galen, cause this malady by themselves, especially if their bodies be otherwise disposed to melancholy, 'tis Valescus de Taranta and Felix Platerus' observation: *envy so gnaws men's hearts, that they become altogether melancholy.* And therefore be like, Solomon calls it, the rotting of the bones. The Sicilian tyrants never invented the like torments. It exercises their souls, withers their bodies, makes them hollow-eyed, pale, lean, and ghastly to behold. "*As a moth gnaws a garment,* (says Chrisostome) *so doth envy consume a man;* to be a living anatomy, *a skeleton; to be a lean and pale carcase quickened with a fiend;* for so often as an envious wretch sees another man prosper, to be enriched, to thrive, and be fortunate in the world, to get honours, offices, and the like, he repines and grieves: he tortures himself if his equal, friend, neighbour be preferred, recommended, do well: if he understand of it, it gauls him afresh; and no greater pain can come to him, than to hear of another's well doing; 'tis a dagger at his heart, every such object. He looks at him (as they that fell down in Lucian's rock of honour) with an envious eye, and will damage himself to do another a mischief, as he did, in Æsop, lose one eye willingly, that his fellow might lose both, or that rich man in Quintilian, that poisoned the flowers in his garden, because his neighbour's bees should get no more honey from them. His whole life is sorrow, and every word he speaks, a *satire*; nothing suits him but other men's ruin; for to speak in one word, envy is nought else but sorrow for other men's good, be it past, present, or to come, and joy at their harms, opposite to mercy, which grieves at other men's mischances, and this affects the body in another kind. 'Tis a common disease and almost natural to us, to envy another man's prosperity: and 'tis in most men an incurable disease. I have read saith Marcus Aurelius, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee authors; I have consulted with many wise men for a remedy for envy: I could find none, but to renounce all happiness, and to be a wretch, and miserable for ever. 'Tis the beginning of hell in this life, and a passion not to be excused. *Every other sin, hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse, envy alone wants both: other sins last but for a while: the gut may be satisfied; anger vomits; hatred hath an end; envy never ceaseth.* Divine and human examples are very familiar, you may run and read them, as that of Saul and David, Cain and Abel: Rachæl envieth her sister, Joseph's brethren him. David had a touch of this vice; Jeremy and Habbakuk; they repined at others good: but in the end they corrected themselves: Domitian spited Agricola for his worth, that a private man should be so much glorified. Cæcinna was envied of his fellow citizens, because he was more richly adorned. But, of all others, women are most weak: they love or hate, no medium amongst them. Agrippina like, *a woman if she sees her neighbour more neat or elegant, richer in tire, jewels or apparel, is enraged and like a lioness, sets upon her husband, rails at her, scoffs at her, and cannot abide her.* So the Roman ladies, in Tacitus, did at Salonina, Cæcinna's wife, *because she had a better horse, and better furniture; as if she had hurt them with it, they were much offended.* In like sort our gentlewomen do at their usual meetings; one repines or scoffs at anothers happiness. Myrsine, an attic wench, was murdered of her fellows, *because she did excel the rest in beauty.* Every village will yield such example."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much indebted to Arcades Ambo for his Epigrams; if his muse will take a higher flight, we should be glad to hear from him again.

Dr. Crawford requests the gentleman, who borrowed of him the first volume of the Medical Transactions of the College of Physicians of London, to return it.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Should Mr. Easy deem the following attempt of a youthful poetess worthy a place in his interesting miscellany, I have her permission to say it is entirely at his service. J. L.

THE LOST FRIEND,

Or, an adieu to and tear for the illusive phantom, Friendship.

Ye dales and lofty mountains !
Where plays the rustling breeze ;
Ye rivers, lakes and fountains !
That swell the bill'wy seas ;
To my untutor'd 'plaints of woe, with willing ear attend,
And raise the voice of grief with me, for I have lost my friend.

I once could taste of pleasure,
My friend was kind and true ;
My joys were passing measure
And, every moment, new :
How sweet, a life of happiness in quiet thus to spend !
But joy and peace are banish'd now, for I have lost my friend.

She is not on the ocean
Nor in the silent grave ;
At no proud lord's devotion,
No haughty tyrant's slave ;
No harsh thing have I said or done, that justly could offend ;
Yet, strangely, she has me forgot, and so I've lost my friend.

When we were last together
She vow'd to constant prove ;
(For we were doom'd to sever,
And I compell'd to rove :)
Ah ! little fear'd I, then, such dread misfortunes would impend—
As soon I judg'd the 'sky would fall,' as I should lose my friend,

Ye who, lost love lamenting,
The tedious hours reprove,
While mournfully frequenting
Some sadly-soothing grove ;
Cease more to vent your sorrows, or the brow of grief to bend,
For what is loss of love, compar'd with losing of a friend !

No more I'll trust professions
Or seek a kindred heart,
Which any slight transgressions
Or jealousies may part ;
Self-interest holds the BALANCE, on whose fickle beam depend
The motives that attach or lose an enemy or friend.

Then dry, base tears of sorrow !
I need your aid no more ;
And mean not grief to borrow,
When it can nought restore :
For late, (too late, alas !) I find how vain it is to spend
One anxious tho't, for loss of what was ne'er possess'd—A FRIEND.

AMELIA.

If, in the dearth of original poetry, *of which the editor of the Companion complains, he will accept of* Epigrams, *the following are at his service.*

ON A HANDSOME YOUNG QUACK.

While daily visits young Sangrado pays,
With nostrums stor'd each patient's case to scan,
Each beauteous maid his charming form surveys
And rapturously exclaims "Oh ! *killing* man !"

To a young lady who was collecting original miscellaneous literature.

A lady ask'd a rhymer t'other day,
"Will you make rhymes for my miscellany ?"
But when she urg'd him "yes" or "no" to say,
He answered punningly—"Miss Ellen, nay."

ARCADES AMBO.

The admirers of simple poetry will be pleased with the following selection from the Wild Flowers of Robert Bloomfield.

MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

How bright with pearl the western sky !
How glorious far and wide,
Yon lines of golden clouds that lie
So peaceful side by side !
Their deep'ning tints, the arch of light,
All eyes with rapture see ;
E'en while I sigh I bless the sight
That lures my love from me.

Green hill, that shad'st the valley here,
Thou bear'st upon thy brow
The only wealth to Mary dear,
And all she'll ever know.
There, in the crimson light I see,
Above thy summit rise,
My Edward's form, he looks to me
A statue in the skies.

Descend, my love, the hour is come,
Why linger on the hill ?
The sun has left my quiet home,
But thou canst see him still ;
Yet why a lonely wanderer stray,
Alone the joy pursue ?
The glories of the closing day
Can charm thy Mary too.

Dear Edward, when we stroll'd along
Beneath the waving corn,
And both confess'd the power of song,
And bless'd the dewy morn ;
Your eye o'erflow'd, "How sweet," you cried,
(My presence then could move)
"How sweet, with Mary by my side,
"To gaze and talk of love !"

Thou art not false ! that cannot be ;
Yet I my rivals deem
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,
The silence and the stream ;
Whate'er my love, detains thee now,
I'll yet forgive thy stay ;
But with to-morrow's dawn come thou,
We'll brush the dews away.

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

WE have been politely favoured with the address of the President of St. Mary's College, delivered on Wednesday last, to the young gentlemen who took their degrees, and a numerous audience, and we think its insertion in the Companion will give pleasure to many of our readers.

One of the most prominent epochas in the annals of civilization is the institution of those schools, to which the generality of their system of instruction has acquired the name of *universities*. Europe was seen to emerge from the darkness of barbarity, in which it had been enveloped for ages, as soon as the genius of Charlemagne had lighted up that great luminary, the university of Paris, which no sooner began to blaze, than it became the meeting point of all the votaries of learning from every part of the world, till its beneficient glow gradually diffusing itself in all directions, each state became emulous to concentrate that sacred fire within its own bosom by the erection of similiar establishments. What a glorious change then took place in the aspect of nations! It was a kind of regeneration by which all classes of society received as it were new life. Ignorance had begotten a swarm of superstitious practises, of which the return of letters purified the sanctuary: the lips of the sacred ministers, so long degraded by all the vices attendant on idleness, became once more the depositaries of science and the channels of divine oracles. The healing art of Hypocrates was restored to its primeval usefulness and dignity, and the lives of men ceased to be the sport of conceited ignorance. The seats of justice were no longer the thrones of indolence, nor magistrates, blind tools to the intrigues of ambition, or to the usurping spirit of an insatiable nobility. The long trampled rights of humanity were reclaimed, and the arts following in the train of the sciences crowded to restore to man the comforts of social life. Such were the happy consequences of the institution of universities, consequences too well felt by all wise governments not to prompt them to cherish with fostering care, establishments so beneficial. Hence the liberality with which the ancient sovereigns of this land, and after them the legislative councils of the various states of the union have encouraged and endowed those famous seminaries, of which America is so justly proud, as *to them* she is chiefly indebted for the diffusion of useful knowledge through the vast extent of her territories. Raised by the gratuitous munificience of the Maryland legislature to a rank amongst those primary institutions, St. Mary's College stands this day a new proof of the perpetuation of that zeal for public instruction which will ever be the basis of national prosperity. But, gentlemen, before we enter upon the exercise of the functions attached to this privilege, it behoves us duly to weigh the obligations which it imposes upon us.

One of the principle springs of the utility of universities is the incentive which they present to juvenile ambition in those academic titles by which the man of classical education is distinguished from the one who has been deprived of this important blessing. But in order that these literary badges may never cease to excite among the students a vivid emulation, they ought never to be awarded but to steady & successful exertions. The moment intrigue or complaisance obtain them promiscuously for all candidates, or that a single point is relaxed in the conditions on which alone they ought to be conferred, that moment will their influence be destroyed, as their acquisition will cease to be a standard of merit and a recommendation to public esteem. May our promotions never provoke the application of the hacknied saying, *that a Diploma* is a substitute to *knowledge*, as is an *epaulette* to *bravery!* We may consider it as auspicious to our new faculty that on this, its inauguration day, none appear in the number of

candidates for collegiate honours, but such as she may glory to number amongst her children, and set up as models to successive pretenders. One of them we regret, could not grace this ceremony by the charms of his presence and the strains of his golden eloquence—a due solicitude for the preservation of his valuable life, endangered by his unremitting application to study has made it necessary to his friends to tear him from the seat of his occupations and from their own embraces to send him to distant climes in quest of diversion and exercise. But if ever superior merit claimed dispensations from the general rules, the public voice would force them from us in the case of so distinguished a candidate, if our own sense of his eminent qualifications permitted us to hesitate in granting them. The faculty therefore considering the nomination of that excellent pupil, as an act not less honourable to itself, than it may prove agreeable to him, has unanimously decreed to confer on Mr. Robert Walsh junior, the double degree of bachelor and master of arts, and to request his father to accept the nomination for him.

As for you, gentlemen, seven years spent under our direction in the strictest performance of every moral, religious and academic duty, an uncommon proficiency in the several branches of literary and polite education, witnessed by so many crowns and honorary distinctions, which from the beginning of your collegiate life, have yearly made you the subject of public applause, were titles too notorious and too strong, to stand in need of being supported by new trials. Already has general grammar introduced you into the expansive meads of Grecian, Roman, English and French literature, and amidst that variety of beauties that thronged about you, rhetoric, by refining your taste, has taught you the difficult art of making a prudent choice—already have you, under the guidance of philosophy, unravelled the clue of dialectick subtlety, penetrated thro' the maze of metaphysical intricacies, explored the fundamental principles of morality and been initiated to the mysteries of nature. A regular course of experiments has disclosed to you, better than theoretical inductions could have done, the mode of its operation in thousands of phenomena the causes of which have hitherto escaped human sagacity, and the mathematics have supplied you with their *formulæ* to ascertain with precision whatever in them can be subjected to the exactness of calculation. History, in fine, that supplement of experience, hastening your maturity, has already fitted you out for your own government amid the guiles of a deceitful world. What may we not anticipate from your mental acquirements and your virtuous dispositions? what services to the state? what splendid examples to your fellow-citizens? what happiness to yourselves in the enjoyment of public esteem and in the modest consciousness of enligtened virtue,—yet, my dearest friends, at this painful moment of our separation permit me in the name of the faculty and in my own, to express the tenderest solicitude for your future welfare, and to repeat to you those lessons so often inculcated during the course of your education: that the most conspicuous talents, unassisted by a deep sense of religion, whilst they may lead you to celebrity, may also consign your names to contempt, and can in no event secure you from internal misery—That your talents have been lent you for the service of your God and of your country—Never separate these two grand objects of your veneration and gratitude—The great God, whom it must ever be your boast to serve, accounts as done to himself the services rendered to the state and to our fellow-creatures. Let religion then inspire you, with respectful obedience to the laws, observance to public authority, tenderness to your parents, sympathy to the distressed, forbearance for the weaknesses and opinions of others. Thus will your talents be considered as an universal blessing, thus will you be the ornament and support of society whilst you will continue to be the pride of the faculty, who is anxious to inscribe your names in her records.

FORMA RECEPTIONIS IN GRADUM BACCALAUREATUS ARTIUM,

DITECTISSIMO FILII.

Alma facultas Mariana vos recepit et Ego ipsius nomini vos recipio in gradum Baccalaureatús artium, quod et præteritorum laborum præmium sit et futurorum successuum omene.

PRAYER.

And now! Almighty and Provident Father of all those who place their confidence in thy goodness, vouchsafe from thy lofty throne in heaven to shower down thy choicest blessings upon these youths whom thou hadst entrusted to our care, and whom we now throw upon thy protection—assist their endeavours, guide their steps through the difficult paths in which they are going to engage, smooth before them the avenues to an earthly independence but permit not that either the allurements of vice or the anxieties of fortune should ever make them lose sight of those eternal settlements which thou hast prepared for those who seek first of all thy kingdom and its justice. Pour also thy spirit of council and wisdom upon the heads of this rising institution, and crown the most fervent of

their wishes, that of preparing generations of perfect votaries to religion and enlightened citizens to the state. Amen.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Discourse pronounced by Mr. AMEDE DE MUN, *on receiving his degrees at the University of Baltimore.*

[We are happy in presenting our readers with this very handsome proof of the talents of this young gentleman, as well as the high advantage with which he has pursued his studies.]

The various stages of progressive improvement that are exhibited in the life of man, form a pleasing and useful subject of reflection. The helplessness of infancy, contrasted with the strength of manhood, and the imbecility of youthful ignorance with the maturity of reason, while they convince us that our nature is capable of a high degree of improvement, afford us a strong evidence of the advantages of education. Wherever the foot of European enterprize has trod, the advancement of our condition has been evinced. Education and its offspring, civilization, have polished the rude diamond of the human mind, have arranged in a beautiful order the confused knowledge our experience had accumulated, and have supplied the deficiency of our own strength by the powerful assistance of art.

To extend these privileges of human nature, and to improve these inexhaustible means of human happiness, should always be the first object of legislative wisdom, and literary institutions have been founded and cherished in every country where virtue, knowledge and civilization have prevailed.

On the point of taking my last leave of an institution where it has been my happiness to enjoy all these advantages, I hope I may be permitted to take a short survey of the influence of scientific knowledge on society. I would also wish in this my last collegiate duty, to express the gratitude I feel towards my indulgent instructors, but it would be a task beyond my power. The years of happiness and utility which I have passed, sir, under this roof, the lessons I have imbibed and the examples I have witnessed will long live in my memory, and will, I flatter myself, enable me to pass through life by a virtuous and flowery path.

Let me now beg the indulgence of this respectable audience, while, as far as it is in the power of my youth and inexperience, I take a cursory survey of the benefits and pleasures conferred by an early initiation into the sciences and examine the influence of knowledge upon society as it relates to our pursuits, to our manners and to our pleasures.

The ancients in their emblematical mythology placed on an elevated mountain the residence of the muses. From the sublimity of their situation they looked upon the foggy valleys beneath, surveyed with a smile the follies of mankind, and enjoyed a purer air, a clearer view and a more extensive and picturesque horizon. It is from such a real eminence, from such a commanding position that the sensible and scientific man conducts all his intellectual operations. He can discern on every side the distance and bearings of the different objects around him. He can discriminate the sources, from which human actions flow, and the several irregular meanders they make in their passionate course. He can reach with the promptitude of intuition the most distant conclusions and his vision is not obstructed by the inequalities of the surface. The storms and tempest that agitate the world beneath, do not disturb the tranquillity of his mind, and when he descends from his elevation and mixes in life's busy scenes it is with the dignity of superiority and a mind defended against every surprize.

Contrast this character with that of the illiterate man. His mind bewildered and confused, his opinions prejudiced and undigested, his passions groveling and vulgar, his actions weak and undecided.

"His life, one dreary blank of long repose."

It has been justly remarked by Cicero in his beautiful oration for his instructor Archias, in which the usual brilliancy of his talents, seems to be eclipsed by the expression of his gratitude and by his enthusiastic support of learning; that so intimate a relation existed among all human sciences, that the acquirement of any single branch, increased and facilitated our knowledge of the rest. Thus the metaphysician is improved by his knowledge in physics, and the heavy mathematician relieved by his sometimes breathing in the subtle regions of metaphysical uncertainty. Even geometry, in his opinion, does not clip the wing of the visionary poet, nor the art of war disable the lawyer from engaging in the wordy battles of the bar. The orator, to use his own expression, should be an Omnis homo. His eloquence should be enriched and invigorated by an acquaintance with the force and beauties of other languages than his own; and the scope of his fancy, exploring every part of the universe for riches, should only be circumscribed by the boundaries of creation.

The most prominent distinction between the stupid and

ignorant, and the man of sense and learning, is that the latter always expresses his thoughts and intentions with perspicuity, and the former with a blundering confusion that is necessarily productive of disappointment and dispute. This precision of language and perspicuity of thought, on which judgment in decision and prudence in action entirely depend, can only be acquired by a familiarity with scientific methods and the clearness of scientific definitions. It is a plain and undeniable consequence of our organization that the understanding must be strengthened by exercise ; a constant and early intercourse with the world at a time when the mind stands under the greatest necessity of culture, would confirm it in ignorance or sink it into vice, it would remain a desart or nourish only noxious weeds. But the early study of the sciences, excites a bold curiosity and a resistless spirit of inquiry, and calls all the useful and improveable faculties of the mind into constant operation. That wandering, wavering thought, which the illiterate employ, is totally unknown to the man of liberal education, whose youthful pursuits have accustomed him to rigid attention and to correct association of ideas.

Even the orders of the lessons and discipline of the school are calculated to teach the student the most useful habits of method and punctuality in business, and of modesty and decorum in behaviour ; they render him, by their influence, respectful to his superiors and obedient to the laws. They give him a just distaste for the trifles of life and fix his attention upon elevated subjects and attainments.

When we cast our eyes upon the various pursuits & occupations of human life, we behold science on every occasion directing and irradiating our course. It is astronomy that directs the navigation of the vessel over the trackless ocean. Geometry subdivides and measures our property. Chemistry presides over our health and improves our agricultural labours. Mathematics in general are engaged in the most common operations of life, and mechanics in particular are employed in the construction of all our instruments and the conduct of all our works of utility and convenience. Mercantile enterprize has increased in proportion as the knowledge of geography has been disseminated, and political improvements extended by a comparative acquaintance with the governments and conditions of other nations. The principles of ethics and morality regulate the order of society and the labours of the legislator, and even that science so much derided for its barrenness, *metaphysics*, informs us of the existence of a God, and adapts us for the sublime contemplation of religion. It is thus that science supported by her parent truth, has conducted the human mind through every avenue and labyrinth of nature, has rendered every element subservient to human necessities, has supplied the deficiency of human strength by the auxiliary efforts of art and penetrating beyond the limits of this earth, has prepared us for another world.

The influence of science upon our manners is not less apparent, than upon our minds and our pursuits.—We may cite on this subject the ancient testimony of a celebrated author of the court of Augustus.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes.
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.

There is a delicacy of feeling which a converse with the sciences and the fine arts communicates to the heart ; the emotions which they inspire, are of the gentlest and happiest nature. The man who is addicted to such innocent amusements soon becomes divested of the instinctive selfishness and ferocity of his natural character. Nature, the grand object of science, is his continual study and it is impossible to be conversant with its works without feeling the enthusiasm of benevolence and all the purity of religious devotion. The temporary retirement and tranquillity requisite for such occupations have also a most beneficial influence in softening the feelings and reforming the mind.

The busy world may be justly compared to a forest where the trees too crowded together have not sufficient room for the expansion of their branches, and not sufficient nourishment for the attainment of their growth ; where each is solicitous of engrossing the genial rays of the sun or the fertilizing influence af the showers.

To those whose manners and dispositions have been roughened and exacerbated by the peculiarity of their pursuits it has been sometimes recommended by the Chesterfieldian to frequent the society of that sex, whom Cowper has said,

" That man was born to please."

What voice can be more seductive ! and if to be beautiful were to be virtuous—if to possess the most fascinating charms and to bewitch every feeling, every sense, were to inspire the knowledge and the desire of right and good—if the enchained votaries of love, were of all others in a situation best adapted to judge of tne tendency and the consequence of the wishes and exertions of youth—then might the fair inhabitants of our world, dispute the claim of the soft sisters of Parnassus in their influence upon virtue and upon manners.

But admitting that the sciences have not increased the

comforts or conveniencies of life: admitting that they have a tendency to effeminate instead of improving our manners and dispositions, still it might be contended, that they are beneficial as the means of innocent recreation.

The poet Lucretius after enumerating the highest pleasures that the human mind can enjoy, gives, in a rapturous strain of enthusiastic poetry, a decided preference to the sublime pleasures arising from scientific attainments.

Sed nil dulcius es bene quam munitatenere
Edita doctrinâ sapintum templa serena.
Despicere unde queas alios, passim que videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quœrere vitæ:
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate:
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.

It has been a subject of some speculation to the learned to discover in what manner the blank of thought is filled up by the illiterate and uninformed, both in their moments of leisure and of manual labour. The business of this life cannot engross a very large portion of our time, the rest which should be employed in pleasing and useful relaxation, is filled up by the ignorant and the vulgar, in riotous pleasures and excesses. The bottle, the card table and the dice box, every species of tumults, of profanity and idleness are resorted to for the purpose, as it is styled, of killing time. Thus are vicious habits imbibed and the constitution injured at the same time. The feelings of the intelligent man are totally abhorrent to such dissipated pursuits; he is under no necessity of killing time, of flying from himself. He has other pleasures in store for his enjoyment, pleasures arising from a polished taste, which leave no sting, no distaste, no satiety behind—science may be styled the sister of taste; for both are the children of genius and truth: the works of nature may be scrutinized for the discovery of knowledge, or regarded for the enjoyment of pleasure. The first is the object of science, the latter of taste. But there is such a constant and friendly union between them, that a man of general science must have a mind strongly susceptible of the pleasing emotions of taste. It has been defined by Akenside, a poet who was "feelingly alive

To each fine impulse—a discerning sense
Of accent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd or disarrang'd or gross
In species."

Such an exquisite faculty, that can derive enjoyment from the contemplation of every beauty in the works of God, must be the greatest blessing that can be conferred; all the realities of creation, and all the visions of the imagination contribute to its delights—the elysium of the poet's mind, the actions and the studies of ages that are passed,—and all the existing charms of nature and society. Its pleasures are also refined from all the grossness of sensuality, they are removed from sordid avarice, and secured from all the rude encroachments of the world. They form an essential part of the owner and accompany him, as Cicero has observed, through every change of time, place and situation. "Nani cœtera neque temporem sunt, neque ætatum, neque locorum, hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectunt, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rusticantur.

From this cursory survey we have taken of the influence of science upon our pleasures, our manners and our pursuits; we may be allowed to express our surprise at the sophistry of those who have denied the extent and the benefit of this influence, who have perverted the knowledge they had acquired to its injury and disrepute. For there have been such characters—there have been an Helvetius and a St. Pierre who could declaim on the pleasures of ignorance; there has been a Jean Jacques Rousseau, a man justly styled by Burke the philosopher of vanity, whose inordinate love of paradox and eccentricity, led him into every absurdity. But had he ever been accustomed to search into the depth of things, instead of lightly skimming the surface; had he ever tried his opinions by the severe ordeal of judgment, instead of adopting them through the suggestions of vanity, he would never have given us so strong a testimony of the imbecility of human reason, when under the guidance of passion.

It is indeed true that an individual and exclusive pursuit of the sciences may incapacitate the recluse for active life, and enervate his mind for all social intercourse. Such arguments however drawn from the abuse of a principal, neither logic nor common sense will allow, and we contend that this idle love of secluded study, is not the passion for science, but a passion for books. The love of science is the love of nature and truth; but this indiscriminate appetite for reading, this idle curiosity to discover, and this pedantic vanity to repeat what others have said or thought, is never felt and encouraged by the wise, who have very little relish for such artificial ignorance. They consider science on the other hand, as the hand-maid of

action, and the means of a successful and virtuous ambition.

But, why should we dwell and rely on an abstracted view of the subject alone when we can arrive at our conclusion by the easier paths of history and experience. The advantages which have resulted from the extension and dissemination of knowledge cannot be justly appreciated by those who are only conversant with our present state of society. To distinguish what we have derived from nature, from what we have acquired by our experience, would become a vain and fruitless labour, if the rude relics of antiquity and the present barbarity of many nations did not afford us a criterion. In America this criterion is almost unerring: when we cross the Mississipi and enter into the fruitful and uncultivated desarts of Louisiana; how striking is the contrast between the condition of these ignorant Indians and our own; their minds as uncultivated as the country they inhabit, and their tempers as ferocious as the beasts with which they rove. This wildness of nature is here strongly contrasted with the harmony of civilization. Experience, whose dictates may defy the power of eloquent paradox or conceited ignorance, has taught the superiority of the latter state; and a vast and fertile field is thus prepared for the exercise of enterprise and improvement. Every scene seems to have been portayed with a bolder pencil on this fortunate continent, every blessing seems to have been lavished with a kinder hand. Human industry and human rights are here unburthened of the shackles of tyranny —Even public encouragement and private patronage will not be withheld from the sciences and the arts, when mountebank adventurers shall have ceased to deceive, and time shall have confirmed the character of our youthful nation. Already may we look forward to that period, when the office of the instructor shall be regarded, as in the ancient republics, with veneration and respect; when the sciences once before exiled from their Grecian homes, shall again fly the terrific din of politics and wars, and obtain, under the guardianship of liberty, an everlasting shelter in the tranquil bosom of America.

How cheering this prospect, my late companions in the pahts of science,—to me, and to you all, who feel, as we ought, the gratitude due to our venerated teachers. On these tranquil shores, driven from their native lands, which even *their* virtues and *their* precepts, could not protect from the outrages of political discord, and the violence of ambitious factions, they have unfurled the banners of science—happy are we who have been assembled around them. Of lives devoted under every personal privation, to our improvement and happpiness, let the reward be found in our gratitude, and in the exhibition by all our future conduct, that they have not taught us in vain. And let us so act when mixed with the mass of the citizens of this happy country, as to secure to them, the applause, the encouragement and the reward of the American nation.

VARIETY.

For the gratification of such of our readers as do not see the Port Folio we transcribe from it the following exquisite piece extracted from the new poems of Anacreon Moore.

LOVE AND REASON.

'Twas in the summer time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That—who of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yesternight,
While Reason talk'd about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a Juno, stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they past,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him!

"This must not be," said little Love,
"The sun was made for more than you,"
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bade the portly nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream,
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits, and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone, and odour faded!

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains,
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins!

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smil'd—
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

"O take me to that bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said,
And Reason op'd her garments's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expir'd on Reason's breast!

Mr. Moore, in the following stanzas, has combined the frolick of a Bacchus and the tenderness of a lover.

ANACREONTIC.

I fill'd to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!

At length, I bade an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold how bright that purple lip
Is flushing through the wave at me,
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! I drink the more for this,
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And in the nectar flows again.

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear!
And may that eye forever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear,
As bathes it in this bowl of mine.

The fiery temperament of an habitual drunkard is described in the following whimsical hyperbole, by Lorenzo de Medici.

He sneez'd; and as the burning humour fell,
The dust with vital warmth began to swell.
Hot, moist, and dry, their genial powers unite,
Up sprang a frog, and leapt before our sight!

The following picture from his Selve d'Amore is drawn with great truth and simplicity.

Sweet spring returns; the shepherd from the fold
Brings forth his flock, nor dreads the wint'ry cold;
Delighted once again their steps to lead
To the green hill, clear spring and flowery mead.
True to their mother's track, the sportive young
Trip light; the careful hind slow moves along,
Pleas'd in his arms the new-dropt lamb to bear;
His dog a faithful guard, brings up the rear.

Sir *Thomas More*, on the day that he was beheaded, had a barber sent to him, because his hair was long; which, 'twas thought, would make him more commiserated by the people. The barber asked him, whether he would please to be trimmed? In good faith, honest fellow, said Sir *Thomas*, the king and I have a suit for my head; and till the title be cleared, I will bestow no cost upon it.

A friend of Sir *Thomas More's* taking great pains about a book he intended to publish, being better conceited of his own wit, than any man else, brought it first to Sir *Thomas* for his judgment; who finding nothing therein worthy the press, said to him gravely; that if it were in verse, it would be more worthy. Upon which the author went immediately and turned it into verse, then brought it to Sir *Thomas* again; who looking thereon, said soberly; yes marry, now 'tis somewhat, for now 'tis rhyme, but before it was neither rhyme nor reason.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

OMEGA asks our opinion of his poetical abilities—thus appealed to, we must candidly confess, that we would strongly, recommend his renouncing all flights to Parnassus—any thing but a limping Pegasus may be borne. To be rational and agreeable in prose, is much higher praise than to reach even mediocrity in verse.

To the friend who favoured us with the biographical sketch of Maria Theresa, we are much indebted. It came too late for insertion this week.

QUINTILIAN JUNIOR has been received. We must decline the insertion of his sentiments on the subject of St. Mary's College, as leading to a controversy which cannot be maintained in the Companion, being inconsistent with the plan to which we determine most rigidly to adhere. The appearance of the account of the College had alone in view the effect it might haveuponthe literary taste of our citizens, & as such it certainly does, in our opinoin, possess very superior advantages. As to the effects it may have either religious or political, they must be discussed elsewhere; they are totally incompatible with the objects we have in contemplation.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The following specimen of simple latinity in Leonine verse is taken from a miscellany entitled the Meteors: as the greater part of the readers of periodical papers cannot comprehend it in the original, I herewith inclose you a free translation. Should some of your more fastidious readers think it a piece of lovesick juvenile rhapsody, I can assure them that in these points the translation cannot compare with the original.

Hac ades dum, chara Phillis,
Hanc sub umbram juxta me;
Non videbit Amarillis
Dum tegemur arbore.

Nullam præter te adoro,
Solam amo Phillida;
Miserere mei, oro,
O mi formosisima.

Ubi primum hanc spectavi,
Captus pulchiritudine
Deam esse hanc putavi
Missam huc ab æthere.

Vulneravit me Cupido
Dum spectavi faciem,
Ex quo tempore libido
Creyit hanc in verginem.

Phillis tamen est crudelis,
Phillis non amabit me:
Ego semper sum fidelis,
Olim non Penelope.

Uror, ah! uror amoris
Flamma nunc veneficia:
Labyrintho cum doloris
Propter meam Phillida.

TRANSLATION.

Now you are here my charming Phyllis,
Seated by me in the shade;
Amyrillis can't escry us
In the bower I have made.

None but you shall be my truelove,
Phyllis only is my dear;
I sue for pity, then of you love
Oh my fairest of the fair.

The first instant I beheld her,
Smitten deep with beauty's charms,
She seem'd a goddess sent from heaven
But to bless some mortal's arms.

While on her charms I fondly gazed,
Cupid sped his deadliest dart,
And from that moment I was crazed,
The wound still rankles in my heart.

Phyllis still is unrelenting,
Still she scorns my tender flame,
Such constancy might cause repenting;
Penelope was not more fam'd.

Alas a prey to love's keen anguish,
The poison thrills thro' every vein;
In torture still I'm doom'd to languish;
I die for Phyllis's disdain.

VERSATILES.

ODE TO SPRING:—By R. S. Esq.

O! come reluctant spring, sweet power,
We long to bless the smiling hour,
When thou shalt mildly reign;
Behold! how all things mourn thy stay,
Come then thy annual visit pay,
And bring thy 'custom'd train.

Thy foe, dread winter, fear no more,
His boist'rous storms have ceas'd to roar
And rend the troubled air;
No more his ruthless blasts shall rise
To drive thee shrieking through the skies,
Or tear thy silken hair.

Him and his train we saw depart,
Lank famine, death with icy dart,
Followed their angry lord;
Dark fogs concealed the demons flight
A whirlwind snatched him from our sight
While tempests round him roar'd.

She comes! she comes the graces round
With nimble feet the verdant ground,
In frolic measure beat;
While all around, below, above,
In notes of harmony and love
Her blissful presence greet.

Lo Venus too! and in her arms
Behold the king of soft alarms,
The love-inspiring boy;
To him each struggling heartfelt sigh,
Each melting voice, each asking eye,
Affords malicious joy.

To me who all unskilled to sing,
Thus welcome thee! O bounteous spring,
A favouring ear incline,
O grant that she for whom I burn,
My honest passion may return
And be for ever mine.

On some snow which melted in a lady's breast.

The envious snow comes down in haste,
To prove thy breast less fair;
But grieves to see itself surpast,
And melts into a tear.

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

FOR THE COMPANION.

ON THE ORIGIN OF LETTERS.

Among the Greeks the genius of poets and orators, as might naturally be expected was distinguished by an amiable simplicity, which whatever rudeness may sometimes attend it is so fitted to express the genuine movements of nature and passion, that the compositions possessed of it must for ever appear valuable to the discerning part of mankind. The glaring figures of discourse, the pointed antithesis, the unnatural conceit, the jingle of words; such false ornaments were not employed by early writers; not because they were rejected, but because they scarcely ever occurred to them. An easy, unforced strain of sentiment runs through their compositions; though at the same time we may observe, that, amidst the most elegant simplicity of thought and expression, one is sometimes suprised to meet with a poor conceit, which had presented itself unsought for, and which the author had not acquired critical observation enough to condemn. A bad taste seizes with avidity these frivolous beauties and even perhaps a good taste ere surfeited by them——They multiply more and more in the fashionable compositions. Nature and good sense are neglected: laboured ornaments studied and admired; and a total degeneracy of style and language prepares the way for barbarism and ignorance. Hence the Asiatic manner was found to depart so much from the simple purity of Athens; hence that tinsel eloquence, which is observable in many of the Roman writers, from which Cicero himself is not wholly exempt and which so much prevails in Ovid, Seneca, Lucan, Martial and the Plinys.

On the revival of letters, when the judgment of the public is as yet raw and unformed, this false glitter catches the eye and leaves no room, either in eloquence or poetry, for the durable beauties of solid sense and lively passion. The reigning genius is then diametrically opposite to that which prevails on the first origin of arts—The Italian writers it is evident, even the most celebrated have not reached the proper simplicity of thought and composition, and in Petrarch, Tasso, Guarini frivolous witticisms and forced conceits are but too predominant. The period, during which letters were cultivated in Italy was so short as scarcely to allow leisure for correcting this adulterated relish.

The more early French writers are liable to the same reproach, Voiture, Balzac and even Corneille, have too much affected those ambitious ornaments of which the Italians in general and the least pure of the ancients supplied them with so many models—and it was not till late, that observation and reflection gave rise to a more natural turn of thought and composition among that elegant people.

A like character may be extended to the first English writers; such as flourished during the reign of Elizabeth and James and even till long afterwards—Learning on its revival in this island, was attired in the same unnatural garb, which it wore at the time of its decay among the Greeks and Romans.—And what may be regarded as a misfortune, the English writers were possessed of great genius before they were endued with any degree of taste, and by that means gave a kind of sanction to those forced terms and sentiments, which they so much affected—Their distorted conceptions and expressions are attended with such vigour of mind that we admire the imagination which produced them, as much as we blame the want of judgment which gave them admittance.

If Shakespeare be considered as a man, born in a rude age and educated in the lowest manner without any instruction either from the world or from books, he may be regarded as a prodigy: if represented as a poet capable of furnishing a proper entertainment to a refined or intelligent

audience we must abate somewhat of this eulogy. In his composition we regret that many irregularities and even sometimes absurdities should so frequently disfigure the animated and passionate scenes intermixed with them; and at the same time, we perhaps admire the more those beauties on account of their being surrounded with such deformities. A striking peculiarity of sentiment, adapted to a singular character, he frequently hits as it were by inspiration; but a seasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold. Nervous and picturesque expressions, as well as descriptions abound in him; but it is in vain we look either for continued purity or simplicity of diction. His total ignorance of all theatrical art and conduct, however material a defect, yet as it affects the spectator rather than the reader, we can more easily excuse than that want of taste which often prevails in his productions, and which gives way only by intervals, to the irradiation of genius. A great and fertile genius he certainly possessed, and one enriched equally with a tragic and comic vein; but, he ought to be cited as a proof, how dangerous it is to rely on these advantages alone, for the attaining an excellence in the finer arts. And there may even remain a suspicion that we overate, if possible, the greatness of his genius in the same manner as bodies often appear more gigantic on account of their being disproportioned and mishapen—he died in 1616 aged 53 years.

FOR THE COMPANION.

"Can you discern another's mind?
Why is't you envy? Env'ys bilnd.
Tell envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want, what you enjoy."

This passion, which Locke defines "an uneasiness caused by the consideration of a good we desire, obtained by one we think should not have had it before us; is one of the greatest enemies of human happiness. Complete satisfaction, does not fall to the share of mortals, in this state of existence. Providence has wisely ordered it otherwise. But I believe we should find, were we to examine our own hearts, that most of our wants are created by a reference to what others possess.

"The wants of our nature are cheaply supplied."

In the consciousness of our integrity, accompanied with a reliance on divine goodness, we have an ample resource for their supply. And as the poetess further observes—

"The rest are but folly and care."

I consider it morally impossible to be acquainted with the nature of our own being, without perceiving that we owe our existence, as well as every enjoyment of it, to an all-wise supreme disposer of events. That it therefore behoves us as the creatures of such a being, to consider the relation in which we stand to him.—And when we do this, can we doubt for a moment that to each his proper sphere is assigned? Can we suppose intelligent beings, as we are, to be left with a dependance, merely fortuitous? Or that whilst we trangress not the order of providence, we shall cease to be objects of providential care? What then should be our principal concern? What the primary object of our pursuit? Certainly to secure, the approbation of him on whom our being and our happiness depend. To attain a knowledge of his will concerning us—and act in a simple conformity thereto. Labour will be necessary for the support of our bodies—it will be necessary for the improvement of our minds. But with regard to the enjoyments of our neighbour, we should never look at them, with an envious eye. As stewards of what we ourselves possess, we may have to contribute to the necessities of others—as absolute dependants on providential goodness, we may perhaps be willing to receive their assistance—but this tormenting passion sholud be banished from our breasts.

Having thus shewn what ought to govern us in the consideration of our relative enjoyments, I shall now endeavour to point out, wherein we are apt to err.—It is generally the case that those who have shone with the greatest brilliancy, in the most distinguished ranks, are the persons whose history we are first acquainted with. Heroes and statesmen, poets and orators, are pourtrayed; their praises are sung; their actions recorded. We are dazzled by the splendour of their illustrious names, and it kindles in our breasts a glowing ardour. They may have been in their respective stations examples worthy of imitation. But is it not evident, that (in comparison of the whole) but very few are destined to act the parts of such characters?

"Order is heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are and must be greater than the rest;
More rich, more wise—but who infers from hence,
That such are happier, shocks all common sense."

Yet alas! how often in the pursuit of eminence are all the enjoyments of life sacrificed? How often the order of providence inverted; the peace and harmony of society interrupted, by the aspiring votaries of wealth, fame and distinction: so fatal, so destructive to human happiness, is an ill-directed, an envious ambition.

It is true, the love of fame is implanted in our nature; nor is honest fame an unworthy object; but, as an ingenious author observes, the way to attain it is not to pursue it.

To desire it, at the expence of the peace of society, of divine approbation and internal peace is at once a pitiful, & a sinful ambition. It is virtue alone, that in any condition can render a man truly eminent. That fame, which is acquired by other means may dazzle the eyes, it is true, at a distance; but when it is tried by the standard of true merit, the illusion vanishes—we view it with contempt. Let us cease then to propose to ourselves as examples, those who are moving in higher spheres. Let us endeavour to content ourselves in the allotments of providence—Let us faithfully discharge our respective duties.—So in the enjoyment of divine approbation, in the consciousness of our integrity, and the consequent peace of it; we may in the language of the author of my motto,

Tell envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what we enjoy.

INCOGNITUS.

HINTS FOR YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN.

FROM THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.

It has often been thought that the first year after marriage is the happiest of a woman's life. We must first suppose that she marries from motives of affection or what the world calls love; and even in this case the rule admits of many exceptions and she encounters many difficulties. She has her husband's temper to study, his family to please, household cares to attend, and, what is worse than all, she must cease to command and learn to obey. She must learn to submit without repining where she has been used to have even her looks studied.

Would the tender lover treat his adored mistress like a rational being rather than a goddess, a woman's task would be rendered much easier and her life much happier. Would the flatterer pay his devoirs to her understanding, rather than to her person, he would soon find his account in it; would he consult her on his affairs, converse with her freely on all subjects, and make her his companion and friend, instead of flattering her beauty, admiring her dress and exalting her beyond what human nature merits, for what can at best be only called fashionable accomplishments, he would find himself less disappointed, and she rattle the marriage chains with less impatience and difficulty. How can the sensible man expect the poor, vain trifler, to whom he pays so much court, should make an intelligent agreeable companion, an assiduous and careful wife, a fond and anxious mother. When a man pays court only to a woman's vanity, he can expect nothing but a fashionable wife, who may shine as a fine lady, but never in the softer intercourse of domestic endearments. How often is it owing to these lords of the creation that the poor women become in reality what their ridiculous partiality made them suppose themselves.

A pretty method this is of improving the temper, informing the mind, engaging the affections and exciting our esteem for those objects that we entrust with our future happiness. I will now give my fair friends a few hints with regard to their conduct in the most respectable of all characters—a wife, a mother and a friend. But first let me assert, and I do it with confidence, that nothing can be more false than the idea that the reformed rakes make the best husbands: this is a common opinion, but it is not mine, at least there are too many chances against it.

A libertine by the time he can bear to think of matrimony, has lttle left to boast of but a shattered constitution, empty pocket, tradesmen's bills, bad habits, and a taste for dress and vices of every denomination. The poor wife's fortune will supply the rake with these fashionable follies a little longer, when money, the last resource fails, he becomes peevish, sour and discontented; angry that she can indulge him no longer and ungrateful, and regardless of her past favours; disease with all her miserable attendants next steps in! ill is he prepared either in body or mind to cope with pain, sickness, poverty and wretchedness. The poor wife has spent her all in supporting his extravagances; she may now pine for want with a helpless infant crying for bread; shunned and despised by her friends and neglected by her acquaintance! This, my beloved fair, is too often the case with many of our sex. The task of reforming a rake is much above our capacity. I wish our inclinations in this instance were as limited as our capacities: but alas, we vainly imagine we shall be rewarded for our resolution in making such a trial by the success which will attend our undertaking.

If a young woman marries an amiable young man, she has nothing to fear; she may ever glory in giving up her own wishes to his. Never marry a man whose understanding will not excite your esteem and whose virtues will not engage your affections. If a woman once thinks herself superior to her husband, all authority ceases, she cannot be brought to obey where she thinks she is so well entitled to command. Sweetness & gentleness are all a woman's eloquence, and sometimes they are too powerful to be resisted, especially when accompanied with youth and beauty. They are then enticements to virtue, preventatives from vice and affection's security. Never let your brow be clouded with resentment; never triumph in revenge! Who is it that you afflict, the man upon earth that should be dearest to you; upon whom all your future hopes of

happiness must depend. Poor the conquest, when our dearest friend must suffer, and ungenerous must be the heart that can rejoice in such a victory! Let your tears persuade; these speak the most irresistable language with which you can assail the heart of man. But even these sweet fountains of sensibility must not flow too often, lest they degenerate into weakness, and we lose our husband's esteem and affection, by the very methods which were given us to ensure them. Study every little attention in your person, manner, dress, that you find please. Never be negligent in your appearance, because you expect nobody but your husband. He is the person whom you should chiefly endeavour to oblige. Always make home agreeable to him; receive him with ease, good humour and chearfulness. But be cautious how you inquire into his engagements abroad. Betray neither suspicion nor jealousy. Appear always gay and happy in his presence. Be particularly attentive to his favourite friends, even if they intrude upon you. A welcome reception will at all times counterbalance indifferent fare. Treat his relations with respect and affection. Ask their advice in your household affairs, and always follow it when you can consistently with propriety.

Treat your husband with the most unreserved confidence in every thing that regards yourself; but never betray your friend's letters or secrets to him; this he cannot, and indeed ought not, to expect. If you do not use him to it he will never desire it. Be careful never to intrude upon his studies, or his pleasures. Be always glad too see him, but do not be laughed at as a fond foolishwife. Confine your endearments to your own fireside. Do not let the young envy, or the old abuse you for a weakness which upon reflection you must condemn.

These hints will I hope be of some service to my country women. They will perhaps have more weight when they know that the author of them has been married about a year, and often with success practised those rules herself which she now recommends to others.

FEMALE HEROISM.

About ten years ago there lived at Vienna a German count, who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of considerable family. After a correspondence of gallantries, which lasted two or three years, the father of the count, whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him, and made his son sensible that he ought in common prudence to close with it. The count upon the first opportunity acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her with such freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him that they might have one meeting before they parted forever.

The place appointed for the interview was a grove which stands at a little distance from the town. They conversed together in this place for some time, when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pocket pistol and shot her lover in the heart; so that he fell dead at her feet; she then returned to her father's house, telling every one she met, what she had done. Her friends upon hearing her story, would have found means for her escape, but she told them she had killed her dear count, because she could not live without him, & that for the same reason, she was resolved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was no sooner seized than she avowed her guilt, rejected all excuses that were made in her favor and begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends would obtain pardon for her. When the confessor approached her she asked him where he thought the soul of her dear count was? He replied that the case was very dangerous, considering the circumstances in which he died; upon this so desperate was her phrenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes of the deceased (from a consideration that he was breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life) before he could bring her mind to a temper, fit for one who was so near her end. Upon the day of her execution, she dressed herself in all her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold more like an expecting bride, than a condemned criminal. She was placed in a chair, according to the custom of the place, where after having stretched out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the count, which was the signal appointed for the executioner, who with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body.

FROM AIKIN'S REVIEW.

Urania, ; or the Illuminé: a comedy, in Two Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By William Robert Spencer, *Esq.*

A mild and very well-managed satire of the prevailing belief in Germany of supernatural visitations, of the existence and agency of ghosts or hobgobblins, vampires, and apparations of every kind. Manfred, prince of Colonna,

accompanied by his friend Conrad, the Count of Porta, arrives at Tarentum, in consequence of his father's earnest desire that he should marry the young Princess : Manfred himself, however is equally anxious to avoid it. "And can you think, my friend, that after such a zealous and persevering inquiry into the occult science ; at the moment when I am almost sure of gaining the affections of an immortal intelligencer, can you think that I will be diverted from my high calling by a mere mortal ? I own that my pulses throb at the idea of beauty, and that my heart pines for fellowship ; I know too that the Princess of Tarentum is fair and virtuous, and mistress of these rich domains ; but what are all earthly riches compared to the treasures of the grand science ; and what is all human beauty compared to that of the daughters of immortality ?"

The plot, then, is to make Manfred fall in love with Urania as an etherial spirit : she descends from a cloud, 'midst the soft music of the spheres, with all the celestial beauty of an angel. The hero is entranced, and he marries as a woman her whom we loved as an immortal.

The dialogue to the underplot is managed with considerable humour : Pietro, the servant of Manfred, falls in love with Jaquelina, who is already engaged to Roderigo, the Princess's gardener.

ACT II.

SCENE.——*The Garden of the Castle.*

Enter RODERIGO *the Gardener.*

Roderigo.

Oh Jaquelina ! that you, whom I thought the sweetest and the purest of flowers, should turn out a venemous weed ; you first sowed the seeds of love in the hot bed of my heart, brought them forward with the sunshine of your eyes—and now comes the frost of your unkindness, to nip all my hopes !—My eyes run over like a watering-pot, and my heart swells like a bulged cabbage.—Then to leave me, who sprung on her own native soil, for this exotic Pietro—a canker on him ! if I could see him I would root him out like a dock. *(Works.)*

Enter PIETRO, *reading a Letter.*

Pietro. Oh ! bless thy mal-spelling, kind-hearted, lovely Jaquelina—the Princess has promised thee five hundred sequins if thou marriest a worthy man.—I am a worthy man, and thou wilt marry me : ergo, the five hundred sequins are thine ; and ergo they are mine. O sweet-looking pot-hooks, up and down—up and down, like the jacks of an harpsichord playing a jig. Then for my rival —what does the dear creature say, *(reading)* "I like a single word of yours better than all Roderigo's famous speeches."

Rod. (Looking up.) Roderigo's famous peaches ? Did your honour wish for some of my famous peaches? Indeed, I belive there are no finer in all Italy, they all grow on a south wall ; and, as I suppose your honour is the young Prince who is come after our Princess, I shall be proud to offer you of the very best.

Pietro. (aside.) Egad ! this is my rival himself ; he has never seen me, and my fine air makes him take me for the Prince—this will do. Hem ! Indeed, are you Roderigo ? the most renowned gardener that ever put dung to a cucumber ? I am happy to make your acquaintance. I was just reading one of my letters from Rome, wherein my friend desires me to taste Roderigo's famous peaches.

Rod. Your honour's greatness is very flattering to be sure—to be sure, I believe no gardener ever produced a finer shew of fruit, or flowers either ; then to be sure, I have studied in botany, and know how to call every plant by its long name. But now, your honour, I must give all up —I must give it all up—and all, begging your pardon, owing to your honour.

Pietro. Give up your profession, owing to me ? how so, Signor Roderigo ?

Rod. Is it not your honour the master of one Pietro ?

Pietro. Why—why yes, in some degree, his master ; Pietro generally does every thing that I wish him to do.

Rod. Now then, if your honour would only wish him to hang himself, perhaps he might obey you, and all would be well with me again.

Pietro. Why, faith, I never thought of forming such a wish for Pietro. There was once, indeed, some idea of Pietro's being hanged ; and it gave me such a confounded odd feel about the neck, that I have never liked to think of it since.

Rod. Oh ! I see your honour's heart is as tender as a *medlar*, and therefore I may venture to mention Jaquelina.

Pietro. Jaquelina ! Oh dear—I like that name ; pray mention it as often as ever you please.

Rod. Well then, your honour, this Jaquelina is daughter to Signor Carlos, who lives here, hard by.

Pietro. Ah ! I know him.

Rod. Why then, this Jaquelina, please your honour, used to come here into the Princess's garden, and after moistening her mouth with some of my peaches, that your honour has heard so much about—(I will get your honour some of them by dinner-time)—I used to teach her the long names of the plants, and tell her a little about graft-

ing and propagation, and such like: and then we talked about plants loving each other, and——

Pietro. Oh, I understand you; talking about the fashionable system of vegetable matrimony. Plants that cling together, hot-beds, nurseries, suckers, and so forth, put you in mind of——

Rod. Just so, your honour, put me in mind of classing her and myself according to the Linnean system.

Pietro. Faith, Roderigo, nothing could be more natural. I dare say you have found all the ladies more frequent visitors to your garden since this system has become prevalent.

Rod. In truth, all the ladies who come to the castle *do* say that botany has lately become a most *interesting* pursuit.

Pietro. To be sure it has; in my country there is scarcely a girl of twelve years old, who cannot tell every vegetable intrigue, from a rose tree down to a cabbage plant: the sphere of love, and scandal too, is removed from the play-house to the kitchen-garden.

Rod. True, very true, your honour—if you could but see here sometimes the countess Hortensia, with her two pretty daughters, Signora Rosa and Signora Myrtilla, how they do handle and finger every flower that they meet with! Dear mamma, says one, do see this plant, it looks rather withered and drooping; do you think it is in love, mamma? Lord, child, says she, that's a tetrandrian plant, which has got four husbands, you know——poor thing, no wonder it it looks drooping, (she adds, with a sigh;) four husbands must be a great deal to bear with!!

Piet. In truth, Signor Roderigo, botanical loves are interesting, or disgusting, according to the nature of the parties—an amorous myrtle gives a pleasant idea, but a gallant parsnip—oh, fie! Linnean amours may be pleasing among geraniums, in a green house, but they are d—n'd low among sow-thistles in a ditch. But Jaquelina——

VARIETY.

Copy of one of Cromwell's Letters to his Wife.

"MY DEAREST,

I have not leisure to write much, but I could chide thee, that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much.

"Thou art dearer to me than any creature: let that suffice. The Lord hath shewed us an exceeding mercy. Who can tell how great it is? My weak faith hath been upheld: I have been, in my inward man, marvelously supported; though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvelously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect.

"The particulars of our late success Harry Vane or Gil. Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends.

Dunbar, the "Thine,
4th of Sept. 1650. "O. CROMWELL."

Lorenzo de Medici in the following Sonnet not only animates the violets, but represents them as accounting, by a beautiful fiction, for their purple colour.

SONNET.

Not from the verdant garden's cultur'd bound,
That breathes of Pœstum's aromatic gale,
We sprung; but nurslings of the lonely vale,
'Midst woods obscure, and native glooms were found.
'Midst woods and glooms, whose tangled brakes around
Once Venus sorrowing traced, as all forlorn
She sought Adonis, when a lurking thorn
Deep on her foot impress'd an impious wound.
Then prone to earth we bow'd our pallid flowers,
And caught the drops divine; the purple dyes
Tinging the lustre of our native hue:
Nor summer gales, nor art-conducted showers
Have nursed our slender forms, but lovers sighs
Have been our gales, and lovers tears our dew.

BALLAD STANZAS.

BY THOMAS MOORE ESQ.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said "If there's peace to be found in the world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the wood-pecker tapping the hallow beech-tree.

And "here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye, [blam'd,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep when I
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I die.

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
"In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
"Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mnie!"

A merchant dying greatly in debt, his goods were set to sale; a stranger would needs buy a pillow there; saying, this pillow sure is good to sleep on; since he could sleep, upon it, who owed so much money.

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

Swift, like many who jest freely on others, could not bear a retort. Dining one day at a public dinner of the mayor and corporation at Cork, he observed that Alderman Brown, father to the bishop of that diocese, fed very heartily without speaking a word, & was so intent upon that business, as to become a proper object of ridicule. Accordingly he threw out many successful jests upon the Alderman who fed with the silence of a still sow, neither seeming to regard what the Dean said, nor at all moved by the repeated bursts of laughter at his expence. Toward the latter end of the repast, Swift happened to be helped to some roasted duck, and desired to have some apple sauce on the same plate: upon which the Alderman bawled out, "Mr. Dean, you eat your duck like a goose!" this unexpected sally threw the company into a long fit of laughter, and Swift was silent the rest of the day.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

Henry the foruth on declaring war against Spain had some thoughts of abolishing the land tax. Sully asked him where he should be able to find the money he wanted for carrying on the war. "In the hearts of my people," replied Henry; "*that* is a treasure which can never fail me."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have some charming poetic favours to acknowledge this week, as well as to offer our thanks to those who have sent us selections.

We invite AURELIUS to the cultivation of his poetic talents.

We announce with pleasure, another communication from our sylphick correspondent, which came too late for insertion in this number. He has chosen a grave subject for an ærial inhabitant; but we still recognise the sportive touches of our agreeable Sylph.

We shall be happy to find in INCOGNITUS a frequent correspondent.

We would recommend P. W. S. to let the old manuscripts lay undisturbed in the book case of his father. We do not think their emerging from darkness will diffuse much light.

We are told by many of our readers, that the Companion to be interesting, should sometimes tell a tale of terror, and sometimes breathe of love and sentiment: now as it unfortunately happens that time has cast her *sobering* influence on our imagination and that our days of love and romance are long ago gone by, we do most sincerely regret, that it is not in our power to afford them such amusement; but if any Cupid-smitten hero or heroine, or sentimental swain or damsel, will send us the effusions which this season for shady groves, and purling rills, and flowery meads, and moonlight walks, must so often inspire, we will gratify the taste of such readers, with the greatest pleasure.

The editor of the Companion deems it an act of justice—with which he cannot dispense, to give an explanation of the share he has had in the management of this paper, and the part taken by the person chiefly concerned in conducting it, respecting the account communicated to the public of St Mary's College.

When the editor joined the Easy Club, and became the ostensible director of the paper in question, it was not with a view of bestowing upon it any part of his time; he well knew this would interfere with his professional avocations, and these he has determined, no consideration whatsoever shall interrupt. His object alone was to furnish some useful employment to one whose interest he is engaged by every tie to promote, to that person therefore he committed the task of carrying it on. In the performance of this duty, it was thought that examinations at St. Mary's College would furnish interesting materials for the paper, they were therefore diligently attended for the purpose of obtaining them. This suggested the idea of giving to the public an account of the origin of that institution, which has of late engaged much general attention.—When this appeared, it gave rise to an attack upon the ostensible Editor, and to subsequent warm controversy. Not having seen the account until after it was published, nor indeed considered the nature of it, until after the attack, this necessarily urged a more particular inquiry, and he was led to believe the account was little more than a translation from the French. Having communicated this, it has provoked several animadversions, the fonndation for which demands the strictest scrutiny.

The editor is now authorised in the most positive terms, to delare that the only assistance received from any person concerned with the College, were short notes containing dates and facts that could not have been otherwise known; but that every syllable purporting to eulogise the College, or to felicitate this city upon the benefits which would result from this institution was dictated by the person who witnessed the examinations, and that for every thing it contains, except the facts already stated, that person is alone responsible.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

We are indebted to a friend for a copy of this charming versification of Sterne's Maria, which we believe is from the pen of an American.

As I pass'd, I beheld, by a poplar o'ershaded,
Where a rill, thro' a thicket meander'd along,
Maria, whose bloom her distresses had faded,
Wildly warbling her tenderly querelous song.

Her form in a robe of pure white was invested,
Her hair o'er her delicate hand loosely flow'd,
As upon it her craz'd head, she pensively rested,
And gaz'd on the flow'rs that around here were strow'd.

From the girdle that clasp'd her, a string was suspended,
To which, Sylvio, her only companion, was tied;
Her pipe on a ribbon of pale gren depended,
That hung from her shoulder, and wav'd at her side.

The regard of her father, she ne'er could recover;
Her goat, that once sported along as she stray'd,
Had deserted her like her ungenerous lover,
And left to herself, this unfortunate maid.

As I look'd at her dog, the sweet girl drew him nearer,
Ah! leave me not Sylvio, she tenderly cries;
She remember'd her goat, but her father, still dearer,
Drew tears of regret from her wild-rolling eyes.

I sat down beside her, in mute contemplation,
And wip'd off her tears, e'er they fairly had flown,
While my bosom was throbbing with strange perturbation,
I wip'd off alternately her's and my own.

The mind of Maria recall'd the impression,
I'd made when I pitied her sorrows before;
And the charms that attended her artless confession
Now heighten'd the feelings of sympathy more.

"I remember," said she, "though my mind was distracted,
"The stranger who saw me, with pity was mov'd,
"To see the unhappy Maria neglected
"By those she had honour'd, and him she had lov'd.

"My goat stole his handkerchief, and the offender
"I beat, and he left me to wander alone:
"But I wash'd, and have kept it, and mean to surrender,
"Should I e'er again see him, what's truly his own."

Then saying no more, the unfortunate mourner
Produc'd it, enclos'd in the leaves of a vine;
A tendril surrounded it, and, on the corner,
I saw the initial that told me 'twas mine.

"Since that have I seen in my devious wand'rings
"St. Peter's at Rome, and walk'd round it with joy,—
"The Po and the Tiber's romantic meandrings,
"And return'd without shoes o'er the flints of Savoy.

"The cloud cover'd Appenines, too, have beheld me
On their hoary cliffs roving, alone, and forlorn—
"But the same kind Divinity led, and upheld me,
"That tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn."

Shorn indeed to the quick, said I; but could I ever
Be blest with thy sight in my own peaceful cot,
No sorrws of thine, or my own should dissever
Maria, from him, who now pities her lot.

My study should be to relieve thy distresses;
Thy heart chill'd by neglect, should my sympathy warm;
Every tear should be dried by my tender caresses,
And my cottage should shelter thy limbs from the storm.

No more o'er the cliff, or the cataract foaming,
Should the steps of the hapless Maria, be led,
But whene'er I beheld thee, in solitude roaming,
My hand should conduct thee back safe to my shed.

When at evening the sun in his splendor descended,
To heav'n should our mutual devotion arise,
And my prayers by the sound of thy soft pipe attended,
Smiling Seraphs should bear on their wings to the skies.

My heart thrill'd again, for the fair mourner grieving,
My eyes were with tears of compassion suffus'd,
I was wiping them off, when Maria perceiving
My 'kerchief already too drench'd to be us'd,

"Let me wash it," said she, "in this stream near us flowing."
And where will you dry it, ? half fell from my tongue;
"In my bosom," said she. And is that still so glowing?
I touch'd on the string, where her sorrows all hung.

I discern'd by her wild eye, her painful sensation,
To the Virgin she tun'd her pipe plaintive and slow;
The string I had touch'd upon, ceas'd its vibration—
She dropt her pipe, hastily rising to go.

Adieu, sweet Maria, adieu lovely creature!
Thy griefs undeserv'd I must pity in vain,
For none but the Infinite Author of nature,
Who has wounded thy heart, can e'er heal it again.

A Tyro who sometimes woos his muse, presents himself with his *first fruits*, at the feet of the Easy Chair, awaiting a decision to prosecute his claim for induction into the Temple of the Muses, or to finish his noviciate and resign all hopes.

TO LOUISA.

Roses, the summer's pride decay,
The blossoms die, upon the tree,
All nature's works, tho' charming, pay
The tribute due by fate's decree.

Your outward beauties soon will fade,
But cheering summer will remain,
For sense and knowledge ne'er were made
To stem the tide of time in vain. AURELIUS.

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 5.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

An essay upon the influence of the French revolution on letters and science, on the continent of Europe, and that which their decline may produce upon taste in America.

Le tems présent est gros de l'ávenir ! LEIBNITZ.

The present time is big with the future.

HOWEVER favourably my sylphick eccentricities may have been received, by those choice spirits, who have entered into my motives and have known how to appreciate the honourable and patriotic feelings that inspired them, I must yet, for a moment set all levity aside, and explain with as much gravity as is possible to a Sylph, the object I had in view, in making you the depository of my daily observations.

To serve our country in vindicating taste, that is, in labouring to refine and to improve it; to correct manners by blending the gay smiles of Momus, with the severer frowns of reason, and thus to temper the severity of censure and enliven the dullness of precept: such has been the double end I have endeavoured to attain, and to this purpose I have made choice of the motto's, in the spirit of which I have conceived and communicated my observations to you.

My railleries have not been prompted by an inclination to sarcasm; let no one mistake me; but I have been most anxious to contribute my feeble efforts towards urging onward the Car of America in the glorious career, that is opened to her by the approaching barbarism which advances with giant steps to overwhelm Europe.

It is because this catastrophe, like the sword of Damocles,* is suspended only by a single hair, that I would wish to see the developement of taste accelerated in this country, which might place it in such a state, as to enable it to profit by a concurrence of circumstances as favourable as uncommon.

Let us take a restrospective glance of the past, and it will instruct us, with regard to present, as well as future events, which may so easily be made subservient to the interests of the new world.

Already when, as at this moment, Europe was inundated with blood and barbarians, the celestial muses, daughters of heaven, resumed their flight towards Olympus, leaving man a prey to ignorance, and fury; at this eventful period Rome was sacked, the Empire of the West was thrown into disorder; and the Saracens and the Lombards arrived to complete, what internal divisions had begun. But seizing the first moment of tranquillity, that fatigued and exhausted humanity was at length obliged to seek, the immortal Medicis invoked the spirits of Greece and Rome, and on the still smoking ruins, that savage vandalism had every where spread, they erected altars and temples to the graces. The sisters, with their brilliant train, again descended upon the earth, covered with ashes, and bathed with the tears of miserable mortals, and the dawn of a splendid day, once more re-animated drooping science.

But although it be true that there is nothing new under the sun, it is equally true, that the same events, are never a second time produced with the same circumstances, and in the same places. Thus if the sword of the exterminating angel, continues to ravage the ancient continent, we

* Damocles was a flatterer, who affected to admire the great good fortune of Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, who like all tyrants internally despised flatterers; to give Damocles a proof of this, Dionysius invited him to a feast, during which he had a naked sword suspended over his head by a single hair; Damocles felt the lesson, and immediately asked permission of Dionysius to retire to the mediocrity of condition in which alone he could find security.

may as well expect to see the star of day retrogade in its progress, as that the blaze of genius will be rekindled there, until the long dark night of barbarism, shall have spent its gloomy course.

The sands of Africa, have swallowed up Thebes and Memphis, and nothing less than the gigantic masses of Egypt, could have preserved the first traces of art, on the banks of the Nile.* We know that the haughty Babylon, was once the wonder of the world. Lorn, and unwholesome marshes have usurped its place; vast and majestic ruins, but mark the spot where once were Persepolis† and Palmyra ;‡ of Troy, the ashes alone remain and the magnificent mementos she owes to Homer: Greece itself only offers melancholy ruins, & the genius which enlightened these countries, has disappeared with the celebrated nations who inhabited them. Thus in following the luminous path of genius from its cradle into Italy, it seems evident, that destiny has condemned it never to re-appear, where it has once reigned. In a single instance only we have seen it deviate from this course, at the period of the revival of letters in the 16th century, when a new world was not yet known, which whenever Europe is again placed in the same situation, must occasion an incalculable difference in her fate.

The hour fatal to science, in Europe it may be predicted has arrived, and those only who are totally ignorant of the revolution that for seventeen years has passed beneath our eyes, and of its infinite and inevitable consequences, upon the education, the literature, the morals and the fate of all the nations of the universe, can hazard a doubt upon the approaching fall of taste and science, in this celebratted, but unfortunate part of the world.

Since however the truth of this assertion, may be questioned by those whose distance from the scene of action, has necessarily precluded them from a knowledge of the various incidents that have occurred, I ought to dwell upupon the proofs, which may justify it, and they merit so much the more attention as the consequences I would deduce from them are devoted to the interests of this nation, and are the result of my own individual experience, since I may say with regard to the events of the present age, as did Æneas of the overthrow of his country; "all that I saw, and part of which I was."

Previous to the revolution of 1789, two grand evils had already sapped the foundation of morals and literature. These were the rage for philosophy, and the mania for analyzing in every walk of study, & of science. The former ridiculed the worship of the divinity, the ministers of the gospel of whatever persuasion they might be: & introduced universal scepticism, while the latter if I may use the expression, volatilized every study.

Men of learning only were competent to this system of analysis, because it was the fruit of long, and dry, and profound research, but those who read only abridgements, and who were ignorant of the motives of the authors in the choice of the materials selected, adopted opinions without taking the pains to form their own judgment, and thus retained only nomenclatures, as propitious to the indolence of the mind, as to the self-sufficiency of vanity.

In reducing every species of knowledge to so limited a compass, every one was enabled to skim the surface of science, and thus the number of half learned and consequently of stubborn fools was multiplied. In boasting the wide extension of knowledge, that the 18th century has diffused, it has been forgotten, that the solidity of learning, has been superceded, by acquisitions merely superficial, when then in this state of things, a furious crisis took place, which threw every thing into disorder, of course every principle was overthrown, with a rapidity hitherto without example. Revolutionary frenzy wherever it reached destroyed with incredible activity, all learned societies, the depositories of letters, & an immense number of the monuments of the arts, as well as the historical archives of provinces and nations. And until a very recent period, when interest compelled these revolutionary monsters, to utter a shameless recantation of every principle they had proclaimed, that they might secure the peaceable possession of the fruits of their atrocious crimes, they successfully disseminated the most extravagant but at the same time the most plausible doctrines, announcing every where that there was no God, no future state of existence, no inequality amongstmen; that all respected opinions, were but pitiable prejudices; that decency was a fault, birth and riches were crimes, fidelity to sovereigns fanaticism, in short they decided that all religion was puerility, all worship mummery; if ever the words of the psalmist were true, *abyssus, abys-*

* The base of the largest pyramid of Egypt covers 11 acres of ground; it is 480 French feet high. The labyrinth encloses 12 palaces and a thousand houses. The colossuses of Memnon although seated are each about 50 feet high. And the bust of the sphynx is 28 feet high.

† The ruins of the palace of Persepolis have 650 feet front, and 480 of depth.

‡ The columns of the temple of the sun, are 50 English feet high; and the vestiges of one of the palaces of this city which the Queen Zenobia rendered so famous, is a quarter of a mile long, and 42 feet high.

*sum invocat,** most indubitably it is in a revolution, where one abuse authorizes another, where one crime engenders a thousand outrages, which in their turn create an endless train of disorders : thus denunciation, which was at first ranked amongst the number of patriotic duties, soon fashioned the minds of men to the dreadful system of *espionnage* which at present infests every class of society—and which is the very last degree of the gangrene of the human heart. While the unrelenting arm of fury cut down every man whatever might be his rank who either from habit or from principle, persevered in his original sentiments. The tutelary sword of the sovereigns being wrested from their hands, the altar was left without protection, and the ministers of the gospel were obliged to abandon their flocks, or what was still more pernicious, to ensure the preservation of their lives they were compelled to temporize principles which they had hitherto represented as sacred and inviolable.

This evil was accompanied by another, the perpetual example of *perjury*. It is too well known how many miserable beings, pressed by violence and fear, by interest or necessity, submitted to every oath that was exacted of them ; these oaths were often annulled as soon as taken ; they resorted to sophistry to justify themselves ; but the coarse logic of the people was deceived, only while their passions were flattered they no longer attached any importance to a sacred act, which the ministers themselves rendered contemptible, and according to the idea of the eloquent Chrysostome,† oaths lost their solemnity, by the frequency of their repetition ; whatever was awful in religion was banished as a puerile superstition and the fidelity of private engagements, as well as the duties that the citizen owes to his country were equally undermined by this irreparable evil.

Even the empire of beauty suffered from the general depravation of morals. The dreadful system of divorce shamefully reduced it to a brutal and ephemeral influence, which in debasing the female sex, deprived them of that magic power, with which a wise providence had endued them, to ameliorate the manners, and soften the ferocity natural to man.

The respect of children for their parents, and of servants for their masters was destroyed by this multiplication of disorders. An impious and insubordinate generation arose, and having no longer any examples of virtue before them, they never ceased to make the chiefs they had chosen tremble, until, to borrow the words of Tacitus, they themselves turned pale, before tyrants, whose atrocities, exceeding their own, gave them the ascendancy over them.

Exterminating despotism now issued from its dark abyss, environed with its disastrous train of devouring locusts,† and reduced to the rank of beasts of burthen, those whom ingratitude or delirium had for a season transformed into ungovernable and ferocious animals. The ambitious and the impious quickly availed themselves of the advantages offered them by the shameful inconsistencies of the clergy ; they pointed them out to the observation of the people, while they smiled at the snare they had spread, into which the weakness or the cupidity of these men had drawn them. These cowardly ministers, equally despised by those whom they had abandoned or betrayed, as well as those whom they had flattered, and whose enormities of every kind, they had so basely consecrated, the charm (if I may be allowed the expression) which had hitherto surrounded them was annihilated, and with it, the interest that persecution had inspired in their favour. Thus was the axe laid to the very root of the respect which the people might have still cherished for morality, of which the clergy, were until then considered the sacred depositories and the incorruptible guardians.

On the other hand, education was attacked in its very principles, by the terrible system of conscription, which forces the youth into armies (the most licentious that ever existed) at an age when inexperience must be complete, & the passions are in their utmost effervescence. This evil was so much the greater, as private education was prohibited by a formal decree, and men of a merit so distinguished as to be safely entrusted with this most important function, which constitutes the hope of a country, being obliged to fly, public education was left now in the hands of the vulgar and illiterate and then in that of those still more impure.

Too much abandoned, even almost from infancy to military exercises, in lyceums, which consist but of recruits, the youth who were to leave these schools when of an age to be enrolled in the armies, breathed only for war. They aspired impatiently for the moment, which should give

* One abyss involves another.

† This name which signifies mouth of gold, was given to John, Patriarch of Constantinople, on account of his amazing eloquence ; this great man died at the beginning of the 5th century.

† Apocalypse, chap. 9, the 11th verse says that the locusts had for their king, the angel of the abyss, whose name is APOLLYON, that is, the exterminator. I have made this observation, because of a certain singular analogy of the name.

them the signal for joining the standards, and freeing them from the importunity of tutors, and the censure of parents ; in a word when they would enjoy the tumultuous independance of the military life, and reap the advantages which inexperience promised itself from the hazards and disorders which are its habitual attendants.

The military eclat of so many obscure names kindled the spark of ambition in classes, in which it had been hitherto unknown. The glowing imaginations of the young men were on fire, when they perpetually saw instances of such extraordinary fortunes so easily obtained, and like Correggio, who felt himself a painter on beholding the works of Raphael, every one of them exclaimed at the sight of so many corporals rendered illustrious, *I too am a general.**

Every idea being thus directed towards war, ambition and licentiousness, learning met with a mortal and incurable wound ; and as every thing to which motion is once given, accelerates in velocity, so these devastating germs, were daily developed with rapidity beyond expression, and its effects will be the more complete, when the scattered remains of the present generation of learned men, shall be no more, or will exist only in silence and in voluntary exile, where solitude extinguishes the energies of the mind, and genius languishes for want of encouragement.

It would be forming but a false and imperfect idea of this scourge to suppose it peculiar to France : since almost all the powers of Europe have been compelled to adopt this military system in their own defence, and thus to partake with that ill-fated country, not only all the horrors of war, but also those of the ignorance and corruption, which are its dreadful and inevitable consequences.

M. A.

(To be continued.)

* This expression of Correggio's has become celebrated. When he beheld for the first time the sublime paintings of Raphael, after a moment of astonishment he exclaimed, " son pittoreauche so," " I too am a Painter." In citing this trait in the life of this great man, it may be as well to observe, that he was the founder of the School of Lombardy, and that he died in 1534, aged 40 years.

Mr. Easy,

The public attention has lately been attracted by a singular work entitled the Secret History of the Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud. From the name of this work, and the pompous eulogiums by which it was preceded, hopes were entertained of seeing those principles developed which of late years have actuated the empire of the French. To be admitted into the councils of emperors and kings, is a thought so flatttering to human nature as not to be contemplated without the highest exultation. But more than all, an exact delineation of those characters who at present figure in the court of St. Could is an object to which we looked forward with the most anxious expectation. During that event which opened at first upon the fairest paradise of hope, and step by step gradually proceeded to alarm, to disappoint, to ruin and despair, individual champions attracted but a small share of attention, and were lost amidst the horrors and convulsions of that great catastrophe. When the ferment which had raised into tumult the stationary elements of society had subsided ; when presumption was silenced and faction seemed to have lost its effrontery, expectations were formed of something like a true history of those who had acted in that important drama. But so strong are the prejudices which those times have left behind them that this desideratum is not likely to be accomplished until time shall have swept away the present generation and erected a new standard of men and things. The work under consideration, is likely to afford but little satisfaction either to the politician or historian. It is at best but the poor performance of a print shop, and no more resembles the true picture of St. Cloud, than the exaggerated outlines of the caricaturist do the correct & well defined contours of the painter. Every part of the work bears marks of this overcharged delineation ; who, for instance, would suppose the warior of Marengo, of Lodi and Egypt, to be the disgusting portrait which stands for Buonaparte ? Milton has not depicted his fiends in gloomier colors than has this writer some of the leading characters in France. And yet this band of demons is suffered to wield unmolested the constitution of a great and enlightened nation. That fraud, dissimulation and intrigue act their part, as they have always done, in the court of St. Cloud, no one will pretend to deny ; neither is it to be doubted that many of the characters whoshinethere most conspicuously have on them the foul stains of atrocious crime. Buonaparte himself, in his progress from obscurity to grandeur, has acted the dissimulator, and attained by sinister arts that elevation on which he now stands. But is there any one who will deny that to many unfavourable qualities he unites the transcendant talents of the warrior and the statesman. However odious under the robes of imperial costume he may appear to the friends of liberty, to the politician he has acted a distinguished and illustrious part. He has concentrated the force of a great nation by uniting it under a go-

vernment, hard indeed, but, it must be confessed, far more suitable to its genius than the licentious systems of Rosseau and Voltaire. When future ages shall come to compare the reign of Napoleone I. with the bloody & anarchic times of Robespiere & Marat, they will eulogize the man who, even by sinister arts, quelled the wild delirium of democracy and introduced into France the light of order and distinction. We are no advocates for tyranny, and it would have given us deep-felt pleasure if the thing were possible, to have seen a republic established in France. But in a nation where corruption had struck so deep a root the pure institution of liberty could never flourish. "It is ordained" says an eminent writer, "in the eternal constitutions of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters." Endow a people long fostered in the arms of luxury & vice with the powers of democracy, and you loosen upon the world a savage and ferocious monster. We are therefore far from viewing Buonaparte in the light of an usurper and a tyrant, and are disposed to think posterity will reverse many of those epithets by which his character is now blackened and defamed.

P.

All the accounts of the life of Cervantes, which have hitherto been prefixed to his works, appear to have been chiefly founded on simple conjecture; they are grossly imperfect in the most essential parts of biography; not only dates and names, but even material facts, being either incorrectly stated, or strangely misrepresented. As every thing which tends to afford a more perfect knowledge of this inimitable author, must prove highly acceptable to every lover of pure wit and strong humour, we trust the following authentic sketch of his life, taken from the French of De Florian, will be received as a pledge of our zeal to gratify the taste of our readers.

THE LIFE OF CERVANTES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DE FLORIAN.

Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra, whose works have done honour to his country, amused Europe, and corrected the taste of the age in which he wrote; lived poor and wretched, and died forgotten. It is not many years since the true place of his birth was unknown; Madrid, Seville, Lucena, and Alcala, have each of them claimed that honour. Cervantes, like Homer, Camoens, and many other great men, found several countries willing to own him after his death, though he wanted common necessaries during his life.

The Spanish academy, beneath the auspices of royalty, have recently paid that homage to Cervantes—which Spain had too long withheld—by publishing a magnificent edition of Don Quixote. It seems that they thought this display of typographical pomp was sufficient to atone for the nation's shameful neglect of the author, whose life is prefixed, written, after an investigation the most laborious and exact, by an academician of distinction; whose authority I shall follow in all matters of fact.

Cervantes was by birth a gentleman; the son of Roderigo de Cervantes and Léonora de Cortinas. He was born at Alcala de Hénareès, a city of new Castile, on the ninth of October, in the year 1547, under the reign of Charles the Fifth.

From his earliest infancy, he displayed a taste for reading. He commenced his studies at Madrid, under a celebrated professor, and speedily excelled the most able of his fellow students. Latin theology formed the fashionable science of the times, and the parents of Cervantes intended him either for an ecclesiastic or a physician, the only useful professions in Spain; but he had a failing in common with many great poets, to make verses in spite of his father. The first essays of his youthful muse were, an Elegy on the death of Queen Isabella of Valois; several sonnets; and a little poem entitled *Filene*. The cool reception which these works experienced being considered by their author, as an instance of injustice, he quitted Spain, and repaired to Rome; where his poverty compelled him to accept the place of valet-de-chambre to the Cardinal Aquaviva.

Being soon disgusted with an occupation so little suitable to his genius, Cervantes became a soldier, and displayed great courage at the famous battle of Lepanta, gained over the Turks by Don John of Austria in 1571, where he was wounded in the left hand by the shot of an arquebus. The recompense for this wound was an admission in the hospital at Messina.

When he left the hospital, the profession of an invalid soldier appearing to him preferable to that of a neglected poet, he enlisted himself in a new regiment quartered at Naples, where he passed three years. As he was returning to Spain, in a galley belonging to Philip the second, he was taken by Arnaut Mami, a famous pirate, and conducted to Algiers. Though fortune continually frowned on this unhappy victim of her displeasure, she was unable to subdue his courage. Cervantes, though the slave of a cruel master, and certain that death aggravated by torture, would be the infallible consequence of any attempt to recover his liberty, concerted the plan of his escape,

with fourteen captives of his own country. They agreed to purchase the freedom of one of themselves, who should return to Spain, and come back in a vessel to fetch the others. This project, however, was more easily conceived than executed; in the first place, they had to collect sufficient money for the ransom of a prisoner; then to effect their escape from their different masters; and to remain together undiscovered, till the arrival of the vessel.

Such a complication of difficulties appeared insurmountable; but the love of liberty overcame them all. A Navarrese captive, who was employed by his master in the cultivation of an extensive garden by the sea side, undertook to dig in the most retired part of it, a subterraneous cavern, sufficiently large to contain the fifteen Spaniards. He was too years in completing this work, during which time they gained, either by begging, or by extraordinary labour, money enough to ransom a native of Majorca, named Viana; a man on whose fidelity they could rely, and who was well acquainted with the coast of Barbary. After every thing was prepared, it took six months for the confederates to effect their escape; Viana then purchased his freedom, and departed, having bound himself, by a solemn oath, to return in a short time.

Cervantes had been the soul of the enterprize; it was he who undertook, every night, to sally forth in search of provisions, with which he returned to his companions, as soon as the day began to dawn. The gardener, who was under no necessity of concealing himself, kept his eyes continually fixed on the sea, to discover the approach of the vessel.

Viana kept his word. When he arrived at Majorca, he went to the viceroy, and having explained to him the nature of his enterprize, obtained a brig, with which he sailed to the relief of his comrades. He arrived on the coast of Algiers, on the twenty-eighth of September 1577, a month after his departure from thence. Though it was night, he had taken his observations with such exactness, that he sailed directly to the garden, where the captives were waiting, with impatience, for his arrival. The gardener who was on the watch, descried the ship, & ran to give notice of his approach, to the fifteen Spaniards. This happy news made them forget all their misfortunes; they embraced each other, and rushing out of their hiding-place, they beheld with tears of joy, the ship that was destined to release them from slavery. But alas! at the very moment that the prow touched the shore, several Moors passed by, and, discovering the Christians, called to arms. Viana, trembling with fear, put out to sea, and disappeared; while the miserable captives were compelled to return with precipitation to their subterraneous cavern.

Cervantes encouraged them with hopes that Viana would return; but these hopes proved fallacious, as they never saw him more. Anxiety, and the dampness of their confined and unwholesome retreat, reducing several of his wretched comrades to the brink of the grave, he was no longer adequate to the task of providing for their wants, now multiplied by sickness; he therefore chose one of them for his assistant, and dispatched him in search of provisions. Unfortunately he had pitched upon a traitor, who went to the king of Algiers, and turning mussulman, conducted a band of soldiers to the cave, who took the Spaniards prisoners. Being brought before the king, he promised to spare their lives, on condition they should give up the author of their enterprize: "I am the author of it," said Cervantes," take my life, and spare my brethren." The king, however, admiring his intrepidity, contented himself with restoring him to his old master, Arnaut Mami, who would not take away the life of so brave a man. But the unfortunate gardener, who had digged the cave, was hung up by one foot, and there left to expire.

But neither the frowns of fortune, nor the treachery of his friends, could discourage Cervantes from making new attempts to recover his liberty. Four times he failed, and was on the point of being impaled alive. His last plan was to promote a general insurrection of the slaves, and attack Algiers; but though the conspiracy was discovered, still the life of Cervantes was spared; so true is it that real courage commands respect, even from barbarians.

It is probable that Cervantes meant to speak of himself, in the tale of *The Captive*, one of the most interesting in Don Quixote, when he says, "that the cruel Hassan, king of Algiers, never shewed mercy to any, except to one Saavedra, a Spanish soldier, who often run the risk of incurring the most dreadful punishment, and formed enterprizes, which will not be soon forgotten by the infidels."

The king of Algiers, however, anxious to gain possession of such a formidable captive, bought Cervantes of Arnaut Mami, and had him closely watched. But that prince, being soon after obliged to go to Constantinople, caused application to be made to the court of Spain for the ransom of his prisoner. Leonora de Cortinas, the mother of Cervantes, being left a widow, and extremely poor, sold every thing she possessed, & repaired to Madrid with three hundred ducats, which she presented to the Fathers of the Trinity, who were charged with the redemption of the captives.

This money, the whole produce of the widow's effects,

being greatly inadequate to the purchase ; as Hassan demanded five hundred crowns of gold ; the Fathers of the Trinity, moved by compassion, made up the deficiency, and Cervantes was set at liberty on the nineteenth of September 1580, after being five years in slavery.

(To be concluded next week.)

VARIETY.

From a volume of poems written by Anacreon Moore, which we have just received, we select the following beautiful address to the Flying Fish ; and someStanzas that appear to have been written after a storm. This gentleman is one of the most fascinating poets that ever wrote. It is to be regretted that his productions, are sometimes too free for female perusal. But yet, every author, almost without exception, who has shone in poetry, has more or less the same fault, and amongst the writings of Mr. Moore there are many effusions upon which the eye of vestal purity might dwell without a blush.

TO THE FLYING-FISH.

When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies ;
Oh ! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven !
But when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air, in vain,
And sink into the waves again ;
Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er ;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again the soul may sink !
Oh Virtue ! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak :
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still drooping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below ;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there !

STANZAS.

A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er !

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled !

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh ;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I !

I felt, how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray ;
How soon in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away !

And I pray'd of that spirit, who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim ;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I must give back the gem I had borrow'd from him !

The thought was extatic ! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown ;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own !

I look'd to the West, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more—
"Oh ! thus," I exclaim'd, "can a heavenly eye
"Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before !"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The opposition of sentiment contained in two of the papers to which we give publication to-day, affords ample proof, that totally unbiassed by prejudice, we welcome to our pages, every communication that bears the stamp of taste and talent. From illiberal personalities, and petulant contentions, which transform authors into gladiators, and convert the temple of the muses into a pugilistic theatre, we shrink with horror ; but persuaded that the candid discussion of opinion, tends to improve the judgment and enlarge the understanding, we shall receive with pleasure, all communications however varying in sentiment, which are written in such a style as to merit being presented to our readers.

We regret the necessity we are under of dividing the confidential communications of our Sylph into several parts ; but the essay is too long for the limits of our paper. Its subject is extremely interesting, and will doubtless awaken the attention of our readers to a perusal of its continuation. Our ærial correspondent, displays a diversity of talent which is a strong characteristic of genius : now grave, now playful, now the deep reasoning of the logician, and then the easy badinage of sportive fancy, he diffuses a new charm through his compositions, and in the versatility of his style adapts himself to every taste. A few such writers would soon elevate the Companion, to no small point of literary eminence.

We have some favours to acknowledge, but have not at this moment time to enumerate them.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

TO——

When first to those dear little lips I press'd mine,
My heart flutter'd strangely, I could not think why;
Yet thought, as I held it so closely to thine,
They both throbb'd together, and both heav'd the sigh:

And when o'er thy fair cheek the warm crimson rush'd,
At thought of the mischief our kissing might do;
'Twas chiding so gently, that mine deeper blush'd,
As softly consenting, I own'd it was true.

But oh! when you told me, that sweet pouting lip,
Had never been press'd by a mortal's before,
Why wonder that I should again wish to sip,
Or ask you to give me that blessing once more?

O Anna! that minute so fraught with delight,
Tho' fate should deny us such rapture again,
Still, still that dear minute shall fancy make bright,
And long shall those love-breathing murmurs remain.

FREDERICK.

Mr. Easy,

The following note was written by a young lady to a gentleman, whom she wished to attend her on an excursion. His answer is subjoined; if you think them entitled to a place among the crowd of original communications, you will oblige a friend by their insertion.

Ah! let thy gentle, generous heart
To Ellen's humble suit attend,
And from this noisy town depart
To please thy lover and thy friend. E.

ANSWER.

Sweet lovely maid! at thy command
I'll go where'er thy footsteps stray;
And in such paths delighted rove
With thee, companion of my way. F.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Little fluttering thing away,
That wakes me with thy noisy lay,
Ere the sun has fring'd with gold
The roseate clouds that morn enfold,
Oft in sleep the nymph I've prest,
And held her blushing to my breast,
When thy little hateful scream
Has chas'd away the happy dream. FLORUS.

Phœbus, once with frantic tread
Paced the silent mountain's head
And 'midst the forests dangled shade
Enamoured sought his lovely maid;
For Daphne's form his soul possess'd;
And heav'd with cares his anxious breast:
But ah! in vain his bosom burns,
In vain in accents soft he mourns,
The power of love the nymph defies
And from the god's embraces flies;
In vain he sought her steps to stay;
Ah! why thus Daphne, speed away?
Behold a god! who burns for you,
In me no common swain you view;
My altars flame on Chrysa's shores
And Tenedos my name adores,
Nor prayer nor boasts, her steps detain;
Nor craggy steeps her flight restrain.
Swift as a deer which dogs pursue
Along the mouutain clift she flew;
The sportive zephyrs toss'd in air
The tresses of her golden hair;
While wanton on the fluttering wind
Her azure garments blaz'd behind;
And oh! shall I ere hope to press
Yon scornful fair one to my breast;
Ere hope in bliss entranc'd to lie,
And kiss the maid for whom I sigh,
When Pœbus' self was forced to prove
The cruel pangs of hopeless love. FLORUS.

THE PIRENNIAL ROSE.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Anonymous.

Let others sing the rose of June
In strains both loud and clear;
My muse a rose's praise shall tune,
That blooms throughout the year.

Start not, ye florists, in surprize,
To hear of such a flow'r
Blowing beneath our northern skies
In spite of winter's power.

Would you the favoured spot explore
Where it expands its charms?
That spot lies sometimes near D—,
But oftener at G—.

Your steps let due discretion guide,
When you approach the gem;
'Tis *sensitive*, and can't abide;
The *rude* to touch its stem.

'Tis only to the gentle swain
Its beauties it discloses,
Thrice happy, whom his fate ordains
To pluck this queen of roses.

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 6.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

Continuation of the Essay upon the Effects of the French Revolution on the Arts and Sciences in Europe, and that which their decline may produce on Taste in this Country.

THE circumstances I have already mentioned are far from being the only evilswhich have radically attacked the empire of Taste.

In overturning the order of society, in agitating it with so much violence, the dregs have arisen to the surface. Hordes of ignorant soldiers, and contemptible stock jobbers, gorged with the blood of their neighbours and their countrymen; men without education, without learning, without sentiment, having only that vulgarity of taste, which early habit had thaught them, became the sole proprietors of the wealth of the nation. From fanatic and furious *Levellers*,* they supposed themselves suddenly metamorphosed into illustrious *Patricians* because capricious fortune had amused herself in raising them to power, as suddenly as Sancho Pancho was transformed into a mighty lord.

These *Saturnalia*† would have been only ridiculous, if the insufferable self-sufficiency of these upstarts; a self-sufficiency which was the necessary consequence of the blindness of their ignorance, the intoxication of their unheard of good fortune, and the impunity of their exactions, had not introduced tasteless luxury, accompanied by sordid meanness, wherever they triumphed, whilst the indiscriminate prodigality, which led them to exhaust millions in vain parade, offered no resource to real talent.

Thus not to speak of the wasteful profusion which these extortioners daily exhibit in their vile orgies; they readily lavish 2 or 3000 dollars for a *Bed a la Grecque*, that they may awkwardly repose their ridiculous and ignoble persons, on cushions, which should alone be devoted to caressing the beauteous contours of Venus or Armida.

But let a man who has consumed himself in long and expensive studies; a man whose genius alone, would suffice to constitute the glory of the country which gave him birth, offer to these barbarians a piece worthy of being cased in gold: Let it be represented to them that this author or this artist, is compelled to live by his talents and that he should meet encouragement—Oh! it is then that these Goths will display in its nudity all the baseness and ignominy of their primitive characters. It is then that they will shamefully bargain for the master-piece of genius, and endeavour to beat it down below its value, as they disputed at the time of the assignats their plunders of of the land-holders, and the creditors of the Government, whom they were about to reduce to the horrors of famine.....and when they have seized their prey at the lowest price possible, they exact if they can, credit for its payment in order to withold the whole or a part of the sum due. While in the mean time they make the utmost of the money, to the last week, the last hour, the man of talent, struggling against the penury which overwhelms him, loses at once the ease as well as the elasticity of

* Levellers: a faction of Cromwell's Party, who insisted on perfect equality, whom he very soon drove away, after having made use of them to accomplish his plan of usurpation, or tyranny, which are indeed synonomous terms.

† Saturnalia were festivals, celebrated at Rome, from the 15th to the 21st of December, during which according to general opinion, as well as the authority of Lucian & Athenæus, the *course of justice was suspended*, and all business except that of the kitchen was interdicted. This was the carnival of the ancients: as long as it lasted, the slaves *changed cloathes and condition with their masters* & were even suffered to jeer them with impunity.

mind, so necessary to render genius fertile. Such is the encouragement now given to merit. Oh! ages of Alexander, Pericles and Augustus! great ages of the Medici and Louis XIV. is it thus that you were immortalized ? ?

But it will be asked, have they not assembled in Paris, a magnificent collection of antique statues, paintings of all the schools, precious medals, immense Libraries and curiosities of every species? Yes, without doubt, *I know it too well*: they have plundered Italy, Egypt, Holland, and a considerable part of the rest of Europe, as well as all the ancient provinces of France itself, to furnish the museum of Paris. But these precious remains, are there, only the trophies of *military pride*, and not those of a love for the arts: I will say further, that it is precisely this gathering of these riches, that should make us tremble for the arts, since we see all their treasures, hitherto dispersed amongst many nations now re-united on the most volcanic point of the universe and delivered in short to the disposal of the very same persons, from whom, it is hardly yet 9 years, since they were saved at the utmost peril.

Who could pretend to assert, that France does not evidently nourish within herself, the germs of the most terrible *Military Revolutions*? certainly no man of common sense, unless in the pay of its government; because having in the last seventeen years exhausted every *known* form of government, from monarchy to anarchy, and as an inevitable consequence, from anarchy to *military despotism*: nothing is now left for them to try, but the system of Prætorian guards *; and this is what certainly awaits them, with the horrors, by which it must be attended.

I would then ask, what in the midst of these commotions will become of those admirable collections, which have hitherto remained *unique* in Europe and in the whole world?

Those acquainted with their local situation will tremble still more for these magnificent collections, as they well know that they are deposited in the very quarter of the government, where in case of a political crisis, the first blow will be levelled as it has hitherto always been the case in every revolutionary explosion.

Every thing then concurs, even that which would have seemed most calculated to promote them, to extinguish the last hope for the arts and sciences. I have passed rapidly in review the causes of the dreadful alterations in morals, education, and the arts; I will now investigate the state of Literature, and the disastrous influence it must experience from the present political state of all the people of the ancient continent. Perhaps after this examination, the important consequences I would draw from it with regard to America will be granted: I would demonstrate from thence, how interesting it is to form taste as rapidly as possible, in order to enable this country, to gather the precious spoils which this extraordinary occasion will present, and which will never be a second time repeated.

"*La publicité est la sauve-garde du peuple*,"* said one of the oracles, I should have said one of the ephemeral idols of the French people;† and what he said of the liberty of the press, with regard to politics, may be applied with no less justice to literature, of which, the liberty which is its element, has so much influence on morals and public freedom.

And in fact without this independance of mind, without this liberty of the press, how, as Boileau has expressed it, can irony and satire give point to the *pleasant and the useful*; how *can they by exposing the errors of the times, make vice turn pale even under a canopy, and vindicate reason from the outrvges of fools?* ‡

It is then incontestible, that the moment the pen or the tongue ie restrained; the moment we are compelled to offer incense or even to appear blind to the vices, and to compromise with the follies of the day, despotism reigns with impunity, and ignorance, impertinence and folly obtain exlusive privileges, if, as Bailly has again said, it be true that "*il n'y a point de genie sans mouvement*," ‖ we may judge of the degree of brutalization, to which a nation is descending, where no literary or political discussion can take place, where the press is controuled, and terror—*yes terror*, whatever may be its various disguises, extinguishes all confidence amongst citizens, even amongst relatives; and consequently restrains all sallies of wit, useful raillery, instructive discussions and salutary opposition.

* The Prætorian Guard with the Romans, was a chosen cohort, who had higher pay than any of the other troops. They were always placed near the general, whose zent was called in latin *Prætorium* from whence the Guard derived the name of Prætorian. The same thing has been instituted by the generals and the chief of the government in France, under the title ~~of~~ *Corps des Guides*. The Prætorian Guards, ultimately became the arbiters of the empire, putting their emperors to death, and chusing others, *ad libitum*.

* "The liberty of the press is the safeguard of the people."

† Sylvain Bailly, first Mayor of Paris, in 1789. a learned man, famous for his knowledge in astronomy. His tragical end, the consequence of his political blunders, reminds us of the lesson given by Æsop, in his story of the Astrologer, who while he was studying the stars tumbled into a well.

‡ ix satire.

§ Letters upon the origin of the arts and the sciences, with the people of Asia.

‖ Genius can never remain inactive.

Under such circumstances, all men of real talent, all whose minds are above the vulgar, who have any nerve, any elevation of character, any delicacy of soul, any love for their country, must of course be reduced to silence; since the principles of taste, of reason and of justice they might defend, would indubitably be treated as *dangerous* and *contemptuous*, towards the authorities of the day; and in short, the publication of truth and good sense would be punished as incendiary attacks and as a crime against the state.

Who then will venture to write; who will dare to prove that they know how to think, when no choice is left them, but between insignificant trifles or abject meannesses, since every political, historical, moral or dramatic subject, as well as *every* subject of literature, whatever may be its nature, is circumscribed, and enchained for reasons of state, which equally influence, although in an inverted sense, all the governments of the world, conquerors, conquered, or neuter; *England* alone excepted.

In France and its surrounding *satrapies** the police imperiously exact, that every manuscript be delivered to them before the publication of the work. What writer, jealous of the propriety of his sentiments, the integrity of his principles, his literary reputation, his dignity as a *man*, would consent to deliver the fruits of his long midnight toils into hands so well known in general, *at least as suspicious*, and whose power is so unlimited? In fact they correct, suppress, add, and arbitrarily mutilate whatever the abject servitude of the clerks, or rather the mutes, † prompt them blindly to extinguish in the labours of another, in order to give a proof of their devotion to the *idol* a la mode, and his subaltern despots, from whom they have every thing to hope as well as to fear.

The personal interest of the wretched inquisitors who reign in these gloomy dens, is another cause, to which, however little attention is paid, which must benumb genius, and that is the facility and the impunity with which plagiarism is every day committed, without any possibility of redress or reclamation, and which destroys emulation, by robbing the real proprietor of his right.

* This word is derived from Persia, the provinces of which were under the military government of absolute chiefs, called satraps, who were again under the despotic authority of the Grand Monarque. These *satrapies* are what are in Turkey called *Pachalis*, and in Italy *Prefettura*.

† The Grand Seignor has in his seraglio, *Eunuchs*, *Dwarfs* and *Mutes*, for despots cannot suffer whatever is *man* to surround them. It is generally mutes, who are charged with bearing the cord, to those whom the *Porte* has condemned to be strangled.

If an author, to obtain the liberty of publication, has voluntarily given a manuscript or a plan to these despotic commissioners; or that his works have been seized with his person by virtue of one of those *mandats d'arret*, which daily strike, *ad libitum* all who do not with a good grace bow their heads down to the dust (or rather the mud) his work, abandoned to the clutches of this greedy pack, circulates in their impenetrable labyrinth, until it becomes the prey of one of those monsters of tyranny, who, minotaur-like, devour without hesitation every thing that can excite their insatiable avidity. And if the author can escape their ferocity, it will not be till he has relinquished to these persecutors, the labours of his whole life, and the hopes of his fortune and his fame.

When then this evil is known by such innumerable examples, and that it has not ceased to press upon literature for seventeen years; what man rather than yield to so shameful and fatal a slavery, would not prefer smothering the productions of his genius, like those unfortunate beings, who destroy the deplorable fruits of their tenderness, rather than suffer the horror of seeing them reduced to the same bondage under which they themselves groan.

Whatever those may say who speak with emphasis, of the noble encouragement, at present given in France to letters & the arts: it is thus that the honey of the industrious bee, is devoured by the ferocious, parasitical, voracious, and lazy wasp, and it is thus, that discouragement, and disgust palsy the nerve of genius.

If we go still farther back into the history of letters during the revolution, we shall easily trace the origin of the decline of *eloquence*.

It is well known that in 1789 the famous primary assemblies were convoked, from whence speedily arose those clubs and the convention, which as is said by Hosea* "have sown the wind, and shall reap the whirlwind," with which the earth has been for so long a time and is still afflicted.

In these political or popular assemblies, every one aimed at who should be most turgid, in voice, images and expressions. A number of young men became the demagogues of these multitudes. They were just from College; their taste was not yet formed, they mistook bombast, pathos, and antithesis, and amplification, for the sublime. Every decent and prudent man was hissed; all rational discourses, of a pure diction, were considered as dull nonsense, while the violence of these phrenetics, very soon drove from their rendezvous, every one whose

* Hosea chap. 8. ver. 12.

information, taste or good sense, might have served them as guides.

Certain of the applauses of those, more ignorant than themselves, these new masters of eloquence fresh in the recollection of what they had learnt in the classes they had just left, practised plagiary without restraint and with an impunity which has rendered it so common, finding it no less convenient than it is pernicious, since it precludes, the necessity of toil and study.

But very soon the lowest mechanics disputed the place with these new *models*, and forced them to go *en masse* to the frontiers, where death very soon snatched so vast a number, and thus extinguished even the remembrance of former studies.

The rostrum now surrendered at discretion, from the dominion of quackery and folly, to that of barbarism and fury, became in the very last degree ridiculous and degraded.

I can here only slightly glance at the consequences of terror & emigration upon stlye & taste, and at the encouragements which the *great* formerly gave to the arts, when they could dispose in their favour of so considerable a part of the riches of the state. But it will be easily felt that the dispersion of academies and congregations; of the bodies of magistracy, and the most polished classes of society, the subversion and the ruin of so many *European courts* must alone have necessarily occasioned a kind of total and sudden eclipse of the purity of their various languages.

This truth cannot be doubted by those, who know, that courts, not less than academies and tribunals, have been justly considered as the undisputed standards of all the delicacies of elocution, which are to eloquence, as is grace to beauty.

No, the commotion which threw the Atlantic* between the two hemispheres, was not more rapid; the ocean which has separated them since that remote period is not more immense, than the difference which the vortex in which Europe has been involved, has created between the former & the now existing opinions of its inhabitants, between their original, and their present character, and consequently between their tastes and their inclinations.

Since the fall of the throne of Henry IV. now buried under the ruins of so many other thrones, as well as beneath the mountebank stages, on which the game of Royalty is every where played; all theatrical pieces and public papers can be written only by the factious and the ignorant, or by the order of the faction in power. Therefore as no one can without peril, attack these crude and dangerous rhapsodies, since their success is inseparable from the cause of the passions of the masters they flatter, and who protect them, a deluge of productions and pamphlets have penetrated every where, infesting every class of society with innovations, sophisms, bad taste, and a thousand grammatical heresies, every one of these evils more revolting than the other. Such has been the general degradation, to which for so many years, incense has been offered under the title of REGENERATION; and consequently it has been impossible to exhibit all the inconveniencies and the evils which must necessarily be its result.

But let it not be supposed that this gloomy picture is that of France alone; it is the faithful representation of all that part of Europe, which bends beneath her yoke. I know that but slight attention is paid to these events, however important they may be, to the whole universe, and therefore I think it right to arrest a moment's attention, to the numerous parts of the learned world, who participate in the same system, that is, in the same subjection, the same dangers and the same miseries which now overwhelm France. M. A.

(To be continued.)

* According to the authority of Plato, and several other learned authors, amongst whom, I shall only cite Father Kircker, in his mundus sub-terraneus; it is believed that there formerly existed between Africa and America, an immense island, called the *Atlantic Isle*, which extended from the Canaries to the Azores, and which being swallowed up in an Earthquake, formed what is at present called the Atlantic Ocean.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Mr. Wolffe's "Sketches on a Tour in the South of Europe," although not entitled to rank with the best productions of the kind, are nevertheless, spoken favourably of by the London reviewers, and are allowed to be written in the style of a gentleman and a scholar. There are many parts which deserve particular attention, but I have selected for you the two following descriptions, which were recommended to me perhaps by the strong contrast between the scenes, or by the great sprightliness and vivacity with which I think they are made.

"Strolling into the coffee room of *les quatre nations* at Marseilles one day at the hour of dining, I could not avoid remarking the manners of the different people and the effect of various languages on the ear of a stranger. Several people were assembled, either at dinner, reading the news-papers, taking ices, or ordering whatever suited their palate. A little full-dressed, hungry, meagre Frenchman, *bossu avec des jambes longues et un nez crochu* with his

napkin tucked under his chin, and devouring a sallad with impatient gestures, was at every mouthful vociferating, *Garçon! Garçon!* the latter arriving out of breath, with big drops of symptomatic heat, emitting from his brows: *Quoi diable, Garçon, est ce donc comme ça qu'on fait des attentions ici? Il y a plus d'un quart d'heure que j'ai appellé, et personne ne vient appellez-vous çela être bien servi? Qu' avez vous donc pour diner? Donnez moi la carte sur le champ*"—"*Eh bien Monsieur la voilu*" *Voyons un peu!* taking a magnifying eye glass out of his pocket, which, by the reflection of the candles, served to set the bill of fare on fire.

Bouilli à la sauce,
Du ros-bif à l' Angloise,
Cabillau à la sauce blanche,
Demi canard roti, ou aux navets,
Quarré de mouton en chevreuil, ou à la reine,
Poitrine de mouton panée grilléé,
Fricandeau à l'ozeille, ou a la dauphine,
Des epinards au jus,
Omelette aux pommes,
Poudin au riz,
Oeufs au miroir,
Macaroni, &c. &c.

A blustering German Baron six feet high, surrounded by dishes, none of which seemed to please or satisfy him, was muttering to himself, "*Was Tenfel! donner wetter! hat er mir gegeben? Dis can ich bey meiner secle micht essen*"—What the devil, thunder and lightening has he given me? By my soul this is not eatable! *Garcon! fien ici tonc* "*Eh bien, me voila, Monsieur, que vous plait il?*" "*Ke tiable kes que ça qu'on m' apport? Me prend on per en pete savage ke je pis mange, ceci ou cela in-ci ke tous vos otres tiables te plats he?*" "*Mais monsieur,* (said the waiter, with an humble and submissive tone of voice) *je vous assure que toutes est bon dans notre maison, et*" "*Et quoi tonc, Monsieur Hans Wurst! foila des raisonments toujours tes tomesteques quant on temante kek chose, c'est les Carcons de nous faire tes tisputes tes kerelles! donner blicksum allez fou au tiable, et dit a ton maitre qu'il fient ici—Tiable! der verfluchten kerl mient das man hier mit alles zvfieden seyn muss.*—The cursed rascal conceives that one must here be satisfied with every thing"—at this moment, an English naval officer entered the room, who, going to a table, was recognized by an old acquaintance, his countryman; "Ah, George, my worthy, who the d---l would have thought of seeing you in France? How are you?" "Why, Bedford, G—d damme, where do you come from? (replied the other) I thought you were safely lodged in Old England, among the loungers in Bond-Street, by G—d!" "No, I'm on my travels with my tutor." "Are you? well I'm d—d glad to see you, by G—d! Let's sit down and crack a bottle of Burgundy together. Here, you waiter, garçon, Scaramouch, what's your name, lay the cloth, and bring a bill of fare, d'ye hear? *Monsieur,* (said the waiter, staring) *me no understand Inglish.*. You dont, hey! Why then, G—d damme, tell your master to send us a fellow that does. (another arriving.) Here you son of a land lubber, bring in something decent to eat. None of your black broths, cursed fricasée of frogs, or half-starved rabbits ragoued up into a kickshaw; some beef damme, plain roast is good enough for me, by G—d." "*Oui, Monsieur, vous aurez le ros-bif tout de suite.*" This interesting conversation, and a volley of expletives was checked by a large Newfoundland dog, who, in following the officer up the room, had stopped on the way, tempted by the sight and smell of a delicate *gigot de mouton*, which was visible from the corner of a table occupied by a spruce abbé and an Italian opera dancer, *bien poudré*, and dressed for the ballet of the evening, who were warmly disputing whether a *gigot de mouton fait a la merveille avec sauce piquante*, was or was not preferable to *maccaroni a la parmesan.* In the heat of controversy, the *gigot* was nearly edged off the table by the impetuous abbé; when impatient Cæsar, thinking a donation was intended for him, snapped at the knuckle of the *gigot*, and with an irresistable pull, brought down dish, mutton, haricot, cloth, and plates, on the extended leg of Signor Scamperoni, and ran growling with the *gigot* in his mouth under his master's chair. Up started the abbé in a rage, vociferating—*Oh! Morbleu sacristie quel voleur! Oh! mon gigot—Voila un infame chien—je voudroi qu'il l'etrangle, villain!*" "*A il mio gambo* (cried the Italian, rubbing his leg) *e rotta, e non piu ballare—cospetto di Bacco! corpo di Christo! malledetto sia il dog Inglese che ho fatto: A me! son disfortunato e rovinato!*" Oh my leg! it's broken, and I shall no longer be able to dance—Oh Bacchus! body of Christ! curses alight on the English dog who did the act—Oh Lord! I'm undone! I'm ruined!—These exclamations, the clattering of the broken dishes, and the coolness of the dog gnawing the *gigot* under the chair, attracting the attention of the company, created a general laugh at the Signor and his friend, the passionate abbé, the latter crying out furiously, "*pour son chapeau, ses gands, sa canne, le compte, tout etant en desordre ou perdu,*" in the confusion of a crowded room where *la jolie maitresse* at the bar, was too deeply engaged in receiving the *mille attentions* of her admirers, and delivering out bonbons from a *boudoir orné* to attend to any

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE COMPANION.

IMPROMPTU,
TO ELIZA.

You ask me, Eliza, the cause of that sigh,
Which burst so unconscious from me;
To that question, fair maid, there's no need to reply,
Ah! canst thou not see 'tis for thee!

Then do not, fair angel, my passion deride,
Ah, ask not the cause of my pain;
That emotion, which all my attempts cannot hide,
Sure wants not the tongue to explain.

PHILETUS.

Occasioned by the question—"What do you think of Marriage?"

Oh what is marriage, but to bind
The form, where heaven has fix'd the mind,
With stronger chains confine the heart
And mingle souls no more to part?

Oh! 'tis to charm the voice of care,
Or stamp the fetters of despair;
To bid the heart exulting glow,
Or rend it with severer woe—
A thousand new-born joys to give
To [illegible] hopes, new raptures live;
Or plunge, the victim of delight,
In sorrow's shades of tenfold night.

Oh! 'tis the source of deep distress,
Yet who shall speak its power to bless,
Who deprecate a boon so dear,
Or fly the charm he dares not fear.
Who will the soul's best bliss forego,
Though haply ting'd with tender woe,
Refuse the interesting plan
Which heaven in mercy form'd for man;
Which wakes through all the expanding mind,
The great, the good, the fair, the kind,
The energetic power that warms,
The soothing sympathy that charms,
The friendship pure that hallows life,
The cordial love, the endearing strife—
Let coward souls alone retreat,
The great, the wise, exulting meet,
And though they bleed from many a dart,
That slightly wound the trembling heart,
Experience many a joy divine
And grateful bless the marriage shrine!

THE QUESTION.

Anonymous.

Why, Oh why this perturbation?
Why this tumult in my breast?
Why this unknown sweet sensation?
Charming though it chases rest?

Why this tender soft confusion?
Why this downcast timid eye?
O'er my cheek why this confusion?
Why th' unconscious frequent sigh?

Why this trembling fond emotion?
Why the pulses' maddening play?
Thrilling bosoms? soft commotions?
Restless nights, and listless days?

Why do crowds no longer please me?
Why so dear the lonely grove?
Why delight in thoughts that teaze me?
Tell me, Anna!...is this LOVE?

X ODE OF HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

If thy frail bark nor rashly brave
The wide-expanding Ocean's wave,
Nor, timorous of the threatning storm,
The rocks and breakers press too near;
Nor swelling pride, nor eddying fear,
Will then thy life, my friend! deform.

Who loves, well balanc'd and serene,
Contentment in the golden mean,
Escapes each wild extreme of woe:
Him nor the cot with sordid [illegible]
Nor sumptuous mansion's dazzling glare,
Nor Envy, nor Ambition, know.

The stately pines, that threat the skies,
When tempests in loud fury rise,
Their rustling heads more deeply bow
High towers in thunder spread the ground;
The bolts glance o'er the lowly mound,
But last th' aspiring mountain's brow.

The wise, with Hope's all-cheering ray
Gild black Disaster's lowering day,
And Fortune's smile, suspicious, view:
His all-disposing hand above,
Which winter brings, will soon remove,
And vernal gales and suns renew.

The damps, that chill thy breast to-day,
To-morrow's dawn will melt away:
E'en Phœbus' self sweet change requires;
Aside his favourite bow he flings
Calls on each Muse, the silent strings
To wake, and animate their lyres.

If crouding ills, a baleful train!
Invade thy mansion, friend, maintain
A dauntless mien, a soul at ease;
If on thy bark the swelling gale
Too proudly wanton, furl thy sail,
And ride secure the tossing seas.

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 7.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

Continuation of the Essay upon the influence of the French Revolution on the Arts and Sciences in Europe, and that which their decline may produce on Taste in this Country.

Let us take a survey of Europe, and examine how much of it remains free.

Rome is no more: In submitting to a new master, whose interests must necessarily place her in direct opposition with those of every other power, she has drawn a storm upon herself, which in rendering her the object of opposite claims, cannot fail to ensure her being sacked anew, and very soon reduced to the same melancholy condition, in which are at present, Athens, Corinth and Alexandria.*

By her prevarications, which on the one hand have alienated the hearts and the affections of her natural supporters, and on the other have abandoned her, without defence, to impiety, perfidy, and ambition, proved by the most notorious acts, the court of Rome, has brought a catastrophe on herself, which must very soon deprive her of her DOUBLE AUTHORITY† For

"*Tout sceptre que l'on souille, est un sceptre brisé.*"‡

As for the rest of Europe, what has become of the Avignon, Savoy, Switzerland, Le Valais, the states of the king of Sardinia; Lombardy, Tuscany, the Republics of Venice and Genoa; the States of the petty princes and the petty republics of Italy; that even of Geneva; the Kingdom of Naples; Brabant, Holland, Westphalia, Suabia; all the ecclesiastical States of the Rhine: Mayence, Treves, Cologne, Liege, Worms, and Basle: the Electorate of Hanover, Bavaria, Tyrol? they are all annexed, under titles more or less ludicrous, to the list of *Prefectures* of the GREAT NATION! and they are all hastening with her, towards one common abyss.

Amongst the states which have provisionally preserved their ancient titles, what hope remains for science? alas! what shall we say of *Spain?*.....of Portugal! who are alone in the south, and who indeed appear to labour in unison with France, to consummate their own ruin, and to accelerate both the one and the other, their shameful humiliation and their inevitable fall.

In the North..... what asylum can *Denmark, Saxony & Sweden*; environed by envious powers who have doubtless more than four years since decided their fate at Paris and Berlin; what asylum can they offer to Genius??

If we cast our eyes towards the east; Shall I speak of the *Empire of the Turks*, essentially founded on ignorance and the proscription of the arts; of that empire which plunged Greece and Asia into the barbarism, towards which all Europe is at this moment hastening; that, in short, which may be considered as already effaced from the order of powers; but which however reigns over such a vast extent of Country.....

Is it then the house of Austria, which can extend those generous cares for which fugitive science calls; when its very existence depends only on the life of the *admirable Prince Charles*, whom posterity will doubtles denominate THE LAST OF THE GERMANS.!!

Is it in short in the iron bosom of *Prussia*, that the

* Alexandria formerly so celebrated, which gave birth to Euclid, Origen and Dydemus is now only the resort of Arabs, Moors, Mamelukes and Jews!!

† See the appendix, at the end of this Communication.

‡ "A sceptre disgraced, is a sceptre broken."

mild and delicate genius of the fine arts, can seek to renovate itself? .....where we may still the less expect it as this government incontestibly prepares for itself, an incalculable series of revolutions, wars and commotions, by its greedy, cunning and mercantile system of politics, as well as by the nature of its government solely founded on *the Sword*, of which every one as in France may very soon think he has a right to make himself the *Master*.

Because, why should the ambitious man, however obscure he may be, consent to vegetate in the ranks of the Militia, when it has been so well demonstrated in this *unparalleled age*, that it suffices to DARE, to have every thing at our command, and that there is no longer any other right, but that of the strongest, or the most alert? ?

There is not any thing at present passing on the theatre of Europe, which is foreign to the subject of which I here treat; and the new divisions of nations, the new circumscriptions of states, in this unfortunate part of the world are germs sufficiently sensible of inexhaustless quarrels, & interminable revolutions, for these events to merit being considered with some attention; because there is not a doubt, that this succession of tumults, of wars, and of scourges, must strike the last blow to the ruin, and even to the proscription of the genius of letters and sciences all over Europe.

And indeed it would be evincing a thorough ignorance of the nature of man, to suppose that he can remain indifferent to those transactions in which they so audaciously trifle with his affections, his liberty, his rights, and even his prejudices, and make him pass without his participation, like a herd of cattle, under the dominion of strange Princes, or *strange masters*.

Who will not feel on the contrary, that the enthusiasm for the person of the prince, so generally and so happily blended in the minds of the people, can no longer be the same after these forced and humiliating changes! discouraged by being insulated from their former countrymen, debased by the annihilation of their laws and their privileges; corrupted by the loss of their national spirit; these people will be henceforth but a troop of slaves, destined to be sacrificed for the defence of the robbers who have subjected them, and who will precipitate each other to ruin, with the most astonishing rapidity, involving their subjects in their own fall.

And since it is *impossible*, that masters of this nature, can have for those they have thus reduced to bondage, the same feelings and the same regard which the *Princes* of the same nation had for their *subjects*; as *these masters* are just as little certain of the love of their *people* as of a long possession of the sovereignty; since they regard luxury as absolutely necessary to cast a veil over their ridiculous or shameful origin, since in short, as Horace has said, "*At suave est de magno tollere acervo*;* these men cannot do otherwise than the *greedy clown who killed the hen which laid him every day an egg of gold, in order to possess himself of a treasure all at once.*

We may judge of the mortal blow, which the immense expence of supporting so many and *such* masters, must strike at the fortune and the prosperity of the people; to whom they must give such vast establishments, which had never until now been required of them; for whom they must keep up such a vast military force, which these persons consider with reason as absolutely necessary to their political existence, and their individual security! what then must be the effects of these evils, when they bear upon a nation, already impoverished both in men & money, by *fourteen years* of furious wars, intestine divisions, invasions, scarcity, contributions, nominal and fictitious paper, bankruptcies, loans, forced emigrations, and disasters of every nature!

As these ruinous establishments can exist only in exhausting the public treasure, and the riches of the corporations, even to the funds of societies; as they can exist only by means of extraordinary *subsidies* which must end in general as well as individual ruin; I would ask what in this universal waste can be the part reserved for the encouragement of education, industry, manufactures, Academies, learned men and artists?

Apathy, general misery, and ignorance, must then be the sad fruits of this incredible mania of ambition, luxury, despotism, and exchange of nations, that the identical *individuals* have substituted for the epidemic of Republicanism, and the rights of man with which only a few years before they had themselves innoculated, whether or no, the same people, whom they then represented as being in the condition of VILE SLAVES!†

But also from the wretchedness of the people, will arise other evils: because the subjection of a nation cannot be accomplished in a day, and national spirit, always strug-

* Oh but 'tis sweet to take from larger hoards.

† See all the public and official papers; the famous proclamations of France, from 1791, until the period of the Concordat at the end of the year 1801—and the institution of the Cisalpine, Ligurian, Helvetian, Etrurian republics; those of le Valais, Leman, Parthenopia, (Naples,) Batavia, without speaking of Egypt, Germany, &c.

gling with fury in its expiring agony, the depredations and outrages committed on the people, will excite murmurs and conspiracies ; which will induce violent measures, that in their turn will provoke indignation and revolt. .... And thus will men continue to destroy each other like savage animals ; whilst perhaps, no power will have preserved sufficient strength to present itself in the list, even as a Mediatrix.

In contemplating this perspective of future but too certain confusion, the terrified eye seeks to repose its hopes on England and Russia, which appear to float alone like the ark in the midst of the deluge on the sea of calamities in which Europe is immersed. But if the friend of the arts and sciences, hails these powers as the last protectors and the *magnanimous* benefactors of letters and the fine arts ; he cannot measure without inquietude the extent of the evil, which a violent crisis in either of these countries however short it might be, would produce on the arts. In Russia they would be incontestibly more exposed, their transplantation thither having been too recent, for them to have taken so deep a root as to enable them to resist a political storm. England with regard to public spirit and patriotic enthusiasm offer them it is true *immense hopes :* But abandoned to struggle alone against the torrent, or rather the devastating lava, of an innumerable army, elevated to the highest pitch, by the pride of the most unheard-of successes, by the *consciousness of victory*, and governed by the most audacious men that have lived since the war of the *Titans :* who can foresee what fate may be reserved for this country in the impenetrable urn of destiny !.....The ancients judiciously represented *opportunity* under the figure of a winged woman almost naked, with her head shaved : and thus they expressed the impossibility of seizing her, having once suffered her to escape.....I shall abstain from drawing the consequences from the image, that it presents, to those who are essentitally acquainted with the troubles of Europe, and the share that England may have had in them : I would rather hope that the barrier placed between France and Great-Britain will preserve the world from the catastrophe that would subject the *whole universe* to the iron rod of the VICE-ROY'S of France, if the latter could accomplish making Great-Britain (that may now be called the *Chevalier* of Europe) undergo the same fate which the *Pope* has just experienced in negotiations and *Germany* in war.

Let us however suppose that Russia and England seeing their salvation only in the sword, will continue in the noble & honorable resolution of defending themselves to the last extremity : placed at such a distance from each other, that they can neither have any ready intercourse, nor lend each other any timely assistance ; having to struggle *corps-à-corps* each on their own side not only against two thirds of Europe, *which they have suffered to be enrolled under the banners of France*, but also against the *Asiatic powers*, which are incited by every means to revolt against their distant possessions : it would be doubtless too confident to decide that the issue of this NATIONAL DUEL can be favourable to them ; because their success or failure, is now only the *chance of fate*.

But if these two nations could be so much discouraged, that they should forget

> On valour's side, the odds of combat lie,
> The brave live glorious, or lamented die ;
> The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
> Meets death, or worse than death, eternal shame ;*

If this discouragement should induce them to accept degrading conditions of peace from France, in the hope of protracting this crisis to a distant period ; let them not be deceived ; France will admit only of a PERFIDIOUS PEACE, which may enable her to add an incalculable weight, of opinion, to the immense force of her arms, in order to seize the first favourable moment more certainly to crush her enemies.

Thus whatever plan England and Russia may adopt ; if they fall ; amidst such a chaos, what refuge can the genius of arts and letters find on the surface of the ancient continent ? for my part, I know of none.

Perhaps the penetrating eye of study and observation, may perceive in the thick distant vapours, the approaching developement of these convulsions ; a developement which Jean Jacques Rousseau, and many other politicians, seem so judiciously to have foreseen.

Indeed Jean Jacques, in his *Social Compact*, says—"The Russians, from having been prematurely civilized, will never be civilized at all. The empire of Russia would subjugate Europe, and will be herself subjugated. The Tartars, her subjects or her neighbours, will become her masters and OURS. This revolution appears to me *inevitable*. All the kings of Europe are labouring in unison to accelerate it."†

And in another place he says—"We have seen states so constituted ..... that for their preservation they have been obliged perpetually to enlarge their possessions. Perhaps they felicitated themselves on this happy necessity, which shewed them however with the termination of their grandeur, the inevitable moment of their fall."

* Social Compact, chap. 8.
* Iliad, book 5.

Montesquieu, in his Persian Letters, a work as profound as charming, and which would have no less immortalized him than his *Spirit of Laws*, although the vulgar perceive in it only levity and satire, says in speaking of the Tartars :

" Of all the nations of the world, none have surpassed that of the Tartars, neither in glory, nor in the grandeur of its conquests ; *these people are the true rulers of the universe* ..... they are equally the founders, and the destroyers of empires—from them have issued almost all the people, who have overthrown the Romanempire—and under the name of Turks, they now " reign over three " fourths of the universe. What are the conquests of " Alexander, in comparison with those of *Gengis-Kan* ? " .... this nation, has only wanted historians."*

I cannot avoid adding to these two citations one from a too celebrated French work of the last century.

" The immense space of country conquered by the " Tartars, astonishes and confounds the imagination : it " is humiliating to human nature, that these barbarians " should have *conquered almost all our hemisphere* ..... " this people so hideous in appearance .... have given *at* " *all times* marks of power ..... *in all ages* they have " been the scourge of nations."†

If then an exterminating war continues to exist without relaxation, between the European nations, relieved only by *temporary truces*, which will just give them time to renovate their strength that *they may renew the attack, with redoubled fury* ..... If France continues to hold numerous and servile armies at a distance: If their chiefs intoxicated with pride and ambition, by their inconceivable success, aspire one day at making themselves independant: If the countries which will be the theatres of these diverse attempts to dismemberment, should lend themselves to it more or less passively ; knowing like the mule in the fable, *that they cannot bear a double load.* If these enterprises become general, in proportion as nations become strangers to their own laws ; still further deprived of those intermediary powers, which are equally the protectors of the rights of the people, and those of the sovereign : If the man who has raised this *colossus on feet of clay*,* or this haughty *tower of Babel*,† should himself fall no matter by what cause, and that then each army should, *as at the fall of Nero, chuse an emperor for itself* ; if a little sooner or later the blood of the conquerors should be confounded with that of the conquered, by one universal vanquisher, and that Europe should again fall into the horrid gloom of barbarism ; nothing can be more probable than this chain of disasters.

For these people weakened, ruined, in fact *expatriated* in the midst of their own country ; torn from their ancient princes, subjected to odious and ridiculous masters : These ephemeral sovereigns but yet ill established, ill affected towards each other ; so justly suspecting and mutually despising one another, every one meditating the ruin of his neighbour, the spoliation of his allies : no, these people, and these princes, cannot henceforth present that mass of *confederacy*, which hitherto existed amongst all the nations of Europe, and which served as a Palladium to this part of the world, against every foreign invasion.

What period has presented itself, since the fall of the Roman empire, in which a concourse of circumstances more favourable than these, have occured to facilitate the *new invasion of barbarians* predicted by so many men of genius, whose opinions I have cited, and which may so easily be supported by a number of authorities, not less worthy of commanding attention.‡

APPENDIX TO PAGE 377.

M. de Noë, bishop of Lescars (in Bearn) having been chosen in 1785 to pronounce a solemn discourse at the opening of the general assembly of the clergy of France, composed that of which the following is an extract. This discourse, which is a real master-piece of sacred eloquence appears to have announced to the monarchy and the clergy their approaching fall ; and as it contained such severe truths, he was not permited to pronounce it. It was printed three years after, in 1788 ; this is what he addresses to the court of Rome, under a metaphorical title :

" ..... And thou ..... angel of the church of Sardis, because thou and thy seat hast held a distinguished rank in the age, and because the *princes of the earth have shar-*

* Gengis-Kan, or Genghiskan, a celebrated Kahn of the Tartars, who after having been 22 years a conqueror, and having founded one of the largest empires of the world, died in 1226 at 72 years of age, he had conquered 1800 leagues from east to west, and more than one thousand from north to south. Persian Letters. 81st.

† Encyclopedia 15 vol. article of the Tartars : folio. Neufchatel edition 1765.

* Dan. chap. ii. † Gen. chap. xi.

‡ There is a much esteemed history of the Tartars, written by Mr. de Guignes, and printed at Paris in 1758, 5 vols. 4to. It contains a curious list of the immense conquests of this *singular* people.

ed their authority with thee, and have associated thee in their works ; deceived by a double power, thou believest thyself full of strength and life ; *the people who behold thee believe this also* ; but I, who see in thee, the germs of woe, and *the secret principles of decay*, I pronounce thee infected with a *mortal* disease, which will conduct thee—*thee and thy people*, from persecution to sleep, and from sleep to death. Beware!—I will remove the place of thy candlestick ; I will come towards thee in the night like a robber, at the hour when thou shalt least expect me, and finding my vine *neglected* and *desolate* ..... I will drive out and punish my husbandmen. (see the Apocalypse *ch. iii. v.* 1, 2, 3, 6.)

" Need we still further signs of this *revolution* (continued the pontiff) *than this revolution itself, which, prepared at a distance, advances with such rapid strides, and is even now consummating itself beneath your eyes ! !* p. 56, 57, 58.

I shall only add in support of these remarkable words, that by the *preamble* itself of the CONCORDAT (drawn up by Portalis, minister of worship) it is evident that the pretended *Restorer of religion* in France from this period aimed only at having, *when circumstances should permit, the chief of the government acknowledged as the chief of religion* also, according to the example of *Mahomet*, Henry VIII. and the Czar Peter.

In fact to accomplish arriving at the enjoyment of unlimited power, which was henceforth the object of this *eldest son of the church* † it was necessary to complete depriving Rome of its *double authority* ; and indeed Portalis already advanced, that *it was the wish of a great part of the nation.*

Sensible and judicious persons, exhausted themselves in vain, at this time, notwithstanding the oppression under which they groaned, to demonstrate the important result, that would be the inevitable fruit of these dishonourable and inconsequent measures of the court of Rome, that those who had proscribed them, would very soon avail themselves of them, to abase, to subject, and to *efface* it : but, like Ezekiel, they spoke " *only to dry bones*"! The weakness of some, the want of foresight of others ; the credulity of these, the treachery and dishonesty of those ;—in short all led them to reject this counsel, as an extravagant hypothesis, which, however, the short space of four or five years will have sufficed to justify.

M. A.

(To be continued.)

† When under these circumstances the Pope gave to the chief of the French Republic the title of " Eldest son of the Church," a wit observed that he should have added that of *presumptive Heir* also.

FOR THE COMPANION.

FROM WOLFFE'S SKETCHES,

On a tour in the South of Europe.

Wandering a few miles from Montepelier, upon a ramble, and following the track of a road, winding along the feet of mountains through a pastoral valley, where shepherds were driving their flocks to feed upon the distant hills, I strayed further on this romantic spot than I originally intended, and did not discover my situation till the setting sun announced the approach of evening. Ignorant of the distance from the town, I alighted, tied my horse to a tree and sought some cottage or hamlet, where information could be gained. No track or road, however, appeared, to guide me, till at a distance, a bridge was visible, that seemed to unite two craggs of rocks, between which a current glided with considerable rapidity, until it fell down a steep, which formed a cataract throwing up its white spray into the air, and from the still reflected beams of the sun, displayed a thousand variegated colours. On the side of this steep, stood a small, but neat cottage, overshadowed with pines ; two children were playing on the ground near the door, and had not observed me, till I stood close to them, on asking to whom the cottage belonged, they seemed astonished, stared, and then with precipitancy, ran into the house, calling on *Maman ! Maman !* Following them, I perceived an elegant female seated at a table, in the attitude of reading ; apologizing for my abrupt entrance, I informed her of my situation, and trusted to her goodness to instruct me by what means I should be likely to regain the path which I had quitted. With the utmost sweetness of countenance and a politeness that evinced a knowledge of the world, she hesitated not to give me the necessary information ; and on learning that I was travelling through Montepelier on my road to Italy, and had been tempted by the beauty of the surrounding country, to lose myself in this sequestered spot, she requested me to take some refreshment, of which, from fatigue, I, in truth, stood much in need, and therefore very readily accepted. I was rising to depart, when her husband entered from his evening walk, his surprize and perplexity were not small on seeing me. The lady to whose hospitality I had been so much indebted, explained the circumstances of my visit, and confidence being somewhat inspired, I was tempted to prolong my stay, by the courtesy of the little blooming Jeanette, who had quitted her mother's side, to prattle on my knee. I felt some curiosity to have explained the novelty of finding people so superior in their manners and elegant in their per-

sons, occupying this retired spot, which apparently afforded scarcely the necessaries of life; this was not however, a moment for inquiry,—but my impatience to learn some particulars of my host, was gratified beyond my expectation, by his ingenuous declaration of some circumstances relative to his situation. I thereby understood that he was a Neapolitan Nobleman, who, in consequence of having fatally wounded a brother officer in a duel some months back, had been under the necessity of leaving Italy, and had in retirement, sought that security, which in his own country was denied him. The evening being far advanced, I was anxious to depart, and intimating my desire, he very kindly accompanied me, till by a nearer way, we reached that part of the road which had misled me, and here we parted. Whether it was the courtesy, intelligence, and candour of the husband, the unaffected loveliness of his wife, or the magic of this peculiarly romantic situation, that interested me, I know not, but certain it is, I felt, at parting, a regret which from the shortness of our acquaintance, I hardly dared to confess to myself.

A friend has been so good as to favour us with the following extract of a letter from a gentleman at Detroit, dated June 20.

I send you the result of my observations on the total eclipse of the sun which took place on the 16th of June. They may be of some use to astronomers, or to the curious for ascertaining the longtitude of Detroit; at least within half a degree. The care, which I have taken, to compare during four or five days a watch and a good clock with an exact meridianal line & with the rising & setting of the sun, induces me to believe that I cannot be mistaken by two minutes in determining the moment of the beginning or end of the total darkness; which indeed for want of suitable instruments, I could not ascertain with the utmost precision. However, the following observations are sufficiently correct to determine the longitude of Detroit.

	H.	M.	S.
Beginning of Total Darkness	10	15	20
Middle of the Eclipse	10	16	30
End of Total Darkness	10	17	40
Duration of Total Darkness	00	2	20

N. B.—If the prediction of the eclipse, which is found in the Albany Almanack, has been confirmed by observation, it follows that the difference of meridian or longitude between Detroit and Albany is 14H. 37M. 30s. instead of 9H. only, according to the map lately published for the post of the United States, which is no small difference. In the same almanack, the astronomical observations of which are of Andrew Beers, supposes the longtitude of that town to be by the London meridian 73*d*. 8*m*. west. If we add 14*d*. 37*m*. 30*s*. we shall have for Detroit 87*d*. 45*m*. 30*s*.; which perhaps is more than the true longitude, from the London observatory, where does the error lie? This deserves the attention of geographers.

The observation of this eclipse afforded me uncommon satisfaction and delight; as it was the first time in my life I had ever beheld an eclipse of the sun. It was remarkably striking: because the sky was perfectly clear, and for a considerable time we distinctly saw, Venus and Mercury, as well as several of the fixed stars. The obscurity was as great during the total darkness, as it was on the same day an hour after sunset. The scene was awful, and gave me an idea of the *beau effrayant*, by the mournful tone and lugubrious aspect which all surrounding objects assumed, when the sun disappeared. Hens and other domestic animals, hastening to their nightly retreats, anounced its approaching defection. The crowing of the cocks bespoke their astonishment at the immediate return of the light. Several persons appeared frightened, and I could not myself refrain from feeling a secret horror; the obscurity was such, that I could with difficulty see the minute on the watch, and mark it down. This had occasioned my calling for a candle; when the return of the solar light which was as sudden as its absence, rendered it unnecessary. How great, powerful and admirable did God, in that moment, appear to me! I considered this event as one of those sports of his omnipotence and wisdom, mentioned in the Holy Scripture, Prov. 8th chap. 31st ver. May we one day be admitted to contemplate in Heaven, the bright sun of Justice, that can suffer neither eclipse nor obscurity! *lumen indeficiens* Eccles. 24th chap. 6th ver.

THE FINE ARTS.

We copy the following article from the Federal Gazette. "We are informed that our countryman BENJAMIN WEST, who has been celebrated in Europe, as an eminent painter, and was for several years historical painter to the king of Great-Britain, is about to return to Pennsylvania, and spend the reamainder of his days in his native state.

In repeating this piece of intelligence so interesting to the friends of the arts, and those who are anxious for our national glory, we cannot resist making known a reflec-

tion unfortunately too well founded, which was made by an *English* amateur on this subject. He said that if Benjamin West had remained amongst us, he would have died long ago of hunger, have pined away in melancholy and discontent, at finding himself forgotten and despised: Because to those who are devoted to the arts, honour and fame, are as necessary as bread.

Besides it is impossible to sacrifice to the study of painting the immense time and expence, necessary to attain perfection in it, unless these are amply rewarded by proportionate indemnities. There is no doubt that the reputation of this great man, would have been nipped in its very bud, and that America could never have boasted of his masterly productions, neither his Battle of the Hague, nor the death of General Wolf, nor the departure of Regulus, nor the flight of the Vestals, nor in short of any of those *chef d'oeuvres*, which have been so magnificently engraved in England, and which in bearing the reputation of Benjamin West all over Europe, have contributed to his fortune, as well as to the *honours* with which he has been so justly distinguished.

VARIETY.

I have been pleased with the following spirited version of a part of the 10th of Juvenal's satires, in which he gives some account of one of the greatest warriors that ever lived. It is by the hand of Mr. Gifford.

Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the weighty dust which yet remains:
And is this all! yet THIS was once the bold,
The aspiring chief, whom Afric could not hold,
Africa out-stretch'd from where the Atlantic roars,
To Nilus: from the line, to Lybia's shores!
Spain conquer'd, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds;
Nature oppos'd her everlasting mounds,
Her Alps and snows: through these he bursts his way,
And Italy already owns his sway...
Still thundering on—"think nothing done" he cries
"Till low in dust our haughty rival lies;
Till through her smoking streets I lead my powers,
And plant my standard on her hated towers."
Big words! but view his figure, view his face;
O, for some masterhand the chief to trace,
As through the Etrurian swamps, by rains increas'd
Spoil'd of an eye he flounc'd on his Getulian beast!
But what ensued—illusive glory! say?
Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
He flees in exile to a foreign state
With headlong haste, and, at a despot's gate
Sits wond'rous suppliant! of his fate in doubt
'Till the Bithynian's nap be out,
Just to his fame what death has heaven assign'd
This great controler of all human kind?
Did hostile armies give the fatal wound,
Or mountains press him, struggling, to the ground?
No! three small drops within a ring conceal'd
Avenged the blood he pour'd on Cannæ's field!
Go madman, go! the paths of fame pursue,
Climb other Alps and other realms subdue,
To please the rhetoricians, and become
A DECLAMATION for the boys of Rome!

The following picturesque description from Carr's Northern Summer, may vie with the productions of Mrs. Radcliffe's fertile imagination.

At five oclock in the evening of the sixth of July, with very little wind, we slowly withdrew from Stockholm. Before night we were completely becalmed; our captain rowed us up to a rock, and throwing out a gang-board, tied the vessel to a fir tree for the night. Here we landed, and ascended the rocks, which, sparingly clothed with gray moss, rose from the water's edge in the most grand, romantic, and picturesque disorder. Before us the rich crimson suffusion of the sun, just behind a dark undulating line of fir-forests, gave at once tranquillity and tone to the lake-appearance of this arm of the Baltic, which was enlivened by the white-lagging sails of a few boats, that on the opposite side softly and slowly creeped through the deep shadows of the shores, crowned with the woods of Liston-cottage; whilst in the south, the tower of St. Catherines, mounted upon her airy summit, the houses, the palace, and the spires, seemed composed of light cloud and mist. The silence of this delicious repose of nature was only faintly broken by the dashing of the oar, and the carol of the distant boatmen; in the language of the divine Milton:

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk———
———now glowed the firmament
With living saphirs."

Seated upon a rock, we for a long time contemplated this exquisite scene, till at length the calls of sleep induced us to descend into our cabin, where our accommodations were very comfortable. With the sun, which was an early riser, we unmoored, and advanced but very slowly; as we proceeded, misery in a new shape presented itself. From a wretched hovel, upon one of the islands which began to appear in clusters, hanging over the edge of the water, and ready to drop into it, an old man in rags, and nearly blind, put off in a little crazy boat, and rowing towards us, implored our charity in the most touching manner, and seemed very grateful for the trifle we gave him.

These beautiful lines are from Moore's new poems.

ON SEEING AN INFANT IN NEA'S ARMS.

The first ambrosial child of bliss,
That Psyche to her bosom prest
Was not a brighter babe than this,
Nor blush'd upon a lovelier breast!
His little snow-white fingers, straying
Along her lip's luxuriant flower,
Look'd like a flight of ring-doves playing,
Silvery, mid a roseate bower,
And when, to shade the playful boy,
Her dark hair fell, in mazes bright,
Oh! 'twas a type of stolen joy;
'Twas love beneath the veil of night!
Soft as she smil'd, he smil'd again,
They seem'd so kindred in their charms
That one might think, the babe had then
Just budded in her blooming arms!
He look'd like something form'd of air,
Which she had utter'd in a sigh;
Like some young spirit, resting there,
That late had wander'd from her eye!

VII ODE OF HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

The snow dissolves before the breeze;
Fresh flowery verdure robes the plain;
Rich foliage decks the rustling trees,
And Spring with smiles resumes her reign.

All nature blooms: the furious floods,
That spread their desolating tide
O'er prostrate plains, through echoing woods,
Down to their native channels glide.

The Nymphs, by wintry blasts appal'd,
Start, with the graces, from their trance;
Nor fear, by whispering Zephyrs call'd,
In naked charms to weave the dance.

Seasons revolve, and disappear;
Hours, quick succession! come and fly:
Each fleeting day, each changeful year,
Proclaims to man Mortality.

Rough winter melts with vernal gales;
These yield to Summer's scorching ray:
Then Autumn pours his fruits, and fails,
Dethron'd by Winter's circling sway.

Thus Season's soon revolve, and soon
Night flies the glittering shafts of Morn:
Earth fades and blooms; the waning Moon
Fills with new light her silver horn:

When once frail Man resigns his breath,
The rich, the virtuous, and the wise!
All-darkling in the cell of Death
A victim unredeem'd he lies!

Who knows, if that controuling Power,
The fount of life! when this day's sun
Is set, will add another hour
To those that have already run?

Then bid adieu! to cares and strife;
Thy soul let festive pleasures chear:
Infuse with mirth the cup of life,
Nor heed thy disappointed heir.

When gloomy Death shall interpose
His shroud betwixt this sun and thee;
When the stern Judge with pomp disclose,
And solemn voice, his just decree:

Nor eloquence, nor splendid birth,
Will then avail to change thy doom:
Not virtue warms the clay-cold earth,
Or opes the portals of the tomb.

A Goddess great, a hero brave,
Found love alike and friendship vain:
Her votary chaste she could not save,
He burst his friend's Lethæan chain.

From the Wild Flowers by Robert Bloomfield.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN AT CLARE-HALL, HERTS. *June* 1804.

Welcome silence! welcome peace!
O most welcome, holy shade!
Thus I prove as years increase,
My heart and soul for quiet made.
Thus I fix my firm belief
While raptures gushing tears descend
That every flower and every leaf
Is moral Truth's unerring friend.

I would not for a world of gold
That Nature's lovely face should tire;
Fountain of blessings yet untold;
Pure source of intellectual fire!
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,
Unquicken'd midst the world's rude strife,
Shall sweet retirement render strong,
And morning silence bring to life.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.
I grant that summer heats will burn,
That keen will come the frosty night;
But both shall please; and each in turn
Yield Reason's most supreme delight.

Build me a shrine, and I could kneel
To Rural Gods, or prostrate fall;
Did I not see, did I not feel,
That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.
O heav'n permit that I may lie
Where o'er my corse green branches wave;
And those who from life's tumult fly
With kindred feelings press my grave.

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 8.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

Continuation of an Essay on the influence of the French Revolution on letters and Science in Europe, &c. &c.

THE consequences I would draw from the fatal precursors I have just designated, although deduced from the citations, the facts, and the observations that preceded them, can yet be considered but as *probable* and would alone, furnish the subject of vast and curious disquisition—for my own part, from the midst of a gloomy and tremendous vortex, I see the approach of an awful *future*—I behold her darting bolts of thunder; I hear her pronouncing the dreadful doom of nations! I see her advancing impatient of desolation, and the people of the earth pulverised to ashes, disappearing like dust, beneath the wheels of her fiery car—I shall however no longer dwell on this idea, well convinced that until justified by a terrible reality, it can be considered but as an extravagant *reverie*.

Yet in the space of *twenty years* we have seen so many *reveries* like this deemed extravagant, acknowledged possible only after their rapid accomplishment, that I think it right to seize this opportunity of rendering the attentive observers of the new world, the despositaries of my thoughts in order that they may be useful to some, or that they may at least be judged in their season.

And I will venture to add that this season is actually not very distant; and that *it will not be at all astonishing* IF THE PRESENT GENERATION should be destined to be both the witnesses and the victims of these tragical events.

Yes, the celebrated Edmund Burke must have been inspired when at the commencement of the French revolution, he said, "I cast my eyes on the map of Europe, I see an immense void, and I recognize the space where once was France."

Certainly with no less reason, we might now *seek* in vain for Europe on the globe; since it should seem that the fire of heaven has already consumed it, like Sodom and Gomorrah, and that a cloud of smoke, and the clamours of its crimes *alone mark the spot where once it stood.*

However much I may feel inclined to turn my eyes from so deplorable a perspective; I cannot yet interrupt the chain of my reflections. I shall here quote, since it will add so much strength to my opinion, that of some authors, of different nations and sentiments, upon the characteristics of the present age, and the approaching state of Europe.

These inauspicious characteristics had so forcibly struck those who had observed them, that a distinguished man of letters in France published the following previous to the year 1764:

"I know not if present evils are exaggerated: *but no century, perhaps, has ever assembled, in a space of less than twenty years, a greater number of calamities than this.* Earthquakes, which have threatened to swallow up Lisbon and Constantinople; wars kindled in the four quarters of the world; the kings of France, of Portugal and of Poland successively assassinated!.....ah! Virgil had at least the advantage of dating his Georgics in an age of glory: *but we !!!*" *

If so much alarm could be already entertained at these presages, how much greater should it have become a little later; when in 1770, the day of the rejoicings which took place at the marriage of Louis XVI. with Maria Antoinette of Austria, twelve or fifteen hundred persons were

* Epilogue to the Dunciad of Palisot, note xi.

drowned, smothered, robbed, murdered or crushed at the moment of the explosion of a sky-rocket, in consequence of the inconceivable confusion that took place amongst the carriages, and the terror which struck the multitude, whilst the cause of this singular catastrophe could never be traced in a satisfactory manner.

However it may be, it is really remarkable, that this tragical event occurred in the very same place, (the square of Louis XV.) where Louis XVI. the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and so many other thousand victims, were immolated, at the foot of the horrible Divinity, to whom under the name of *Liberty* they had raised a collossal statue on the same pedestal that had borne the image of *Louis the beloved*. It is a circumstance no less singular, that the deplorable remains of these illustrious victims were interred in the same church-yard (of La Madelaine) where had been buried twenty-three years before, the bodies of those who had perished in the first melancholy catastrophe, as well as those after the famous event of the 10th of August 1792, of the seven or eight hundred Swiss, and three or four hundred guards or royalists who were massacred that day, in defending the castle of the Thuilleries, and the person of Louis XVI.

This event of 1770, so well known in France under the name of *Catastrophe of the Square of Louis* XV.; "this event," says Mercier "disturbed all superstitious IMAGINATIONS, with the idea of *a fearful future*;"* I shall not wait to question the *philosophic* expressions of the author I have quoted: time has sufficiently demonstrated whether these grievous impressions, were merely superstitious!!!† But such was the style, by which the people were rapidly led to scepticism and from thence to revolution.

After these first misfortunes, which like the trumpet in the apocalypse declared those that were fast approaching, other events no less remarkable occurred, to announce those still greater which were soon to follow.

Messina and Calabria, experienced in 1733, an earthquake, which destroyed more than 40,000 inhabitants; and in 1788 one year precisely day for day before the epocha of the French revolution, a storm accompanied by the most astonishing hail, ravaged Paris, Versailles and a great part of France almost at the same hour, and the king himself who was surprised in it, was obliged to take refuge in a cottage, and to order his guards to abandon him, and seek for shelter!

If from these physical prognostics, we recur to the rational presentiments of philosophers and men of letters, we shall find that a celebrated lawyer in 1788 says—"All "empires in general, all private societies, in fact every "individual, from one end of Europe to the other, evi- "dently manifests seeds of fermentation, which me- "nace the most terrible explosions. The 16th century "so tempestuous in its whole duration, a period of so ma- "ny changes and innovations, had not by a great deal, "the same principles of commotion which present them- "selves at the close of the 18th. This period unites all "those symptoms which existed previous to it, and many "which are peculiar to itself"*

I will venture to add to these digressions the French translation of six latin lines, which were inserted in *the dictionary of illustrious men*, printed at Anvers in 1784 under the article of *Soufflot*. They had been composed on the occasion of the construction of the magnificent edifice, that the learned architect of this name had begun, and which was to have been dedicated to St. Genevieve the patron saint of the kingdom of France; this is the same monument, which without having been yet finished, has been consecrated during the revolution to Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, Marat, &c. &c. under the celebrated title of the Pantheon.

Digne de la Cité qui règne sur la France
Séleve à *Genevieve* un édifice immense,
Piété trop tardive! inutiles honneurs!
Avant qu'il soit fini, dans ce Siecle d'horreurs,
L'Atheïsme Ennemi, de tout pouvoir suprême
Du temple et de la ville aura chassé Dieu même!

The opinion which I advance relative to the present state of Europe, is of such a nature that it leads me beyond the bounds which I had at first prescribed to myself, and obliges me to add support to my judgment by authorities which cannot be so easily questioned as mine.

* Picture of Paris by Mercier, ch. 496...vol. VI. edition of 1782.

† In support of this passage I shall quote the following stanzas, which is the last of an ode written on this tragic event.

Paris, superbe Babylone,
Théâtre infâme et corrompu,
De tous les vices de Sodome
Et des débris de la vertu;
Dans cette affreuse tragédie
Connais la main qui te chatie,
Dépouille un faste criminel,
Implore les Bontés célestes
Et dérobe *tes tristes restes*
Aux vengeances de l'Eternel.

* Annals of Linguet, No. 8, 1788.

*Frederick the second, king of Prussia** said to a French academician speaking of the new style of wit, that was already introduced on the theatre, several years before the revolution. "What a distance between your Buffooneries and Moliere! .... it seems that you have forgotten the language of your great authors; *it seems* even *that you no longer understand them* .... and it is not only by your *theatrical pieces that I judge of your decline:* I find you *equally impoverished in every species of writing* .... observe with what confidence all your present writers, announce themselves *as great men* .... For my part I am so disgusted, that I have almost resolved to write to France, and forbid their sending me any thing in future."† In another part, the same monarch places these words in the mouth of one of his interlocutors:‡ "There is at present a sect of men called *Philosophers*, who know nothing of the military art, and who think to render it contemptible by continually speaking ill of it. They even seek to debase every species of art and science, *except that of geometry* ..... there has never been any thing rational, says this rabble, but what we have discovered. *We will change every government.* France must become a republic, and to be a legislator it will suffice to be a geometrician, and to declare that we will establish perpetual peace and *preserve it without an army* .....§

If already five or six years before the commotions, the terrible effects of which I have just traced, *the decline* of letters and the spirit of faction were so clearly perceived; I would ask every person of candour, what remains to decide on the state of letters and that of politics, after more than seventeen years of phrenzy, of civil and external wars, and of disorders of every nature.

The celebrated Ganganelli,‖ had foreseen from afar the approach of these melancholy events. This philosophic pope as well as respectable and enlightened friend of the sciences said, speaking of the fatal influence which the doctrine of *philosophy*,

> ———"The child of Gallia's school,
> The foul philosophy, that sins by rule,
> With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
> Begot by brilliant heads, on worthless hearts;
> Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
> The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud."

And the new system of study which already prevailed in the greater part of Europe wrote what follows, forty years before the signal of the ever memorable events of which we have been witnesses:

"They study now only abridgements; provided they "have the epidermis or the cloak of science, *they think* "*themselves great doctors.* I do not know where this "will lead us; for the sciences like the moon, have also "their phases; they increase; continue a moment in all "the brilliancy of their lustre, decrease very soon, and "sink again into the dark night of ignorance."*

The predictions of these clear sighted persons have not failed of being accomplished. Barbarism very soon took place of the effeminacy in which the nation had fallen for several years; and new bands of *Saracens*† tore up libraries for cartridges, and melted the most precious monuments of bronze to convert them into canon; whilst furious *Iconoclasts*† destroyed every image and statue, that might serve as an archive of history. During ten years, the theatres re-echoed only with absurdities, & abominations, with which it is still disgraced. *Tragedy* has become hideous and gigantic; and the corruption of taste, and the obduracy of feeling, have extended to such a degree as to confound *pageanty* with the true tragic, that can exist only in the choice of *characters* and the deep, the strong and masterly manner in which they are drawn. Comedy is low, cold, and insipid; because wit and satire cannot venture to sketch the portrait of any vice, in the fear of being accused of having aimed at vilifying the *powerful* of the day, who amongst them are tainted with every crime.

Style is no longer to be recognised; besides the causes of which I have already spoken, the rage for novels, which is general, diffuses every where an insupportable affectation, &

* Frederick the great, born at Berlin the 24th of January 1712, died August 12, 1786, aged 74 years.

† See *les souvenirs de vingt ans,* or Frederick the Great, by Dieudouné Thiébault, vol. 1. page 133.

‡ Vol. 6. of the works of the king of Prussia.

§ The *great workers* of the revolution, placed in the list of their complaints against the ancient establishment, the support of standing armies, and generally the wars, which took place under the monarchy. At present it is seen, how much humanity has gained by their *reforms.*

‖ Clement XIV. predecessor of Pius VI. founder of the clementine museum at Rome. He passed the 21st of July 1773, the famous bull of extinction of the order of the Jesuits. He died of poison the 22d of September the following year.

* Letter addressed to the Prelate Cerati 1749—in the first volume of his letters.

† The Caliph Omar in 637, burnt the celebrated Alexandrian Library which contained no less than 700,000 volumes.

‡ Iconoclasts, *or breakers of images,* a name given to a sect which arose in the fifth century, against the honours which the Catholics rendered to images and saints, and who destroyed them wherever they found them.

the ridiculous use of the most bombastic & far-fetched expressions. In short the ancient universities so justly celebrated, from whence have proceeded so many great men, can no longer direct taste, since they have sunk into oblivion and are considered by these *butterflies of literature* as old gothic ruins, already consecrated to superstition, or only fit to serve as an asylum, to the gloomy and savage birds of night!

With the exception of mathematics, which the young men study, that they may be enabled to raise themselves above the rank of private soldiers, because a knowledge of this science may open the path to military rank and fit them for many administrative employments; except botany & chymistry, which have become the *mode*; every other course of study is abandoned, or is reduced to a miserable skeleton, which infests society with young pedants and conceited coxcombs; and what is still worse with a swarm of *half-learned*, who are assuming, intractable and of course incorrigible.

And as for *poetry*!..I appeal to all enlightened Europe, to shew me what has been produced in this department of literature worthy of being handed down to posterity..... .....Except *La Harpe** and the Abbé *Delille*† who after having been more or less proscribed are now no more: except two or three agreeable writers of the second class, I know of no man since the revolution, & in all the territory it has usurped, who has merited the honour of being mentioned. It is true, that like *Theophrastus* I think it is "*facts alone that prove merit*, and not the *clamour* of coteries;" according to the official papers, I am incontestibly in the wrong ..... for if we rely on the authority of fools and cowards, the *present age*, surpasses even the great ages of Augustus and Louis the XIV!‡

If we continue this review, and it is indispensible that we should, that we may not be deceived with regard to the real state of the sciences in Europe; we shall see that the bar requires now in the practitioners of the law, only sufficient memory to retain in their heads, a table of *fifty or sixty thousand decrees*, all indigested, contradictory or retroactive, which have succeeded each other since the year 1789. We shall see the sanctuary of the laws entirely delivered, with very few and thinly scattered exceptions, to a troop of *Corsairs* dishonoured by their Revolutionary Crimes, and who ought to have approached the throne of Themis, only to have received from her sword the retribution due to their enormities.

Shall I speak of theology and the eloquence of the pulpit!! subjected to the despotic and inquisitorial inspection of a Minister of worship, *what other God can be taught or adored than the Divinity who reigns, and whose name is much more* dreaded than *that of* JEHOVAH!.....

It is well known that there is no independant body of magistrates; and that the pretended political and representative bodies which do exist, having been instituted only by way of giving salaries to the hungry *creatures* of government; energy is not required to resist the Supreme Authority with dignity, nor eloquence to influence the opinion of the auditors and the public, since they are as nothing. It suffices then to be sufficiently servile to excel in adulation, to obtain an augmentation of *badges*, or more advantageous promotion in the domestic train of the Sultan!*

When the son of Tarquin the proud sent to ask his advice on the method of preserving the authority which he had acquired amongst the *Gabians*—Tarquin, who was walking in the garden when the deputy presented himself before him, replied only by striking down with his cane the heads of those poppies which were raised above the rest.

Such are invariably the politicks of tyrants to cut down or proscribe every one, capable of feeling indignant at despotism, or of attracting the public attention, or, in short, of constituting the hope of a country. It is thus that there remains only a crowd of oppressors and oppressed, each surpassing the other in villainy: it is thus that despotism and usurpation fearing justly the exertion of reason, are born the enemies of knowledge.

And when national spirit, and the spirit of opposition are thus destroyed on every side; what power can *criticism* retain to *correct manners*, and to oppose itself to the degradation of taste, when every thing now the *rage* is but *cabal*; when every sensible or generous thought is indignantly proscribed or mutilated by despots, whose apprehensions can permit them to suffer around them, only

* The author of the *cours de literature*, so justly esteemed all over Europe.

† This celebrated writer, is the author of the charming poems *des jardins, l'homme deschamps*, and *la pitie*. He has likewise elegantly translated the Georgics and the Æneis, and Milton's Paradise Lost.

‡ This is indefatigably repeated in all the newspapers of France.

* The *Ex-Marquis*, de la Fayette, in one of his official letters in 1791, gave the delicate title of *Chef de la Domesticite de Chez le Roi*, to the Duc de Villequier, first gentleman of Louis XVI. In making use of this expression, it will be judged under which circumstances it is most correctly employed.

impotent and despicable Eunuchs, alike incapable of giving umbrage and of leaving posterity.

Thus to whatever side we direct our attention, we every where discover proofs equally striking of the *dissolution of the social body*, and the extinction of knowledge on the ancient continent.

M. A.

(To be continued.)

From an European Periodical Publication.

STORY OF LYSANDER AND EUMENES.

BY SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

In a rainy journey, in a post-chaise, the other day, I amused myself with tracing many analogies between the progress of human beings through life, and that of the drops of rain from the top of the glass to the bottom. It was fortunate for me, that this idea presented itself to my mind; for the rain was so violent, that it precluded all entertainment from without: but the speculation I had thus engaged in, offered me sufficient occupation within.

I observed certain drops start from the top with equal advantages. An accident impedes one, and its course to the bottom is slow, irregular, and crooked: another, on the contrary, is forwarded by some lucky accession, and rolls down in a swift, straight, current; while a third, perhaps, that seemed to have a thousand prosperous events in its way, which it was scarcely possible to miss—a large bubble immediately beneath it, which must send it speedily to the end of its journey; or, a new drop of rain so close to it, that it could hardly fail of joining its current—falls in with a small-drop to the left-hand of its regular course, is retarded, turned aside in its career, and reaches no farther than to the middle of the pane, where it dries up in obscurity! Another sets out brilliantly, and promises to perform its journey in a straight and regular line; when, behold, an overwhelming torrent pours precipitately on it, and buries it in a superior current! while a fifth, with small and unobserved beginnings, by never deviating from the right way, and collecting with diligence all the little tributary bubbles which lie in in its road, suddenly calls the attention to the rapidity with which it now reaches the end of its labours.

Many fanciful resemblances might here be traced, to the course of events in life. Chances, equally strange, occur in the pursuit of honour, riches, and happiness. In events which depend not on our own endeavours, we may trace the same similitudes. One is hurried rapidly off the stage, by disease;—another withers, and dies at root, in the midst of life;—another lingers through slow and lasting disorders, and reaches, by a painful and crooked course, the extreme of old age;—while another, who sets out with a full stock of health, and every prospect fair and blooming around, is suddenly driven off the stage by accident or misfortune.

Eumenes and Lysander were school-fellows. A similiarty of age, of disposition, and of talent, had united them in a strict and affectionate friendship. They went through their school exercises with alacrity, and credit; and removed, together to Cambridge: where, notwithstanding, some trifling disparity of pursuits, their mutual friendship still continued unabated. When they quitted Cambridge, however, they lost sight of each other.

Lysander, who was intended for the law, removed to chambers in Lincoln's Inn; whence, after eating the proper quantity of mutton, he was called to the bar, and went the Western Circuit. He had studied hard, and rose to some degree of consideration among his compeers: nor was he only eminent as a counsellor; he shone, also, in the more alluring courts of fashion and elegance. He was universally allowed to be the best partner, of any member of the Circuit; and, after two or three revolving seasons, he brought back with him to London the fair daughter of a wealthy banker in the west of England. His patrimonial fortune enabled Lysander to support a family. He took a good house in Queen Square; and regularly attended the Courts, and the Circuits; while his beloved Leonora presented him with a babe every year.

Business now flowed in apace; his hours were all employed, and scarcely ever had he a moment to enjoy the company of his wife and children: however, he consoled himself with the reflection, that money came as fast as business; and, that Heaven certainly ordained him a few years of severe toil, that he might enjoy the evening of his days in peace and indolence.

It was with Lysander, however, as with most men: the desire of accumulation, increased with the power. When he had laid by a sufficient fortune to support his wife and children, geenteely, after his death, & to enable him to live the rest of his days in peace & indolence; he thought, that he might as well leave them affluent as comfortable, and two more years of application would accomplish this object. He was now a judge and presided one year on the Northern Circuit.

As riches had increased, Lysander had grown luxurious; and had experienced the natural consequences of luxury—gout, and corpulency. His medical advisers re-

commended more exercise than a chariot; and he agreed to ride part of the circuit on horseback, derogatory as it might appear to the dignity of a Judge: but he considered that health was worth more than dignity; and that, as his chariot would be on the road, his importance would still be preserved.

One morning, when a cloudless sky gave promise of a day without rain, Lysander sent his carriage forward betimes, and determined to ride the whole stage, which was, indeed, romantically beautiful. All things, however, are uncertrain, in this best of all possible worlds; and nothing more so, than the weather. Some thin vapours dispersed themselves over the sky: they congregated; they became an immense mass of clouds; and, in the middle of a large common, Lysander perceived that they would speedily fall in torrents. What a misfortune! for a rich gouty Judge, who had his chariot at some distance on the road, to be overtaken by such a storm, in so unsheltered a spot! There was no help for it, however; and the clouds were unpolite enough to keep their promise. A few prelusive drops gave the first alarm. Lysander mounted a thick great-coat; but coverings were but as gauze, before the fury of the squall: he was presently wet to the skin, and the uncivil sky looked as if it never intended to clear any more. Nor was there any town, village, or even habitation, within ken.

At length, after riding some time, greatly annoyed by the fickleness of our English climate, but unable to think of any remedy for it, except never venturing on horseback without the chariot at his side, he saw a low, white cottage, peeping through the trees; and ordered his servants to hasten forward, and obtain a shelter for him there. He soon followed his attendants; and entered the cottage, with an air of conscious superiority: pulling off his drenched garments; and demanding some covering, while these were dried. The man, woman, and three or four young people, bustled about with alacrity. The judge was soon equipped with some dry habiliments; coarse, indeed, but clean, and whole. A comfortable fire was made up; the soaked garb of dignity was hung before it; a table was set forth, covered with a clean white cloth; and a loaf of household bread, a pat of butter, a slice of cheese, and a jug of ale, set on it. The civility was extreme, and the welcome undoubted: so Lysander—who, in spite of his dignity and his drenching, found himself hungry—drew near to the table; eat some of the bread; thought it excellent; added butter and cheese to it; felt more appetite than he had often experienced at a loaded table: and, in short, made an excellent meal. He then would have sent his servants, to fetch his chariot, and some of his own cloaths; but the master of the cottage said, they might also be hungry, and bread and cheese would not detain them long.

(To be continued.)

VARIETY.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

King Henry would have his children call him *papa*, or *father*, and not *sir*, which was the new fashion introduced by Catharine de Medicis. He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day that this restorer of France, and peace maker of all Europe, was going on *all-fours* with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador suddenly entered the apartment, and surprized him in this attitude.—The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "*Monsieur l'ambassadeur*, have you any children?" "Yes, sire, replied he;" very well, then I shall finish my race round the chamber.

ANECDOTE OF THE GREAT DURE OF MARLBOROUGH.

A detached party under the duke of Marlborough, having fallen in with a party of the French, took them prisoners.—When they were brought into the camp, and the duke rode along the lines, the French appeared very much dejected at the defeat, except a tall grenadier, who assumed more the air of a conqueror than of a captive. The duke, struck with his appearance, rode up to him and said—"If the king your master had 50,000 such brave fellows as you, we should find enough to do in the Netherlands."—"The king my master, replied he, "does not stand in need of 50,000 such as *me*, he only wants *one* man like *your grace*." Upon which the duke immediately presented him with ten guineas, and an escort to the French army.

In order to deceive a woman who was distinguished by a remarkable volubility of tongue, though, in other respects, not deficient in sense, a person was introduced to her as one who was endowed with an uncommon portion of wit. The lady received him with every demonstration of joy, and every mark of politeness; but through extreme eagerness to render herself agreeable, she asked him an hundred questions without perceiving that he returned no answer. At the conclusion of the visit, being asked how she liked her new acquaintance, she answered, "He is indeed a delightful man! his wit is so ready, and so exquisitely turned!" At this exclamation, the whole company burst into a loud laugh; for this charming companion, this distinguished wit—was *dumb*.

When Dr. Johnson had delivered the last sheet of his folio Dictionary, Mr. Millar, his book-seller, in return, sent him the following note: "A. Millar's compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, and thanks God to find he has quite done with him." To this the doctor immediately returned, "S. Johnson's compliments to Mr. A Millar, and is very glad to find he has the grace to thank God for *any thing!*"

A Gentleman well known in the *literary world*, having become possessed of property, nobody knows how, had lately a concert at his house; wishing to be thought a man of taste, though he knows nothing of music, when looking over one of the performers, who had his violin *under his arm*——"Why don't you play?" said he. "Sir," said the musician, pointing with his bow to the book, "here are so many bars of *rest*." "Damme, what do you mean by *rest*? I pay you to *play*, not to *rest*."

A Gentleman in Norfolk, some short time since, walking over his estate, observed one of his tenants erecting a small building at the back of his house; and as the measure appeared to be singular, he asked its purpose. "Why, Sir," said the farmer, "a friend of mine, lately arrived in London, from beyond sea, has promised me an *elephant*, in return for some hare and birds I lately sent him. Here, Sir, is the letter." On perusing it, however, the gentleman instantly discovered the fallacy of John's building rage; for it appeared that, instead of an elephant, his friend meant to return him an *equivalent*.

During a late plague in the dominions of the Dey of Algiers, an officer, traversing the streets in the night, heard a great disturbance in a house belonging to an Englishman, whose wife was turning every thing topsy turvy. The officer, as usual when he gave information of an infected house, the next day caused the door to be marked, previous to its being nailed up by authority. This alarming the Englishman, he remonstrated to a superior magistrate; and, on being confronted by his antagonist, offered what appeared to be the most irrefragable proofs, that he had not the least symptons of the plague in his habitation. The officer being asked what he had to say in opposition to these assertions, replied, that when he was at the door, the man's wife was not only scolding, but beating him; and if a house could be said to have a greater plague, he would be content to suffer the imputation due to one who had made a false accusation!

Epitaph on Hogarth, by David Garrick.

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay:
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:
If neither move thee, turn away;
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We find with regret that the SPY has entirely abandoned us. We flattered ourselves with the hope that we should have found in him a valuable correspondent.

We have many apologies to make for the frequent instances of incorrectness in the confidential communication of a SYLPH—But when it is considered that the entire arrangement of the Companion depends on *one alone*, and that whether the editor is grave or gay, whether visions of hope and pleasure play before her imagination, or she is sunk into despondence and beset with a whole legion of *blue devils*, the printer, like her evil genius, still pursues her at the stated period, and the selections must be made, and the proofs must be corrected, and of consequence, "The Safe Companion and the Easy Friend," must sometimes, as well as *safe* and *easy* be *sad* and *soporific*—however, we propose shortly making some alterations in our plan. We have assurances of ample assistance, and from a multitude of counsellors, we hope to derive wisdom, and from a bright constellation of belle esprits that have promised to lend us their aid, we shall certainly often derive wit.

The length of the essay that at present occupies the greater part of our pages, may be objected to by many, but when our readers consider the importance of the subject, and that it is impossible to treat it with brevity, we trust that they will find in its object an apology for its prolixity. The Sylph will very soon resume his gayer flights, and will again sport in the lighter regions of fancy.

Errata, in the last number.

Page 378 for "inoculated whether or no," read, they had forced upon. Page 381, for "persecution," read, presumption.

Doctor CRAWFORD is desirous of receiving as a pupil a young man of good education, and in such circumstances as will enable him to prosecute his studies on an extensive plan. A well furnished library will afford an ample opportunity for his acquiring medical knowledge.

FOR THE COMPANION.

In Vindication of the Poems signed Della Crusca on Reading Gifford's Baviad and Mœviad.

Why urge the unskill'd muse to praise
The elegance of Della Crusca's lays?
Why *dare* her to avow his fame,
And impious cry—"Oblivion seeks his Name!"
What tho' the pedant scorns his verse
And strives to seize the laurels he has won,
Genius shall long his deeds rehearse
And weep and mourn her fav'rite gone.
Was it not herself that spoke
Upon the plain of Fontenoy?
Sure 'twas her eloquence the silence broke
When on the rough rock's giddy height,
He mus'd on time's neglected flight,
And wept departed joy.
When love inspired his breast
And all the phrenzy of the passion prest
On his disorder'd, yet enraptur'd mind—
If then his muse
Suffered light nonsense to diffuse
Her cobweb o'er the glowing line
And half obscure the verse divine
Know 'twas the true effect of love and genius unconfin'd.

Cold and insensate must that bosom be,
That thrills not at his fervid song:
If hap'ly such—O listless mortals flee,
And leave the captious throng:
For who could Della Crusca's verse disprove
Can never, never feel the joys of love.
Humanity with purest ray
Beams o'er the energetic lay,
When for the "Slave" he forms his verse,
And the full soul his solemn truth's rehearse,
Who does not feel them throbbing at his breast,
Who will not cry with him, "the negro shall be blest."
Of learning long he trod the sacred shade
And his fine taste display'd,
The never dying beauties he explor'd:
Beauties with which his mind was stor'd.
Let Gifford, write his censuring strains
So long as sensibility remains,
So long as feeling—taste—and love are known
Will Della Crusca hold his envied throne. LAURA.

The following noble song by Burns, might inspire even a coward's heart with a glow of martial fire.

Scene...A field of Battle...time of the day, evening...the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark,
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest with the brave!

The following lines were written by Anacreon Moore on leaving Philadelphia.

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far, were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh!

O Nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre, that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own!

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languished to meet;
Though scarce did he hope it would sooth him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kist by his feet.

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame!

Nor did woman—O woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too!

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,
Like eyes he had lov'd was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song!

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream!
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone...but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone!

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 9.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

Continuation of an Essay on the influence of the French Revolution on letters and Science in Europe, &c. &c.

UNDER such circumstances, how brilliant is the dawn that breaks upon AMERICA! How premature an eclat may be reserved for her if with a noble ambition, a generous emulation, she avails herself of this conjuncture, hitherto unexampled in the history of ages, and opens her fostering bosom, to become the asylum of the weeping muses.

When *twenty-three years* have sufficed, to draw forth so many cities, from the midst of solitary deserts, and to lay the foundations of so immense an edifice, which, however much may be left to desire for it, has yet an undoubted right to excite the admiration of every observer, who can doubt that the same lapse of time, henceforth employed by able hands in collecting the wrecks of the ancient continent, will give this country, the immortal glory of having resuscitated Athens!

The singular state of Europe, in some parts palsied; in others attacked with strange convulsions; the example in short of the prosperity of those countries, already delivered from her yoke on this continent; all announce that her feeble hands, cannot long retain the possession of the two Indies.

This new revolution which must emancipate *all America*, & which a general peace can alone retard, must also occasion an immense change in the situation of the United States; and procure them so much the more promptly, by the augmentation of their wealth, the means of placing themselves on a level with the ancient republics by the reception they may give to the learned, by their generosity, and by the magnificence of their tastes, in every public as well as private enterprize. I delight in anticipating this grand epocha, which must immortalize the age which will witness it, and the enlightened men who will have known how to profit by it for the glory of their country; and I already hail the auspicious day, as Moses, from Mount Nebo, blessed the smiling plains of the land of promise.*

It is because I perceive these events hastening with incredible rapidity, that I exclaim with the impatience of the Mantuan Bard: "Yes I would, *O Columbia!* lead the nine sisters to thee, and transplant to thy shores the palms of Apollo."†

I most ardently desire to see, elevated and patriotic minds warmly unite to welcome the fugitive arts and sciences, and to yield them the only refuge, that will perhaps, ere long, be left to liberty, to peace and genius.

And it is this that sometimes prompts me to arm myself with the critic's rod, to arouse the energy of some, to support the courage of others, and to excite the emulation of all.

Doubt is the beginning of wisdom, said Aristotle, and this is why it is the fate of self-sufficiency, which can alone be offended at advice, to vegetate contentedly in ignorance and absurdity. And this prompted one of the brightest geniuses of the 17th century, to say that without criticism, *mankind would be worse even than they are*‡ If this truth required demonstration, it would only be necessary to take a retrospect of the picture I have drawn of the degradation of mind in Europe, and the melancholy effects it produces there.

* Deut. chap. 34.

† Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c. GEORGICS, b. iii.

‡ La Bruyere, author of the characters known under his name.

The ancients had Aristarchus,*Aristophanes, Lucian: they had also Horace, Persius, Martial & Juvenal. The moderns have had Cervantes, Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke and Churchill; Pascal, Boileau and Voltaire: It has been by the Dunciads, the Spectator, the Persian Letters, the Pleasantries of le Sage, and the numerous and unrestrained Epigrams of the *Secret Memoirs of the Republic of Letters*, that taste has been improved and preserved; Manners have been polished, follies corrected, and even political vices, often reformed or restrained.

It has been in short, to the lash of satire, as much as to the elevation of genius of their chiefs, that the nations which have been conspicuous in literary glory as well as in that of the arts, have owed all the delicacy of their civilization.

I must not omit observing, that even under those monarchs who have been stigmatized with the name of despots, the voice of criticism dared to attack the abuses of courts, the clergy, the nobility, academies and the various classes of society; and that it attacked even the fundamental and oragnic institutions of states. Assuredly it would not have been difficult for those governments, offended often even in the person of their chiefs, to silence the reproving clamours, whose authors scarcely veiled themselves under the slightest concealment.

But such was the respect that these governments, such as they were, bore, or were obliged to bear, to the independance of genius, that they generally dissimulated the offences they might receive, in the fear of clashing with public opinion, by punishing those who were the authors of these bold reprehensions.†

The indulgence which governments so often extended to the rash attacks of individuals, sufficiently proves as Horace has said "that painters and poets have always been privileged in every civilized country."

——————Pictoribus atque poëtis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas:‡

In fact every nation has found its Ægis, until very lately, in criticism and raillery, in epigram and satire, both of the pencil and the pen.

England has its *caricature* which spares no one, not even the king, the magistrates, the generals or the nation itself.

The Italians, notwithstanding the inquisition, have had their *Pasquin* and *Marforio*.‡

The French have had their songs, and Paris, notwithstanding the abject state of the press, has retained its *Théatres des Boulevards*, where jests and farces, now and then avenge the humiliated condition of the people.

If then under monarchies, under the severest despotisms, independance of mind has preserved such a privilege; if taste although enchained, may still exercise this species of power over opinion, in despite even of oppression; why should it be more timid in free and repubilcan states?

And if it is true, as Plato has said, "*that the caprices of a people flattered, are still more* INSUPPORTABLE *than those of a Prince spoiled by adulation.*" If it is true that cringing and cajolery, are as *base* when excercised towards the people as towards kings; and that it is as fatal to one as to the other: must we then be silent to the faults of nations as well as those of tyrants?

If such must be the subjection of the mind, what man of genius is there, who would not exclaim with *Philoxenes*, lead me back again to the quarries!*

Because at least under a despotism, the shame of slavery is in some degree palliated by the honours and rewards, which the *master* bestows on those who offer him incense; whilst those who flatter the people do not less degrade themselves, without obtaining any compensation; for the sovereign is every where, to exact respect and reserve, while he is found no where to encourage and reward. It would however be unjust, to accuse all republics of this vice: because if letters & the arts, were covered with glory & consideration under Augustus, Louis XIV. and so many other princes, the inimitable perfection which they attained under the republics of Greece; the grandeur of their productions in the last ages of the Roman republic; the reception they met with in the republic of Holland and the munificence

* Aristarchus of Samothrace, one of the most excellent critics of ant quity, and whose name has passed into an epithet applied to those who criticise. He flourished 150 years before the christian era.

† See the appendix at the end of this article.

‡ Horace's art of poetry, ver. 9, 10.

‡ Two mutilated statues of Rome, upon which it is the custom to inscribe jests by means of which libels are circulated even against the person of the Pope. It is from thence that the word pasquinade is derived, synonimous with that of satire or epigram.

* Philoxenes was a Greek poet, celebrated for his satires. He had such an aversion to indifferent poets, that *Dionysius the tyrant* could never obtain his approbation of his verses. He freely gave his opinion of them and Dionysius to punish him, condemned him to *the quarries*. The very day on which the tyrant restored him to liberty and admitted him to his table, in the hopes of soothing him to approve his productions: when he asked his guest his opinion of a piece which he considered as his master piece, the poet contented himself with coldly replying: *Let them conduct me again to the quarries*! the Despot felt the meaning of these words, and no longer persecuted Philoxenes.

with which they were treated by the republic of Florence, sufficiently prove that no government remains a stranger to this species of glory, when once the ambition and the taste for it, is inspired in the nation.

But to attain this object it must be remembered, that prtriotism, no more tolerates weakness towards our country, than friendship admits it between friends, or than it is allowable from a father towards his children; because would it evince a true attachment either to the one or to the other, to suffer them to continue in ridiculous habits and even extol these habits as meritorious. Is it not then on the contrary, that the playful smile of raillery, lends its aid to the cold representations of reason; since the lessons that immediately touch self-love, act much more powerfully upon men, than all the efforts of logic!

Thus the first object of the tutelary liberty of the press is not to give the maniac or the fanatic, without learning, without education, without experience, without conduct, and without knowledge of mankind, the dangerous right of attacking the laws, the honour of magistrates, the reputation of public institutions, and to provoke as it were, a species of *ostracism** against the best and most useful citizens; but the true spirit of this liberty is to tolerate this inconvenience, in the hope that the state may sometimes profit by the knowledge of the sage, for the amelioration of manners, the diffusion of information, and the overthrow of prejudice.

When then criticism is decent, free from all gross personalities, and restrained within the bounds of the respect due to religion—the laws and the magistrates; (conditions however so rare let it be said en passant, among satirists:) then it is a DUTY towards our country, and the great republic of letters: to which no nation really proud can remain a stranger, and this duty becomes so much the more urgent, as in labouring to enlighten a country in stimulating emulation, in abolishing national prejudices, a new and useful developement is offered to industry, while it opens to genius, a vast career of glory.

(To be concluded in our next.)

APPENDIX.

Much has been said of the Bastille, and the taking of it, or rather, its *capitulation* has been celebrated with inconceivable extravagance—it may be interesting to those who are not perfectly acquainted with this *immortal victory* of liberty over *despotism*, to know exactly *the innumerable mass of victims*, that this prison contained, at the moment its doors were opened; that is to say, when France had already furnished incendiary authors. There were .... seven .... and perhaps it would not be displaced to mention who they were. The first was the *Count de Sades*; who had been twice condemned to mount the scaffold, in consequence of assassinations, rapes, and crimes against nature. He was besides the author of the most execrable of books: *Justine*, of which the name alone suffices to inspire horror ... and which in every country, would have entitled its author to capital punishment. The second was a person who had *forged bills* on Messrs. *Tourton et Ravel* famous bankers of Paris. A man called Poupart de Beaubourg, who had been implicated in this affair, was then one of the electors of Paris most cherished by the people. At the head of an assemblage of persons he marched to the Bastille, to save his accomplice, accompanied by two other persons worthy of his society. The one was the famous Abbé *Fauchet*, afterwards constitutional bishop of Calvados, and whom Robespierre since beheaded with the Girondistes. The other was named Hullin, then in the pay of the Orleans party, and who since presided in the military commission that assassinated the Duke D'Enghien at Vincennes; as for Poupart de Beaubourg, his former friends soon made him mount the gallows in his turn, where, like the Abbé Fauchet before his execution, he warmly deplored his revolutionary errors.

The third of the prisoners of state in the Bastille, was a Comte de Lorges, who was *mad*, and had been confined by his family; he was led all over Paris, to exhibit his *long beard* to the people, as an incontestible proof of the necessity of changing the government. A national pension was granted him with a great deal of parade; he was then put on the list of annuities, and finally left to die in the hospital of madmen.

The 4th was *M. de la Tude*, officer of the corps royal du Génie, he had been detained for having dared to give information of a pretended *conspiracy* which he had himself invented, for the purpose of obtaining a pension and advancement. After having been shewn to the public as a curiosity in 1798, his liberators cut off his head in 1793 or '94. The three others never made known their names, nor the causes of their confinement; which certainly gives rational reason to suppose that they were ashamed to acknowledge themselves, or that they recognized the justice of their detention.

I could compare this *fact* with the present known state of things. I could say, that since the pretended TRANQUILLITY that some persons assert is now enjoyed in

* Ostracism, the law by which the Athenian people, exiled for ten years, those whose political influence they dreaded.

France, there is not a single prison or castle, that is not filled with prisoners of state. I could speak of the arrestations which are disguised under the softened appellation of *Surveillance*, which *only* arbitrarily removes a citizen three hundred miles, more or less, from his family and his occupations, to give him a town for his *prison*. I could speak of the endless number of suspected persons, who are obliged to sign their names every day, or several times a week in a register, in order that they may be always within reach. I could add that there exists in France and the countries it has conquered a million of persons of all sexes and ranks, who prove this fate, which the general state of degradation, has subdued them to consider *as a favour!*. But I restrain myself as I would not too far digress from my subject.

M. A.

FOR THE COMPANION.

Sir,

In the present scarcity of original matter if you think the following trifles (which you may easily observe are truly original *) merit a place in your Miscellany, they are very much at your service.*

Yours, &c.

——————Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes, ægroque corde senescit.

JUVENAL.

In these enlightened days, when philanthropists are continually inventing remedies for all diseases incident to the human frame, it is the duty of every person who has made any discovery in this way, to communicate it to the public. This is my inducement for offering you the following recipe for the cacoethes scribendi, for no malady perhaps which has ever spread its influence over the world, has been more extensive in its operations, or more generally complained of; yet I believe no mode of treatment, adequate to its cure, has hitherto been discovered.

Whenever I feel the symptoms of this disease, I put a little ink into a goose-quill cut in the form of a pen, and place it between the first and second fingers of my right hand, supporting it in its place by the pressure of the thumb, draw it in various directions, as fancy dictates, over a sheet of clean white paper. Whether the paper strongly reflecting the rays of the sun, and, being therefore cool in itself, imparts a similar coolness to the fingers approximated to it, or whether the ink exceding through the pores of the quill and absorbed by the fingers, produces the effect, I leave it to those who are more skilled in physics to determine; but certain it is that in a few minutes that itching inflamation in the fingers, which is the strongest symptom of this disease, is entirely removed.

A very strong argument which may be urged in favour of this remedy is, that the disease itself may thus be turned to advantage, for the characters which are formed by this healing operation, may when properly combined, impart instruction or afford entertainment. I would therefore advise those who are afflicted with this disease, to try my prescription, and send their productions to the Companion. Mr. Easy will select those which are fit to meet the public view; and the rest may be thrown, where many better things have gone before them—into the fire.

DUPONT.

From an European Periodical Publication.

STORY OF LYSANDER AND EUMENES.

BY SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 390.)

It was, undoubtedly, derogatory to a judge's dignity, to remain longer in a mere cottage than was absolutely necessary—and this was no more: for, the room they were in had a brick floor; a whited wall, adorned with pewter and copper utensils; the table was only of deal. However, Lysander made his dignity, for once, give way to his host's hospitality; though he felt some few uneasy sensations, while his servants were eating in the same room with himself. What, however, was to be done? There was no other room in the mansion, & Lysander was not inhuman. At length, however, the servants had satisfied their appetite; the rain was a little abated; and they departed in quest of the chariot, and their master's dignity.

A little fatigued, and feeling inclined to quiescence by the potency of the ale, Judge Lysander leaned back in his wicker elbow-chair, and surveyed the habitation. He had already performed this operation three times, when a delicate fair young woman caught his eye. He was surprised to find not merely beauty, but grace and elegance, in a cottage; and it occurred to him, that the other human beings who surrounded him, might be as worthy of his regards, as the shining pewter plates that decorated the shelves. He now, therefore, turned his attention to the young people; found they possessed an air of superior dignity, if it were possible to apply such a word to the inmates of a cottage; and, that their manners were such as would not disgrace a Court. He then looked at the father and mother; who had, for some time, observing that their

guest had noticed them so little, been gazing at him, and conversing in a low voice together. In the mother, he saw the countenance of discretion; the remains of elegance, subdued by station; an illumined eye, that bespoke a cultivated mind, and a dress, though suited to a cottage, yet such as displayed the true gentlewoman. His surprise every moment increased! He looked at his host; and, in the thin, pale man, who sat at the opposite side of the fire, he saw—Eumenes!

The discovery was no sooner made, than all the better feelings of Lysander's heart were roused, and he was in an instant in the arms of his friend. The young people gazed in surprize: the eyes of the mother betrayed her emotion; those of Lysander and Eumenes overflowed. As soon as the first transport was over, "I told you," said Eumenes to his wife, "I told you that he had a warm, affectionate heart!"

"How is it, dear Eumenes," said Lysander, "that I see you here? When we parted, in early youth, your prospects were as fair as mine; your patrimony, as large; your talents, more brilliant—how is it, that our fortunes are so different?"

"Fortune, to be sure," replied Eumenes, "has not smiled on me: but instead of splendour, I possess happiness—instead of dignity, virtue."

"They are not, I hope necessarily incompatible?" answered Lysander.

"Pardon me, my friend," said Eumenes; "I spoke, at the moment, with the silly pride of a disappointed man—at least, so it must have appeared to you! But, believe me, I meant no misanthrophic reflections—I doubt not, that your happier lot combines all those advantages."

"Of that yourself shall judge, Eumenes," replied the Judge; "for that lot you must consent, henceforth, to share or it will lose all its advantages to me. I will introduce your wife to my Leonora, your children to mine; they shall renew the friendship of their fathers—perhaps, cement it by still closer ties;"

"In this warmth," returned Eumenes, "I recognize my own Lysander—but you shall hear my story!

"You may remember that, at Cambridge, I felt a strong bent for the study of physic; and at the very time that you devoted yourself to jurisprudence, I was tending medical lectures, and amusing my leisure hours with poetry. When we separated, on leaving Cambridge, we lost sight of each other; not, I am persuaded, from any abatement of attachment on either side, but from the difference of our pursuits. I spent one year at Edinburgh, and another at Leyden; and, having obtained a sufficient stock of medical knowledge, I fixed myself in a distant town, having first taken out my diploma. I found it difficult to subsist: for the situation of the town was healthy; and the apothecary of the place had, from time immemorial, been in possession of the title of doctor. Either no body was sick, or nobody chose to send for me; and my patrimony had been very much lessened, in the pursuit of medical education.

"This deficiency I had made no doubt of speedily supplying, when I began to practise: for I was conscious of knowledge, and I had never been reckoned deficient in benevolence. To amuse my leisure hours, of which I had enough, I wrote verses; but the inhabitants of this town had no turn for verses, and I determined to change my quarters. I removed to another: and succeeded a physician of some eminence, in a great part of his practice. Fees now flowed in with tolerable rapidity. I was also courted, as a companion; and Felicia perused my verses with pleasure!—They even made me an interest in her heart; and a lingering hectic complaint, of which I had the happiness to cure her, endeared us both to each other.

"Felicia's father was rich, but I was getting into very good practice. Unfortunately, the old gentleman wished some more time to elapse before he gave me his daughter. I told him he was wrong; for that, till I could call her my own, I should be less able to attend to business. The truth of this reasoning availed nothing with the obstinate old man, and I lost my time and my practice. I was no longer thought worthy of the hand of Felicia, and it was disposed of to a dealer in sugar.

"Enraged with Felicia, her father, and physic, I gave up my thoughts wholly to the Muses, and produced a play. There was no theatre, and I resolved to publish it. While it was in the press, I was once more called in to a patient. This was a crabbed old woman, who had a lovely niece. Now, the bright eyes of this certain Emilia soon obliterated all the traces Felicia had left in my heart, and the obstinacy of the old lady's complaint, gave me time to obtain a share of her favour. At length, the old aunt recovered; and Emilia, very conveniently fell sick. My visits, therefore, continued: but the watchful old maid perceived the purpose of my heart; and Emilia was consigned to the care of the apothecary, an old man of sixty, and father of a numerous family. I made my proposals in form: and was told, that Emilia's hand was destined for a cousin of hers, then in India; and that, if it were not, it should never be given to a poet.

"Emilia liked this arrangement no better than I did; and, as she could not conceive that she owed implicit obe-

dience to this old aunt, with whom she had not resided above a twelvemonth ; and, as she knew nothing very favourable of the cousin in India ; she agreed to disappoint the old lady's schemes, and give herself to me. As she was two-and-twenty, and her little fortune not under any restrictions, this was attended with no difficulty, and Emilia became my wife. The old lady's vengeance, however, deprived me of many of my patients : many more objected to a writing doctor ; and a circumstance, in which the preference was given to an ignorant young man, who had neither studied at Edinburgh nor at Leyden, disgusted me with physic.

" About this time, an uncle of mine died, and left me five thousand pounds. We calculated on our future mode of life ; and found, that the interest of our money would enable us to live without the assistance of medicine. We took a small house, in a beautiful village ; deposited our fortune in a capital mercantile house ; and, for many years, enjoyed all the comforts of leisure and independance. We brought up our girls, to suit any station ; and I have two boys, fighting for their country. Our income, which some fortunate circumstances had increased, was regularly remitted to us by my mercantile friend ; but, about four years ago, the house broke, and we were involved in the ruin !

" Sick of the world, we retired hither : grieved only for our children; who, however, support the demolition of all their more brilliant prospects with dutiful resignition. For my part," continued Eumenes, " I am satisfied for myself!—I have not long to live ; disappointment, and uneasiness, have preyed on my health, and a few months will terminate my life. My wife, and my children, might perhaps live to thank the friendship of Lysander——"

" And they may depend on it !" exclaimed Lysander' Nor did he break his promise. Poor Eumenes was, indeed, soon after consigned to the grave ; ending, in obscurity a life whose morning promised more unclouded sunshine. The widow and orphans, were removed to Lysander's house ; where a more intimate connection took place between the children, than had ever subsisted between the parents ; and Lysander joyfully became the father of two of the daughters of Eumenes.

Not, always, do those, who set out in life with equal prospects, enjoy the same good fortune ! Nor does prosperity universally harden, or adversity uniformly sour, the human heart !

VARIETY.

" There are few," says Burns, " of the sore evils under the sun, give me more uneasiness and chagrin, than the comparison how a man of genius, nay, of avowed worth, is received every where, with the reception which a mere ordinary character, decorated with the trappings and futile distinctions of fortune, meets. I imagine a man of abilities, his breast glowing with honest pride, conscious that men are born equal, still giving *honour to whom honour is due* ; he meets at a great man's table, a 'Squire something or Sir somebody : he knows the *noble* landlord at heart, gives the bard, or whatever he is, a share of his good wishes, beyond perhaps, any one at table ; yet how will it mortify him to see a fellow, whose abilities would scarcely have made an *eight-penny-taylor*, and whose heart is not worth three farthings, meet with attention and notice, that are withheld from the son of genius and poverty ?"

Sir Willliam Jones, no more distinguished in the literary world, for the solid and useful acquirements of science than all the brighter accomplishments of fancy, has given the following beautiful Version of a *Sonnet* from Petrarch.

Zephiro torpa e il bel tempe rimea.

In this fair season when the whispering gales,
Drop show'rs of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
From bow'r to bow'r the vernal warblers play,
The skies are cloudless and the meads are gay,
The nightingale in many a melting strain,
Sings to the groves, " here mirth and beauty reign."
But me forever bath'd in gushing tears,
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers ;
The birds that warble and the flow'rs that bloom,
Relieve no more the solitary gloom.
I see where late the verdant meadow smil'd
A joyless desert and a dreary wild :
For those dear eyes that pierc'd my heart before,
Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more;
Lost are those tresses that outshone the morn,
And pale those cheeks that might the skies adorn.

The following compliment, translated from some beautiful Italian Stanzas, is quite new to us.

" As, Venus, late you miss'd your boy,
And anxious sought where he had stray'd :
" One kiss," you cried, " I'll give with joy,
To him who knows where Cupid's laid."

Give me the kiss ;...for see he lies
In the dark heaven of Rosa's eyes ;
Or bid my Rosa's lips bestow
The kiss, and yours I will forego.

The pathetic beauty of these lines will be felt by every maternal heart.

TO FREDERIC.

Though friendship may sooth me with tenderness sweet,
Benevolence open her arms,
And bless my poor heart with this tranquil retreat,
Secure from life's cruel alarms—

Still true to its object, an instinct divine,
Draws me nearer, the further we part,
My being's best essence, my Frederic, is thine,
Thou child of my soul, of my heart.

Surrounded by many my bosom holds dear,
Dear friends that solace the day,
Yet the vigils of night claim the bitterest tear
A mother bereaved can pay.

Sole source of exertion, dear object of hope,
Who taught me when sunk in despair
With the anguish of blasted enjoyment to cope,
And smile on the fetters of care—

Say wilt thou when time shall have mellow'd thy brow,
And his down shade the rose on thy cheek,
With the voice of maturity, fondly as now,
The language of tenderness speak.

In the hey-day of youth wilt thou stop to reflect?
What pangs thro' this bosom must press,
Should it meet the cold glance of unfeeling neglect,
From the child it has langush'd to bless!

When tottering with age, or grief's early decay,
Shall thy love, my best comforter, be,
Wilt thou cherish the parent so wrinkled and grey,
Who knows no potector but thee.

Shall I view in my darling, thus blessing and blest,
His father's dear image restor'd—
Then sinking to death on thy dutiful breast,
Revisit my husband, my lord.

H.

ANECDOTE OF CHATTERTON.

An old gentleman that possessed a great respect for men of uncommon literary talents, & who frequently conversed with Chatterton, at the cyder-cellar, in Maiden-lane, gave a loose to his good nature one evening, and requested the pleasure of the poet's company to supper at his house. When the cloth was removed, some very sour wine was placed upon the table, which the generous old gentleman praised very extravagantly as he was filling Chatterton's glass, requesting him at the same time to drink a bumper to the memory of Shakespeare. The inspired youth had not finished his glass, when tears stood trembling in his eyes, and instantly rolled down his cheeks. "God bless me!" says the old gentleman, "you are in tears, Mr. Chatterton,"—"yes sir," says the bard, "this dead wine of yours, compels me to shed tears, but by H----n, they are not tears of veneration!"

A bad painter having turned physician, was asked what made him change his profession; "I thought it best," said he, "to pursue that whose blunders are hidden *under ground!*"

What bard, oh! Time, discover,
With wings first made thee move?
Sure if he were a lover,
He ne'er had left his love;
For who that once did prove
The pangs that absence brings,
Tho' but one day he were away,
Could picture thee with wings.

On a Statue of Apollo crowning Merit.

Merit, if thou'rt blest with riches,
For God's sake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deserves another.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We regret that indisposition and some other causes have absolutely prevented our visiting the theatre since its opening this season. We understand that the house has been very much improved in its appearance and decorations, and that the company has received some important reinforcement. We purpose visiting it this week, and shall feel the utmost pleasure in making a favourable report of it, to our readers.

We give publication to a piece in prose, signed DUPONT, because it accompanied some very pretty poetry, with the same signature. We can scarcely suppose it possible that they should have been the production of the same pen—the prose being so much below mediocrity, that we scarcely feel justified in its insertion. Should however, the same person have been the author of both, we would strongly recommend him to devote his leisure to poetry, as in it his talent certainly lies, and we shall always receive with pleasure, the effusions of his muse.

We are delighted with our new correspondent B. His imitation of Moore, is really beautiful; we would warmly solicit him to favour us with further productions.

Erratum,—*in* No. 7, *of the Confidential Communication of a Sylph.*

For "must soon deprive her of her double authority," read, of the *exercise* of her double authority.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A LADY...WITH A ROSE.

A little rose upon its stalk,
I late discovered in my walk;
I took it from its leafy nest,
And doom'd it to an envy'd fate,
To die upon thy snowy breast.
And while I look'd with pitying eyes,
I thus began to moralize
On lovely woman's state.

"At morn this flow'r of lovely hue
"Was nourish'd by the balmy due,
"Which on its glowing petals lay,
"But oh! the sun's too scorching ray,
"Has drawn the moisture all away;
"And this sweet flowret's doom is nigh,
"'Twill pine, 'twill languish, it will die,
"Before the close of day;
"Unless some pitying hand shall spread
"New moisture on its fragrant head,
"Or place it in the chrystal stream
"Secure from Phœbus' scorching beam.
"So 'tis with woman! in life's morn,
"Her op'ning charms the world adorn;
"But almost e'er she reach her prime,
"The blasts of envy or of care
"Nip the sweet rose; and fell despair
"Supplies the place of time.
"Unless the hand of man shall take
"The flower from the thorny brake,
"And shade it in his own alcove,
"And moisten it with dews of love."

Then do not, lovely girl, refuse
To shroud thy beauty's vivid hues
Beneath my fostering shade:
There shalt thou blossom fresh and fair,
Secure from calumny and care,
Till life and charms together fade.

DUPONT.

TO MISS ——

One jocund morn a wreath I wove
Of sweetest flow'rs to deck my fair,
And with the nicest art I strove,
To twine a garland for her hair.

And well I can remember now,
I sung in madness while I wove:
"This wreath shall never deck the brow
"Of any but the girl I love."

And I did twine around thy head,
This wreath compos'd of flowrets rare,
And all its sweets the garland shed,
And scented all the neighb'ring air.

But thou didst snatch the willow bough,
Emblem of sorrow aad despair,
And thou didst bind it round my brow,
And twine its leaves among my hair.

And this thou didst in sportive mood,
But ah! my superstitious mind
On that ill omen still must brood,
To gloomy doubts and care resign'd.

And since that day incessant grief
Has held a seat within my breast,
Still do I curse the willow leaf,
Which robb'd my bosom of its rest.

DUPONT.

Mr. Easy,

The following lines were written a few days since on a young lady and addressed to me.—As I think they evince genius, I have sent them to you and should you be of the same opinion, you are requested to insert them. M.

Oh! Richard, I little believ'd when we strayed
In the ev'ning so sweet, and with hearts full of glee,
To taste of the spring, and repose in the shade,
How sadly that ev'ning would close upon me.

E'er vesper had lighted her lamp in the west
To prepare for her sister* the empire of night,
A form† such as fancy believes of the blest
In the radiance of beauty burst full on my sight.

Oh little I thought such an angel to meet,
And I gaz'd on each feature with awe and surprize;
And I thought I could gaze on a vision so sweet
Till the last spark of life had escap'd thro' my eyes.

But prudence, who casts o'er each transport a shade,
In accents, so cold, bade the wanderer fear
That his gaze might offend, if perceiv'd by the maid,
And he parted in haste—tho' it cost him a tear!

A prey to despair now the wanderer strays
To the spring in the wood 'midst the shadows of night,
When the fire-fly its magical lustre displays
And sprinkles each vale with its emerald light.

But in vain does he fly to the wood and the spring,
To seek that repose which forever is fled;
Despair, love and anguish, his wearied heart ring
And the turf will soon pillow the wanderer's head!

Oh few the moments of bliss that we know,
And fleeting the joys we are destin'd to share;
Our dreams of delight are but preludes to woe,
Our *visions* of *fancy* but *shades* of despair! B

* *Cynthia.* † *Miss L—— T. G——*

☞ The price of this paper is three dollars per ann. payable in advance.—No paper will be sent out of the city, without previous payment, or surety in town.

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 10.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

Conclusion of an Essay upon the influence of the French Revolution on letters and Science in Europe, and that which their decline may produce upon taste in America.

WITH how much delight should I see the minds of the Americans, glowing with that ardor for the fine arts, with that warm enthusiasm, which inspired the elevated souls of the noble and generous Greeks.

With how much pleasure should I see them animated with that laudable passion for the *grand* and *beautiful* which produced the immortal age of Pericles, the most glorious æra of the human intellect, as well as that which marked the first Roman edifices with that vigorous stamp, which presaged the splendour of its future eclat!*

When shall I see Portico's† raised in their cities whose disciples, worthy of contending with the great men of sublime antiquity, may console the learned world for the loss of Europe.

Without doubt there must be a means of exciting this noble emulation, and hastening its honorable results. How easy and glorious would it be for the United States to imitate in this point the generosity of the ancient Italians, who invited amongst them the letters and the fine arts, which the crash of the two empires, had almost entirely banished from the ancient continent! How easy would it be since a passion for luxury has already become so strong and universal, to direct it into such a channel, as that its great and useful object might be its justification.

Why should any greater difficulty be found here, than in the most inconsiderable states, *ancient and modern*, in appropriating a part of the public revenue and demesnes, to the embellishment of ports and cities; to the collection of precious objects in painting, sculpture, medals, prints, architecture and models of every kind? by this means, those who feel themselves inclined to cultivate the fine arts, would insensibly tho' efficaciously, form themselves to a knowledge of the incontestible rules of the beautiful. It is thus that at the same time the taste of those would be corrected who might learn to appreciate men of genius as they merit, and give them honorable and lucrative employment.

But since it is impossible to leave the narrow path of prejudice, without the most impartial and methodical study: since the human mind has no other method to adopt in the new world, to free itself from the *deep influence of habit*, than that to which the three other quarters of the globe were obliged to submit during many ages; it follows from thence that it must necessarily have recourse to the same plan.

I repeat that there has been no nation, however inconsiderable it might be, that if inspired with a passion for the fine arts, did not establish museums, academies and public schools, which were confined to the care of men of merit, who were attracted by the charm, of the comfort

* Rome first begun by robbers, with a thousand cottages, very soon saw immense edifices take their place. The common-sewers of Tarquin which amongst others still exist, have been the universal wonder, by their size, their solidity, and the beautiful simplicity of their architecture.

† The Portico of Athens, which was built at first for the amusement of the people, became the rendezvous of the most celebrated philosophers of the universe, and they gave their lectures there.

The Romans, in imitation of the Greeks, raised magnificent ones also, which often served as academies. They spared neither marble nor statues in these galleries, which were surrounded by gardens. Each of Nero's Portico's was three thousand steps long: Pliny's was admirable, and that of Pompey was the most charming walk in Rome.

and distinction which were offered to them from one end of Europe to the other.

It will then be a propitious day for America, when men jealous of the title of *Father of Letters* become the founders of schools and academies destined to resuscitate the famous Lyceums* of antiquity, where the elegance of controversy; the welcome given to strangers; the magnificence of the arts; and even local beauties, diffused through the character of the inhabitants of these poetical countries, a politeness, an *urbanity*, a grace of which the happy expression of attic salt, so excellently paints all the delicacy and the perfection.

If then this incontestible truth is acknowledged, that though nature gives genius, it is study alone, long and ardent study that can form taste: no rational being can deny the urgent necessity of labouring to give the public mind a less selfish and more magnanimous direction, than it must be confessed, at present absorbs it almost entirely in mercantile speculations, and financiering pursuits.

Without doubt a *new* people who have every thing to create, must occupy themselves with speculations, but were not the Greeks also commercial? Yes; and it is precisely their example I would invoke, to prove, that it is possible to be at once a merchant, and a man of letters, taste and generosity.

I shall not speak of the *Medicis*, nor of the *Florentines*, who made so noble a use of the riches they had acquired in commerce;—nor dwell upon the example of the English, whose munificence towards genius is also celebrated, but I shall cite only the Greeks, to prove how easily the riches produced by trade and navigation, may be devoted to the advantage of letters, arts, and national glory.

The Greeks prided themselves in lavishing their gold, to procure the most delicate delights of the mind, the most delicious enjoyments in their habitations, and in rendering their country illustrious, in the eyes of strangers, by the perfection of their arts, the magnificence of their public edifices, the incredible sumptuousness of their spectacles and their entertainments, and by the imposing military tone of their youth.

This model is sufficiently noble to excite emulation, and to dispense the necessity of further comparisons. But should it be much longer neglected, it is painful to foresee, that in the state of languor, indeed of *disgrace* under which it must be candidly confessed the sciences and the fine arts at present groan in America, *the first political crisis may by a single blow destroy their yet-superficial and illy cemented foundations, and destroy even the elementary ideas of them which are yet so faintly developed.*

I know it is natural to man, to banish from his thoughts whatever pains, and cannot flatter him; and such is, supereminently be it said en passant, the essential character of the French, which prompted *Mably* to give them the title of the most thoughtless of people. But this system of voluntary want of foresight, or rather laziness of mind cannot retard the irresistible progress of the nature of things: it is becoming only to children, it is unworthy of men.

If then the last hypothesis I have hazarded should be questioned; let the rapid & terrible influence be remembered, that political convulsions, often slight in their commencement, have produced at all times on the human mind. By the fate that the sciences have experienced, in consequence of these shocks, in countries in which they had flourished for a *thousand ages*; let it be judged with what facility they would be abandoned and *forgotten*, in regions, where but a short time since *they were unknown*, & where they still find so much difficulty, in taking the slightest root; the point at which they would remain may be well supposed, if no attempt is made to cultivate them, until the last remains of men of taste become extinct on the ancient continent when with difficulty even their traces will be discovered.

It is to the real friends of their country I submit these reflections. It is to them that I observe, America has at present before her, two very opposite perspectives; that is, the power of enriching herself with the most unheard of rapidity by the ruins of learned Europe; or the choice of being involved in the gloom which thickens every day more and more upon the old world; as it overwhelmed stiff-necked Egypt, before the haughty Pharoah was suddenly swallowed up, with all his chariots and his hosts.*

Far then be every sentiment, unworthy of truly noble and elevated souls, which might tend to restrain or repress those measures of encouragement and generosity, which *prudence* dictates in this DECISIVE moment towards the last generation of the disciples of the European schools! Inaccessible to those prejudices so fatal to the developement of genius; every true American patriot, should say, in con-

* The Lyceum was a celebrated school at Athens, where Aristotle and his disciples, explained their philosophy, under Portico's shaded by trees, and ornamented with baths of the most elegant construction and statues of great men.

* Exodus chap. x. ver. 14.

templating from afar, the eruptions which work the overthrow of the ancient world and which disperse abroad the useful votaries of the muses :

" Let us without fear invoke these illustrious shades : that the eclat which environs them, may dazzle and importune the ignorant, and the envious ! but we, who seek for instruction, let us assemble if possible all the rays of their glory, to form the day-star of truth, and let us of so many splendid beams form a focus of light, that shall repel the gloom, IN WHICH BARBARISM THREATENS TO INVOLVE US !"*

These observations may perhaps have appeared lengthy to some persons; because in a subject which embraces so many various interests, and such a confusion of events, it is impossible equally to please every class of readers. But those to whom it was my intention to present them, I mean reflecting, impartial and *independant* minds, will judge without doubt, that it would have been as difficult to have curtailed these observations, as it would have been easy to have justified them, by the most convincing testimony, and the most complete demonstration. Because indignation has given me an implacable recollection of these events, and I will add that providence appears to have gifted man with *memory*, that fortunate vice might not with too much impunity enjoy the fruit of its crimes, though it may have succeeded in stifling the " still small voice of conscience" and the canker of remorse, which are so justly called " *the active ministers of celestial justice.*"

I am but the mirror and the echo of facts at present sufficiently notorious all over Europe ; and on any other occasion but this, I could shew the most solemn and incontestible proofs of them ; I could even as it were mark their verbal process, day by day and hour by hour.

Whether they please or displease is of little importance : THEY DO EXIST, " *and the heavens and the earth may pass away, but* TRUTH *will remain for ever.*" I have necessarily recalled these well authenticated circumstances, to confirm the consequences I have drawn from them, and which at least cannot be accused of having been rashly hazarded after the number of authorities that serve as their foundation.

In short I have endeavoured to demonstrate in the first place that previous to the French Revolution, enlightened men had foreseen that a new state of *barbarism* was FAST APPROACHING, that the fatal events which had occured were worthy the utmost attention of rational beings, & were also the *precursors* of that terrible convulsion which seems formed to change even in the present age, the *entire face of the earth ;* while no nation can henceforth hope for safety, even in the immensity of seas and desarts, beyond which we might heretofore have supposed security would have dwelt.

That this great shock has broken down every opposition which might have retarded this great catastrophe; and that it is absurd to hope for any happy result from it, either for morals, the sciences, letters and the arts, as much as it would be senseless to pretend that wholesome and vivifying emanations could proceed from a mephitic cave, or a corrupted sink in fermentation.

That, very far from that, the universal influence of this revolution, is of all means, the most sudden, and the most efficacious, to occasion wherever it can act, the same effects which it produced in France, and under all its jurisdiction, revolutionary or military.

That the system of education, morals, politics and despotism in France, is calculated only to DESTROY genius ; and to diffuse amongst the people, a religious & political indifference, the incalculable consequences of which, cannot but operate the DISSOLUTION OF THE SOCIAL BODY.

I have shewn what advantages, by the security of its local situation, by the great hopes which the future presents, by the liberty which the press and the spirit of criticism enjoy in this country may be derived from the calamities of the ancient continent, for the individual glory of America, the preservation of letters and the honour of the human mind.

I leave it to be determined, how far I may have attained the end I proposed to myself in this essay. I would willingly have enlarged further, on the means of encouragement to be employed for obtaining the useful and honourable results, which form the object of my wishes. Amongst the number of these means, I have only pointed out, the reception to be offered to genius, the extinction of prejudices, the repression of envy, the institution of establishments, the erection of public monuments, the freedom and necessity of criticism to reform taste : but I could not develope these views to their full extent, because I should have been led into discussions which could not have failed to have touched both at the administration and the character of this country. I have therefore prescribed myself upon these objects, a reserve the most scrupulous and absolute; abandoning the subject to the wise, and the lovers of their country.

* La Harpe introduction to his Cours de littérature

This essay, however incomplete, will, I hope suffice to justify the purity of the motives which have sometimes, and may again prompt me to break silence. In yielding to the reasons which have induced me to do so now, *I have once more* performed a duty, towards a hospitable land, where I should rejoice that the useful and austere accents of experience, might not meet the fate of *the voice in the Desart* ..... In short, I should rejoice that leaving to Europe, its astonishing *spirit of Vertigo, a proof so striking of* MALEDICTION, the inhabitants of this country, rendered attentive by the example of others, should, when they perceive *the sky red and lowering, persuade themselves, that on the morrow, the weather must be foul and stormy*.....*

But I faint under the weight of this melancholy subject, which has already twenty times almost sunk me into lethargy, for it must not be forgotten that I am a *Sylph*.....

If ever our friend Pope,† has initiated you into the secret mysteries of our organization, and the knightly duties of our light ærial militia ; you will be still less surprised, at the strength which has enabled me to converse so lengthily with you upon so grave a subject, than at the time I have found for such employment .....The first moment I can seize to come & sport around your ear, I will explain the important duties that are exacted of us. But I shall take good care, not to direct my view again towards the other furious and decripid hemisphere. Far from me henceforth, be sad and tiresome reason ; I will for the future, only entertain you with the thousand and one trifles, more or less whimsical, that the Chinese shadows of this lower world, daily present to our observation. Because since every intelligent creature is gifted with *some* folly ; I think it is better to chuse that of the indefatigable laughter of *Abdera*,‡ and fly as far as possible from the *gloomy philosophy* of the weeping Heraclitus.‖ Adieu—I must return to my post of *honour*.

M. A.

* St. Matt. ch. xvi.

† Rape of the Lock.

‡ Democritus, who laughed at every thing.

‖ Heraclitus continually wept at the extravagance and wickedness of men, and from his melancholy, he received the epithet of the weeping philosopher.

N. B. *To the* APPENDIX *of* No. 9, *of this* ESSAY.

The fifth of these prisoners was a wretch, who having been mortified by some representations his brother had made him on the scandalous depravity of his morals, availed himself of a feigned reconciliation to assassinate him, which he did, and then threw the body into the river. As this *fratricide* belonged to a family and a profession equally respectable, the court to save him from the scaffold, shut him up in the Bastille, where probably, and justly, he was to have passed the remainder of his days.

FOR THE COMPANION.

The following story is from Wolff's Sketches, he (says Aiken's Review) who can read it without emotion is endowed with an apathy which excites no envy from us.

During my short stay at Florence, I was somewhat surprised one morning, while at breakfast, by a visit from a young man, whom I immediately recognized to be Charles ——. Many years had elapsed since his abrupt departure from England. His history being peculiarly interesting, I shall take the liberty of here inserting it.—Engaged in commerce at an early age, and taken into the house of his uncle, an eminent merchant in London, his prospects in life were most flattering. From his abilities, his attention, and improvement, Charles became the favourite, and was at length considered as heir to his uncle's large possessions. A partner in the same house, who was a man of superior sense, but addicted to extravagant vices, blighted this fair prospect almost in the bud! He was married to a depraved but beautiful woman, with whom he had formerly lived on easier terms. Led on in defiance of frequent serious remonstrances from one act of expensive dissipation to another, his debts accumulated in an alarming degree, which he still hoped to discharge by means of the gaming-table. Surrounded by titled black-legs, and wary sharpers, he engaged on unequal terms, and increased those debts, which, in honour, he became obliged to pay without delay, or even investigation. The wife either knew not, or heeded not, the private circumstances of her husband. She saw her house filled with the best company ; gave expensive entertainments, and resorted with avidity to every public amusement which had the power of chasing away reflection and care. The husband, eager to alleviate the stings of conscience arising from the neglect of a young family, plunged still deeper into riot and profusion, and paid no longer any attention to the concerns of his mercantile affairs, which had hitherto been in a very flourishing situation. His partner, an easy old man of indepen-

dant property, who never quitted his arm-chair, was not made acquainted with the excesses of Mr.——, till intelligence from the bankers' arrived, stating, that not only the funds of the house were exhausted, but that, from an unusual grant of credit, they had permitted themselves to be considerably overdrawn. The affairs of the house thus involved, the most prompt and speedy measures became necessary to save their falling credit. A consultation was held, and a proposition made, and adopted, to employ the talents of young Charles, who was a proficient in the art of drawing, in forging the names of some eminent mercantile houses on foreign bills, and thereby raise an immediate supply. Charles seduced into the practice of this expedient by the treacherous spendthrift, unknowingly committed an act, by which, agreeble to the laws of his country, his life became forfeited. He succeeded so well in the art of imitation, that a second attempt was shortly after made for raising a more considerable sum : in negociating the bills however, a discovery took place, which instantly obliged the parties to seek safety in flight. Not a moment was now to be lost ; Charles was made acquainted with the duplicity that had been practised upon him, and being hurried into a carriage, wherein a few valubles had been hastily packed up, departed immediately with Mr.—— for Dover. They embarked in the packet, and arrived safe on the continent. Continuing their route they proceeded to the south of France, where they took up their residence, and remained concealed, unknowing and unknown.

In the mean time the uncle, confined with the gout, was left to support all the horrors of his situation. Bankruptcy ensued, and a disposition manifested on the part of the persons who had been duped, and were the chief sufferers, to have the infirm old man arrested, operated as his death warrant. In a few hours he was found lifeless in his bed, not without strong suspicion of having taken poison. The sequel of these acts of depravity and guilt was no less fatal to the beautiful but frail Mrs. ——, who being, in consequence of her husband's elopement, deprived of pecuniary resources, and not inclined to follow or share his fate in a foreign country, accepted an offer, that was shortly after made her, of living with a man of fashion. Supported by his liberality, her extravagance now became unbounded ; but her reign of pleasure was short. Tired of her charms, he quitted his mistress in a few weeks, and left her wholly destitute of future support. One lover succeeded another, till her abandoned conduct soon reduced her to a state of poverty, misery, and contempt ; her health had likewise been considerably impaired, and without making one commendable effort, to gain a livelihood by industrious means, she sunk from poverty to guilt, and at length atttempted to retrieve her fortunes by a deed of unexampled wickedness and cruelty. She had a daughter !—a beautiful girl of sixteen, in whose countenance every sweet and gentle virtue was pourtrayed ; the bloom of health was marked on her features, and sensibility evinced itself in her every action. But alas ! how often are the children of promise doomed, in the spring of life, to mourn——their blossoms blasted in the bud !

Upon this maiden flower, just expanding into bloom, fell the rude storm of adversity,

> And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
> Shook all its buds from blowing——

Julia ! it was mine to see thee but once ! yet pity still cherishes a tender recollection of that interview. Thy modest grief ! the dignified serenety that sat on thy brow on this trying occasion ! could I witness these and not participate in thy sorrows ?—Sincerely did I share them ; and so lasting is the impression of injured excellence, that revolving years have not been able to efface thy image from my mind.

This artless, exemplary girl, had been placed in a seminary, far from her mother's contaminating sight : here she dwelt in peace, improving daily in every virtue and accomplishment that could adorn her sex. The mother, meantime, distressed in her circumstances in proportion to the decay of those charms which now failed to procure her admirers, resolved, for a pecuniary consideration, to sacrifice her too lovely daughter, at the same shrine of prostitution to which she had herself been led a willing victim. The thought was no sooner entertained than executed. She quitted the habitation of misery and contempt, and, like an infernal demon, entered the abode of innocence and peace. Julia was claimed, and carried unresisting and unknowing to her mother's dwelling ; who having, through the means of a common pander of vice, obtained the promise of a large sum from an abandoned reprobate, to whom her daughter was to be sacrificed, disclosed the plan, cloaked under the false garb and specious mask of pleasure, to her own offspring. From so infamous a proposal, even thus colored and disguised, the virtuous, innocent Julia shrank, as at the sight of a basilisk. From arguments and entreaties her mother proceeded to threats, in case a compliance should not be given within the period of a few days. Neither the prayers nor tears of her virtuous daughter, in the mean time, made the smallest impression on the obdurate heart and debased mind of the vicious parent. A

sense of filial duty prevented the suffering Julia from disclosing the horrid scheme in agitation. The debauched dotard, who, by dint of bribery, was to triumph over such virtue, turned, saw her in this trying situation, and was just meditating to seize upon his prey, when, with fearful steps, she flew for relief to a former friend of her father's. She mentioned not her situation such as it was —the dreadful alternative that awaited her—the brink of ruin on which she stood—but only solicited to be reinstated in her former residence, where she might once more find happiness in retirement. This was readily promised, but, alas, ! too late to prevent the catastrophe that ensued. Julia returned home, but to what a home ! a fiend awaited her arrival ! she had to encounter immediate infamy, dishonour, and ruin ! !—Here let me draw a veil over the melancholy history; suffice it to add, that Julia, in the hour of despair, friendless, unprotected, and left to her distracted thoughts, sought refuge in another and a better world. Hers had not been a life of pleasure, but it had been a life of peace and innocence; could then her unsullied mind bear up against the stigma of vice, the scorn of the severely virtuous, of such whose hearts had ever possessed half her innate modesty and worth, yet to whose slights and contumely she must have been hourly exposed? her soul shrank from the prospect; nrged by despair, she hurried fron her mother's blasting sight, and, bereft of reason, rushed unbidden into the presence of her Maker! Poor Julia !—and shall a deed committed in the hour when reason was over-powered by the phrenzy of despair, cancel the purity of thy life, unmarked almost by error? Ah, no! the many acts of virtue thou hast done shall plead for thee at the throne of mercy, and there mayest thou still look down and witness the tear of sympathy I shed on thy sorrows and untimely fate.—Peace to thy manes !—sweet Julia.

From Mercier's View of Paris.

PALAIS ROYAL.

An unique point on the globe—visit London, Amsterdam, Madrid, Vienna, you will see nothing similar to it. A prisoner might there beguile the sense of captivity, unmindful of his liberty, till after the lapse of several years. It is precisely the spot which Plato would have assigned the captive, in order to retain him without a jailor, and without violence, by the voluntary chains of pleasure; it is called the Capital of Paris, and the commodeties of the whole world are found there. A young man of twenty, with fifty thousand livres per annum, will be unable to quit this fairy scene; he will become a Rinaldo in the palace of Armida, & if the Italian hero lost in the bewitching labyrinths of the enchantress his time and almost his glory, our young man will also here lose his honour, and, perhaps, his fortune; here alone will he feel enjoyment; other scenes will appear tasteless and insipid. This enchanting abode is a small luxurious city enclosed within a greater; it is the temple of voluptuousness, in which every thing respires delight, and where dazzling vices have banished every vestige of modesty. Whatever the heart can wish, or fancy suggest, is here realized. The serious and the gay, the learned and the frivolous will here recognize the objects of their pursuit. Physiologists, chemists, anatomists, linguists, read their courses. Women, who have renounced the pedantic gravity which distinguished the dames of the old hotel Rambouillet sport with the sciences, which serve them for playthings, and amuse them as much as their spaniel or paroquet.

In the capital of the Chinese empire, there is a comic fair, which consists of a miniature representation of cities in the space of a quarter of a league; all the trades, noises, entrances, exits, and even the rogueries of them, are imitated by a crowd of actors—one is a merchant,—another an artisan,—this is a soldier,—that an officer,—the shops are opened, their contents displayed,—purchasers appear,—one quarter is for silk, another for cloth, a third porcelain, a fourth for varnish—cloathes, furniture, female ornaments are exhibited, with books for the inquisitive and learned,—there are inns and taverns, whence issue hawkers,—salesmen pull your sleeve and teaze you to buy, contention ensues, the archer arrests the disputants, who are taken before the judge, and condemned to the bastinado. In executing this pleasant sentence the actor is slightly touched, and the pretended culprit imitates the plaintive cries of a sufferer, to the infinite diversion of the spectators, the pick-pocket is not forgotten, he is permitted to exercise his adroitness at the expence of the by-stander; the whole city, is, in short, imitated, and the emperor is confounded with his subjects. The idea of this picturesque fair appears so fanciful, that I would fain suggest the introduction of a panorama, of the good city of Paris at Petersburgh. It would afford an opportunity of presenting to a great sovereign, and to a nation for whom it would possess the attraction of novelty, the faithful image of a far-famed and far distant capital. Imagine the laughter which would be excited at Moscow, Madrid, and Vienna, by the costume of the Parisians; the confusion of all orders of people, the variety of colours, the im-

mense multitude, would form a scene not unworthy the pen of a new Lucian. Nor should the markets be omitted—what could be more diverting than the sight of those waves of men of all ranks, sizes, and complexions? Conceive a Volanges acting the lieutenant de police, and Dougazou personating the prevost des marchands; other comedians should play the sheriffs, the life-guard, the inspector, the commissary, the spy, and if to these were added, the embarrassments of the streets, the ludicrous effect would be complete. The fête should close with a somewhat of theatrical spectacle! Paris being under a rainy sky, a copious shower should descend on the people, which would lead to a display of the fiacres; the coach-man with a grave mustachio should figure with the coach-man in a spruce frock; chaises, coaches, carts, and drays might intermingle, and the general confusion or dismay, would produce a fund of merriment to the mischief-loving spectators. The Romans had their saturnalia, a fête of a similar nature could not fail to amuse the Parisians, and might eventually correct many of their absurdities.

The Palais-Royal is admirably calculated for the scene of action here described: it contains within itself an inexhaustible universe of pleasure and luxury. When Lucullus, the vanquisher of Tigranes and of Mithridates, the conqueror of Pontus and Armenia, the disciple of Epicurus, the imitator of Sardanapalus; that Lucullus, who in the hall of Apollo, welcomed Pompey and Cicero to feasts, in which Asiatic luxury was surpassed; though the empire was at his back, and the land and water laid under contribution, yet could not even Lucullus himself have procured his illustrious guests the enjoyments to be purchased by a young modern prodigal in the Palais-Royal, who combines at his splendid table a greater sum of pleasurable sensations, than in the most flourishing epoch of Roman greatness had been called into existence.

TO READERS.

We hope that the essay of which we publish the conclusion to-day will not be wholly unproductive of its purposed end.

It is indeed to be regretted that whilst luxury makes such rapid strides amongst us, the polish which is its usual attendant remains so far behind. Every successive season is marked by the increasing display of finery in our houses, and our persons while our manners, alas! retain their pristine coarseness. We view society with no cynic's eye; and often mix in the gay circles, that assemble for the purposes of pleasure and amusement: But as the hey-dey of youth is past with us, and as from the nature of our situation in life, we are necessarily uninfluenced by the objects, which occupy the minds of most persons, we can observe the world in the light of a calm, dispassionate spectator.

Vast changes have been made within a few years in the general plan of female education; and yet what has it produced? An increase of folly, ignorance and pride. The domestic duties in which young women were formerly instructed, are entirely laid aside—and what is substituted in their stead? At an immense expence which few can afford, they learn to strum some wretched tunes upon the piano, they acquire a smattering of French which is abandoned entirely with their school books; add to this dancing, spirgging muslin, dressing themselves a la mode and the system is complete, whilst they are left destitute of every useful information that might improve their minds, refine their manners, and enlarge their understandings. To these general observations we doubtless exultingly remember many bright and honourable exceptions—our city can boast of young ladies who would be an ornament to any society in the universe: but they are yet too rare—and our young men what are they, what their talents, what their acquirements? ignorance, impertinence and pride are amongst the foremost qualifications of the greatest number.

Observe them at an evening party; mark the disrespectful nonchalance of their deportment towards the other sex, "the shewy smile of young *presumption* plays" in every feature—they do not take the pains to inssruct themselves sufficiently to converse on any one topic, and only that the brag-table, to which they often sit down like so many greedy cormorants, to devour gain, sometimes furnishes them an opportunity of making a noise, the lady of the house might be compelled to introduce a a marine list and a price current, to keep them from the arms of Morpheus. It is no less true that there are amongst us many brilliant and elegant young men. But this is by no means their general character—and it has been well observed that the "women are more than a century advanced in civilization than the opposite sex."

Let it not be said that the longer we remain without the refinements of older nations, we shall be free from their vices—could we have preserved simplicity, it would have been indeed desirable; but the difference between simplicity & vulgarity is wide; the former we have long since lost: the latter flourishes amongst us in most luxuriant growth. We all vie with each other in shew and splendour; notwithstanding our republican principles, Miss, whose papa keeps a chariot, looks with *ineffable contempt* on Miss, who walks on foot; and the merchant who happens to possess some thousands extraordinary, looks upon himself as a being to whom all ought to pay the homage of profound respect, while wealth constitutes the sole distinction among us.

Since then, nothing can stop the progress of luxury, is it not to be wished that we might temper the growing evil with some advantages; and that if we equal other nations in folly, extravagance and pride, we should not be found always deficient, in

> "Those polish'd arts, thut humanize mankind,
> "Soften the rude, and calm the boist'rous mind"?

Errata.

An important mistake was made in the 9th number of the Sylph, page 396, 1st column, 11th line, instead of "a million," read *some thousands*.—Page 395, read 1789, instead of 1798.—Same page, 42d line, add, if at least the official list of those who were guillotined may be believed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, ON HIS BIRTH DAY,

December 11.

Altho' stern winter hoarsely sung
In roughest strains thy lullaby,
Fair *science* o'er thy cradle hung,
And smiling hail'd thy infant cry.

Those storms, sweet babe, (she softly said)
No emblem of thy life shall prove,
Protected from the blast, thou'rt laid
Secure, and watch'd with tender love.

So, when life's storms around thee howl,
A calm retreat I'll sure provide,
Rich stores shall feast thy ardent soul,
And knowledge ope her portals wide.

Then binding o'er thy sleeping form,
Her magic influence o'er thee sh ed,
With fervour blest thy natal morn,
Then spread her golden wings and fled.

Oft may this morn so blest return,
While love and science still preside,
For them thy bosom still shall burn,
And they as constant be thy guide.

MARIA.

A BALLAD.

THIS BALLAD WAS PROBABLY SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM IN MARTIAL.

Intactas quare mittis mihi, Polla, coronas,
A te vexatas malo tenere rosas.

EPIG. XC. LIB. ii.

Thou hast sent me a flowery band,
And told me 'twas fresh from the field;
That the leaves were untouch'd by the hand;
And the purest of odors would yield.

And indeed it is fragrant and fair;
But if it were handled by thee,
It would bloom with a livelier air,
And would surely be sweeter to me!

Then take it, and let it entwine
Thy tresses, so flowing and bright:
And each little flowret will shine
More rich than a gem to my sight.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
Embalm it with many a sigh—
Nay let it be wither'd to death
Beneath the warm noon of thine eye—
And, instead of the dew that it bears,
The dew dropping fresh from the tree;
On its leaves let me number the tears
That affection has stolen from thee!

THE TEAR.

Said to be written by the late Queen of Denmark.

How prone the bosom is to sigh!
How prone to weep the human eye!
As through this painful life we steer;
This valley of a sigh and Tear.

When by the heart with sorrow griev'd,
A thousand blessings are receiv'd,
With every comfort that can cheer,
'Tis then bright virtue's *grateful* Tear.

When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,
And friends, long absent, meet once more,
Fraught with delight and love sincere,
'Tis then sweet friendship's *joyful* Tear.

When too fond lovers doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,
Torn from the object each holds dear,
'Tis then, O then! the *parting* Tear.

When wretches on the earth reclin'd,
Their doom of condemnation sign'd,
(The end of earthly beings near)
'Tis then soft pity's *gentle* Tear.

When mothers, O, the grateful sight!
Their children view with fond delight,
Surrounded by a charge so dear,
'Tis then the *fond maternal* Tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid
To whom their fond attention's paid,
With conscious blushing sobs, draw near,
'Tis then, O then the *pleading* Tear,

When two dear friends of kindred mind,
By every gen'rous tie combin'd,
Behold their dreaded parting near,
'Tis then, O then, the *parting* Tear.

But when the wretch with sin oppress'd,
Strikes in an agony his breast;
All torn with guilt, remorse, and fear
'Tis then the *best* the *saving* Tear.

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts too diff'rent pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles, while it wounds.

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S. M. Pattison Estate

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